# Lucky Bag

FORTUNA
85
FAVET FORTIBUS
USNA

# The Lucky Bag

# 1985

Presented By

**The Class Of 1985**

To

**The United States Naval Academy**

Nancy Lynne Heckman
Editor-In-Chief

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# The Class of 1985

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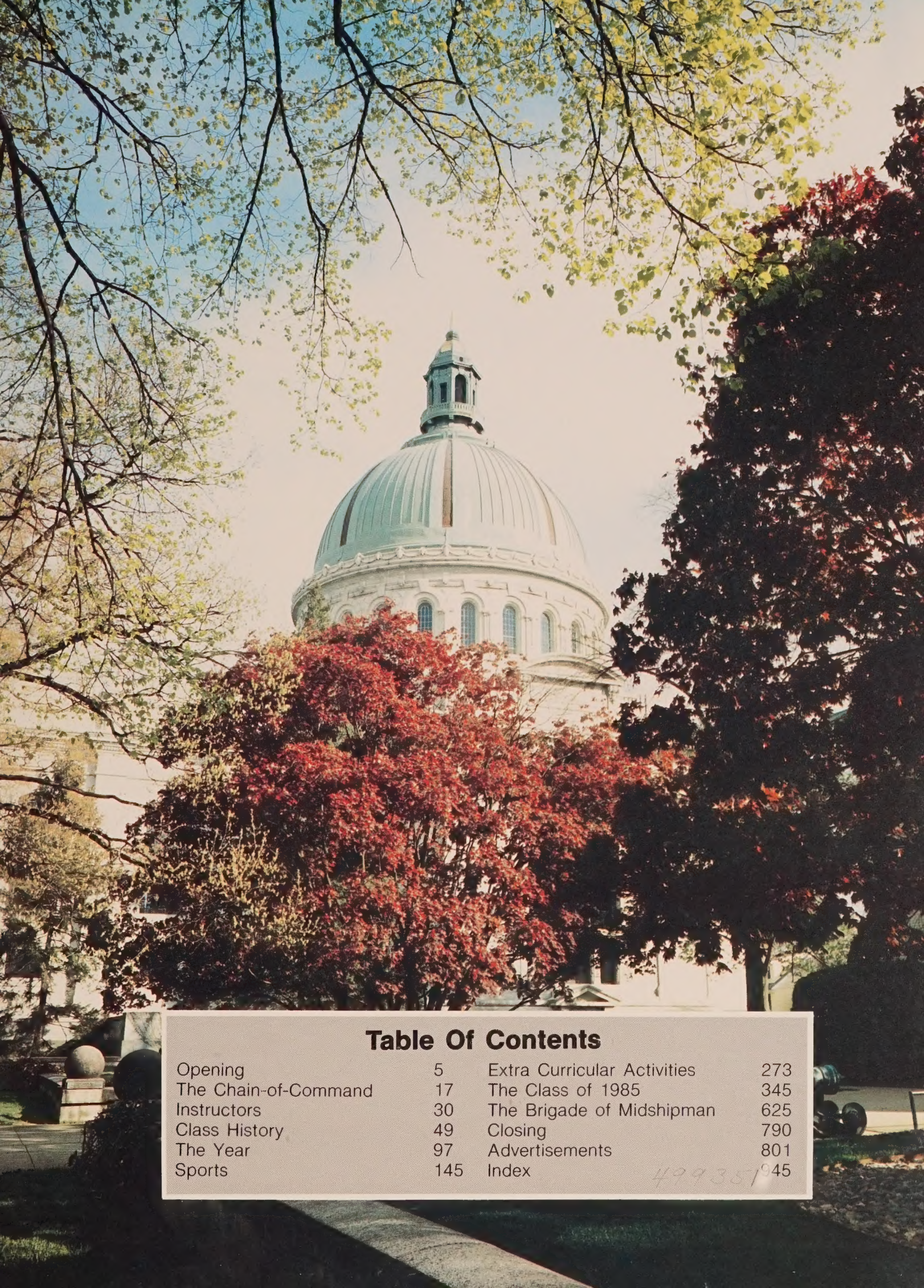

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# SHAPING TOMORROW'S LEADERS

# TAKEN FROM MANY TYPES OF LIFESTYLES AND FROM DISTANT AND FOREIGN PLACES

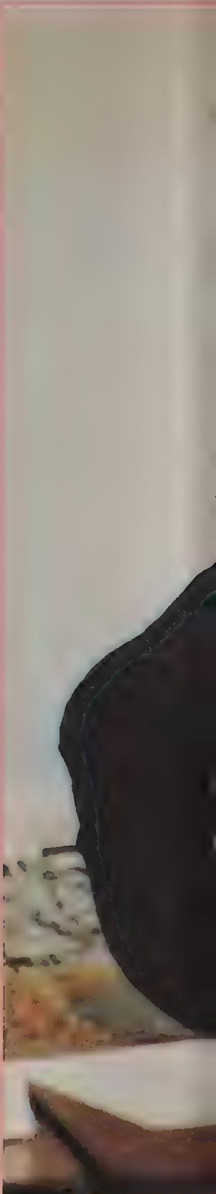
# STRENGTH IS GAINED PHYSICALLY AND

# MORALLY THROUGHOUT THE YEARS

# DISCIPLINE IS TAUGHT

"Good discipline is considered by all who know anything of service as the vital part of a ship at war."

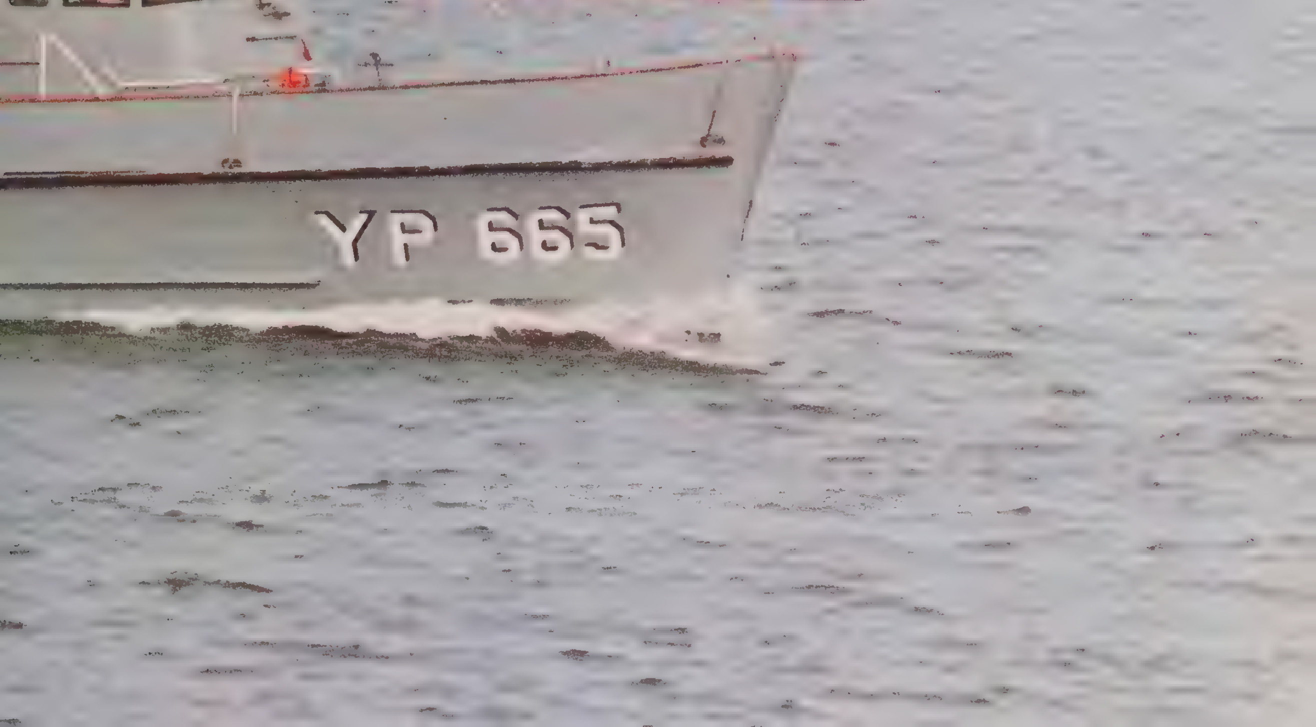
—Captain Thomas Truxton



THE MIND IS
STRENGTHENED
AND TESTED
THROUGH
ACADEMICS

# PROFESSIONAL TRAINING IS CONDUCTED CONSTANTLY

> "In no other profession are the penalties for employing untrained personnel so appalling or irrevocable as the military."
>
> —General Douglas McArthur



# THE RESULT . . .

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DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE
UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

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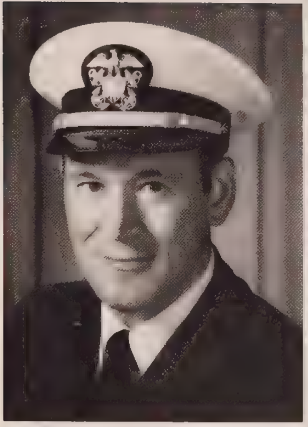
Chaplain



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Chaplain

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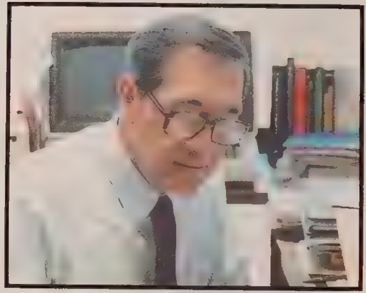
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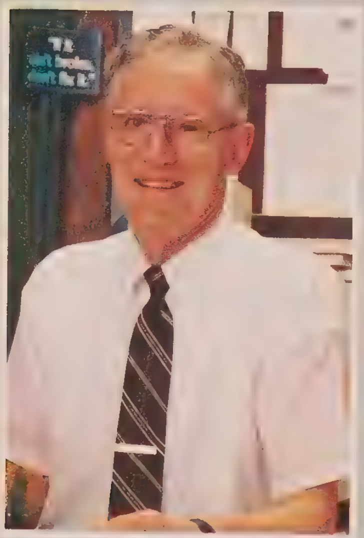
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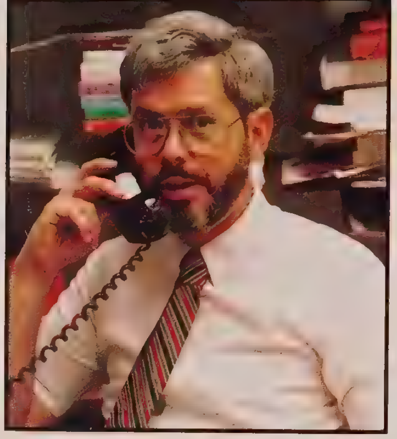
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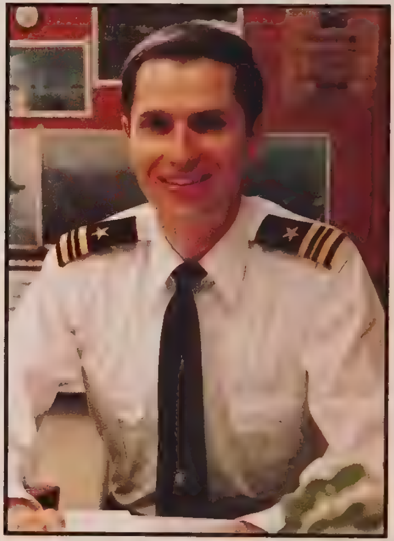
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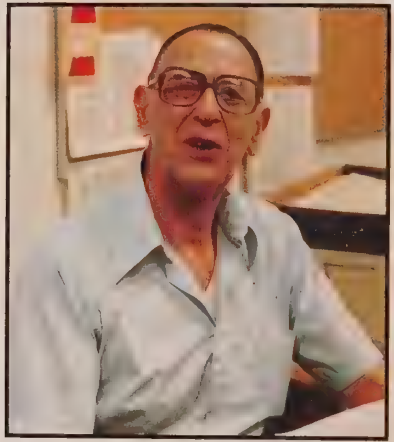
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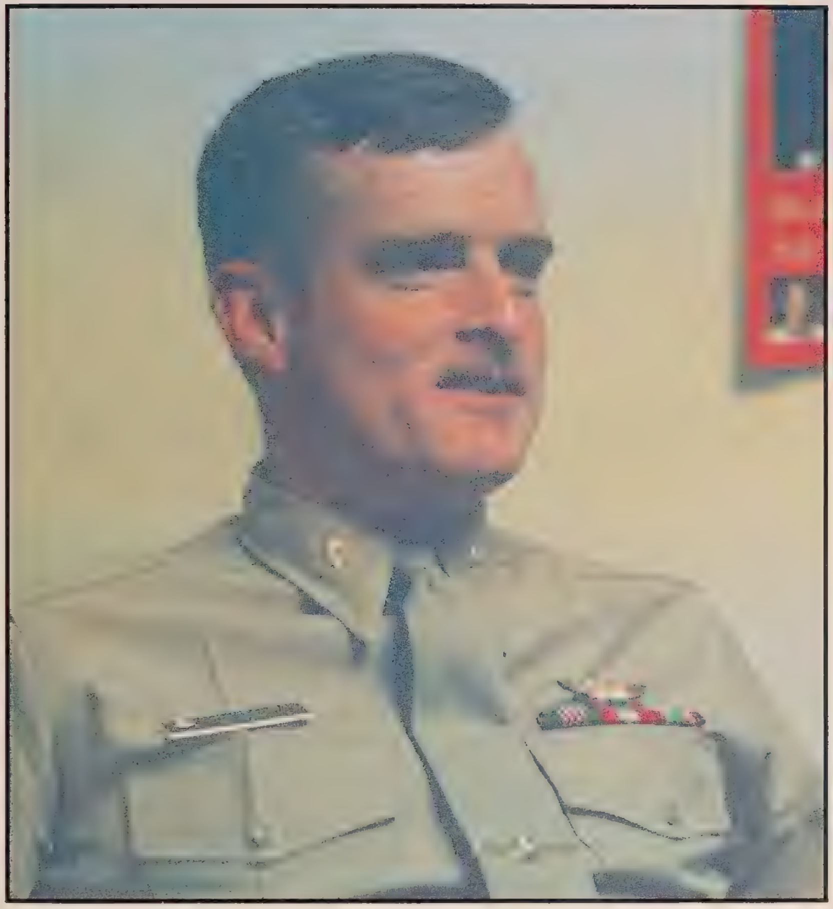

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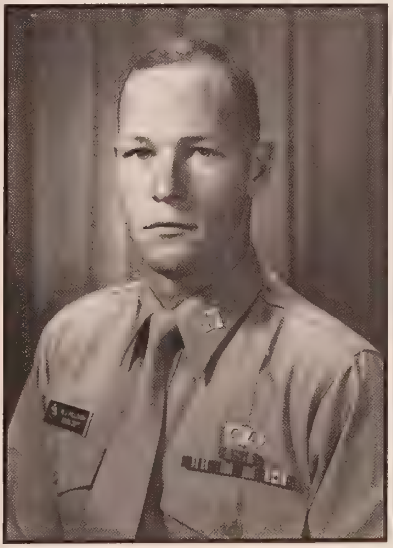
A. Royall Whitaker, Associate Professor



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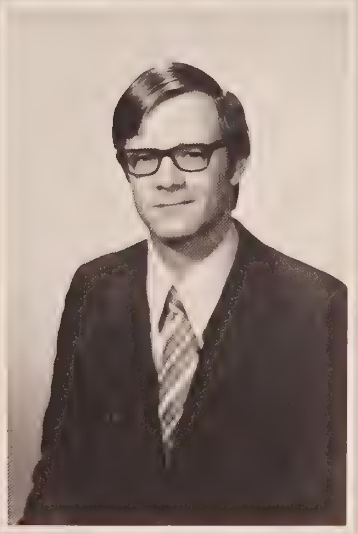

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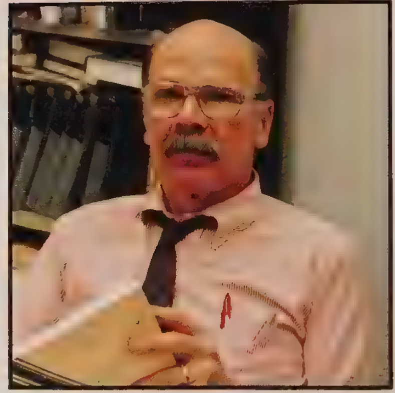
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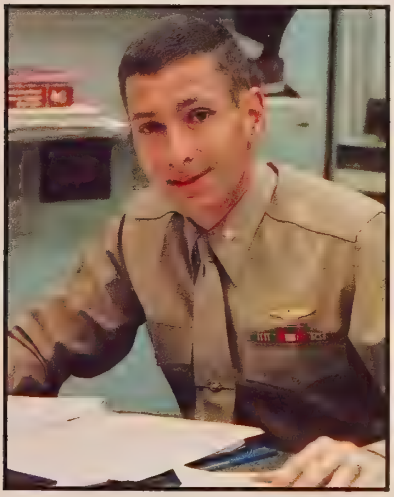
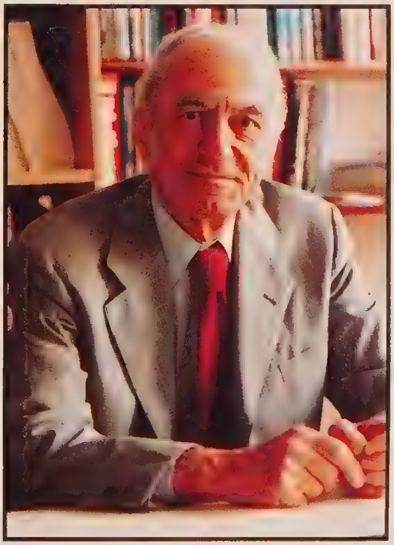
Karen E. Zak, Assistant Professor

Robert M. Scott, Commander, USN

Howard L. Penn, Associate Professor



Steve Hanson, Major, USMC



Theodore J. Benac, Professor

**Chairman**
Frederic I. Davis, Professor

Cleve B. Pillifant, Major, USMC

Richard L. Kiefer, Lieutenant Commander, USN

Arthur J. Athens, Captain, USMC
Frank L.K. Chi, Associate Professor
Richard S. Demeo, Instructor
James F. Duffy, Commander, USN
William E. Eager, Lieutenant Commander, USNR
William J. Haffey, Major, USMC
Patrick R. Harrison, Associate Professor
Harry W. Johnson, Lieutenant Commander, USN
Richard L. Kiefer, Lieutenant Commander, USN
Robert S. Kilcourse, Associate Professor
Nathan P. Martino, Lieutenant Commander, USN
Charles A. Perkins, Commander, SC, USN
Cleve B. Pillifant, Major, USMC
George F. Rowland, Lieutenant Commander, USN
Frederick A. Skove, Assistant Professor
Robert E. Steed, Assistant Professor
Lisa E. Weber, Lieutenant Junior Grade, USN
Jonathan C. White, Captain, USMC

William J. Haffey, Major, USMC

**Chairman**
Louis J. Giannotti, Commander, USN

George F. Rowland, Lieutenant Commander, USN

Harry W. Johnson, Lieutenant Commander, USN

# Computer Science

# Leadership And Law

Melinda J. Leighty, Lieutenant Commander, USN

Clarence E. Gunter, Jr., Lieutenant Commander, USN

Patricia W. Crigler, Commander, USN

Thomas H. Hutchinson, Lieutenant, USN

Douglas S. Derrer, Lieutenant Commander, USNR

Jonathan P. Edwards, Lieutenant, USN

Charles W. Arnold, Major, USMC
Barbara L. Aten, Lieutenant, USNR
Christopher D. Bentley, Lieutenant, USN
Eric D. Bowman, Assistant Professor
Ronald J. Borro, Lieutenant Commander, JAGC, USN
William W. Campbell, Lieutenant Commander, USN
Patricia W. Crigler, Commander, USN
Douglas S. Derrer, Lieutenant Commander, USNR
Jonathan P. Edwards, Lieutenant, USN
Robert R. Grider, Major, USMC
Clarence E. Gunter, Jr., Lieutenant Commander, USN
Peter J. Healey, Lieutenant, USN
Harvey A. Hopson, Major, USMC
Thomas H. Hutchinson, Lieutenant, USN
Melinda J. Leighty, Lieutenant Commander, USN
Lorel L. Lindstrom, Lieutenant Commander, USN
Gregory J. Mann, Professor
Kevin P. McMahon, Lieutenant Commander, USN
Karel Montor, Professor
Randall D. Roach, Lieutenant, USNR
Raymond N. Sampson, Lieutenant Commander, MSC, USN
Clayton R. Sanders, Lieutenant, USN
Lisa B. Squire, Lieutenant, USN
David D. West, Lieutenant Commander, USN
Jimmy C. Woodard, Lieutenant, USNR

**Chairman**
Thomas H. Berns, Commander, USN

# Seamanship And Navigation

Cesare O. Barotti, Lieutenant Commander, Italian Navy
Ray O. Beard, Lieutenant, USN
Brad A. Bellis, Lieutenant, USN
Robert B. Borries, Lieutenant Commander, USN
John M. Brown, Lieutenant, USN
Leonard J. Brown, Lieutenant, USN
Dexter S. Bryce, Lieutenant, USN
Herbert S. Colenda, Lieutenant, USN
Allen D. Cone, Lieutenant, USN
Thomas Cutler, Lieutenant Commander, USN
Jack F. Dalrymple, Jr., Lieutenant, USN
Alan R. Dodge, Lieutenant, USN
Eric M. Dyevre, Lieutenant, French Navy
John J. Ebley, Lieutenant, USN
John B. Eggleston, Lieutenant, USN
Thomas Esquina, Lieutenant, USN
Maureen P. Foley, Lieutenant, USN
David J. Frost, Lieutenant, USN
Timothy B. Fleischer, Lieutenant, USN
Gary P. Gambarani, Lieutenant, USN
R. Steve Harper, Lieutenant, USN
Joseph F. Hill, Lieutenant, USN
Nicholas S. Holden, Lieutenant Commander, Royal Navy
Scott R. Hummer, Lieutenant, USN
Norio O. Iguchi, Lieutenant Commander, Japanese Navy
J. P. Johnston, Lieutenant, USN
Glenn R. Jones, Lieutenant, USN
James O. Joyner, Lieutenant, USN
Thomas Litowinski, Lieutenant, USNR
Stephen R. Lyon, Lieutenant, USNR
William A. Macht, Lieutenant, USN
George Marvin, Lieutenant Commander, USN
Corby J. Megorden, Lieutenant, USN
Michael E. Melo, Lieutenant, USN
Robert E. Morabito, Lieutenant, USN
Shawn B. Morrissey, Lieutenant, USN
Peter J. Murray, Lieutenant, USN
Guillermo Nunez, Lieutenant, USNR
Michael O'Donnell, Lieutenant, USN

Michael L. Williamson, Lieutenant, USN

Maurice B. Tose, Lieutenant, USN

Michael E. Melo, Lieutenant, USN

J. P. Johnston, Lieutenant, USN

R. Steve Harper, Lieutenant, USN

John B. Eggleston, Lieutenant, USN

D. J. O'Meara, Lieutenant Commander, USN
Alan E. Portillo, Lieutenant, USN
James M. Rennie, Lieutenant, USN
Timothy G. Ruck, Lieutenant, USN
Michael S. Schwartz, Lieutenant, USN
Harry E. Semler, Lieutenant, USN
Antonio Cesare M. Sepulveda Lieutenant Commander, Brazillian Navy
Thomas G. Smith, Lieutenant, USN
Maurice B. Tose, Lieutenant, USN
Paul M. Van Cleve, Lieutenant, USN
Michael L. Williamson, Lieutenant, USN
Robert Winsor, Jr., Lieutenant, USN
Gustav A. Wirth, Lieutenant, USN
Linda Youree, Lieutenant Commander, USN

**Chairman**
David M. Lee, Commander, USN

# Physical Education

Stephen Belichick, Associate Professor
William J. Bircher, Assistant Professor
D. Blanchard, Second Lieutenant, USMC
William J. Brown, Assistant Professor
James J. Campbell, Commander, USN
Albert A. Cantello, Associate Professor
Rex W. Clothier, Associate Professor
Jack M. Cloud, Associate Professor
Stephen M. Cooksey, Assistant Professor
Nancy A. Cox, Lieutenant, USNR
Jan B. Dainard, Instructor
Ander R. Deladrier, Professor
Edward N. Denny, Assistant Coach
Harry L. Dietz, Major, USMC
David S. Dobbs, Lieutenant, USN
Joseph C. Duff, Associate Professor
Robert H. Dyer, Assistant Professor
Scott Eckert, Lieutenant, USN
Alan C. Edkins, Lieutenant, USNR
John Fitzpatrick, Assistant Coach
James M. Gehrdes, Associate Professor
David J. Hemmer, Lieutenant, USN
John Higgins, Associate Professor Emeritus
Peter M. Kormann, Assistant Professor
Henry J. Kuzma, Lieutenant, USN
David R. Laton, Assistant Coach
Lee W. Lawrence, Associate Professor
Barbara J. Lawson, Assistant Professor
Heinz W. Lenz, Associate Professor
Robert Leszczynski, Lieutenant, USN
Ronale E. Lievendag, Assistant Coach
Daniel K. Lyons, Lieutenant, USN
Bryan L. Matthews, Assistant Professor
James R. McMillan, Lieutenant, USN
Richard F. Meade, Assistant Professor
John Merrill, Lieutenant, USN
Joseph Mosketti, Coach
Lawrence G. Myers, Assistant Professor
Kerry J. O'Shanick, Assistant Coach
John C. Officer, Assistant Professor
Robert D. Papak, Captain, USMC
Edwin C Peery, Associate Professor
Dudley Perdy, Jr., Assistant Professor
Robert Ravner, Lieutenant, USN
Anthony J. Rubino, Professor Emeritus
Katherine L. Sanford, Lieutenant, USN
William Savering, Assistant Professor
Eileen S. Sheahan, Lieutenant, USN
Thomas J. Shelly, Lieutenant, USN
Emerson P. Smith, Associate Professor
Joseph Suriano, Assistant Professor
Gary Tranquill, Head Football Coach
Carl Wagner, Ensign, USN
Reginald P. Wicks, Assistant Professor

Jan B. Dainard, Instructor

Ander R. Deladrier, Professor

Bryan L. Matthews, Assistant Professor

Lee W. Lawrence, Associate Professor

Joseph C. Duff, Associate Professor

Gary Tranquill, Head Football Coach

**Chairman**
David E. Church, Commander, USN

# CLASS HISTORY

DEPARTMENT OF DEFENSE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

**DEPARTMENT OF THE NAVY**
**UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY**
**OFFICE OF THE SUPERINTENDENT**
**ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND 21402**

8 May 1981

Member of the Class of 1985
1985 Anystreet
Podunk, USA 21412

Dear Member of the Class of 1985,

It is my pleasure to offer you an appointment to the United States Naval Academy as a member of the class of 1985. You may take justifiable pride in having successfully competed with many outstanding young people in the United States for admission to this unique undergraduate institution. I congratulate you on your fine record of achievement to date and wish you continuing success.

Acceptance of this appointment can be your first step toward one of the finest undergraduate educations available and will result in a rewarding and challenging career as a professional naval or Marine Corps officer. You will become part of a tradition that has produced such American leaders as Jimmy Carter, the thirty-ninth president; Admiral Hyman Rickover, the world's foremost nuclear propulsion expert; Alan Shepard, the first American in space; World War II leaders Admirals Chester Nimitz and William "Bull" Halsey; and Albert Michelson, the first American scientist to win a Nobel Prize.

Before you make your decision, I suggest that you read carefully the enclosed pamphlet entitled "Annapolis--A Message". After you have made your decision, please return the enclosed acceptance/declination certificate as soon as possible. Even if you decline this appointment, please return the certificate so that we can offer this appointment to one of the hundreds of other qualified candidates who are waiting for an opportunity to enter the Naval Academy.

The Class of 1985 will be sworn in on 7 July 1981. If you accept this appointment, you will receive a packet with a "Permit to Report to the U.S. Naval Academy", along with additional instructions and a time to report at the Naval Academy on 7 July.

I hope you will accept this challenge. Good luck, and welcome to the Brigade of Midshipmen and the United States Naval Academy.

Sincerely,

William P. Lawrence
WILLIAM P. LAWRENCE
Vice Admiral, U. S. Navy
Superintendent

The First Day!

UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

# OATH OF OFFICE CEREMONY

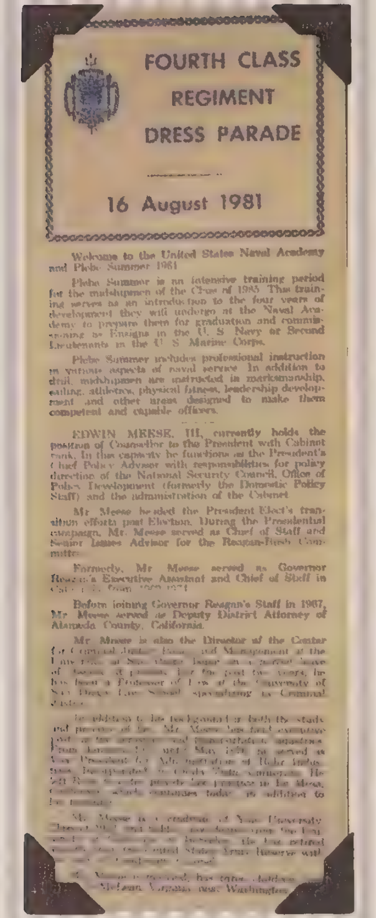
## CLASS OF

## 1985

ISD, Tue [illegible]

Plebe Summer!

JOLLY ROGERS
TOMCAT
14
ECHO COMPANY
WELCOMES
PARENTS



## FOURTH CLASS REGIMENT DRESS PARADE

16 August 1981

Welcome to the United States Naval Academy and Plebe Summer 1981

Plebe Summer is an intensive training period for the midshipmen of the Class of 1985. This training serves as an introduction to the four years of development they will undergo at the Naval Academy to prepare them for graduation and commissioning as Ensigns in the U. S. Navy or Second Lieutenants in the U. S. Marine Corps.

Plebe Summer includes professional instruction in various aspects of naval service. In addition to drill, midshipmen are instructed in marksmanship, sailing, athletics, physical fitness, leadership development and other areas designed to make them competent and capable officers.

EDWIN MEESE, III, currently holds the position of Counsellor to the President with Cabinet rank. In this capacity he functions as the President's Chief Policy Advisor with responsibilities for policy direction of the National Security Council, Office of Policy Development (formerly the Domestic Policy Staff) and the administration of the Cabinet.

Mr. Meese headed the President Elect's transition efforts post Election. During the Presidential campaign, Mr. Meese served as Chief of Staff and Senior Issues Advisor for the Reagan-Bush Committee.

Formerly, Mr. Meese served as Governor Reagan's Executive Assistant and Chief of Staff in California from 1969-1974.

Before joining Governor Reagan's Staff in 1967, Mr. Meese served as Deputy District Attorney of Alameda County, California.

Mr. Meese is also the Director of the Center for Criminal Justice Policy and Management at the University of San Diego [illegible] of absence at present. For the past two years, he has been a Professor of Law at the University of San Diego Law School, specializing in Criminal Justice.

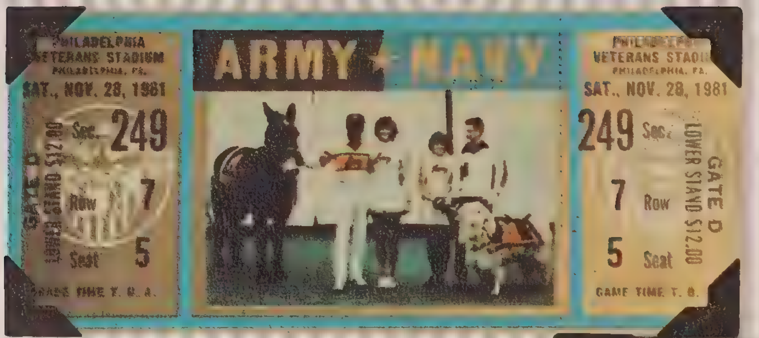
In addition to his background in both the study and practice of law, Mr. Meese has had executive [illegible]

Mr. Meese is a graduate of Yale University [illegible]

Mr. Meese is married, has three children [illegible] McLean, Virginia, near Washington.

Plebe Year

Halloween



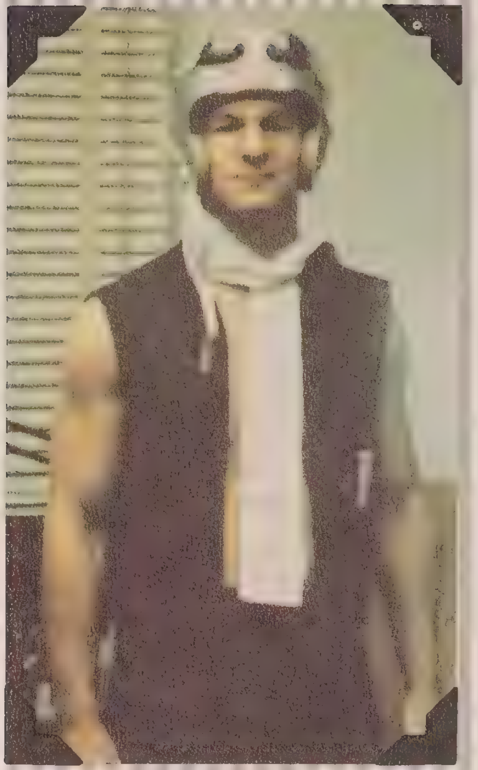
PHILADELPHIA
VETERANS STADIUM
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
SAT., NOV. 28, 1981
Sec. 249
Row 7
Seat 5
GATE D
LOWER STAND $12.00
GAME TIME T. B. A.

ARMY - NAVY

PHILADELPHIA
VETERANS STADIUM
PHILADELPHIA, PA.
SAT., NOV. 28, 1981
249 Sec.
7 Row
5 Seat
GATE D
LOWER STAND $12.00
GAME TIME T. B.

Army!

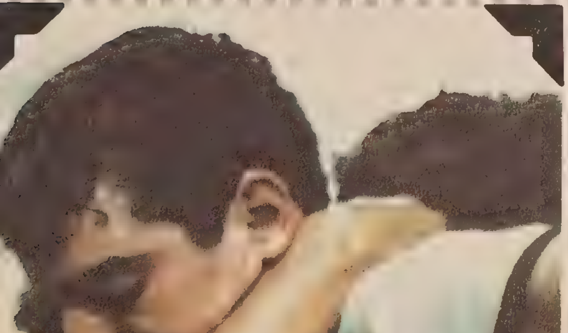
Christmas

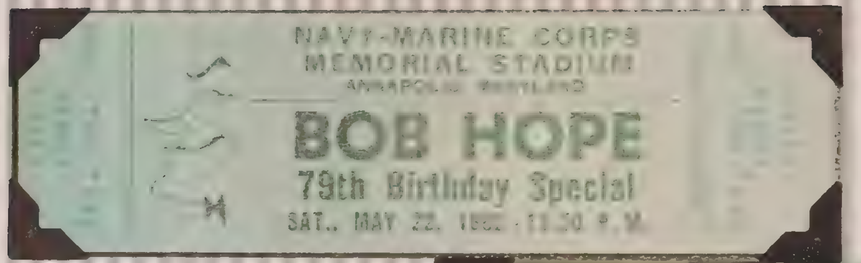


100's Night

PLEBES
NO
MORE

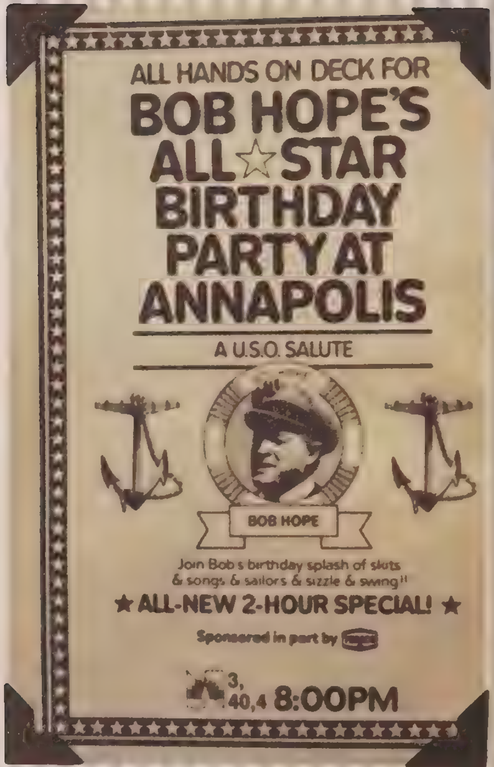
No more Plebes!!





NAVY-MARINE CORPS
MEMORIAL STADIUM
ANNAPOLIS, MARYLAND

BOB HOPE
79th Birthday Special
SAT., MAY 22, 1982 · 11:30 P.M.



ALL HANDS ON DECK FOR
BOB HOPE'S
ALL☆STAR
BIRTHDAY
PARTY AT
ANNAPOLIS

A U.S.O. SALUTE

BOB HOPE

Join Bob's birthday splash of skits
& songs & sailors & sizzle & swing!!

★ ALL-NEW 2-HOUR SPECIAL! ★

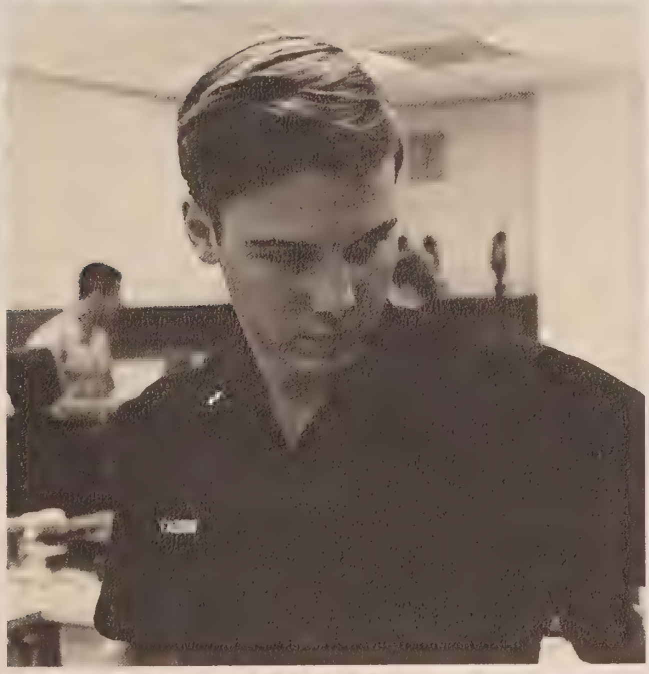
Sponsored in part by

3,
40,4 8:00PM

BILLY
N
BUTTON

Youngster Cruise

Official
Youngsters!



Halloween

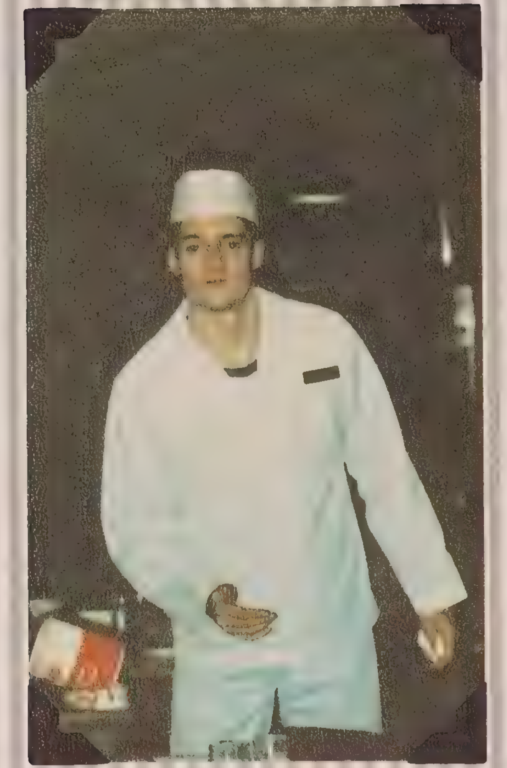
GO NAVY

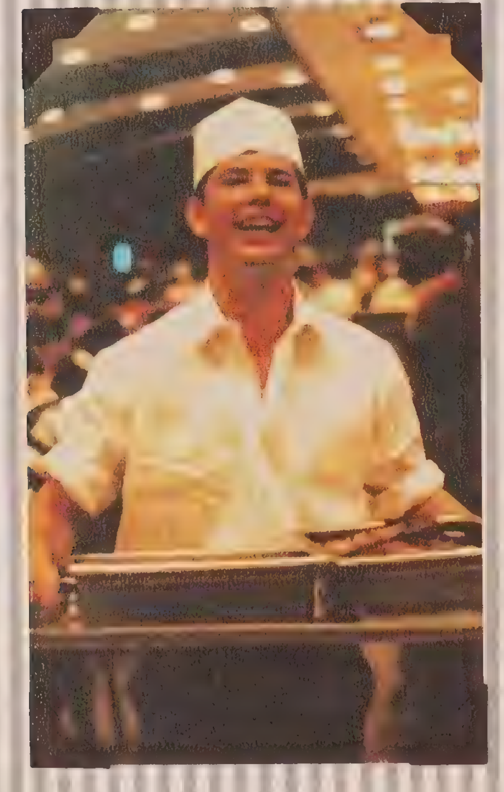
GARCIA '85

NAVY
39
61
65
63

# Mess Night

N





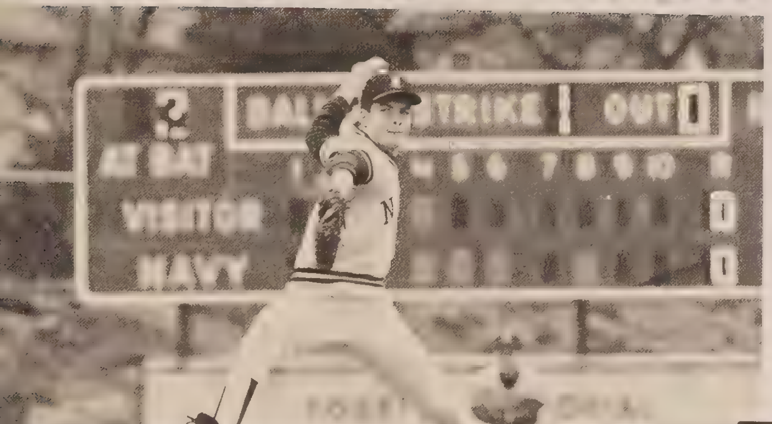
I'm sorry

there is no more.

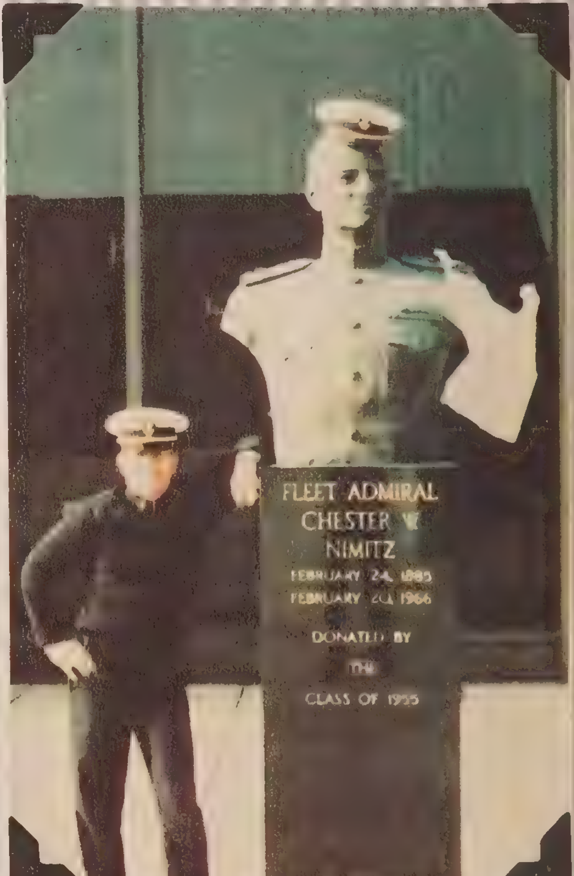
SPURS THE

US 85 NA

DRIVE


BALL
STRIKE
OUT
AT BAT
VISITOR
NAVY

EVERLAST
NAVY
EVERLAST
EVERLAST

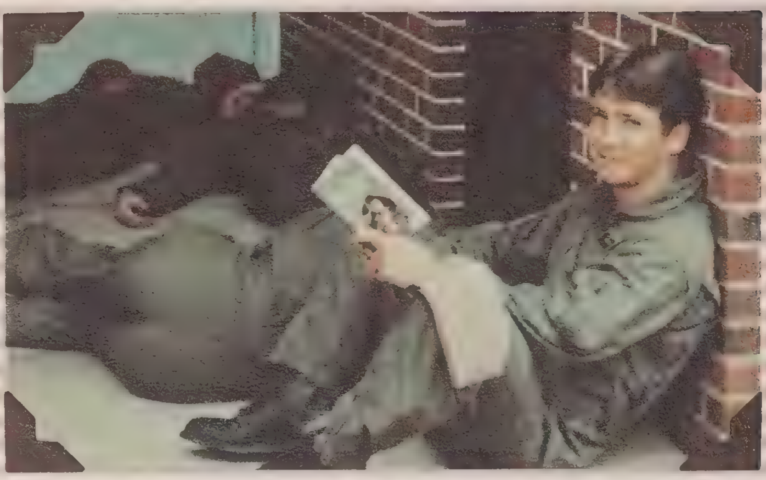

FLEET ADMIRAL
CHESTER W
NIMITZ
FEBRUARY 24, 1885
FEBRUARY 20, 1966
DONATED BY
THE
CLASS OF 1955

U.S.N.
40

VILLANUEVA '85

Summer Class Second

BARBERING
CLOS
WILDR

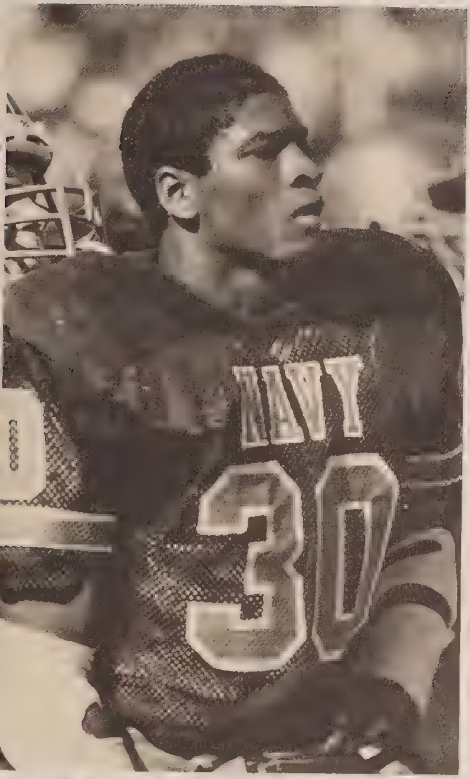


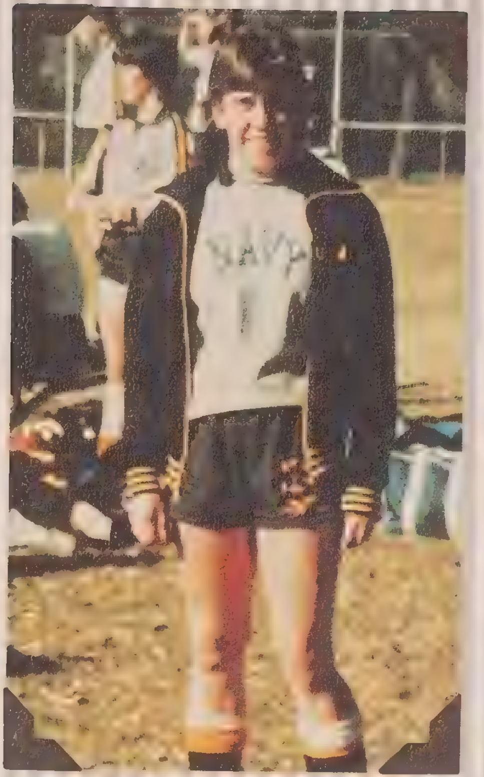
USS ALBUQUERQUE
SSN-706

2

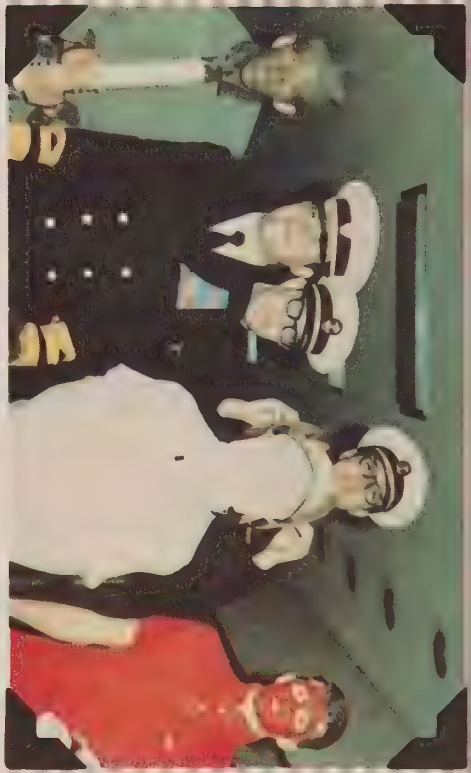
4

7



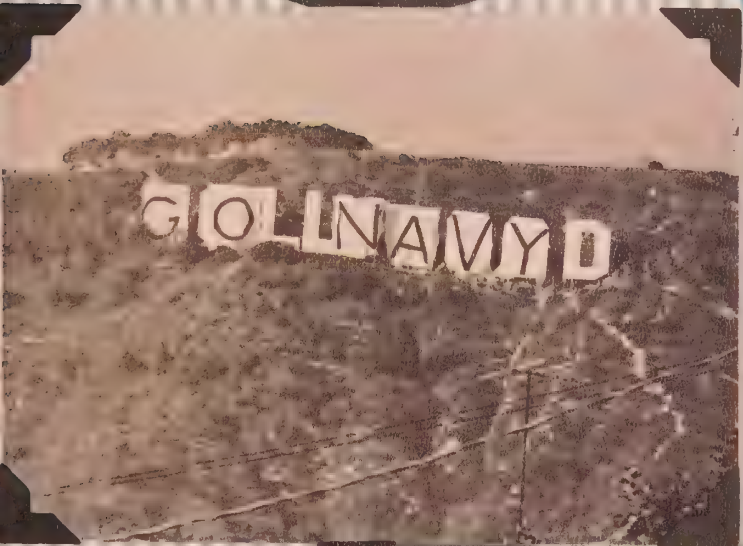


Second Class Year



ARMY
PASADENA ROSE BOWL 1983
A
N
NAVY

BEAT AR
85
FROM COAST TO COA


GO NAVY D

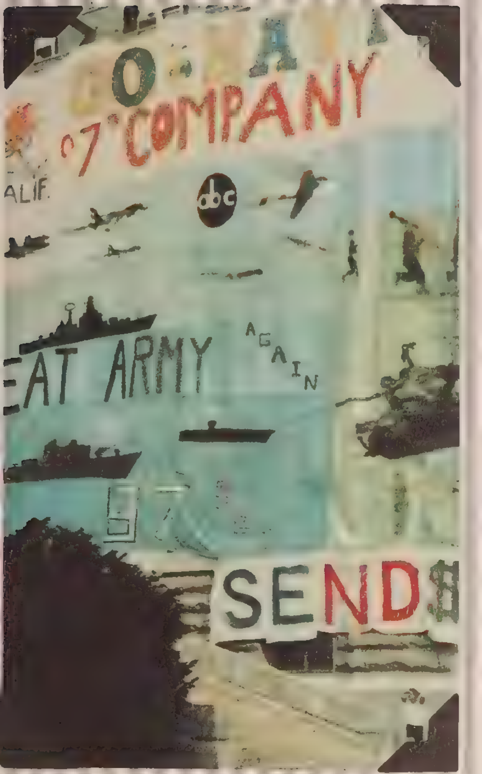
California!!

Inn
WELCOME
WEST POINT
GO NAVY BEAT ARMY
PUBLIC PARK

CK BAR

NAVY

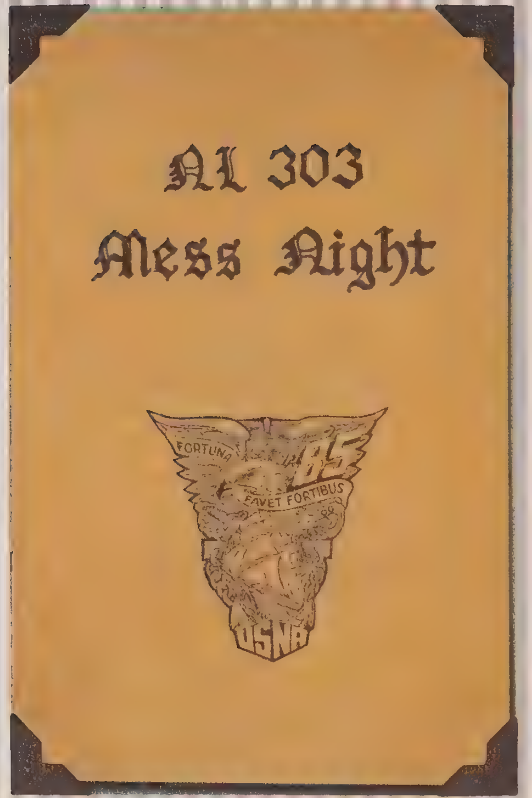
Rose Bowl


CO. A
07° COMPANY
ALIF.
abc
EAT ARMY
AGAIN
SENDS

KICK A
Class Of 1985

Hi Mom
BEAT ARMY

Christmas



NL 303
Mess Night

FORTUNA
85
FAVET FORTIBUS
USNA

# Ring Dance

THE LUCKY BAG
82
UNITED STATES NAVAL ACADEMY

# THE YEAR

[illegible]

# 1984 THE YEAR 1985

### JULY 1984

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 |
| 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 29 | 30 | 31 | | | | |

### AUGUST 1984

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |
| 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | |

### SEPTEMBER 1984

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | 1 |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | | | | | | |

### OCTOBER 1984

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | | |

### NOVEMBER 1984

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 1 | 2 | 3 |
| 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 |
| 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 |
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | |

### DECEMBER 1984

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | 1 |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | 31 | | | | | |

### JANUARY 1985

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 |
| 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 |
| 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 |
| 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | | |

### FEBRUARY 1985

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | 1 | 2 |
| 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | | |

### MARCH 1985

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | 1 | 2 |
| 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 |
| 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 |
| 31 | | | | | | |

### APRIL 1985

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 |
| 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 |
| 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 |
| 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 |
| 28 | 29 | 30 | | | | |

### MAY 1985

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17 | 18 |
| 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | |

### JUNE 1985

| S | M | T | W | T | F | S |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | 1 |
| 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10 | 11 | 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 23 | 24 | 25 | 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 |
| 30 | | | | | | |

# JULY

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| 1 | 2 | 3<br>Induction Day Class of 1988 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 |
| 8 | 9 | 10<br>first set plebe summer | 11 | 12 | 13<br>George's Birthday | 14<br>Report for Cruise |
| 15 | 16 | 17<br>Tuck E. I.<br>[illegible] | 18 | 19 | 20 | 21 |
| 22 | 23 | 24 | 25<br>Formal parade | 26 | 27 | 28 |
| 29<br>Turn-over (Pack) | 30 | 31 | **MEMOS:**<br>Fry'em all!! | | | |

The 3rd of July was a day of endings and beginnings. It marked the end of civilian life, long hair, (touching your ears), sleeping late, & all weekend parties. The beginnings included challenges, obstacles, frustrations, triumphs, highs, lows, defeats and victories. Yet it is the first step of these beginnings that is most important; to create an officer from these . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

# PLEBES

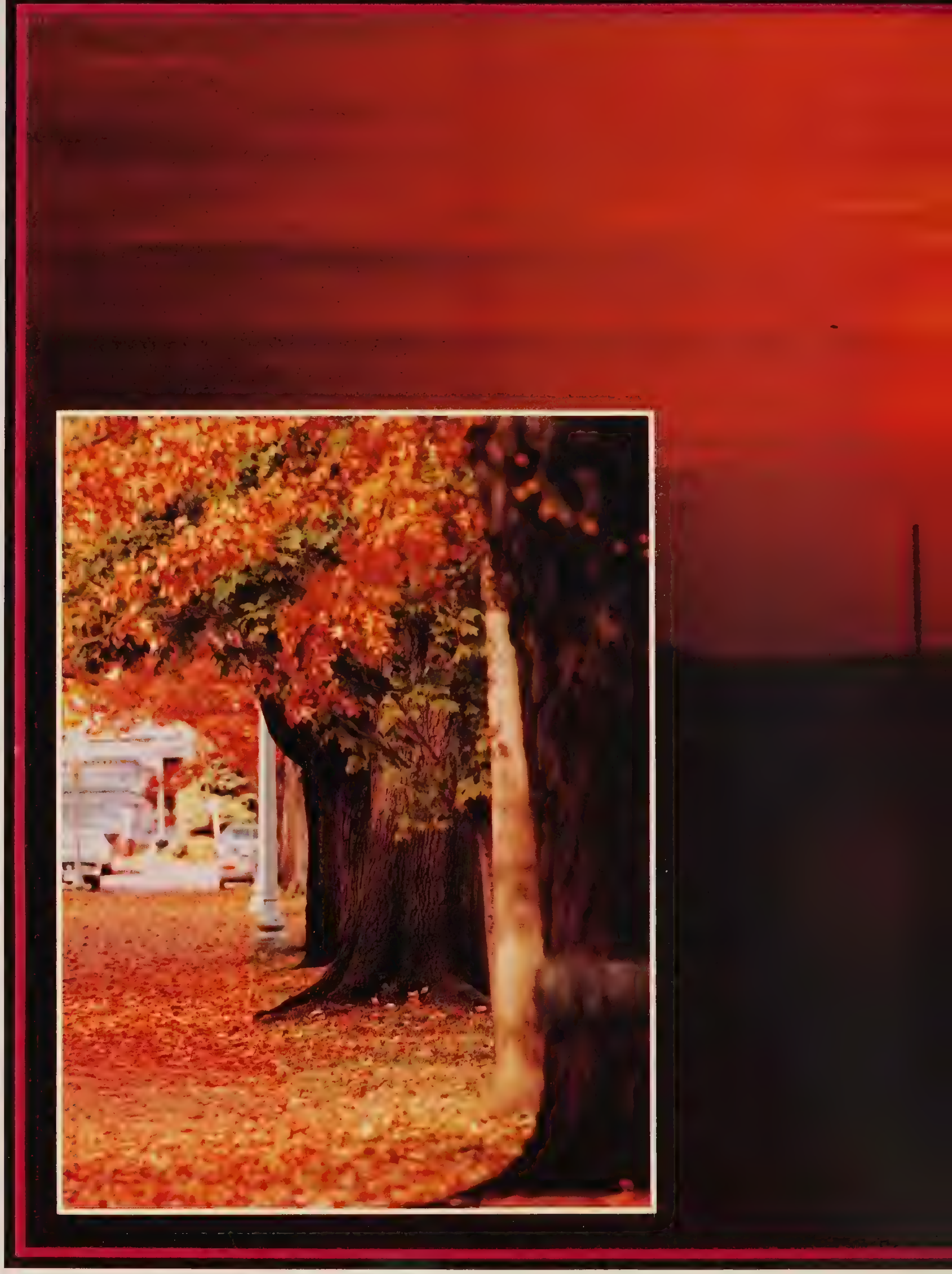
# AUGUST

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **MEMOS:** | | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8<br>George's Birthday | 9 | 10 | 11 |
| 12 | 13 | 14 | 15 | 16 | 17<br>Parents open House | 18 |
| 19<br>Leave ends 1830 | 20<br>Brigade CDR's call 1400 | 21<br>Parade 1500<br>Dant's call 1915 | 22<br>Classes Begin | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28<br>Mom's Birthday | 29<br>Lucky Bag Meeting 1915 | 30<br>Lucky Bag Meeting 1915 C116 | 31<br>PRE-coms | |

MICHIGAN
85USNA
MAR GREAT LAKES 85

The Class of '88 finished their Plebe Summer and said goodbye to their parents until Christmas. The brigade returned about the same time that Second Set Detail got out of hack for playing a certain Bing Crosby tune over the T-court P.A. system. Academic year got under way and the First class began to enjoy longer weekends, every weekend- at least until the Four-week grades came out. The Plebes enjoyed meeting new upperclass. The Youngsters also got to meet new upperclass, and new classmates and roommates. The Second Class were introduced to a seven year commitment and celebrated their prospects for the future with a wild and crazy 2-for-7 . . . . . . . . . . . . .

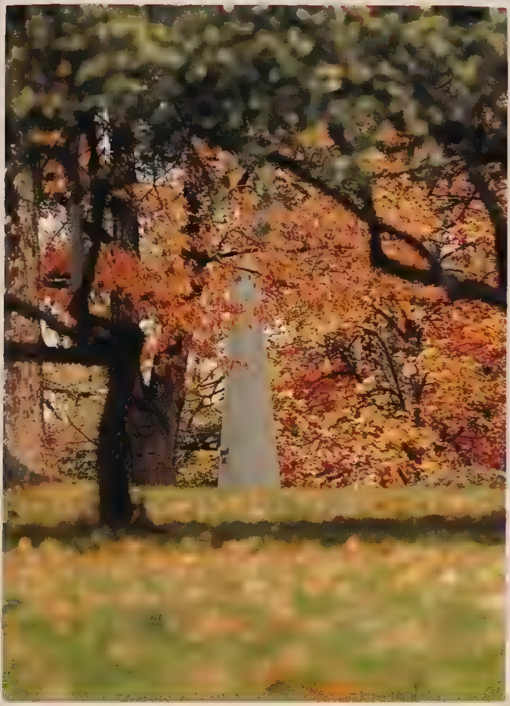
# NIGHT

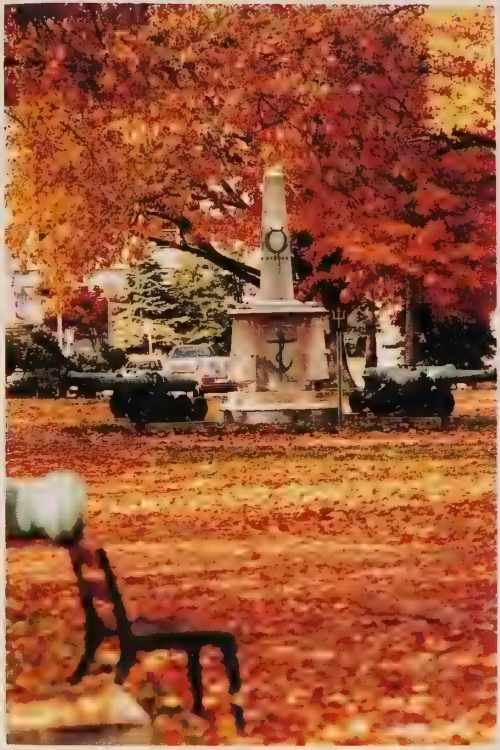


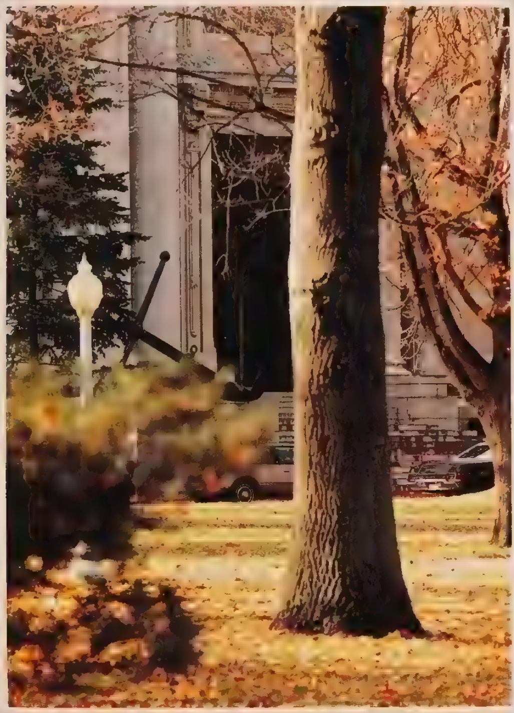
# FALL

# SEPTEMBER

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | | | 1<br>outta here! |
| 2 | 3<br>LABOR DAY | 4<br>[illegible]<br>Prayer Breakfast | 5<br>Weapons Lecture R103<br>Fluids E1 | 6<br>Econ E1 | 7 | 8 |
| 9 | 10<br>Weapons Project Due | 11<br>[illegible] | 12<br>EM327 4wk<br>EN405 4wk<br>Drill | 13<br>Weapons Quiz<br>Econ Quiz | 14 | 15<br>NORTH CAROLINA (AWAY) |
| 16 | 17 | 18 | 19<br>ES400 4wk<br>EN450 4wk | 20 | 21<br>Parent's Weekend<br>BWI - 1845 | 22<br>Virginia (HOME) |
| 23<br>30 | 24<br>Thermo Quiz<br>Practice Parade | 25<br>Supe's Reception<br>1715 | 26<br>Rocket Project for ES400<br>Practice Parade | 27 | 28 | 29<br>Arkansas (Away)<br>Duty |

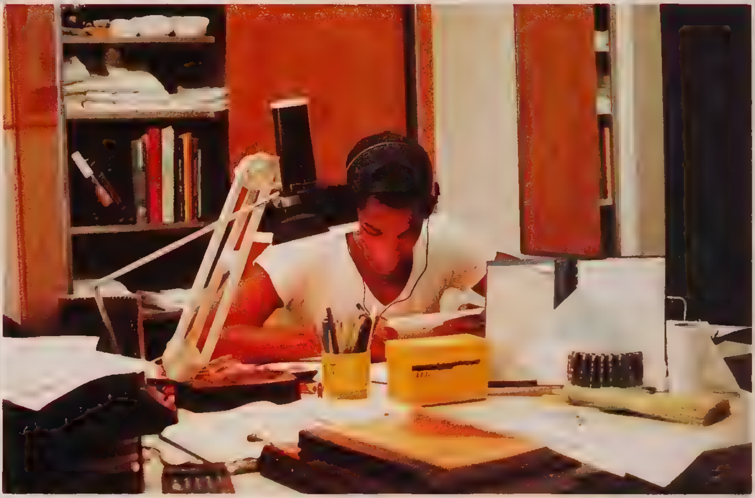






Fall brightened the mids days with changing leaves, football games and pep rallies. They needed it as academics took their toll. The second class also brightened the days . . . with flames. Second class academics, first class leadership styles and the ever present hopeless plebe only added to the brilliance. As mids always seem to do, they adjusted to these seasonal . . . . . . . . . . .

# CHANGES



Most Mids had to cope with the fact that they would be spending most of the next four years of their lives within the "confines"of "Mother 'B'." Besides being the largest dormitory in the world, Bancroft Hall is unique in several other ways. What other dormitory provides a personal wakeup system (chow calls)? By the time a Midshipman graduates, he/she will have been prepared for over 2500 formations. Now *that's* routine. Hall life had its minor excitements, however. Midshipman amused themselves by holding informal rumbles, racing laundry carts, and having water fights. Good ole ............................

# MA 'B'

# HALL LIFE

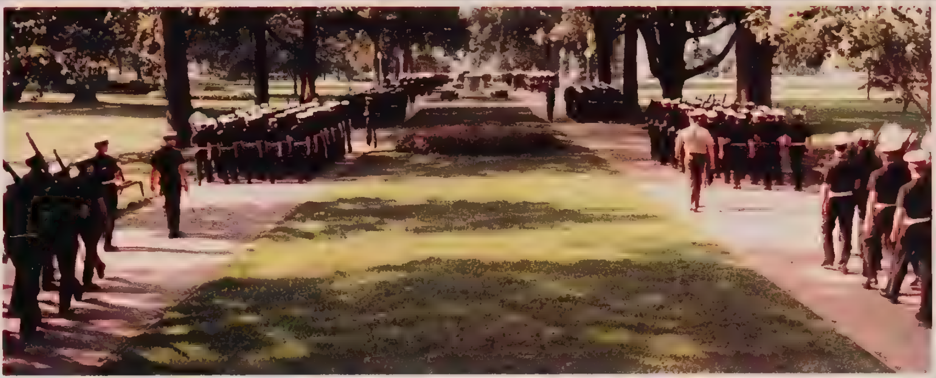
# OCTOBER

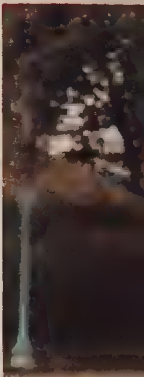
| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | **1** 0600<br>Flu Shots<br>Drill Exam<br>Green Alert | **2** | **3** 0710<br>Dental<br>Formal Parade<br>Room Inspections | **4** | **5**<br>O-Course | **6**<br>Air Force (Away) |
| **7** | **8**<br>Columbus Day<br>No school! | **9** | **10** EM327<br>midterm<br>Formal Parade<br>[illegible] | **11** FP326<br>MIDTERM<br>SUB BRIEF | **12** | **13**<br>Lehigh (Home) |
| **14** | **15**<br>Practice Parade<br>← Midterms → | **16** ES400<br>MIDTERM | **17** EM405<br>EM450<br>MIDTERM<br>Practice Parade<br>Drill 1915 | **18**<br>BOOW<br>Weapons Comp Time | **19** Duty<br>Applied Struggle<br>Formal Parade | **20**<br>Princeton (Homecoming) |
| **21** | **22** | **23** 0800<br>Dental | **24** | **25** | **26**<br>Mile Run | **27**<br>Pittsburgh (Away)<br>Lucky Bag Meeting 0900 |
| **28** | **29**<br>[illegible]<br>Batt Sports Night | **30** | **31**<br>Econ Quiz<br>Halloween Party | **MEMOS:**<br>Chris- x5142 | | |

SPEED LIMIT 25

October is best known for Halloween: a chance for midshipmen to put on silly, ridiculous costumes, after taking off the silly, ridiculous uniforms they usually wear. The upperclass went around to plebe rooms with cries of "Trick-or-Deuce!" Halloween was a frightening holiday, especially for the plebe who forgot to buy candy, but the thing that everyone feared was mid-terms. The best thing that could happen at mid-terms was to raise four-week grades high enough for a weekend. The worst thing that could happen was to lose what little gravy you had. When grades come out, Company Officers can be pretty . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

# SCARY





Everyone looks forward to parades in some way or another. The public is entertained by the grand spectacle of 4,000 midshipmen marching from Bancroft to Worden Field and back. The midshipmen by the grand spectacle of 5,000 tourists jumping a mile during the gun salute. Parades always create tension in the Yard. After the parade, Company Offices await the results, during the parade, Hospital Corpsmen await the results of the weekly Bancroft Medical heat stroke lottery, and before the parade, every midshipmen waits with the same question: Will it start raining by the end of sixth period? Will they cancel . . . . . . . . . .

# DRILL?

# PARADE

# NOVEMBER

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | | | 1 FP326<br>Paper Due<br>Weepons Quiz | 2<br>EM327<br>Exam | 3<br>Notre Dame<br>(Away) |
| 4 | 5 EN405<br>12 wk exam | 6 | 7 EN450<br>Proposal Due<br>Weapons Quiz | 8 | 9 | 10<br>Syracuse<br>(Away) |
| 11<br>Veterans Day | 12 | 13 | 14<br>EN450 EXAM<br>ES400 EXAM<br>X-PER | 15 | 16 | 17<br>South Carolina<br>(Home) |
| 18 | 19 | 20 | 21<br>Home!! | 22<br>Thanksgiving Day | 23<br>No Classes | 24 |
| 25 | 26 | 27 | 28<br>EM327 EXAM<br>ES400<br>Forrestal Lecture | 29 | 30 | |

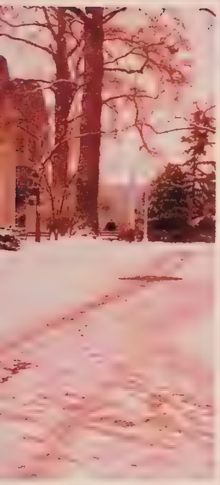
Pep rallies were a welcome excuse to put aside textbooks and engage in spirited fun in T-court. Pep rallies were just a warm-up for the football games. Mr. Pep kept both spirit and noise level high at all times. The cheerleaders built pyramids and tried not to break their necks. The plebes did multitudes of push-ups under the guise of good ole' Navy spirit. The upperclass watched the game and laughed at the plebes. The Spirited-OBSTCR companies cheered their lungs out and never sat down. Roger Staubach may not know the proper way to spell relief, but Mrs. V. spells it N-A-V-Y, NAVY! Now that's . . . . .

# SPIRIT

# WINTER

# DECEMBER

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **MEMOS:** | | | | | | 1<br>Army!! |
| 2 | 3 | 4<br>Service Selection Brief | 5<br>Christmas Dinner<br>Thermo Due | 6<br>Co. Prayer Breakfest<br>Co. Christmas Perty | 7<br>Last Day of Classes | 8 |
| 9 | 10<br>0755<br>Weapons Final | 11 | 12<br>1315<br>Presidency Final | 13<br>1315<br>Fluids Final<br>BOOW | 14 | 15 |
| 16 | 17 | 18<br>1315<br>ECON FINAL<br>1900 Thermo Final<br>FINISHED | 19 | 20 | 21 | 22 |
| 23<br>30 | 24<br>31 | 25<br>Christmas | 26 | 27<br>on leave! | 28 | 29 |



Freezing cold, snowstorms, class cancellations, for once, the Mids didn't get any of this. The winter of '85 was unseasonably warm. Winter provides an opportunity to go home. For most of the Mids, it is the first chance to go home since the summer and see how things have changed. Some Mids return home to find their room taken over by a younger sibling. Others find that their parents have had their room demolished so the garage could be widened. Still other Mids return home to find that their home has moved without their knowledge and are left out in the . . . . . . . . . . .

. . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

# COLD

Christmas is the time when you debate on whether you should spend your December paycheck on presents or a plane ticket home. Christmas dinner is when the food services officer shows off what he could do if he had the money. Christmas dinner is the wardroom's way of saying "I'm sorry for all the times you had to have Oriental Stew for dinner and tuna fish sandwiches for lunch." It's also the only time of year that *every* smoke alarm in the hall is shut down. Speaking of shut downs, Christmas skits provide the underclass with an opportunity to let go at the upperclass. What a happy ..............................

# HOLIDAY

# CHRISTMAS

# JANUARY

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| | | 1 | 2 | 3 | 4 | 5 |
| 6<br>Leave Ends<br>1830 | 7<br>Dad's<br>Birthday | 8<br>School<br>Starts | 9 | 10<br>Check Eyes<br>1300-1600<br>Hospital Point | 11 1830<br>Lucky Bag<br>ENS PICTURE<br>2100 | 12 |
| 13 | 14<br>Lucky Bag<br>Party | 15 | 16<br>Forrestal<br>Andy Rooney | 17 | 18<br>4th Per EI | 19 |
| 20<br>Super Bowl<br>Inauguration | 21 | 22<br>Service<br>Selection | 23 | 24<br>EIT Picture<br>1300-1600<br>WUB "A"<br>EA450 Hmwk Due | 25<br>PCR | 26<br>Design<br>Division<br>Pages |
| 27 | 28 | 29<br>HE222 EI<br>2nd Per<br>Applied<br>Struggle | 30<br>Dr. Appt.<br>1015 | 31<br>EA450<br>Hmwk Due | **MEMOS:** | |

Academ
Platoon U
Parades
Plebe Summer
NAV
PE Grades
Intramurals
In-Season Athletics
Out of Season Athletics

The Dark Ages began with a chilly farewell parade for the late Commodore Palmer and lasted until Spring Break. Time dragged by and the Mids saw Midterm leave as the light at the end of a long, dark tunnel, and hoped it wasn't an oncoming train. Actually, more First Class received the billets that they wanted this year than in any other year (unless they wanted to be an NFO, that is). Slightly over 200 Firsties qualified for pilot this year; the last pilot billet went to number 999. Marine Corps billets ran out at about the same . . . .

# TIME

# FEBRUARY

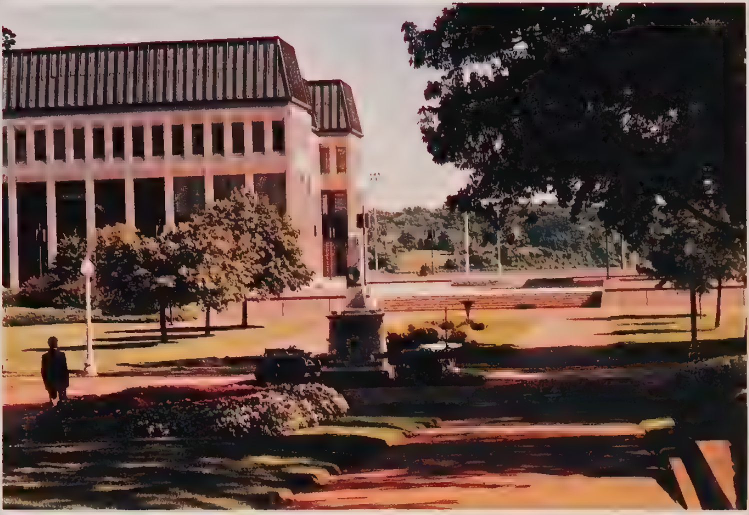
| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **MEMOS:** | | | | | 1<br>HE222 4wk | 2 |
| 3 | 4 | 5<br>VTNA 1800<br>C216<br>Mile Run | 6 | 7<br>VTNA<br>EA450<br>Hmwk Due | 8<br>Passed<br>PCR!! | 9 |
| 10 | 11<br>100's<br>Night | 12<br>VTNA | 13 | 14<br>VTNA | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18<br>No Class<br>[illegible]<br>Cables E1<br>1915 | 19<br>VTNA<br>AVIA Brief<br>C216 1915 | 20<br>Cables E1<br>S.P. Clinic<br>1330 Halsey<br>259 | 21<br>VTNA | 22<br>Duty | 23<br>Sue's<br>Birthday |
| 24<br>Cables E1<br>1400-1600<br>R103 | 25<br>Order Calling<br>Cards<br>EE332 MID-<br>X Per TERM | 26<br>EA415<br>MIDTERM | 27 | 28<br>EA450<br>MIDTERM | | |

Hundreds Night! The yelling, screaming, bracing up, sweating, and agony all adds up to revenge! This happened when Firsties and Plebes switched places for an evening of crazy fun. Plebes borrowed as many stripes as they could manage, made some they couldn't, and screamed at their Firsties. Firsties wore stripeless SDB's and acted as foolish as they could. For the Plebes, Hundreds Night was over too quickly. But it gave them something to look forward to: their First Class year. To the Firsties, it brought back the memories of . . . as they said, when *we* were . . . . . .

# PLEBES

# SPRING

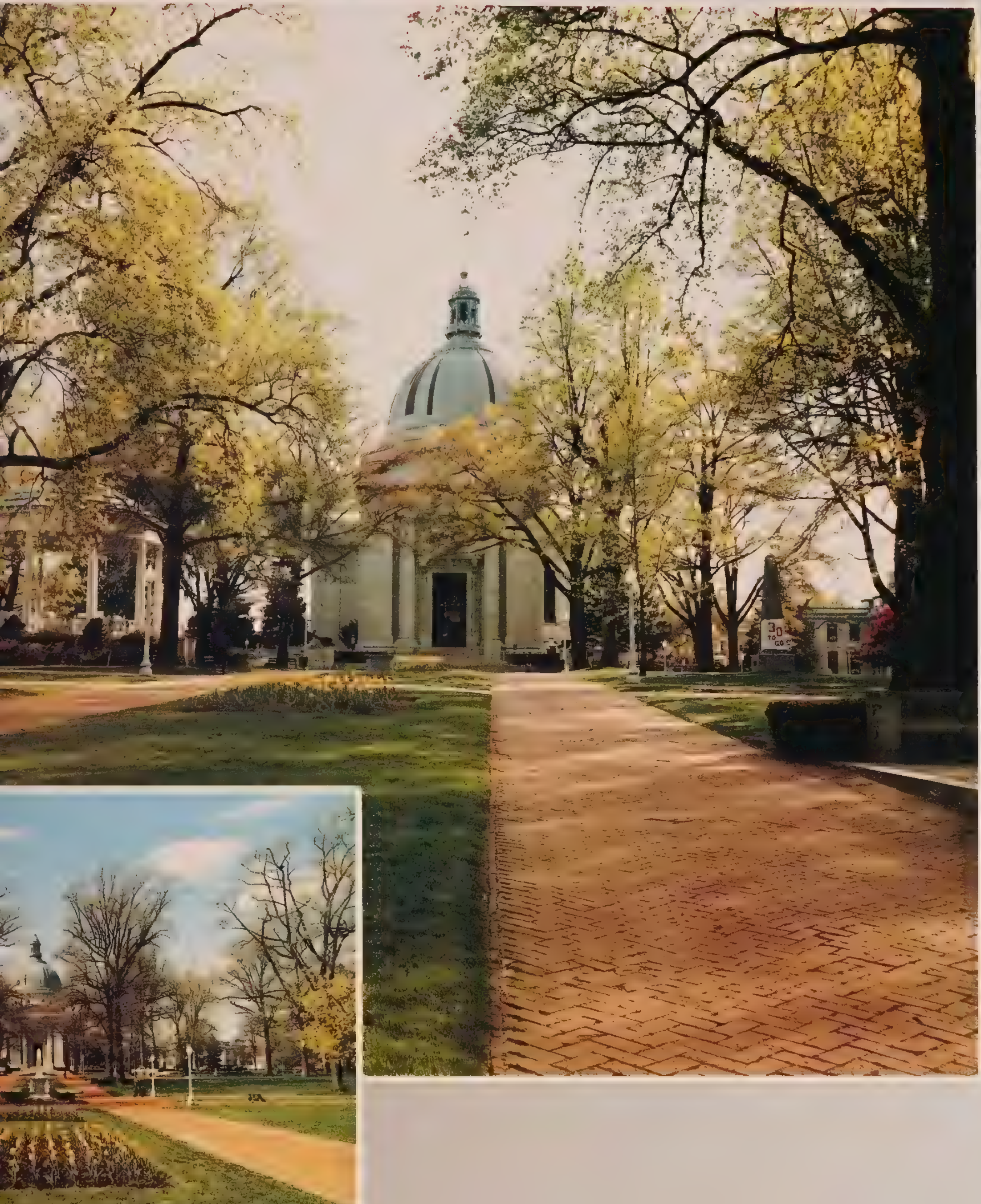
SEAMANSHIP



Spring: the trees turn green, the flowers bloom, the pollen count skyrockets, and the tourists return in their plaid Bermuda shorts with cameras around their necks. The Academy lives for tourists and this spring saw tourists coming to "Navy World" in record numbers. The tourists feel cheated when they don't get to see an outside noon meal formation. It's like cancelling feeding time for the monkeys at the zoo. Speaking of zoos, most Mids elected to escape this one and visit the one in Ft. Liquordale over Spring Break. Those Mids not arrested spent their time soaking up too much sun and booze. Then again, sunburn and a hangover did compare favorably to Midterms, so no one complained about Spring . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

# BREAK

# SPRING SCENES



# MARCH

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **MEMOS:** | | | | | 1<br>HE222 midterm<br>LEAVE BEGINS<br>BWI 1858 | 2 |
| 3 | 4 | 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 |
| 10<br>Leave Ends<br>1830 | 11<br>Order Officers Insignia | 12 | 13 | 14<br>Air Brief<br>1915 C216<br>Allison's Birthday | 15 | 16 |
| 17 | 18<br>Pistol Lecture<br>1915 Mahan | 19<br>Pistol<br>Etiquette Lecture<br>1915 Mahan | 20<br>POST BOOW | 21<br>Pistol | 22<br>Pistol | 23 |
| 24<br>EIT Review<br>C216 1915<br>Financial Brief<br>Mahan 1915<br>Rifle Lecture<br>C216 1900<br>EIT 1930<br>R102<br>31 | 25<br>Air Brief<br>Mitscher<br>Platoon Drill | 26<br>1915<br>Air Brief<br>1915 C216 | 27 | 28<br>Room Formals | 29 | 30 |

TRANS AM
CAR STORE

Forrestal's are more than just a lecture series, they are a state of mind. Dedicated to a former Secretary of Defense, James Forrestal, The series is designed to give us a closer look at the leaders of our country. Alexander Haig, a former whoop, came to The Academy first and gave a repeat performance that was almost on par with his Bob Hope Show monologue performed here 2 1/2 years ago. Mickey Rooney also came to Halsey Fieldhouse to recourse about his Army days. Finally, Frank Borman, former astronaut, let us know that he is still earning his wings . . . every day as President of Eastern Airlines. The Bore-us-all's weren't . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

# BORING

# APRIL

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
|  | 1<br>EE332<br>12 wk | 2<br>EIT R102<br>1930<br>Rifle | 3 | 4<br>EIT R102<br>1930<br>Rifle | 5<br>Rifle<br>HE222 12wk<br>Paper Due | 6 |
| 7<br>Easter<br>Sunday | 8<br>No<br>Classes | 9<br>Air Brief<br>1915 C216 | 10<br>Formal<br>Parade | 11<br>EIT 1915<br>R102<br>Call Matt | 12<br>Duty<br>Grease | 13<br>GRE<br>0800<br>C 117 |
| 14<br>EIT Review<br>Look for<br>Apt. | 15 | 16 | 17<br>Picture 1245<br>Sundial | 18<br>EIT Review | 19<br>1700<br>Fencing<br>Banquet | 20<br>EIT 0715<br>R102 + ID |
| 21<br>Apt.<br>Shopping | 22 | 23 | 24<br>Financial<br>Forms Due<br>Dental | 25<br>Design<br>Project<br>Due!! | 26<br>Last<br>Day of<br>Classes!! | 27 |
| 28 | 29<br>0755<br>Flight Test<br>Engineering<br>1900 Design | 30<br>1315<br>Viscus Flow<br>Cruise Box<br>Shipping<br>9-1530 Smoke | **MEMOS:** |  |  |  |

The biggest advantage spring parades have over fall parades is that they have more of a chance of getting rained out. Their disadvantage is the addition of platoon drill. Platoon drill can be fun; if you're a platoon leader, that is. Extend march, close march, right flanks, left flanks, obliques, open ranks march, close ranks march . . . it's entertaining to manipulate a platoon of rifle-toting mids. It's also a unique opportunity for a platoon leader to win a sword if his/her "slinky" performs well. If it doesn't, it provides a unique opportunity for the platoon leader to place in the hundreds. What would mids do if they didn't have to...... ..........................................................................

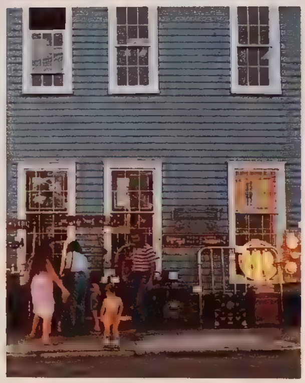
# MARCH?

# MAY

| SUNDAY | MONDAY | TUESDAY | WEDNESDAY | THURSDAY | FRIDAY | SATURDAY |
|---|---|---|---|---|---|---|
| **MEMOS:** | | | 1<br>0755<br>Cables | 2 | 3<br>1900 Bible<br>& Lit<br>LEAVE | 4 |
| 5 | 6 | 7 | 8 | 9 | 10 | 11 |
| 12 | 13 | 14<br>Leave<br>Ends<br>Co. Dining In | 15<br>TAD Check-in<br>Smoke Hall<br>1300-1600 | 16<br>11 Grad<br>Brief<br>Family<br>Arrives | 17<br>Dedication<br>Parade<br>(Cancelled)<br>1600<br>Herndon 3:20<br>to long | 18<br>DC<br>white House<br>Tour |
| 19<br>1030<br>Baccalauret<br>& Dinner | 20<br>0900<br>Grad Rehersal<br>1300 Sail Show<br>1500 Blue<br>Angles<br>1600 Supe's | 21<br>0900<br>Grad Rehersal<br>1100 Color Parade<br>Fountain Swim<br>1300 Awards<br>Ceremony | 22<br>GRADUATION | 23 | 24 | 25 |
| 26 | 27 | 28 | 29 | 30 | 31 | |

MIDDLETON TAVERN EST 1750

LIPMAN'S
ONE WAY



Over 300 years old, the post of Annapolis got its start by trading in tobacco and slaves. Now Annapolis' major industries are sailing and tourism. But when summer's over and the tourists leave, downtown Crabtown depends, in large part, on weekly invasions of midshipmen who spend their measly paychecks at a few selected mid hangouts and watering holes. What would Burger King, Timmie's, and Eastport theaters do without a weekly invasion of mids with no better place to go? Annapolis may not have been exactly like your own town, but to many mids, Crabtown became a second ............................

# HOME

# FRIDAY

A cannon shot signals a crazed rush of over a thousand slightly deranged plebes from T-court to the Herndon Monument. The Plebes wipe the grease off of the monument and then form a pyramid around the base of this granite obelisk. Other classmates cheer them on as they make a mad dash for the top and the end of their Plebe-dom. The other classes cheer as well; they don't get liberty until the Plebes are finished replacing the plebe dixie cup with a combination cover marking their change in status to full-fledged Fourth Class Mids. The poor souls at the bottom have to endure hundreds of pounds and smelly feet on their shoulders as would-be admirals claw their way to the . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

## TOP!

# SATURDAY

The Ring Dance is the social event in a midshipman's life. Even watchstanders and restrictees are excused to attend this event. Following dinner in King Hall, the midshipman's drag dips his class ring in a large binnacle which contains the waters of the world's oceans. Severn River water is added in very small amounts since it has a tendency to give the ring a different finish from the one it entered with. After dipping the ring in the binnacle, midshipmen and their drags enter a large replica of the class ring. The drag places the ring on the mid's hand, they kiss,. and then they start to have some *serious* ..........................

# FUN

# SUNDAY

On Sunday the midshipman's schedule is swamped. There is the Baccalaureate Mass in the morning, giving parents and friends the chance to see the Chapel. Some parents have the opportunity to see the chapel again if their midshipman plans to exchange one prison for another after graduation. This is also a chance for the midshipman to pray . . . that their Service Dress Whites still fit.

The Superintendent hosts a garden party with treats galore; the reception line, the band, good food, and a chance to meet the Blue Angels.

That evening the athletes and their guests converge on Hubbard Hall to dance on the water under the lights and the stars and enjoy an extra hour of .

# LIBERTY

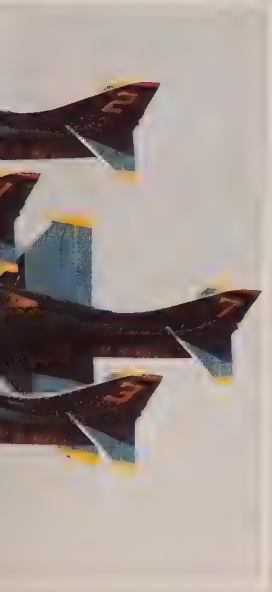
# MONDAY

The Drum and Bugle Corps was in fine form for their Commissioning Week performance. Lively music and precision marching made it their usual outstanding show. They are truely an example of midshipman "doing the Academy proud".

In a spectacular display of color, the sailing teams glided up and down the Severn River parading more colors than an autumn sunset. From Class A's to windsurfers, the sailors proudly exhibited their . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . .

# CRAFT

# TUESDAY



Tuesday . . . the Color Parade and the Blue Angels. After the unusual occurance of the Dedication Parade being rained out, the Color Parade was the midshipman's chance to show parents what these things called P-rades actually are. At the same time, the 22nd Company received their congratulations for triumph over some worthy and not so worthy opponents in the annual color competition.

The Blue Angels . . .a shutter bug's paradise. From loops to formation flying, to passes both right side up and upside down, to turns, the Navy's team once again puts on a show that was pure................

## *EXCELLENCE*

# WEDNESDAY

Wednesday, four years of hard work, sweat, laughter, anger, tears, frustration and satisfaction finally are at an end. Parents, friends and the brigade assemble to watch the class file in. The Commander-in-Chief, First Lady, and other important guests arrive and graduation begins. Speeches, words of advice, and best wishes are given. Finally what every midshipman waits for-parading across the stage. After congratulating the top 100 graduates the President raises the stadium as he shakes everyone's hand. Through a high five and a kiss the Commander-in-Chief and most importatnly all the graduates have their moment of ..................................

# GLORY.

# 1985

NORTH AFRICA
PELELIU
LEYTE GULF
LINGAYEN GULF
IWO

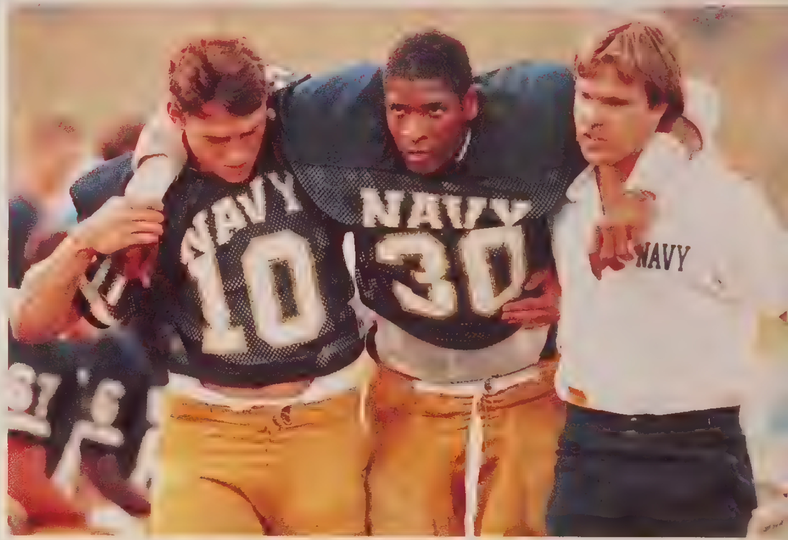
# FOREVER

# SPORTS

*Ted Anderson*

NAVY
10
NAVY
30
NAVY

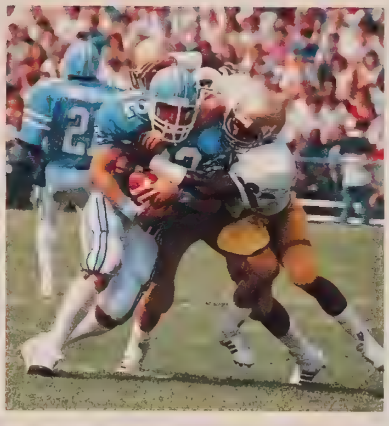
In an exciting season opener, the football team upset a powerful North Carolina team. The midshipman defense was able to contain the Tarheels' threat (upper right middle picture,) while Napoleon McCallum ran for 117 yards (near upper right.) However, in the first home game of the year, Bill Byrne's passing (far upper right,) John Berner's running (below,) and Chris Castelli's tackles (far right middle) were not enough keep the Cavaliers from soundly defeating Navy. The team was held deep within their own territory through much of the game (lower right.)



# McCallum Injured; Sits Season Out

When Napoleon McCallum was carried off the field, Navy's season outlook suddenly changed. The team's offensive attack had been centered around the All-American tailback. McCallum had been considered one of the top candidates in the nation for the Heisman Trophy, but his chances were shattered along with his ankle during the last quarter of the Virginia game.

Throughout the season, rumors of McCallum's returning to the game abounded. Many fans hoped that he would be able to play in either the Army-Navy game or the post-season Hula Bowl. The injury proved to be too serious, and McCallum was forced to watch the rest of the season from the sidelines. In January he announced that he would become the first Navy football player to redshirt, extending his eligibilty into the 1985 season. This decision was very popular within the brigade, although it drew some critcism from the public.



# Football Team Off To Good Start, But Then . . .

Navy's football team began their 1984 season on a high note, with a 33-30 upset victory over the North Carolina Tarheels. The game demonstrated that the team had great potential on both offense and defense. Unfortunately, it did not attain this potential the following week in the home opener against Virginia, the season's only loss in Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium. Navy lost the game 21-9, and tailback Napoleon McCallum's season came to an abrupt end when his ankle was fractured in the final minutes of the game. (See inset at left.) The first two games set the tone for the remainder of Navy's season: exciting victories and heartbreaking losses,

AIR FORCE
21
6:3

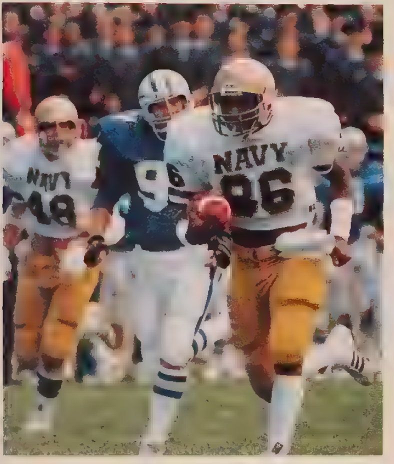
# Navy Loses Two Heartbreakers To Flexbone Teams

Arkansas and Air Force were both very disappointing losses to the Navy team, because both games saw the midshipmen hold, then lose the lead during the second half. Head Coach Gary Tranquil said after the Arkansas game that the team's biggest problem was cosistency. It was a problem he was to complain of all season long. The Razorback offense exploded in the second half and left Navy in the dust with a final score of 33-10.

The following weekend, the mids traveled to Colorado to face a rival service academy. Although Air Force was highly favored, Navy played evenly, and actually held a 22-21 lead with only minutes to go. The defense was unable to prevent an Air Force touchdown, and the cadets took the game 29-22, giving them three consecutive victories over Navy.

These two losses were also significant because they pointed out the difficulty the defense had in dealing with the flexbone offense. Navy lost to all four of its opponents who used the flexbone formation.

NAVY
Phil Long Ford



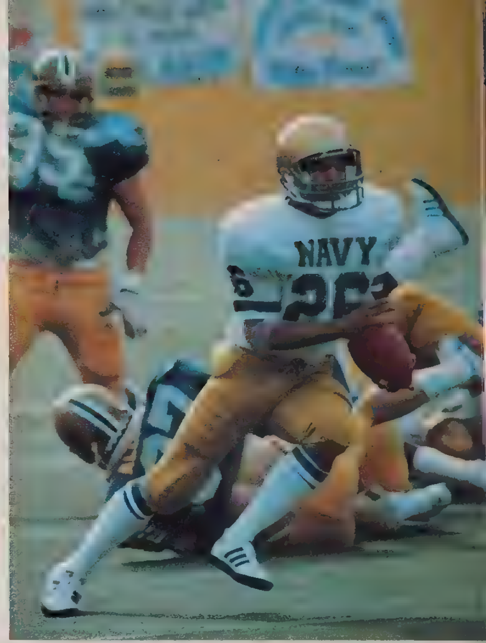
First Classman Eric Wallace has accomplished a feat which will probably not be duplicated for quite some time. He is the first Navy player ever to have run back kick-offs for touchdowns against both of the service academy rivals, Army and Air Force. His 96-yard runback against Army in the Rosebowl in 1983 began a Navy scoring spree that put them up 21-0 less than four minutes into the game. He broke his own school record with a 97-yard return against Air Force. After this accomplishment, he led the NCAA in kickoff return average. Wallace ended the season with an average kickoff return of 37 yards.

Navy's offense (below) was unable to score in the second half of the Arkansas game, but had better luck against Air Force. Rich Clouse (below left) turned in an outstanding performance, running 140 yards and catching four passes. When Navy took the lead, hundreds of mids rushed onto the field (above left) to show the "zoomies" how to do pushups. But the celebration ended when the defense was unable to catch Bart Weiss (left), Air Force's flexbone quarterback.

# Navy Wins Two At Home

The football team managed to snap its three game losing streak with two extremely impressive victories at home. Navy beat Lehigh 31-14, then came back the following week and demolished Princeton 41-3. Both games were rather one-sided, as the mids began to get their game together. The victories saw outstanding personal performances from all of Navy's key players, as well as an excellent team effort. The wins also provided the team with the confidence it needed for the remainder of the its tough schedule. In addition, the home victories were a great boost to the morale within the brigade.

Greg Schildmeyer (farthest left) and the rest of the defense had more time than usual to consult with coaches during the Princeton and Lehigh games, because the Navy offense had the ball most of the time. Rich Clouse (23), John Berner (38), Mike Smith (26), and Bill Byrne (15) all put great deals of mileage under their shoes during these games.



# Navy Ties Pitt; Loses To Luck Irish

Navy provided the world of football with a couple of last second thrillers, but unfortunately didn't come out on top in either of them. After two victories at home, the team was anxious to win on the road, but failed to win three road games in a row to Pitt, Trailing 14-28 with just 3:29 left in the game, Navy's offense ripped off two quick touchdowns and the game ended at a 28-28 tie. The next week the team travelled to Meadowlands Stadium in New Jersey to face the Fighting Irish of Notre Dame. Navy watched helplessly as their 17-7 lead disappeared in the last quarter. A last-second controversial field goal put the Irish ahead 18-17.

# Ouch!

## Navy Players Hurt By Larger Irish

It was a season of injuries for Navy. Although the most familiar injury of the year was Napoleon McCallum's fractured ankle. But the rest of the team also received more than its share of injuries too. forced to sit out for the remainder of his otherwise excellent season when his ankle was sprained by a Notre Dame defender. At the time, he was in the process of breaking all of Roger Staubach's passing records.

Left tackle Bob Plantz was also hurt in the Notre Dame game, and had to be helped off the field.

Mark Colby, Navy's punter was hit by a Notre Dame lineman while punting, and sat out the rest of the season with a broken ankle.

Rich Clouse was hurt while trying to gain some yards, but he returned the next week.

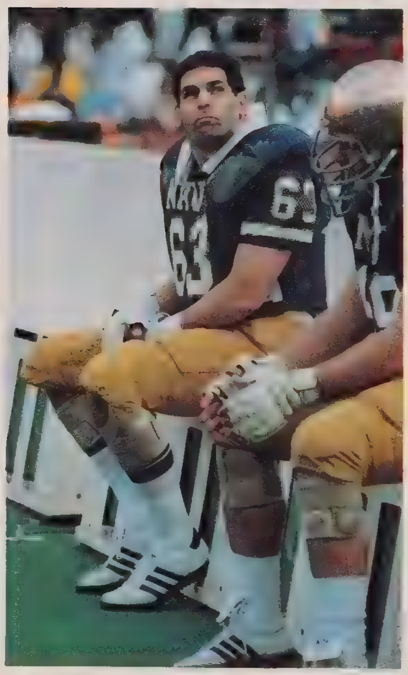
Also injured this season were Eric Wallace, who sat out with a pulled hamsting, and Ken Heine, who required surgery on his broken arm.

Bill Byrne (15) passed for 340 yards against Pitt. Nine of his 22 completions were to Chris Weiler (33). Mike Smith (26) led the ground attack in the 28-28 tie with Pitt. Unfortunately, Byrne was not as lucky the next week, and Bob Misch (18) took over as quarterback.

Although unable to stop the Orangemen's running game (far left), Navy's defense kept South Carolina out of the end zone for the first half (below). Meanwhile a superb offense, powered by Bob Misch (left) and Mike Smith (below), racked up 38 points.

# Mids Beat 'Cocks In Major Upset

Navy's surprising domination of second-ranked and undefeated South Carolina was the brightest moment of the year for most Navy fans. Most people didn't even give the mids a chance of scoring against the Gamecocks, especially after their poor performance at Syracuse the week before, a 29-0 loss. The team played well, capitalizing on every mistake made by the South Carolina squad. Though severely outsized, the Navy team started out playing hard and didn't let up until the game was over.



# For Some, Army-Navy Not The End

For some Navy players, the football season didn't end with a loss to Army. Eric Rutherford and Todd Stevens, co-captains of the football team, were named to the Hula Bowl team, and traveled to Hawaii during Christmas leave to play in that game. Head coach Gary Tranquil also was selected to participate in the Hula Bowl as an assistant coach. Stevens also traveled to Japan to play in the Japan Bowl. Rutherford and Stevens were also named to the Associated Press All-East team, along with Greg Sears, Chris Weiler, Todd Solomon, and Mark Long.

Navy's only touchdown came on a pass from Misch to Weiler (left). Unfortunately, most of Navy's posessions ended with Mark Colby's punts (far left). The defense could not come up with a way to stop the flexbone, led by quarterback Nate Sassaman (below). The disappointment of an entire season is clearly evident in the face of Chris Castelli (below left).

# "Beat Army?" - Maybe Next Year

This year's Army-Navy game was a major disappointment for the Navy football team and its fans. The mids were expected to play evenly with the cadets, especially since they were coming off a great victory over second-ranked South Carolina.

However, Navy proved to be no match for Army's flexbone offense led by quarterback Nate Sassaman. The mids were unable to stop the West Pointers from consistently gaining a few yards on every carry. When Navy did get the ball, they were unable to make the big conversion plays necessary to keep the ball and score. Although the mids' passing game was much better than Army's, they only managed to connect for one touchdown.

Mike Schofield coached Navy's water polo team to its best season ever (lower right corner). The team was led in goals by Lawrence Kough (below right), David Kaye (center), and Tom Temple (immediate right). Temple and Brian Bell (far right) are two of the outstanding plebes who should help make the NCAA tournament an annual event for the mids.

# Water Polo Team Goes To NCAA Championships

Earning a spot at the NCAA championships in California was the high point of an outstanding season for Navy's water polo team.

The team qualified for the national championships by placing a close second at the Eastern Championships. Brown beat the mids for that title in an overtime game. Navy won its share of titles by taking its third consecutive Mid-Atlantic Conference championship and beating Army three times.

Leading the mids in their 23-2 season was team captain Paul Jenkins. David Kaye and Lawrence Kough, both second class, were named all-Americans and should lead the team to even greater accomplishments next year.

Rugby is becoming one of the most popular sports at the Academy, although many people still do not understand such plays as the scrum (lower left corner). However, many of the basics are the same as American football. At far right, Navy's A-side tries to steal the ball from a Maryland opponent. Mark Dillard (center) and Gary Holmes (at right) run with the ball to try for a goal. Above right, Tim Decelle and Major Wolf, the club's head coach, watch the action intently.

# Navy Rugby Has An Outstanding Season

The Naval Academy Rugby Football Club, as the Navy rugby team is formally known, had a spectacular fall season. The highlight of the season was a 13-0 shutout victory over Army, which secured the Commandant's Trophy for Navy, since the team had previously beaten Air Force in a 18-12 comeback.

The Rugby Club, with nearly 100 members was able to field four sides (teams). The A-side (varsity) was nearly undefeated in its fall season, with the only loss being a closely fought game against the University of Maryland. Many of the games were blowouts, including a 64-0 trouncing of the Georgetown Hoyas and a 57-0 victory over Mount Saint Mary's. In fact, the closest game was against a team made up of Naval Academy alumni.

Whatever Major Wolf said to the A-side during halftime at Colorado Springs worked (far left center). The mids came back from a 0-12 deficit to defeat Air Force 18-12, due in part to good playing by Tim Decelle (lower left) and Norm Fitzpatrick (left). Unfortunately, against Maryland even Burke Wellborne (below) wasn't able to escape the defense often enough to stage a similar comeback. The season's only loss left the A-side exhausted and disappointed (upper left).

NAVY

NAVY
06

Leading the pack in a very close home meet against Georgetown, North Carolina State, and Syracuse is team captain Bill Stone (below). Later in the race, standout Ron Harris took over the lead (far left), while Stone (left) also had a good race. Lance Davidson (center) leans on his teammates to catch his breath after the five-mile race. Below left, Mark Crumblish over takes a N.C. State runner.

NAVY
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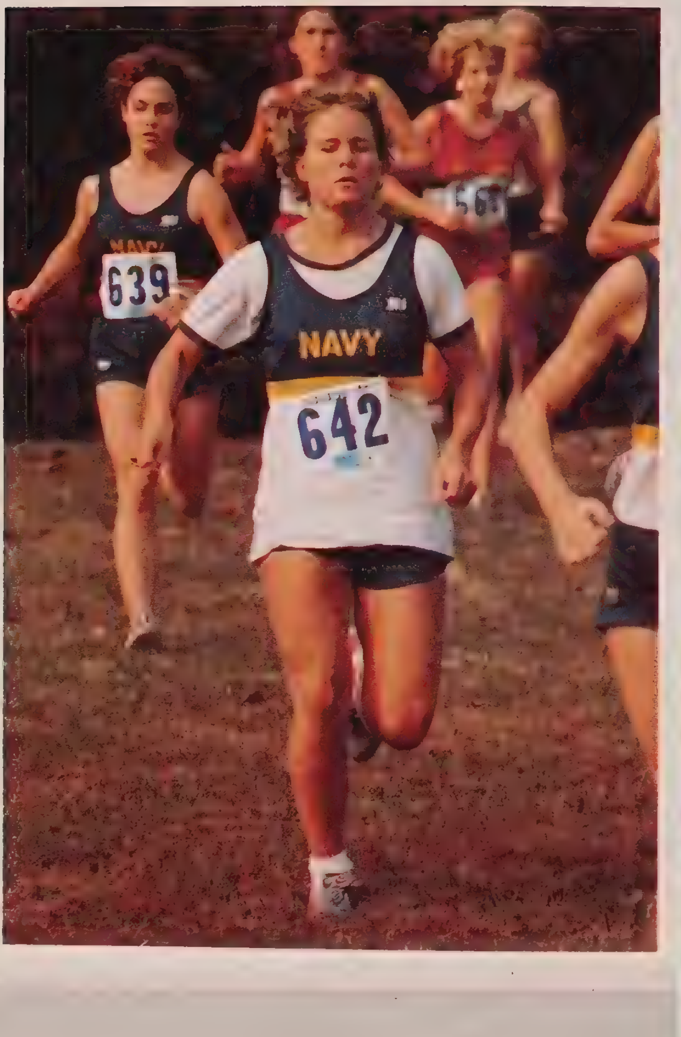
N.C. State
36
32
N.C. State
34

# Navy Harriers Take 18th In Nation

For the first time since 1975, Navy's cross country team went to the NCAA national championships. The Harriers placed 18th, led by youngster Ron Harris, who was 45th individually.

As usual the mids soundly defeated the cadets, scoring their third consecutive grand slam against Army. The team also won the ECAC South championship easily, with five Navy runners in the top ten.

Harris placed first in six of the ten regular season races. The mids ended up 8-2, with both of their losses coming out of a four-way meet in which Georgetown squeaked by Navy 27-29, and North Carolina State won 27-28. Most of Navy's victories were not so close, they included 15-50 "grand slams" over American University, Richmond, Rhode Island, and Army.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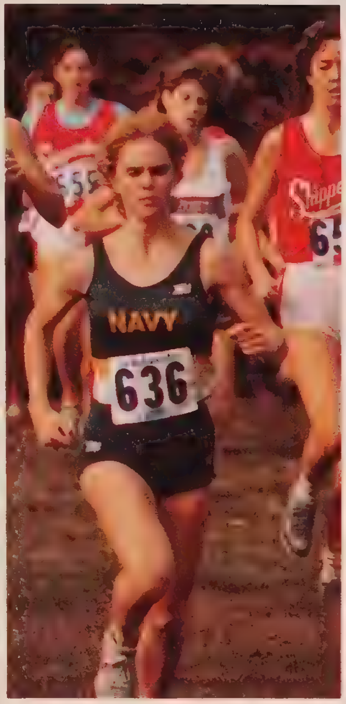

Leading the women's cross country team to its first undefeated season was Stefani Green (left). Providing the team with its depth was a strong group of youngsters including Erica Sahler (far left) and Robin Young (center). Below, the team relaxes after the Heptagonals.

# Women's Team Is Undefeated

The women's cross country team had an incredible 8-0 season in its second year as a varsity sport at the Academy. First class Stefani Green, Kathleen O'Neill, and Nancy Honan led the team which included an extremely strong youngster class: Erica Sahler, Janet Walters, Amy Donovan, Michelle LaForge, and Mary Balch.

The Harriers placed a respectable eighth out of 22 teams at the NCAA Division II Regionals, but were unable to qualify for the National Championships, next year's goal.

The mids were led by the scoring of firstie forward John Moraytis (center) whose eleven goals included a hat trick against North Carolina Wilmington. Bill Gogliotti (far right) and Rob Cissel were also parts of Navy's well-balanced attack. More good seasons should be on the way as new talent such as plebe Mike Dee (near right) matures.

# Soccer Team Successful

Navy's soccer team posted an impressive 9-4-3 record against an extremely tough schedule. Rob Cissel, the team's captain was named to the all-ECAC squad for his seven-goal season. Classmate John Moraytis scored 11 times. The team was even more impressive defensively. With the outstanding goaltending of youngster Dave Postoll, the mids racked up nine shutouts, and only had a total of 11 goals scored against them in the other four games.

Perhaps the most disappointing of those goals was scored by Army, as the cadets defeated Navy 1-0 in the season's final game.

Navy soccer went international in April, when the mids played an exhibition game against a team from the Brazilian Navy. The South American midshipmen were from the training ship *Custudio de Mello*. At far right, midfielder Tony Fernandez guards his Brazilian opponent. Below, youngster Pat Stauch and plebe Jed Smith are two of the excellent group of younger players that Navy fans should see a lot of over the next few years.

NAVY
12

# Lightweights Tie For Title

Although not as well-known as the varsity football squad, the lightweight and junior varsity squads are an integral part of the overall football program at the Academy. This year the 150s were co-champions of the Eastern Lightweight Football League and had a 6-2 record. They beat Army 17-0 in the regular season, but then lost 52-0 in an exhibition Army-Navy game.

The junior varsity team is mostly composed of plebes and youngsters who are striving to eventually move into starting positions on the varsity lineup. The JVs play a few games each year, primarily against smaller schools and academies. This provides an excellent chance for many players to get some intercollegiate playing time under their belts.

Richard Rodriguez (below) finds a hole in the Princeton defense during a 7-6 Navy victory over the Tigers. At left, six Navy defenders pile up on a Princeton runner. Far left, junior varsity quarterback Mike Morse looks downfield and sees that Joe Phillips is open.

Qurterback Nick Azzarita surveys the offensive line (below left) before taking the snap from center Billy Fenton and passing downfield (far left). Below, Tony Sindoni attempts to escape a Tiger tackler.

# Mids Place Well In Tourneys

The women's volleyball team played well in most of the tournaments it entered, placing first in the Loyola Tournament, second in the Trident Invitational, and third in the Forrestal Classic. The season had its low points too. For example the mids lost to both of the other service academies in straight games.

Team captain Jennifer Henry did an outstanding job as setter, and fellow firsties Caroline Gaulke, Melanie Camp, and Julia Spinelli formed a strong base for the team.

Despite some good hits by Christina Green and Caroline Gaulke, Navy lost to the Air Force Academy 7-15, 3-15, 4-15. The following weekend they came back to post victories over Loyola, LaSalle, Howard, and Delaware on the way to winning the Loyola tournament.

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NAVY
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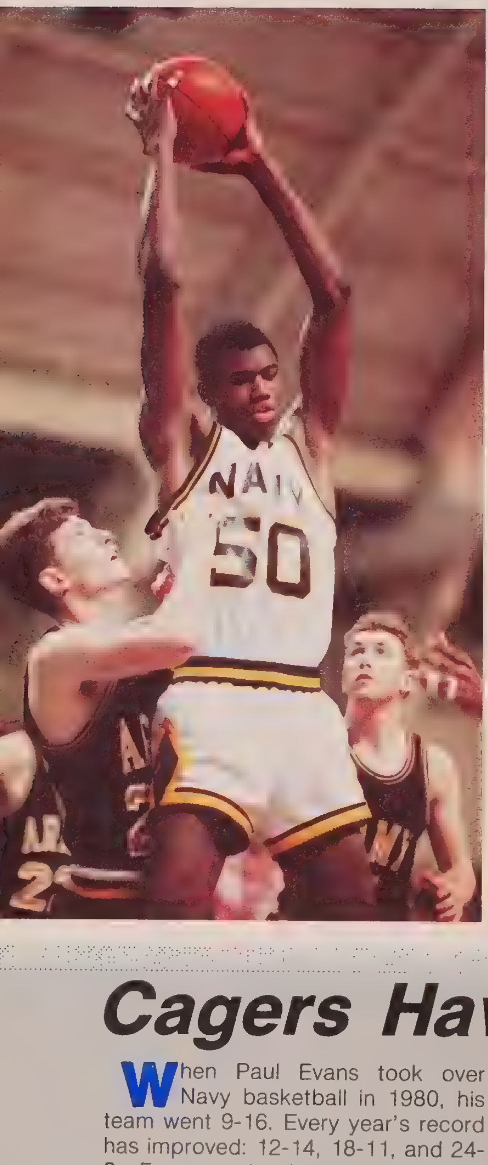

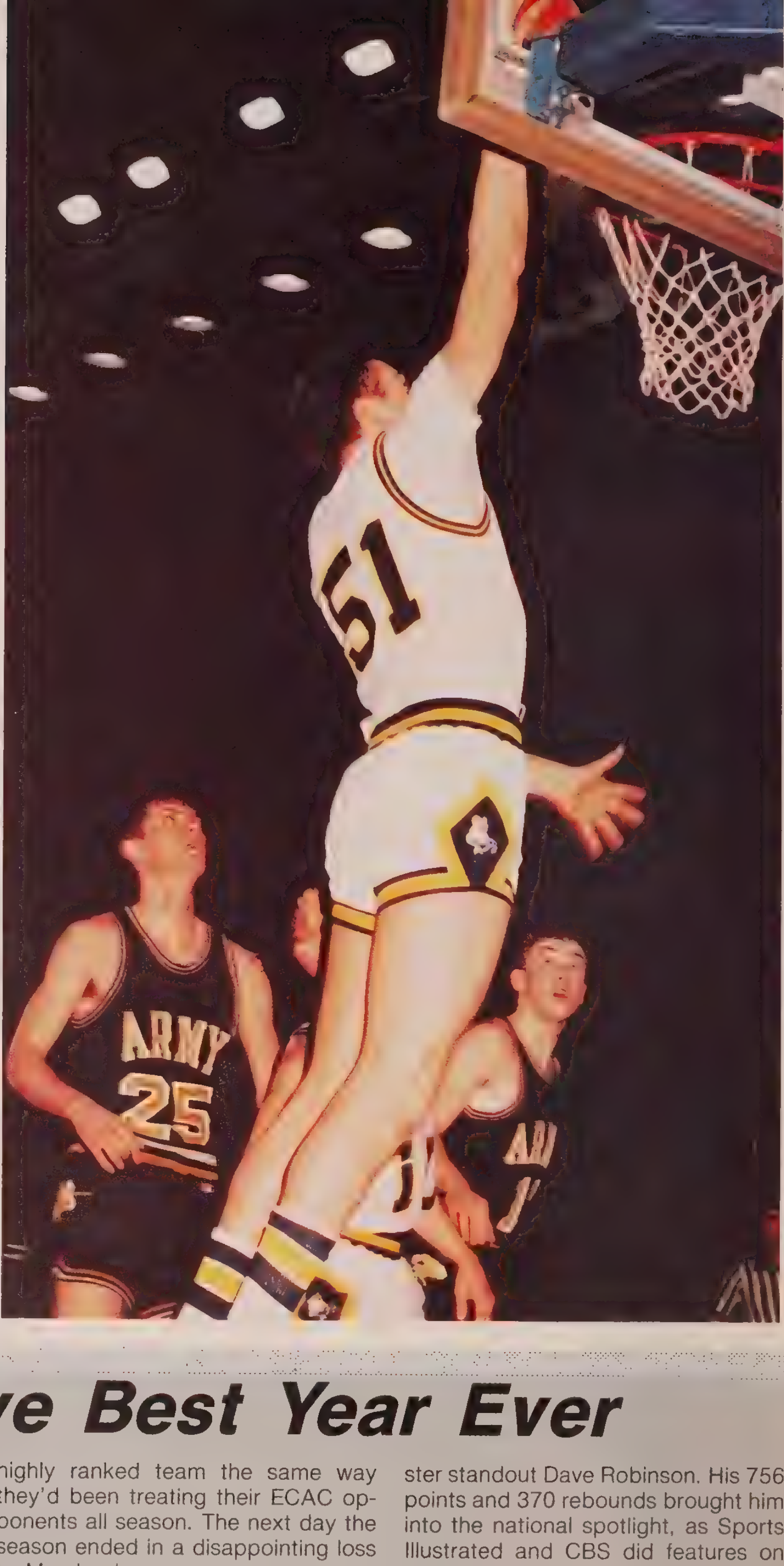

# Cagers Have Best Year Ever

When Paul Evans took over Navy basketball in 1980, his team went 9-16. Every year's record has improved: 12-14, 18-11, and 24-8. Few people thought that mark could be improved. But it was. This year the mids had an unbelievable 26-6 season which led them to the NCAA tournament.

The season's climax came when Navy surprised the nation by destroying Louisiana State 78-55, treating the highly ranked team the same way they'd been treating their ECAC opponents all season. The next day the season ended in a disappointing loss to Maryland.

Next year the mids could improve their record again, as no starters graduated. Team captain Vernon Butler, a second class, had an outstanding season with 590 points and 292 rebounds. However, his performance was overshadowed by that of youngster standout Dave Robinson. His 756 points and 370 rebounds brought him into the national spotlight, as Sports Illustrated and CBS did features on him.

Kylor Whittaker, Doug Wojcik, and Cliff Rees rounded out the strong and well-balanced starting line-up. Carl Liebert did an outstanding job as the sixth man.

Under the leadership of Coach Paul Evans (below), Dave Robinson (far left) Vernon Butler (center) and Kylor Whitaker (immediate left) became the nucleus of the strongest Navy basketball team ever. Robinson has seven team records and should break a few more in the next two seasons. His eight 30-point games and 128 blocked shots show his offensive and defensive strengths. Butler and Whitaker both averaged in double figures to give the mids balanced front line.

NAVY
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WILLIAM
NAVY
4
NAVY
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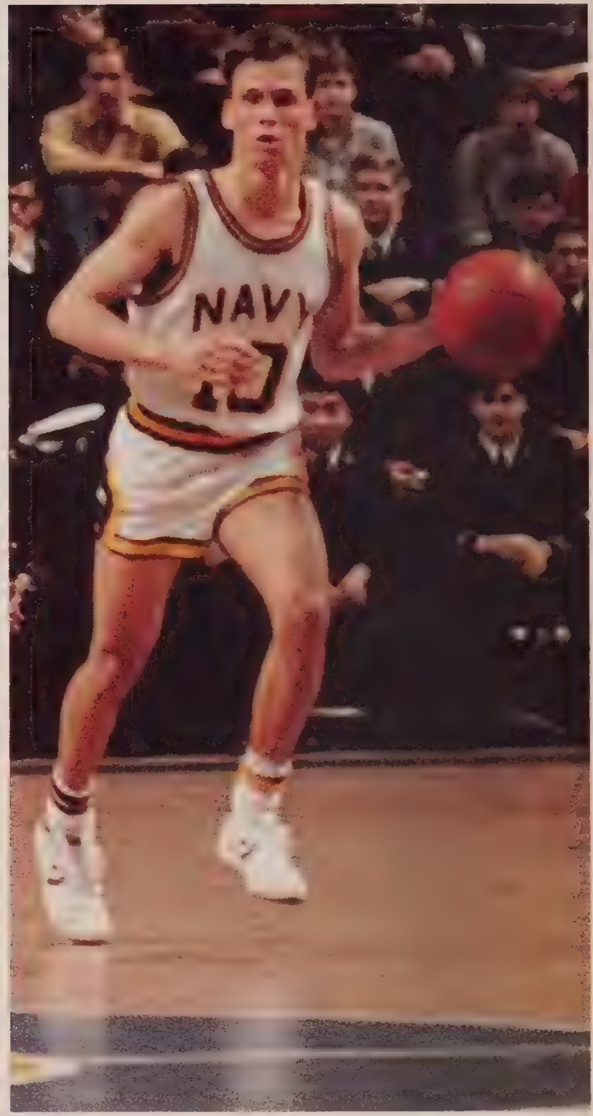
WILLIAM
MARY

NAVY
5
WILLIAM
45
MARY

At left, the midshipmen demonstrate the tough defense that kept most of their opponents from even staying close to Navy's scoring attack. This year's team enjoyed more support from the brigade and other fans than Navy basketball ever has before. The large crowds left Halsey Fieldhouse satisfied, since the mids lost only one of their 13 home games.

From the sidelines, coach Paul Evans directs his fast-break style offense: Afast break by guard Doug Wojcik, a pass inside from Cliff Rees to Dave Robinson, and SLAM! - another two points for Navy.



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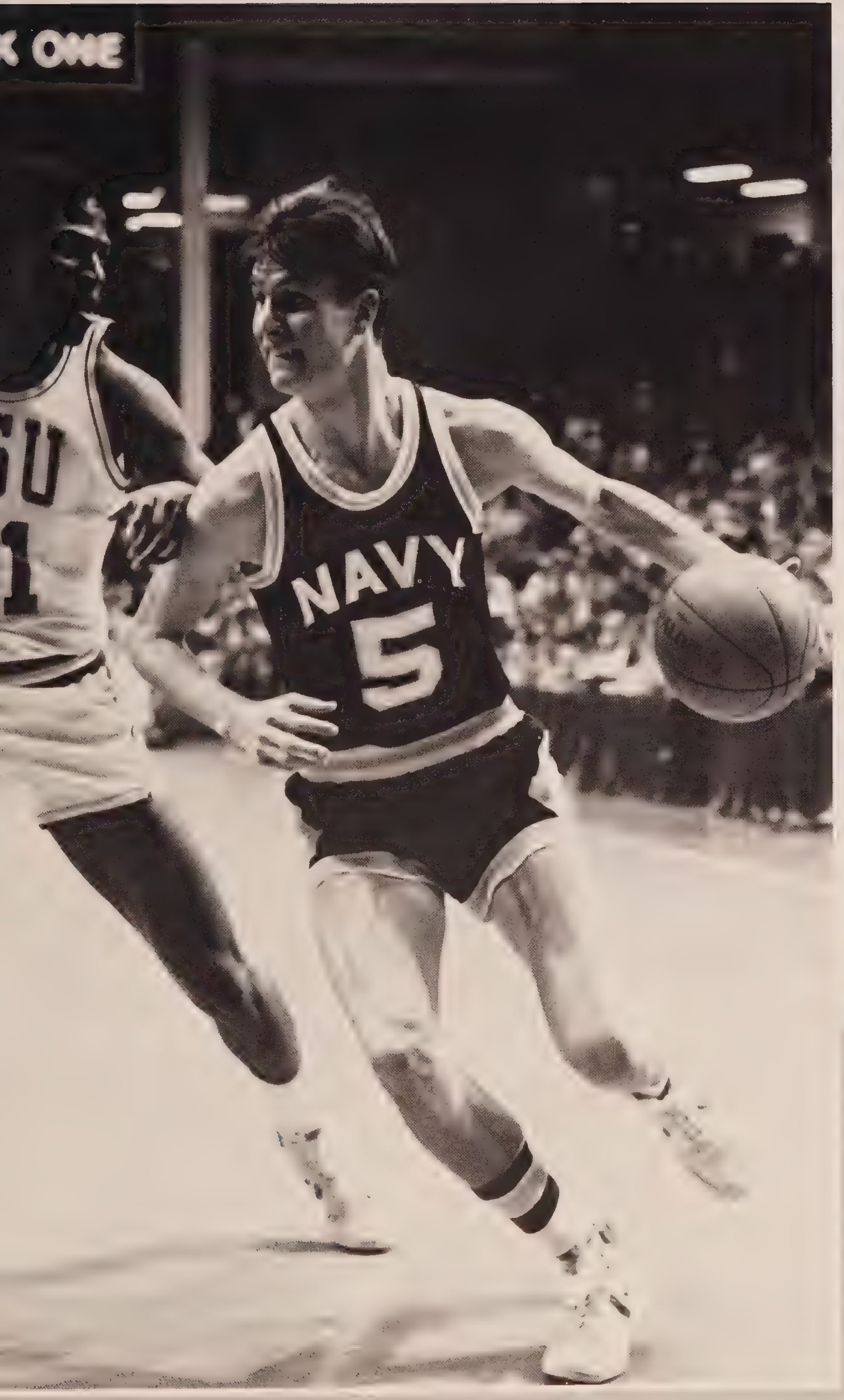
ST. JOHN'S

After a 24-8 season in 1984, the midshipmen hoped to be invited to the NCAA tournament, but were not. This year they proved they belonged there by toppling 19th ranked Louisiana State University 78-55. It was the first tournament appearance for the mids since 1960, and they made up for the last 25 years when they opened the second half with eleven straight points. After Doug Wojcik scored eight points in a row, the score was 71-46, and the Tigers were definitely out of the game.

Navy very nearly repeated the performance against Maryland in the next game of the tournament. The mids had a 45-34 lead, but the Terrapins refused to stop fighting, and ended up on top 64-59.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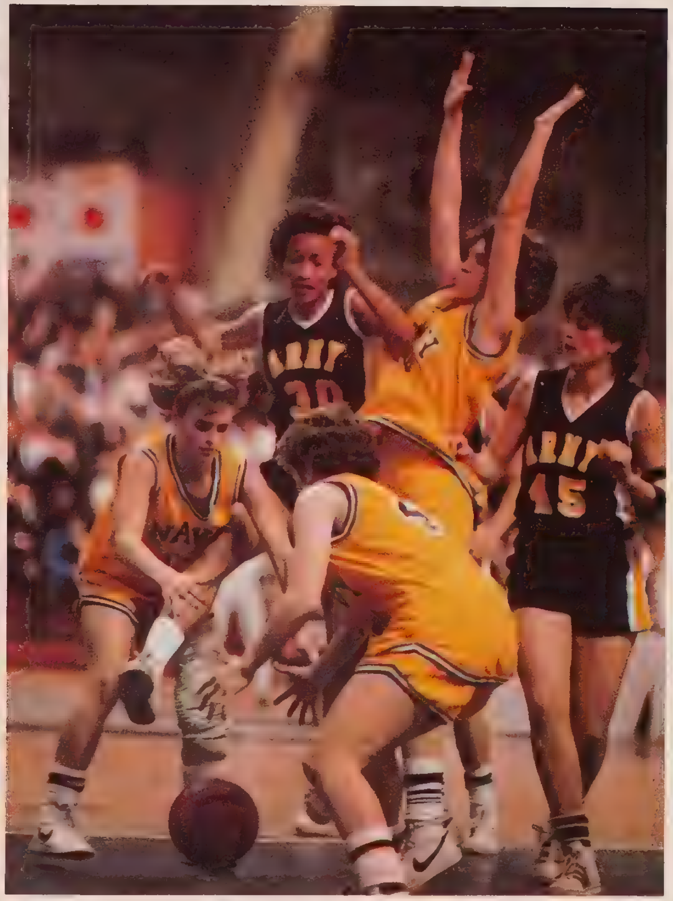
# Women's Basketball 15-10

Although this was supposed to be building year for the women's basketball team, one would never guess it from the respectable 15-10 regular season record. Since the team's only firstie, team captain Emily Harman sat out most of the season with an injury, the team was led by second class Christi Simpson and Lori Reynolds, who both averaged in double figures. Other key players included Margire Trott, who led the team with 126 assists, and Shelley Laurilla.

They almost upset the strong West Point team in the season finale, but lost a close 54-52 decision.

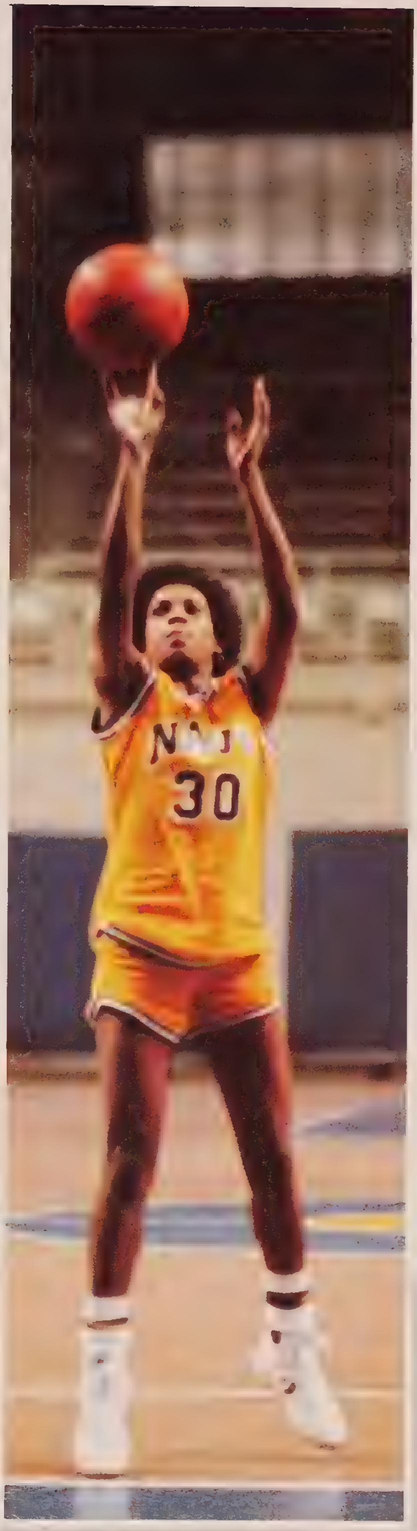
At left, the mids good ballhandling, smart passing, and consistent shooting payed off in a hard fought 64-61 overtime victory over Richmond. Below, their aggressive defense wasn't quite good enough to beat Army.


ARMY
30
NAVY
ARMY
15

NAVY
14

The women's basketball team was undefeated on their home court in the multi-purpose gym, an impressive feat for a team supposedly in a rebuilding season. Youngsters Shelley Laurilla (far left) and Mary Miles (right) helped round out the young team led by Christi Simpson and Lori Reynolds.

SPIDER
35
NAIA
12

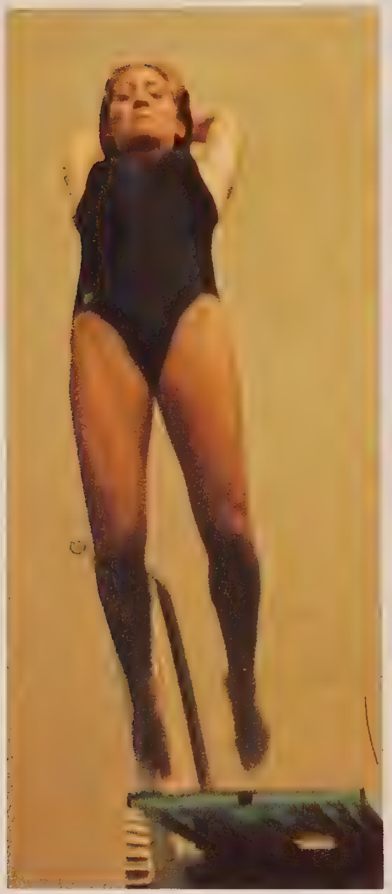


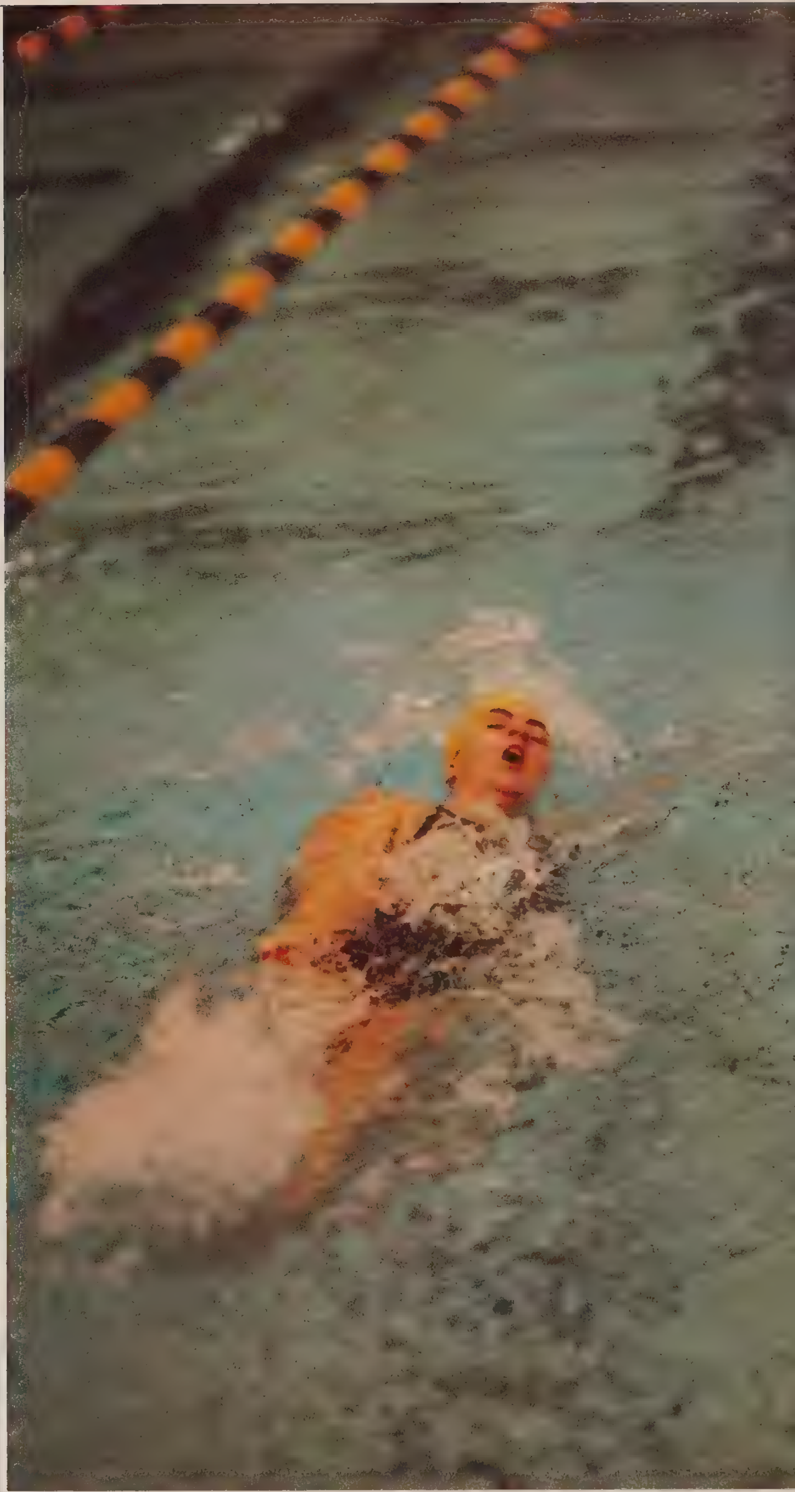
# Navy Swimmers Have Good Season

The men's swimming team posted its sixth straight winning season with a 10-5 record. After a slow 1-3 start, the team came to life and won a streak of eight straight dual meets. The low point of the season was a blowout 73-40 loss to Army at West Point.

The most consistent performer for the team was diver Bill McCormick, who won both the three-meter and one-meter dives in ten meets of the team's fifteen meets this year. Another standout was Al Greenwood, a plebe distance freestyler.

Craig McCarter (below) pulls his way through the 100 meter breaststroke race. Diver Tom Moore (far left) holds his pike position high above the water during a 3-meter diving competition. Wes Kaufman (center) demonstrates his backstroke. At left, Bill Rauscher waits for the backstroker to finish so he can start in the medley relay.





On the first length of an individual medley, Jean-Marie Prideaux (below) stretches to get full extension on her butterfly stroke. Theresa Michal (far left) consistently won her one-meter event. Karen Freeman (center) cuts through the water during the 100-yard backstroke. At left Suni Pandya woks to catch her opponent.

# Army Sinks Female Tankers

It was a season of ups and downs for the women's swimming team. After dropping their first four meets, the mids went 6-1 and were performing well. Then they got swamped by Army 90-50. Although the team ended up 6-6 and had a non-losing season for the first time in three years, it was also the first time in four that they lost to Army.

Plebe Theresa Michal replaced all-American firstie Lynn Casity as the number one diver. Michal was fifth in the NCAA Division II National Chamionships on the one-meter board. Also placing in those championships for Navy was Laurie Musiek, who placed 9th in both the 200-yard individual medley and the 100-yard butterfly.

Kevin Nibbelink and Bill Stone (far right) lead a strong pack of Navy distance runners. Troy Saunders (right) was a welcome addition to the high jumping squad. The team's star this year was plebe Mike Green (below right) who went to the nationals in the 500 meters. Below, Phil Horrisberger strains to cross the line ahead of a Virginia runner.

VIRGINIA
NAVY

VIRGINIA
NAVY

# Greene Burns Up Track In 500M

Sprinter Mike Greene, a plebe, was the standout trackster for Navy this winter. He qualified for the NCAA national championships in the 500 meter run by winning that event at the IC4A Championships and the Heptagonal Games. Although he did not place at nationals, he was the fastest freshman in the field.

The distance runners were led by youngster Ron Harris, who was not able to compete in the NCAA Championships because of an injury.

The team won their first five games and came within less than a tenth of a second from an undefeated season, losing the season finale to Army 70.3-65.7, in an exciting meet which wasn't decided until the last event.

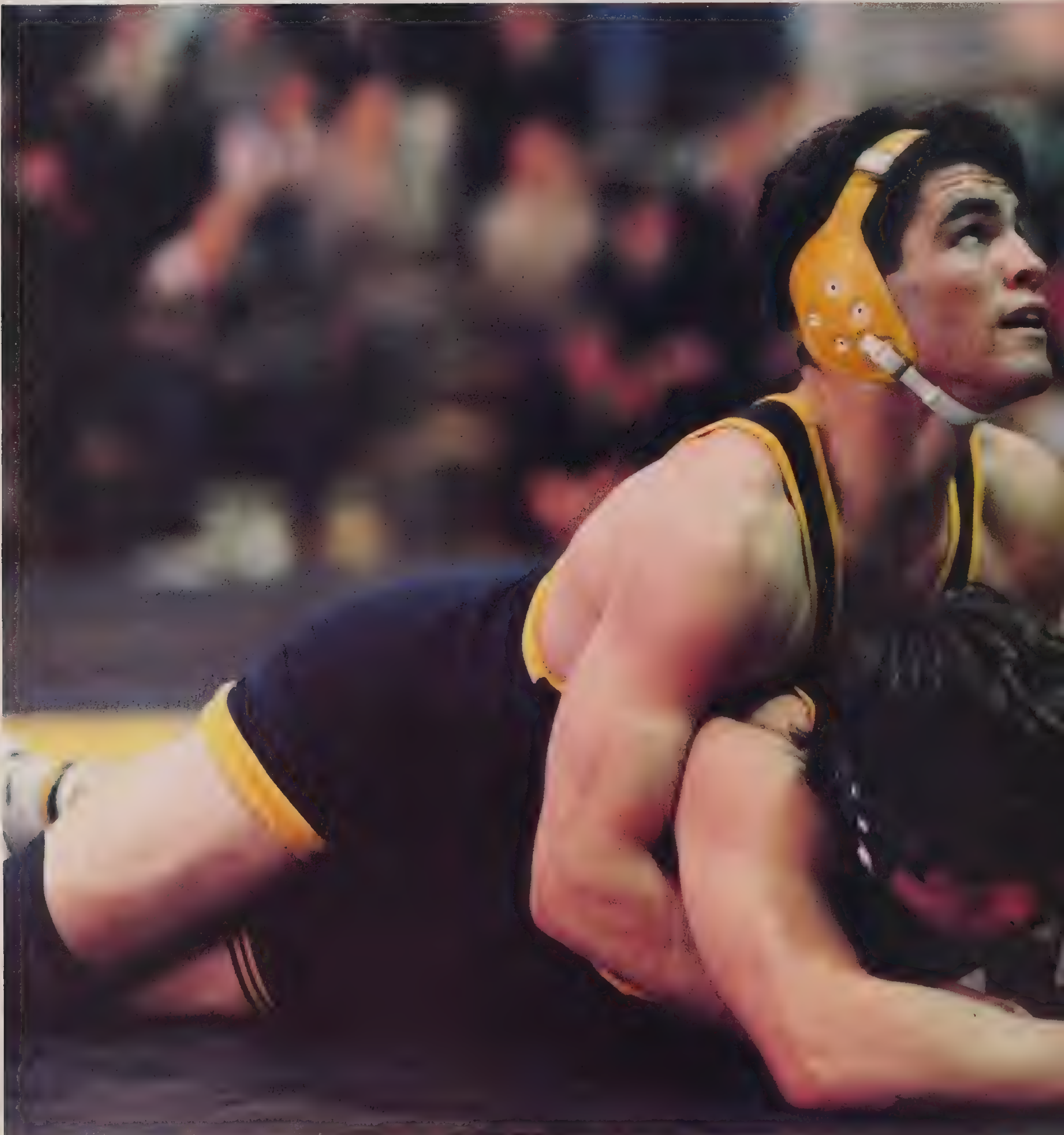
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY
NA

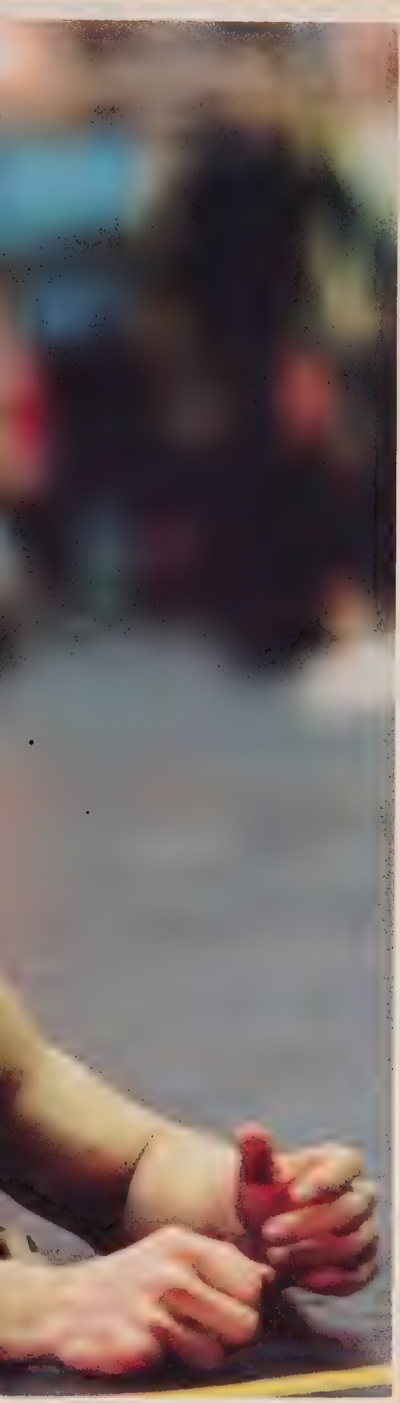
# 13-3 Season Best Ever For Women

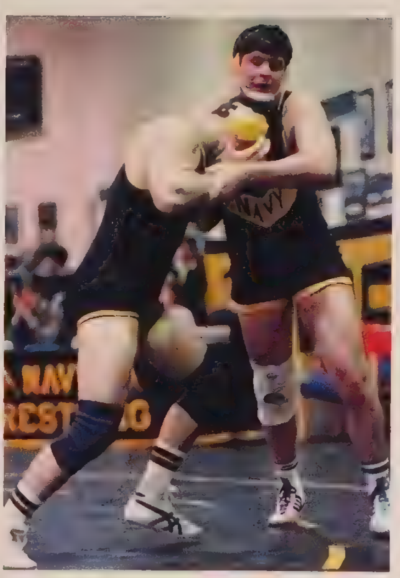
Team captain Stefani Green led the women's indoor track team to a record 13 victories. Although the team excelled in dual meets, it did not do as well as expected in post-season tournaments, finishing ninth at the Heptagonal Games and fourth in the ECAC Division II Championships.

Besides Green, who now holds seven school records, outstanding personal performances were registered by Janet Walters, Varanda Williams, and Matice Wright. Despite the loss of Green, who was named the outstanding female athlete of the year, the team should have another strong season next year.

Demonstrating the team effort that earned the mids a 13-3 record, Patty Peterson (far left) and Cheryl Beddick attempt to jump as long and as high as they can. Mary Blair (below left) leads the field around the curve in the 400 meter race. Youngster Joanie Rangitsch (left and below) shows her versatility by competing in both hurdles and a sprint relay.





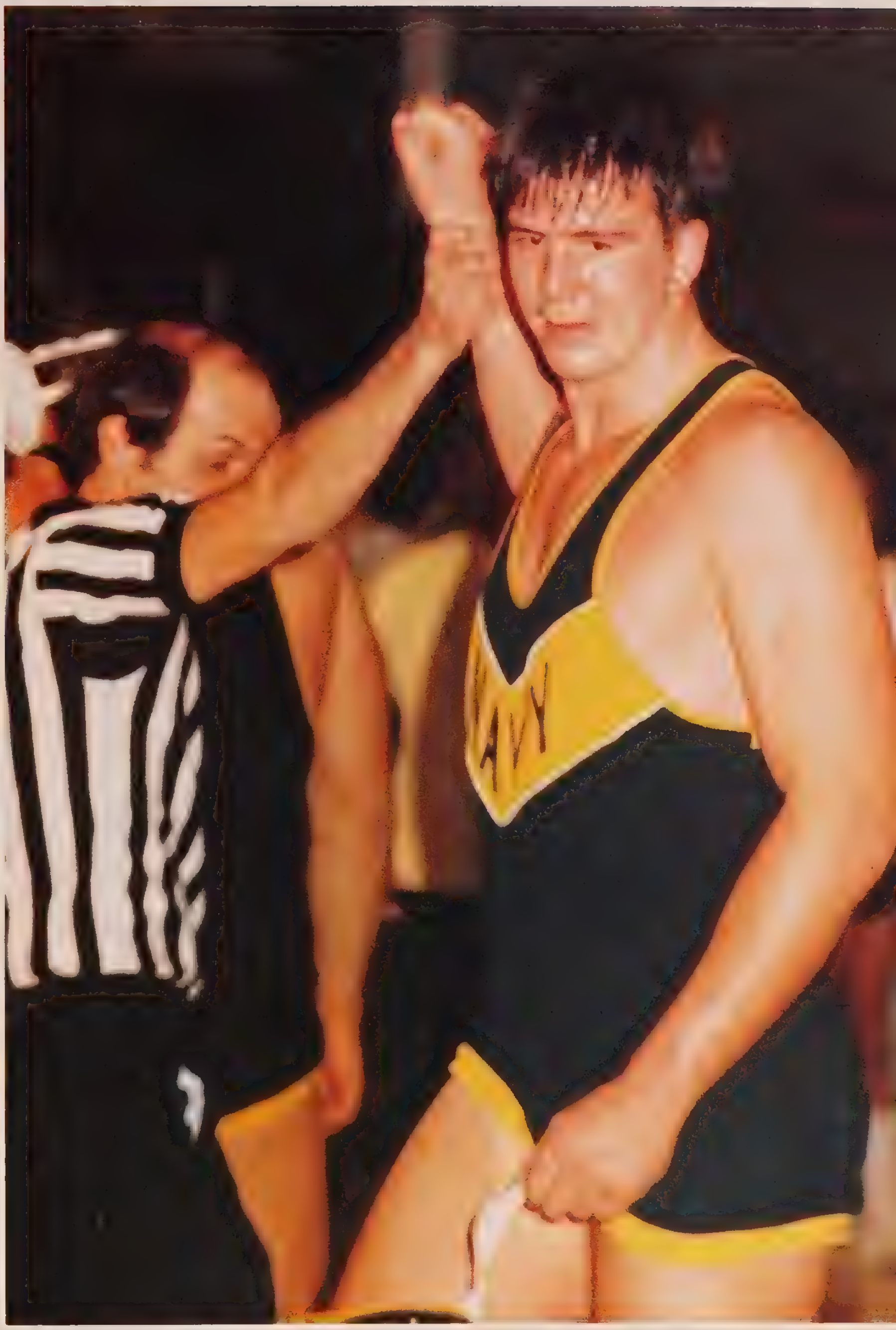


Both J.D. Cook (far left) and Kevin Bianchi (below left) seem to have little trouble staying on top of their opponents, while Richard Cobb (left) is struggling to bring his down. Captain Minderlein (below), the team's officer representative, watches a match intently.

# Grapplers Can't Hold EIWA Title

Although posting an impressive 13-4-1 record, the wrestling team had a disappointing season. The single tie was a 16-16 tie with Army, a match which the mids were expected to win fairly easily. Another big letdown was the Eastern Intercollegiate Wrestling Association Championships. Navy, the reigning champion, hoped to hold on to the title, but finished a diappointing fifth. Kevin Brooks, Jim Peters, Dave Marquis, and Tim Szymanski, all first class, qualified for the NCAA national championships.

Below, Andy Lynch attempts to get his North Carolina opponent onto his back, while Scott Manning (right) appears more interested in inflicting a little pain on a cadet. Richard Cobb (far right) is happy when declared the victor.

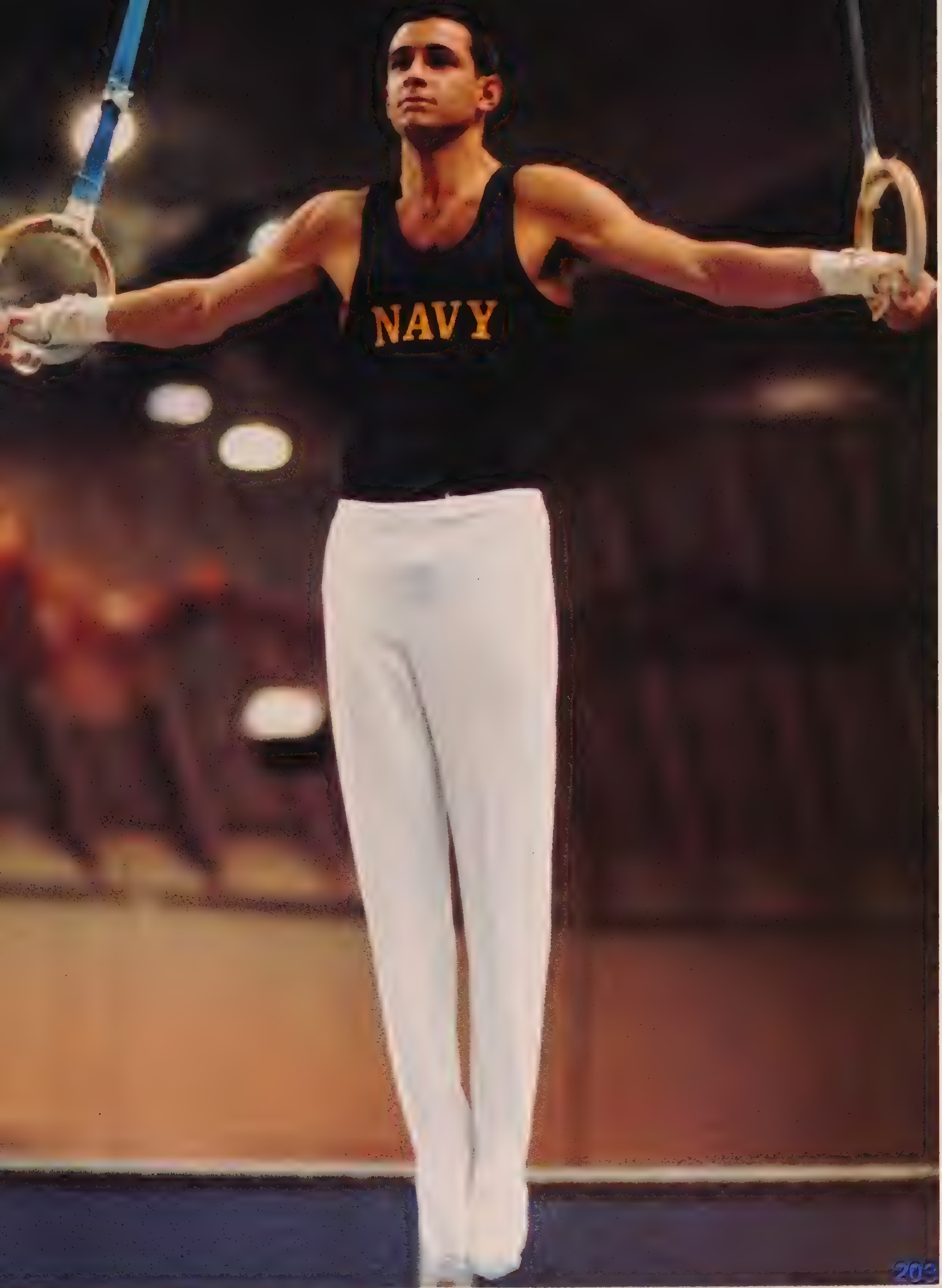

NAVY

Three pieces of equipment that are used only in men's gymnastics are the rings, the parallel bars and the pommel horse. Steve Urbina (far right) demonstrates his specialty on the rings. Two of many talented youngsters on the team this year, Bill Hamblet (right) and Brian Maloney (below) will be expected to lead the team to even better seasons in the future.

# Gymnasts 4th At Easterns

After an initial five game winning streak, injuries plagued the men's gymnastics team, but the mids still managed an impressive 9-4 season. The season climaxed with a thrilling 267.4 - 266.0 victory over Army. Team captain Jeff Hamman became the first person in the fifty year history of Navy gymnastics to win four N-stars.

At the Eastern Intercollegiate Gymnastics League Championship Championships, the mids placed fourth. An even better finish is anticipated for next year, since the team lost only two gymnasts to graduation.


NAVY

NISSEN
NISSEN

Melody Wheeler (below) adds the flair to her routine as she does the splits. Another member of the team (far left) flys over the vault as Stacey Headley (middle) prepares to do her next maneuver on the balance beam.

The Women's Gymnastics Team had a very tough season almost as if to commerate their newly won varsity status. Susanne Clautice and Jan Bizarro were very consistent performers throughout the season, yet this was offset by the fact that Melody Wheeler and Stacey Headley were injured for part of the season. The team did post an outstanding victory over Army on the Cadet's own mats. With only losing two lettermen, the team looks forward to a successful 1986 sesason.

The women's gymnastics team (below) lines up to be introduced to the crowd. Jan Bizarro (right) concentrates hard on her uneven bars routine. Preparing to dismount the balance beam, Melody Wheeler (center) keeps her eye on the beam. Susanne Clautice (far right) demostrates her style on the vault horse. Each gymnast, while specializing in one or two events, is capable of competing on any apparatus.

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HOLZRICHTER
6
20

# Ice Hockey has a .500 Season

The Naval Academy's Ice Hockey team had an unusually trying season. They finished up the season at .500. This was due in part to the fact that it was considered a building year and also to the fact that they moved up a level and the toughness of their competitors had increased. Next year certainly promises the chance to return favors to their competition.

SCH
16
KOHO
KOHO

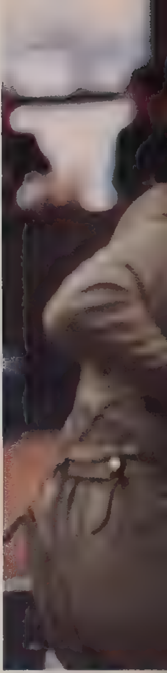
Dan Holzrichter (far left) faces off with his opponent, waiting for the referee to drop the puck. Below, a Navy player is checked into the boards in a fight for control of the puck. Chased by a defender, Pat Murray makes a fast break with the puck.

Coach Andre Deladrier (below), who has coached fencing at Navy since 1948, watches intently as Joe Canvin (right) and Tom George demonstrate the foil techniques which earned each of them a placing at the national championships. Byron Williams (below right) lunges at his opponent with his epee.

# Navy Fencing Improving

The men's fencing team had a winning season for the first time in four years and ended up 15th in the NCAA National Championships.

The top fencers in each category were Emil Petruncio in epee, Joe Canvin and team captain Tom George in foil, and Daniel Haas in sabre. They placed 16th, 24th, 20th, and 26th respectively. The emergence of Haas, a plebe, as a good sabre man was especially welcome, since the other three national finalists were all firsties. With new talent coming in, Coach Andre Deladrier hopes to bring Navy fencing back to national prominence.



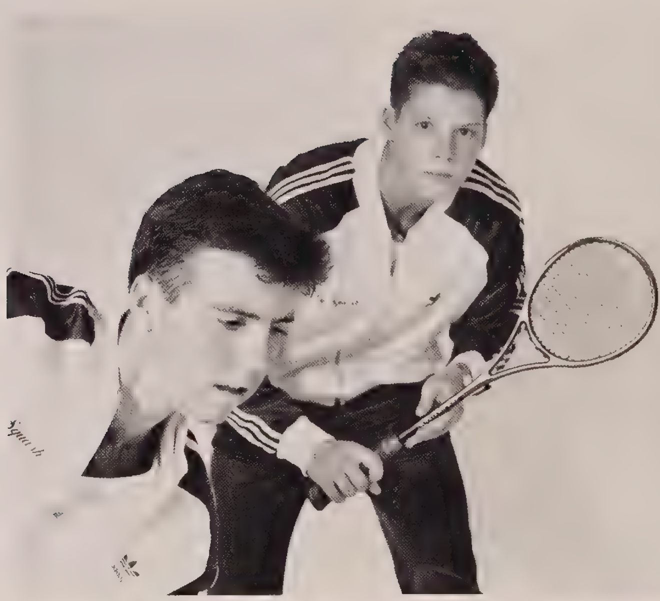
Team captain Nancy Heckman (below and below right) set an Academy record of 102 career victories and was again the top performer on the squad. Classmate Andrea Webb (right) shows alarm at being struck by an opponent. Youngster Clare Amy (far right) watches intently.

# Disappointing Year For Women

The Navy women's fencing team had a disappointing year. With a 6-9 record, the team was the only Navy varsity squad with a losing record in the winter season. It was also the team's first losing season ever.

Despite the team's difficulties, team captain Nancy Heckman had a successful season with 31 victories and only 7 losses. Over her four seasons she racked up a Navy record 102 victories.

Dawn Smith, a second class, also managed a winning record of 28-23



# Squash - As Strong As Ever

Under Coach Dave Brown, the team once again equaled the previous year's record by achieving a 14-3 season. Captained by Tim Tinney and supported by six additional lettermen; Jeff Dalila, Collin Green, Todd Hall, Anthony McKinney, Tim Slough, and Spencer Wall, the midshipman shut out eight teams, including the cadets of West Point.

This year the team lost a slot on the 1st Team All-American, yet placed three teammates in the 2nd Team All-American. These were Tim Tinney, Spencer Wall and John Sprenger. Once again they tied for 3rd in the 9 man rankings and also placed 6th in the 6 man rankings.

# Men's Volleyball finishes 12-12

Navy's new men's volleyball team finished its first year as a varsity sport with a 12-12 record against a schedule that included tough teams such as George Mason and Ball State. The mids beat Army 15-2 15-10 at the West Point Invitational. New head coach Commander Yvon DeBlois was assisted by former head coach Harvey Bryant. The team was led by team captain Joe Flynn and classmate Kale Watson.

The Academy's newest varsity sport started its career by hosting the first Trident Invitational, an exhibition tournament including some of the best teams in the East.

# Brigade Boxing Team

The Brigade Boxing Team began its season in November. With an original roster of over 65 names, the team consisted of 55 boxers at the commencement of the preliminary bouts for the Brigade Championships. The Brigade Boxing semi-finals were held in Halsey Field House in February. Forty-four boxers participated and twenty-two advanced to the finals. In the finals eleven boxers were victorious. Five boxers continued on to compete in the Eastern Collegiate Boxing Tournament. Four of them won their weight class and one was runner-up. Those four who were Eastern Champions went on to compete in the NCBA National Championships. Midn. 3/C Dick Hofman became the NCBA Champion in his 165 lb. weight class.

Tracy Howard (below) watches his opponent intently from the on guard position. Plebe Kirk Bryan (center) relaxes while waiting to box in his first brigade finals. (Below left) One boxer (blue) throws a left hook, and another (above left) winds up for a killing right cross.

NAVY
NAVY

NAVY

EVERLAST
EVERLAST

Kenny Kasprzak (below in blue) boxes his way to the brigade title. At left, Rob Rodriguez (in gold) boxes Rich Barbon. Jim Clody (opposite page in gold) lands a solid punch on Mike Perillo's head.

# Rifle Team Gives It A Shot

After losing two of their standard shooters and having four of the top five teams in the nation looking at them for revenge, the rifle team had its work cut out for them. With the three returning lettermen and five recruited plebes the team managed to break even with five wins and an equal number of losses. This included a hard loss by only one point to Air Force. Next year the same team will return and with competition experience under their belts, a winning season will be in their sights.

Attacker John Hawley (right), Navy's leading scorer, charges toward the goal with the ball. Glen Miles (below), the team's other outstanding attackman, keeps his eyes on the action during the Army-Navy game, which the cadets won 10-6. Far right, Joe Papetti defends an Army attacker. Ed Alberts (above right) out runs a Johns Hopkins midfielder.

# Navy Lax Has 5-6 Season

The high point of the Navy lacrosse season came in a 7-5 upset victory over the University of Maryland, the sixth-ranked team in the nation at the time. Unfortunately, most of the team's games went the other way, as the midshipmen did no better than a 5-6 record.

It was a rebuilding year for Navy, as Coach Bryan Matthews lost most of his attack strength from the year before. That gap was filled by plebe sensation John Hawley, who was the teams leading scorer with 27, and by moving all-American Glen Miles from midfield to attack. Miles was second in scoring with 19 goals.

The team hopes to finally have a winning season next year, and to avenge its 10-6 loss to Army.

NAVY
22
HOPKINS
NAVY LACROSSE

ARMY
37
NAVY

37
26
NAVY

Midfielder (below) struggles with his Army opponent for control of the ball. At left, the team celebrates that victory. Jeff Bellistri (opposite page), one of Navy's key midfielders, passes the ball down field.

NAVY
17
ARMY
22

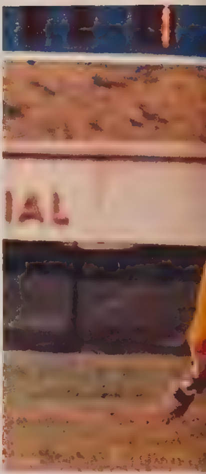
The team's leader in hits and RBIs, Mike Leeney (below) keeps his eye on a pitch from a Baltimore Orioles pitcher (right). The mids beat the Orioles in an exhibition game. The game's winning pitcher, Scott Wild (above right), is congratulated by his teammates. Below right, John VanBrabant watches his hit. Farthest right, Dave Landwehr demonstrates the style which brought him seven victories.

# Navy Baseball Team Wins 25 Games

Compiling a 25-7-1 record and finishing third in the highly competitive Eastern Intercollegiate Baseball League, the Navy baseball team had another successful year. The team had a nine-game winning streak early in the season, and finished the season with a six-game streak that included a doubleheader swept from Army.

Leading the team were second class shortstop Mike Leeney with 42 hits and 36 runs batted in and outfielder Marius Jones with five home runs and a .385 batting average. The team's outstanding pitcher was Drew Tanner who scored nine wins and no losses. Dave Landwehr, Steve Wieman, and Scott Wild also helped the mids from the mound.

29


IAL

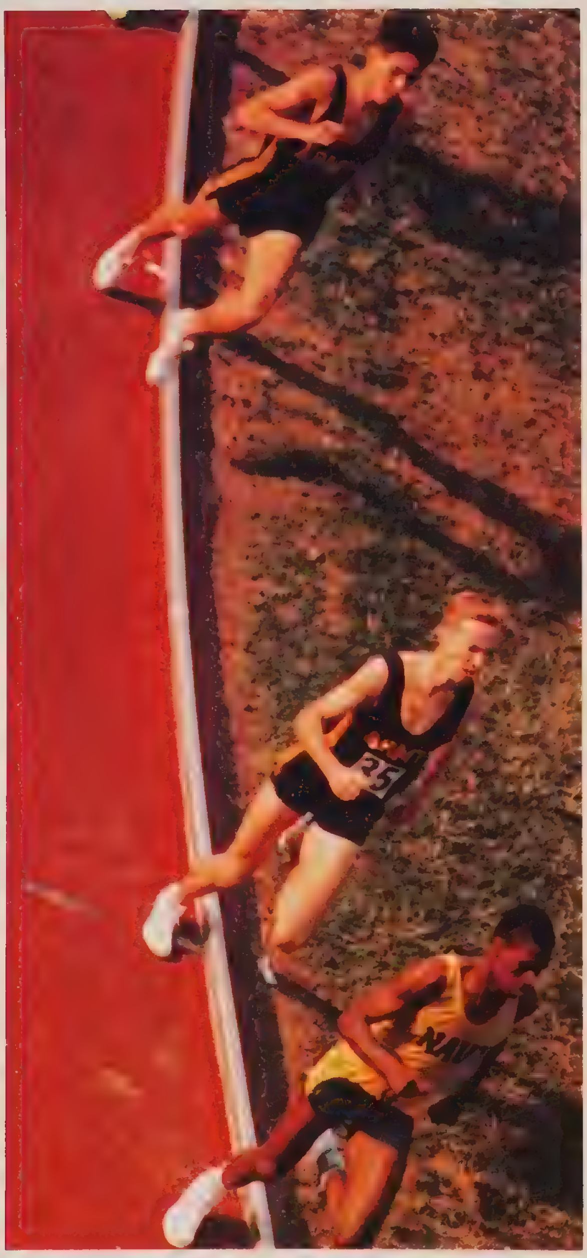
20

Drew Tanner (below) was Navy's top pitcher this season and promises to be even better next year. Above left, shortstop Mike Leeney watches his throw to first base for a double play after forcing a runner out. Craig Snyder tries to pickoff a Princeton player at first.

One of the team's top batters, Ingrid Turner (right) cautiously rounds the base after a hit. As her teammates look on, Jennifer Henry (below) connects solidly with the ball. In the field, Cheryl Price (below right) and Trish Thompson (opposite page) intently watch the batter.

# Women's Softball Rounds Home

The women's softball club enjoyed a very competitive season this spring. Led by firstie Jan Edmiston, the team improved immensely and continued its quest for varsity status. Plebe Leslie Hill and youngster Kim Russ surprised several teams with their pitching ability, a talent the team has lacked for the last few seasons. The consistent hitting of second class Cheryl Price and Ingrid Turner added to the Navy attack. Kristen Bakkegard, a plebe, was also a welcome addition to the team. Jan Edmiston, Jennifer Henry, Lauren Blaise, and Kathleen Weist were the only players lost to graduation, so the team is anticipating its most successful season yet next year.

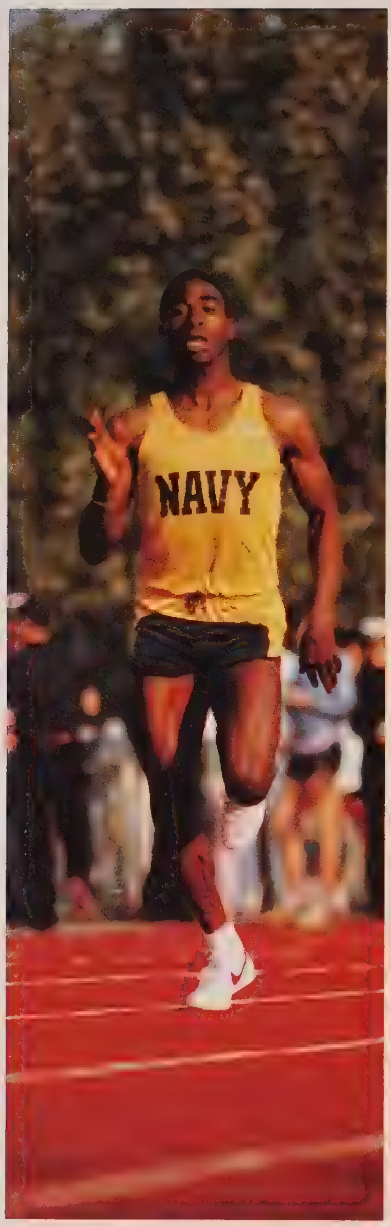

35
NAVY

NAVY
78

Youngster standout Ron Harris (far left) leads the pack in the 5,000 meter race. Harris won the race, along with his fifth N-star in two years. Brian O'Malley (center) was a triple winner against Army, claiming first in the long jump, triple jump, and high jump. Kevin Nibbelink (left) won the steeplechase. Below, Derrick Coston and Deadrick Baker were two of the plebes who gave the team some needed depth in the sprints.

# Men's Track Undefeated Again

Navy's men's track team claimed its third consecutive undefeated season this year with a 5-0 record, with victories over LaSalle, Georgetown, Syracuse, and Army. The 97-66 victory over Army was the fourth in a row, and was especially meaningful since the cadets had edged out the indoor track team this winter. Standouts on the team this year were distance runner Ron Harris, quartermiler Mike Green, and jumper Brian O'Malley. The midshipmen were sixth at the Heptagonal Games, where Ron Harris won the championship in the 5,000 meter race, and Mike Green placed second in the 400 meters. Navy won the ECAC South Championship meet.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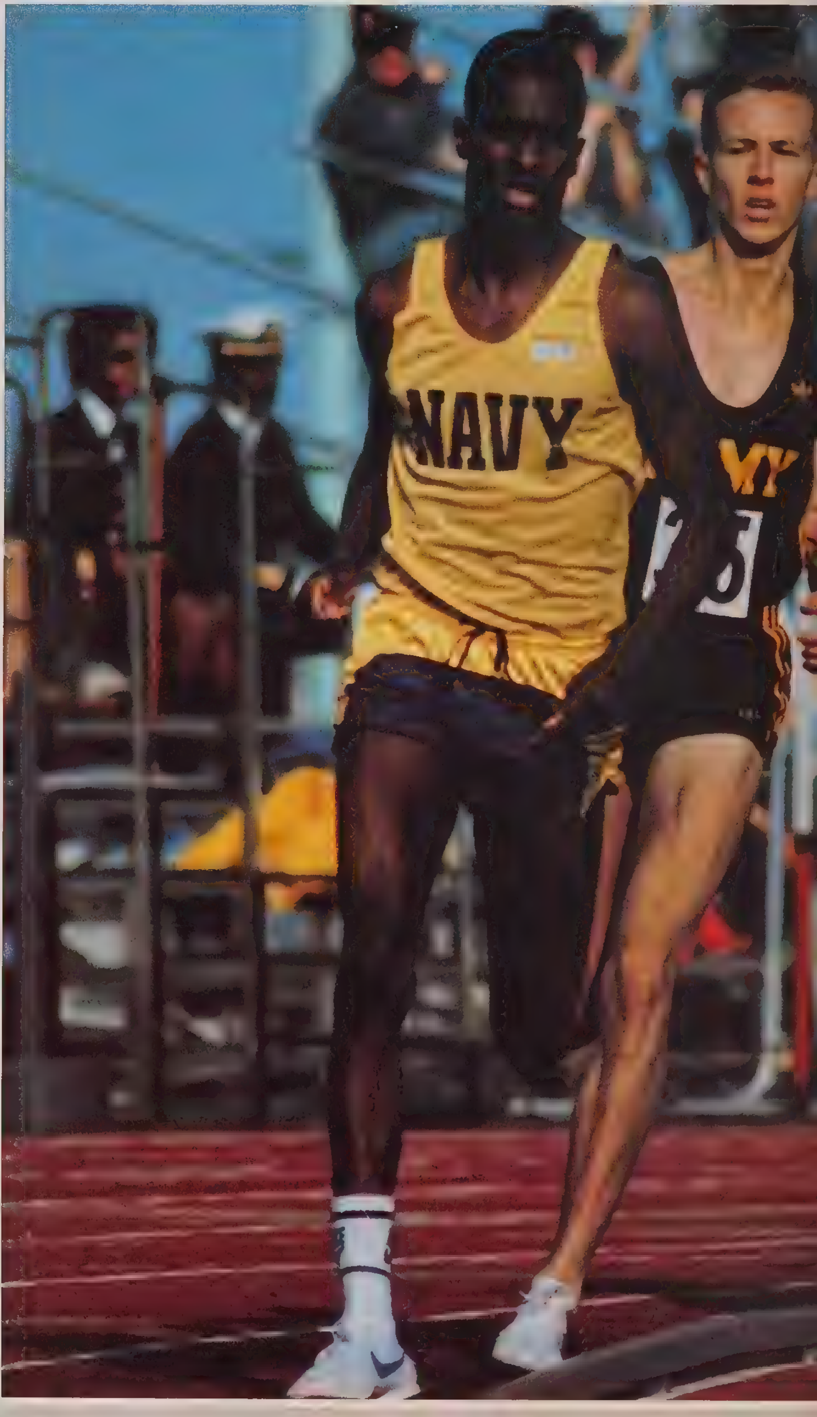
NAVY

ARMY
NAVY
NAVY

Navy track had its third consecutive undefeated season and its fourth straight victory over Army. The team had both individual standouts, and a considerable amount of depth. Greg Blanchard, Troy Saunders, and Derrick Dixon provided some of that depth.

# Women's Track Sprints To Victory Again

Gaining a win over their 1984 season, the mids were 5 and 1 in 1985. Captained by Stefani Green, a three-time All-American, the team definately had an outstanding season. Stefani achieved her 3rd 400 meter hurdle title at the Heptagonal Championships. Seniors Charlotte Monk, Susan Weaver and Angie Bartosik combined with five others to give Navy excellent strength in the shot put and javelin. The team was also strong in sprints and the jumps due to two returning letter winners and two freshmen.

Shri' Drake (far upper left) gives her throws everything she has. Joanie Rangitsch and Patty Peterson (far lower left) glide over the hurdles against Liberty Baptist while Eric Sahler (lower middle) walks away from her opponent. Mary Balch (upper middle) strains for that extra distance and Varanda Williams (left) pours it on during the relay. Joanie Rangitsch and Matice Wright (below) dash for the finish line as Erin Martin (lower right) breezes through it.

# Tennis Smashes Its Way To A Winning Season

Men's Varsity Tennis posted an outstanding season with 21 wins and only 5 losses, greatly exceeding last year's marks of 14 and 8. These wins included 10 smashing shutouts and an 8 to 1 victory over the West Point Cadets. After losing their #1 member at the end of the 1984 season, the team still retained eight lettermen and tremendously boosted their previous performance.

John Chandler (far left) intently watches an incoming volley while Graham Rogers (middle) stretches to reach a difficult backhand. David Jones and Mike Spanos cover each other to reach an elusive shot down the center.

Sailing a Laser is Rick Merriman (left), one of three Navy sailors named as all-Americans. Peggy Menzies and Sue Fink (opposite page) sailed the top boat for the women's team. The intercollegiate sailing team practices every day from August to December and from February to June, regardless of weather conditions.

# Navy Sailors 3rd In Nation; 3 All-Americans

Few teams would be disappointed at tying for third in the nation. But for the Navy sailing team, it was the worst finish in nine years. The mids had kept the Leonard Fowle trophy for seven years, until they were edged out for the national title in 1984. They had hoped to reclaim their dynasty this year, but were beat by Boston University and Southern California. Navy took fourth nationally in dinghies and team racing, fifth in sloops, and seventh in singlehanded racing. Rob Poitras placed fourth in the national windsurfing championships.

The team had three all-Americans, firsties Rick Merriman and Bryan Ledbetter, and youngster Rob Hallawell. George Slook and Scott Harrison were honorable mention all-Americans.

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SHENANDOAH

The offshore sailing team practices daily in the Chesapeake Bay, and spends the summer racing throughout the Atlantic. With spinnakers hoisted, Cinnabar and Vengeance (far left) head out to practice. At left, the crew of Shenandoah waits to sail backdrop for a parade on Worden Field.

NA 8
NA 13
NA 2
NA 12

NA

# Crew Teams Pull Hard

With seven returning lettermen from the 1984 heavyweight team and eight returning lettermen from the lightweight team, both teams started the season strong.

The heavyweight team led by John Walters didn't do quite as well as last year only obtaining a record of 5 and 1, this included capturing first in all three catagories (Varsity, Junior Varsity, and Plebe) in two races.

The lightweight team captained by Brian Minzenmayer improved over last year's record by completing the season at 2 and 2, and capturing first in all three catagories in one race and all three second places in two more.

MICKEY
MOUSE

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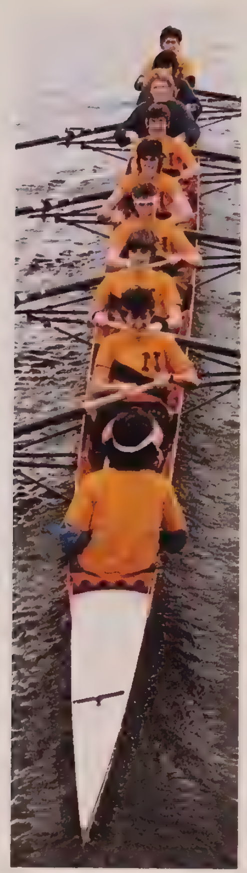

The women's crew team normally sends three eight man shells into a race: The varsity (opposite page below), the second varsity (right) and the novice (opposite page above).

# Women's Crew Misses A Stroke

The women's crew team was hoping for a repeat of 1984's 7-1 campaign since a majority of the letterwinners from that team were returning. But these hopes were dashed when the oarswomen lost their first four races to Georgetown, Ithaca, Virginia and Williams. The seaon's only varsity victory was over Washington College.

The main event of the season, the Dad Vail Championships, was also a disappointment for the mids, as the varsity eight failed to even qualify for the semifinal race. The junior varsity made it all the way to its finals, where it placed fifth.

NAVY
NAVY

# Every Mid Is An Athlete

Although almost every college has some type of intramurals, nowhere do sports play a bigger role than at Navy. All midshipmen not participating in a varsity sport play intramural sports. There is a wide selection of sports, including many which are not found at an intramural level elsewhere, such as crew and fencing. This year, football and softball continued to be the two most popular sports, each company had two team for those sports; lightweight and heavyweight football teams, and fast-pitch and slow-pitch softball teams.

Intramurals mean different things to different people. For many the daily practices help to release frustration and to stay in shape.

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NAVY

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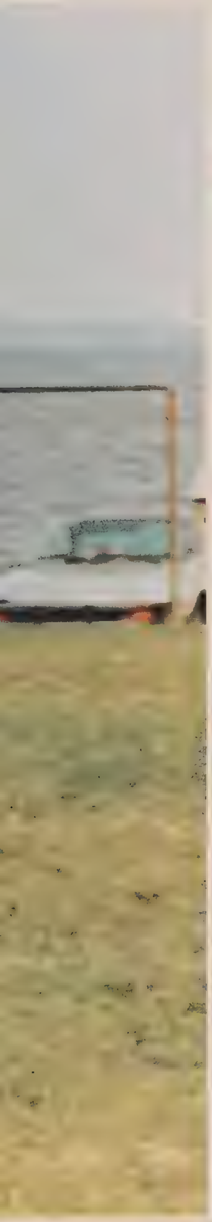

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NAVY

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USNA
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USNA
38

# Roll Of Champions

## *Fall*

Basketball - 25th Co.
Boxing - 1st Batt.
Crew - 2nd Batt.
Cross Country - 6th Batt.
Fencing - 1st Batt.
Football - 5th Batt.
Sailing - 1st Batt.
Soccer - 17th Co.
Squash - 1st Batt.
Tennis - 2nd Batt.
Ultimate - 6th Batt.
Water Polo - 4th Batt.
Wrestling - 3rd Batt.

## *Winter*

Basketball - 1st Batt.
Fieldball - 6th Co.
Football (HWT) - 27th Co.
Football (LWT) - 14th Co.
Soccer - 4th Batt.
Squash - 4th Batt.
Team Handball - 2nd Batt.

## *Spring*

Basketball - 5th Batt.
Lacrosse - 4th Batt.
Rugby - 5th Batt.
Softball - 6th Co.
Sailing - 1st Batt.
Swimming - 4th Batt.
Tennis - 3rd Batt.
Track - 5th Batt.
Volleyball - 5th Batt.

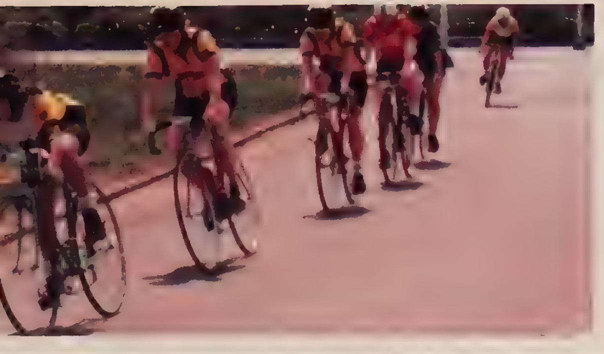
NAVY
NAVY
NAVY

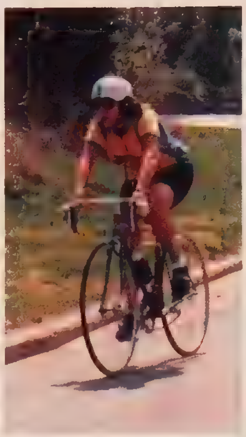
# Cycling Club Keeps Busy

Navy's highly competitive bicycling club kept busy this year competing in and hosting bike races.

The club president, Kathy McCartan, was also the captain of the women's team. The men's "A" team captain was Shawn Grenier. Co-captains of the "B" team were Greg Morin and Randy Ferguson.

The other members of the "A" team were Dave Lynn, Bern Altman, Scott Helmers, and Lou Gregus. The "B" team consisted of Morin, Ferguson, Chris Arias, Jamie Henderson, Brian Haley, Rob Goodbody, and Dave Hallisey. Besides McCartan, the other women on the team were Susan Wells and Kim Martin.





GO NAVY CROQUET

# Croquet Team Meets St. John's

The Croquet Club is a collection of ready-for-action midshipman who pride themselves on their prowess in athletic competition. President Shaun Callahan and vice-president Bob Poor strenuously prepared their men to fight the annual "Annapolis Week" battle against arch-rival St. John's. Just as the 1984 team recovered from its 1983 loss by losing again, the revamped 1985 team carried on this proud tradition. The club, affectionately known around the world as "America's croquet team," is in its third year of existance as a twin-purposed organization: it shows the public the lighter size of Academy life, and fulfills the midshipmen's desire to excell at everything they do.

# Skeet And Trap Club

1985 was the year for the skeet and trap team's comeback. After not having competed for four years, the team was loaded and ready for spring competition. Captained by first class Nancy Heckman, the team had fall practice meets against Air Force and Army.

Presently the team is a recreational ECA, but will be shooting for sport ECA status in order to be more competitive. The team practices from spring break until the end of April, with competitions on the weekends. The team's enthusiasm is amazing - the midshipmen will shoot in any weather and until last light. In addition to scheduled meets, the team hosted a skeet and trap competition for the midshipmen and faculty.

# Judo Club

The Judo Club completed an outstanding season once again winning the E.C.J.A. Championships. Other notches under their belts were winning the Beltsville Invitational and throwing the Merchant Marine Academy. Out of nine competitions, they achieved eleven first places, ten second places and twelve third places.

# Powerlifting Club

This season for the powerlifting squad was a most fruitful time for this new intercollegiate sports club. At the National Collegiate Powerlifting Championships at Texas A&M, Midshipmen David Island, George Janvier, Geraldine McKinney, and Charles Sizemore placed first in the nation in their respective weight classes. Competition is based on total weight lifted in three events: bench press, full squat, and dead lift.

Other members of the squad were Todd Buechs, Jeff Crymes, Mike Dinardo, Barb Dunn, Glenn Estrada, William Grammer, Mike Lucci, Brian McKane, Greg McMichael, Tim Pederson, Scott Quinn, Noel Salvanera, Walter Sechriest, Steve Shaw, Guy Simmons, and Blake Sprayberry.

OLYMPIC
20.4 kilos
45 LBS.
BARBELL
U.S. NAVAL ACA
N
POWERLIFTING

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# EXTRA CURRICULAR ACTIVITIES

[illegible] A. [illegible]

NOAH'S ARK
WHITEWATER RAFTING
NOAH'S ARK
WHITEWATER RAFTING

# BRIGADE ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE

CAGE
TIM HARRISON
MOM
+
DAD
DOWN THE ROAD

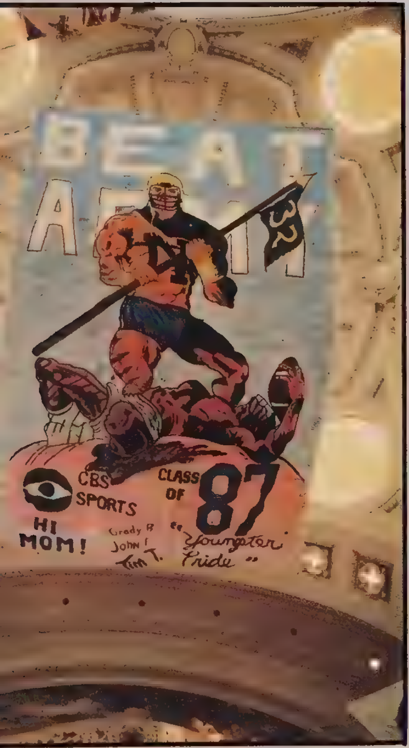
The Brigade Activities Committee worked hard to increase spirit while having a lot of fun. Under the directin of M/LCDR Chuck Sharkey and the supervision of LT. Jim Estrada, the BAC introduced a new gnarly midshipman goat and kept high the flow of T-shirts, buttons, bumper stickers, frisbees, flags, noise makers, and even "GO NAVY" panties and boxers. The catalyst behind all spirit activities as Mr. Pep, Shaun Callahan. Shaun's ideas, energy, and showmanship served to insure the success of all pep rallies and sideline activities. The Brigade Activities Committee's motto was a commitment to excellence. Excellence was achieved.

One part of the BAC, the Art and Print Club, supported the Brigade through spirit-related posters and the painting of Tecumseh, which was adorned for all of the home football games, the Army-Navy game, and the Commissioning Week. The Club, made up mostly from members of the Ninth Company, got most of its ideas for posters and Tecumsah from the suggestions of midshipmen and visitors in the yard. Hard working and dedicated, the Art and Print Club tried to make life at Navy a little more pleasant by adding a bit of color.

The Navy cheerleading squad consisted of sixteen midshipmen from all four classes throughout the Brigade. Their season began a week before the Brigade returned with a week long camp and continued throughout the academic year. Not only did the cheerleaders promote spirit within the Brigade for the Navy football team, but encouraged enthusiastic support for all Navy athletics during the year. The Navy cheerleaders are a dedicated group of individuals, who although might not be the ones to actively defeat an opponent, are there in spirit every step of the way.

The Pep Band contributed to the Brigade Activities Committee by providing music for pep rallies, cheerleading, and spirit at various sporting events, including Navy football games. Their most exciting event was playing at the Pentagon Pep Rally in Washington, D.C. during Army week, but the entire year was packed with fun-filled activity.

AFA
NAVY


BEAT
32
CBS SPORTS
CLASS OF 87
HI MOM!
Grady B
John !
Tim T.
"Youngster Pride"

# CHEERLEADERS

USNA
NAVY
NAVY

# CANNONEERS

The Cannoneers were a very select group at the Academy. Dressed in their 1870's era Midshipmen uniforms and firing the actual 1863 Dahlgren boat howitzer, they were seen at home football games as well as various Army-Navy activities and the Plebe Recognition Ceremony.

There were two representatives from each class, hand chosen their Plebe year to take part in the revelry.

# PEP BAND

# DRUM AND BUGLE CORPS

The United States Naval Academy Brigade of Midshipman Drum and Bugle Corps is tasked with providing musical support to the Brigade. The Corps performs daily at military formations, formal Parades, sporting events, spirit activities, and, when called upon, numerous civic activities in the Annapolis, Maryland area.

In addition, the corps represents the Naval Academy and the U.S. Navy by performing around the United States in both marching shows and concerts. This year the Corps performed at all Navy football games, with the exception of North Carolina, as well as for the New York Jets-Miami Dolphins and the St. Louis Cardinals-Dallas Cowboys games. During Christmas leave, the Corps toured the Southeastern United States including Disneyworld and Epcot Centers, and later in the year performed at the "Serenade in Brass" in Harrisburg, Pennsylvania.

The Corps competed this year in the Interservice Academy Drum and Bugle Corps Competition against the U.S. Air Force Academy coinciding with the Navy-Air Force Football Game.

The Corps directs its own shows without fulltime professional assistance during the very limited free time available to midshipmen at the Naval Academy. All midshipmen in the Drum and Bugle Corps must meet the same stiff academic and military requirements imposed upon all midshipmen at the Academy. Valuable musical instruction is received from enlisted musical instructors from the U.S. Navy Band in Annapolis, Maryland.

FALL STAFF:

COMMANDER: M/LCDR MARK BOEHLE (15 CO)
SUB COMMANDER: M/LT RALPH ARCARO (29 CO)
OPERATIONS: M/LTJG ERIC GARDNER (5 CO)
ADMINISTRATION: M/LTJG KIMBERLY ANDERSON (19 CO)
SUPPLY: M/LTJG THOMAS WILLIAMSON (29 CO)

SPRING STAFF:

COMMANDER: M/LCDR CHRISTOPHER WILLIAMS (29 CO)
SUB COMMANDER: M/LT RICHARD VON WOHLD (13 CO)
OPERATIONS: M/LTJG EDWIN BRZEZINSKI (32 CO)
ADMINISTRATION: M/LTJG ERNEST HERNANDEZ (13 CO)
SUPPLY: M/LTJG LESTER OLSON (28 CO)

NAVY
86

USNA

US NA

# DRILL TEAM

The U. S. Naval Academy Drill team, commanded by Midshipman First Class Jeff Smith, gained instant popularity this year after its outstanding performance at the Princeton Homecoming game for a crowd of 31,000 people. The members carried M-1 rifles fixed with bayonets and executed all their routines without any verbal commands. The Drill team had an active year, including performances during First Class Parents Weekend, the Navy vs. Richmond basketball game, the "Brass of the Bay" show at Navy-Marine Corps Memorial Stadium. The team also met with other drill teams in competition at Villanova University, University of Maryland, and Rutgers University Invitational Drill Meets.

1984-85 was a good year for the midshipman modern music bands. UA, the club's main performing band, continued in their own tradition of supplying top-of-the-line rock and roll to various groups throughout the Brigade, in appearances at T-Court pep rallies, Dahlgren hall hops, Hospital Point company parties, and 1986's Two-for-Seven party. Second semester saw UA taking their show on the road, visiting Goucher, Hood, and Trinity colleges. Newcomers to the Brigade music scene included "Phoenix" and "Running Fix", with more bands waiting to follow in the modern music tradition.

# BRIGADE SOCIAL AFFAIRS COMMITTEE

The Juice Gang, another part of BSAC, provided power and lighting for the dances in Dahlgren hall. As a collateral duty they also ran spotlights at pep rallies and the N-Star sign for the homecoming and Army-Navy football games. This year's members included Kevin Leeds (Chief Electrician), John Matic (Secretary), Harold Dunbrack (Asst. Electrician), Tom Wagner (Treasurer), Rich Hernandez, Bill Macchione, Bill Plott, Steve Sobski, and Jim Zito.

# PUBLIC RELATIONS

During 1984-85, the Public Relations Committee worked closely in conjunction with the Naval Academy's Public Affairs Office and the Naval Academy Athletic Association to publicize various activities sponsored by and participated in the Brigade of Midshipmen.

Midshipmen who worked with the committee were trained in a variety of media related activities from arranging interviews to escorting members of the press and numerous VIPs who visit the Academy annually.

Some of the activities the PRC midshipmen were involved with included the many sporting events held during the spring and fall semester and all Commissioning Week festivities.

This highly motivated group of young men and women played an important role in projecting the Naval Academy in a positive manner to local and national media.

# RING DANCE

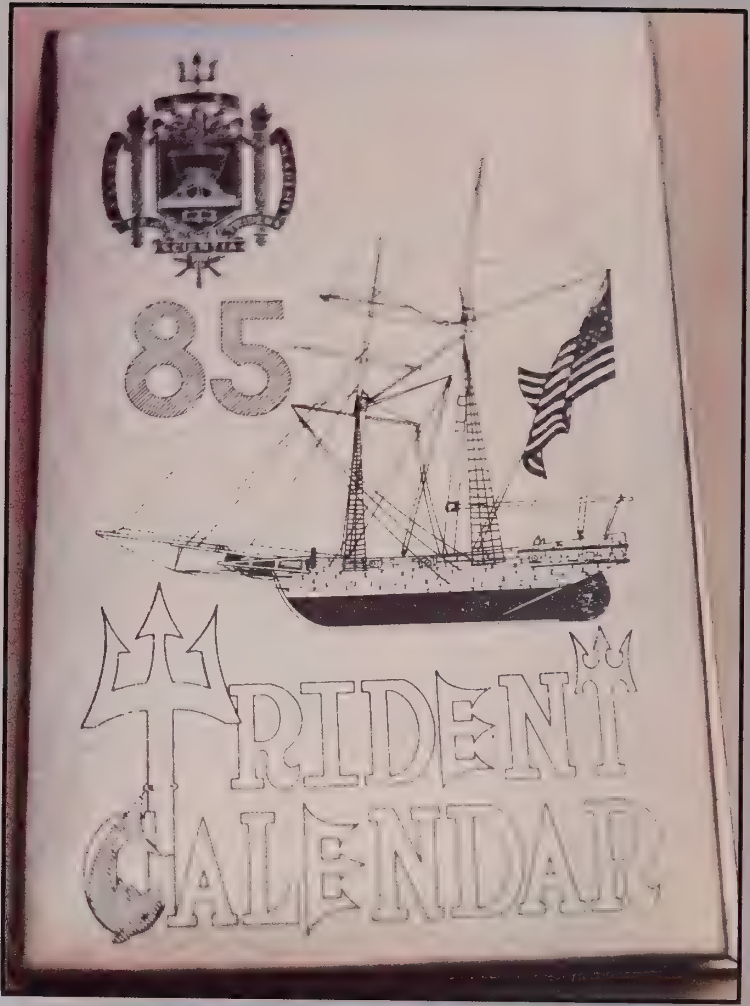
John Worman and his staff worked hard to ensure that every member of the class of '86 had "A Night to Remember" on May 18, 1985. The great amount of time and effort that the '86 Ring Dance Committee put into the planning and preparation of the Ring Dance was evidenced by the success of the evening and truly appreciated by all members of the class of 1986.

# HOP COMMITTEE

The Hop Committee, provided the Brigade with the chance to get away from the rigors of Academy life and relax a bit. The BSAC was responsible for the weekly dances, semi-formals, and formals held in Dahlgren Hall. This year saw the exciting addition of a new $12,000 video sound system in the "M-Club." The Hop Committee sponsored the Halloween Costume Dance, all the Commissioning Week dances, and provided bands for post-footall game semi-formals, but their biggest and most successful projects were the Army/Navy Informal and the unforgettable Ring Dance.

# TRIDENT CALENDAR

The Trident Calendar staff publishes the annual Trident Calendar that is found on almost every mids desk. The publication includes pictures, cartoons and quotes for every week of the year. Also to be found are dates near and dear to all midshipman's heart; leave dates, holidays and football games. This coming year the club plans to sell the calendars at all home football games.



# REEF POINTS

The Reef Points is better known and "The Plebe's Bible." It has the history the the Navy, the Academies, Yard Gouge, important weapons platforms and weapons among numerous other important information. Being one of the first things issued to a plebe, it remains with them throughout the entire summer, plebe year and is often used as an upperclassman.

eef Points 1984–1985
United States Naval Academy, Annapolis

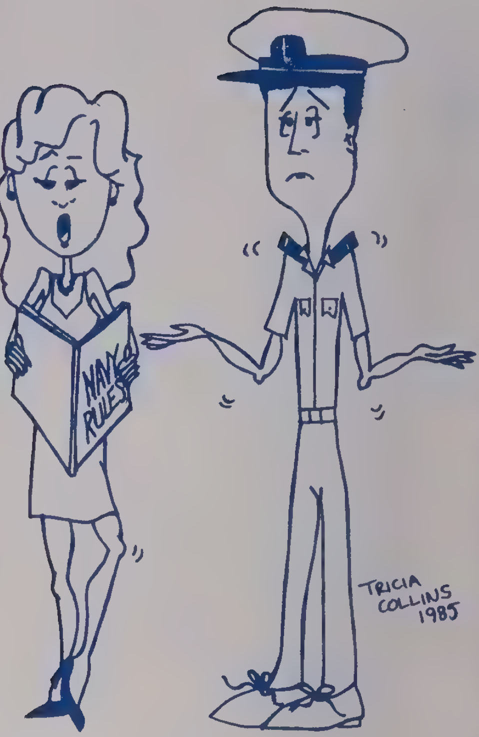
# WRNV

WRNV is the Academy's rock on the Bay. The radio station was run this year entirely by the midshipmen with the support of an officer representative. It was operated on the frequency of 89.7 FM in full stereo. The staff of approximately 70 midshipmen produced and "DJ-ed" their own shows as well as recorded taped shows to provide 24 hours of broadcasting. The station broadcasted Navy sports including away meets of 150 lb. football, lacrosse, rugby, and wrestling. A news staff reported local school events along with world news. Also provided by the station was a PA system that was used by the Brigade Activities Committee at home football games and by other activities desiring its use. The engineering staff had the responsibility of repairing and maintaining the station's $80,000 worth of equipment. This year's staff included Anthony Landauer (Station Manager), Herb Nicolay (Asst. Manager), Dean Sun (Chief Engineer), Floyd Devine (DJ Program Director), and Mike Borrosh (Music Programming Director).

CHANGESONEBOWIE

# The LOG

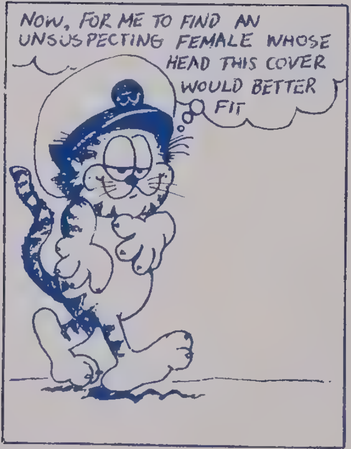
The LOG magazine serves as the primary creative outlet for the Brigade. For the last 74 years the LOG has allowed midshipmen to poke fun at themselves, their officers, the world in general, and administration in particular. Always looking for a few "sacred cows" (Y.P.'s, P-rades, people from New Jersey) to butcher, the 1984-85 staff included Thom Parham (Editor), Rich Getty (Executive Editor), Bob Poor (Managing Editor), and Dave Lesser (Features Editor).

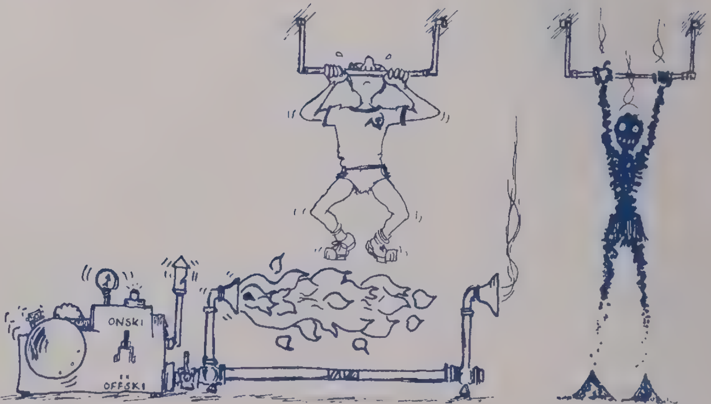

NAVY RULES
TRICIA COLLINS 1985

"NO KISSING OR HOLDING HANDS IN PUBLIC"... WHAT ARE YOU BECOMING? AN OFFICER OR A PRIEST ?!

# DIAL-A-DRAG

## When the uniform isn't enough.


NOW, FOR ME TO FIND AN UNSUSPECTING FEMALE WHOSE HEAD THIS COVER WOULD BETTER FIT

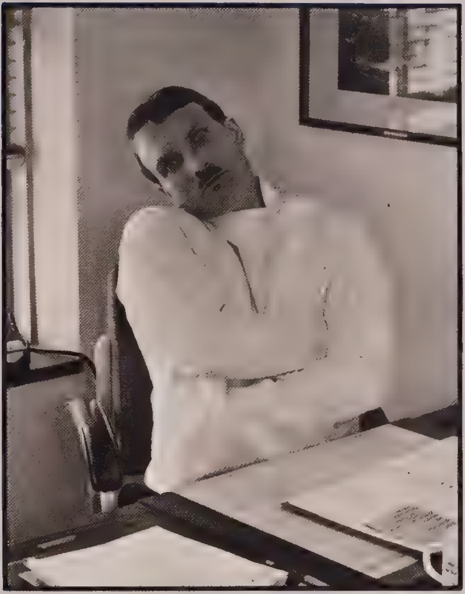

ONSKI
OFFSKI

# BAD GOUGE

Tridens

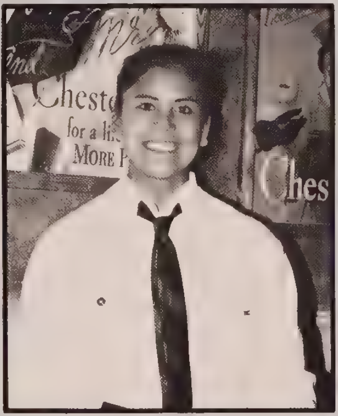
| | |
|---|---|
| EE | $V=\frac{-j}{wc}$ |
| EN | Auxiliary |
| ES | Dipping sonar, sonobuoys, and Magnetic Anomaly Detection (MAD) gear |
| SN | Green |
| NL | Visited and searched, captured |
| PS | One step behind and one step to the left |

HEE
HEE
1
MACEDA
86

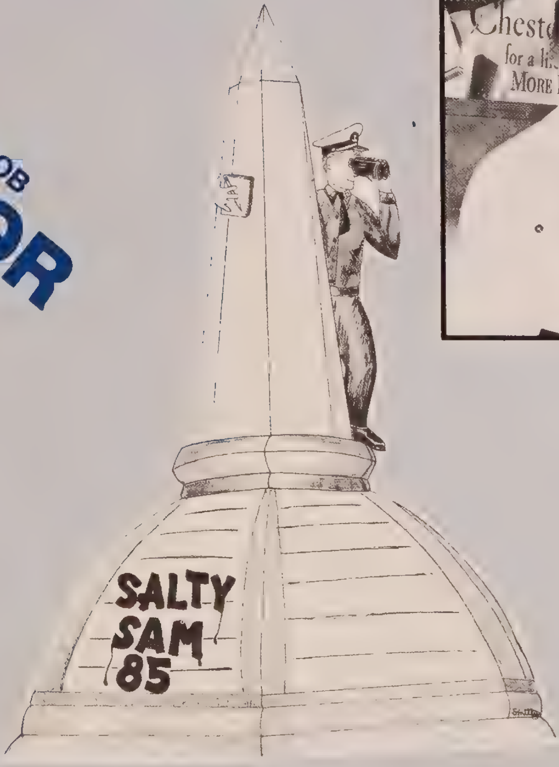


## THE HAND OF GOD STEPPED IN:

## The Poor Memoirs 1984



BOB POOR



# LUCKY BAG

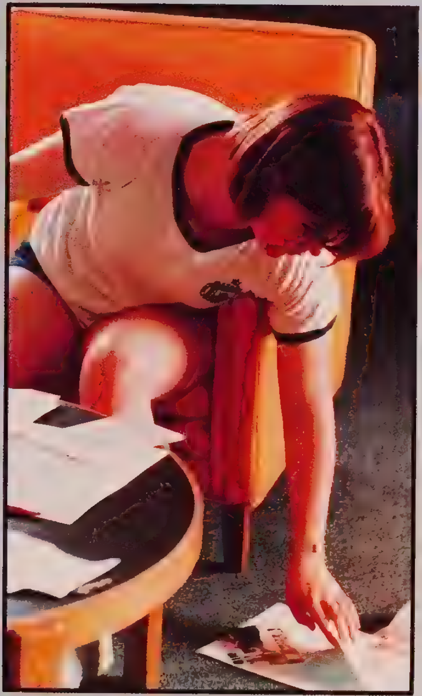
The lucky bag aboard a ship is the area for the collection of items, and thus the LUCKY BAG has become a collection of memories. The 848 pages contain an opening section, the Chain-of-Command, a special section, the companies, the First Class and their biographies, the history of the Class of 1985 from I-Day to Graduation, a highlight of the year's varsity sports and intramurals, the ECA's, the faculty, the parents' congratulations wishes to the members of '85, a closing section, and the ads. Being 848 pages and all color makes it the largest all color yearbook in the world - in a class by itself.

The staff is composed of midshipmen who handle all aspects from contracts, to design, to layout, to business - everything including the spending of the $300,000 used in producing the LUCKY BAG.

They work hard for unique awards. They don't get scholarships like most other schools, but things that only a midshipman would understand and appreciate.

The most important aspect is that which happens after graduation. There are only three things a class leaves behind at the Academy after Graduation Day. First is the class gift, second is the names of various class members on the numerous planks around the yard, and third is the LUCKY BAG.

WALSWORTH PUBLISHING
WALSWORTH PUBLISHING
NAVY



# PHOTO CLUB

The Photography Club offers midshipmen the opportunity to learn the art of photography providing both black & white and color darkroom facilities. All a midshipman needs to join is a camera and the desire to learn. Experienced club members instruct new members in photography styles and darkroom techniques. Occasional guest speakers also provide tips for improvement. The cub, once barely recognized, is gaining popularity.

The highlights of this year's activities were the second annual Homecoming Photographic Contest, sponsored by the Creative Arts Committee; and a spring excursion to the National Geographic Society. This year the club also became more involved with the brigade by sending members to take pictures at various activities and sporting events for other clubs and intramural sports teams.

8457
USS CORAL SEA
VF-5
NAVY
13

NAVY

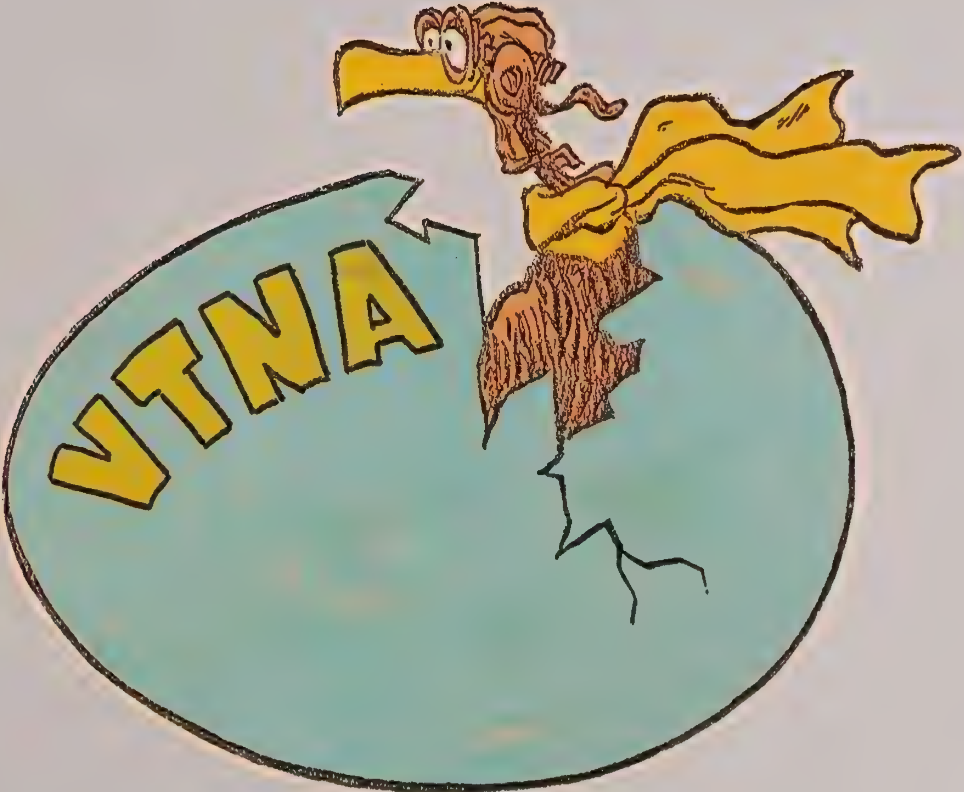
# BIG BROTHERS
# BIG SISTERS

The Big Brothers and Big Sisters Club is a service organization in which midshipmen sponsor a child from the Annapolis area whose life would be enriched by having an older, positive role model in his life. This year the Club sponsored many activities which gave the midshipmen a chance to have fun with their little brothers and sisters, such as attending Navy home football games, Halloween and Christmas parties, and several picnics. They also held a skating party in Dahlgren hall and a bowl-a-thon during second semester. The Big Brothers and Big Sisters organization has long been recognized as a vibrant and thriving ECA at the Naval Academy.

# VTNA

VTNA is the Naval Academy's Aviation Training Program which instructs interested first and second class midshipman in the basics of flight. The goal of the program is to motivate midshipman toward careers in Naval Aviation. Ground School instruction is provided prior to the first flight by Naval Aviators stationed at USNA. Upon succesful completion of the VTNA Ground School test, midshipman begin a ten flight syllabus, their goal being solo flight. Flight instruction is provided by FAA approved instructors in the Cherokee Warrior II, a single-engine, fixed-gear monoplane. Midshipman must provide their own transportation to Tipton Army Airfield at Fort Meade, Maryland.

VTNA provides midshipman with the opportunity to fly at no cost to the individual. Data from Naval Aviation Schools Command at Pensacola has determined that flight school candidates with VTNA experience had only ½ the attrition rate of other Academy graduate candidates. Midshipman who are undecided as to their service selection will find this program useful in making a career decision.


VTNA

# ASTRONOMY CLUB

This year, the Astronomy Club provided its members with a view of the growing field of astronomy. Each individual was given the opportunity to further his own interests in the field by utilizing the facilities provided to the Club, including the Naval Academy observatory which houses a 16-inch reflector telescope to allow observations of the heavens. The Luce Hall Planetarium enhanced members' knowledge of the heavens by exploring different ways to apply that knowledge for practical use, such celestial navigation.

# MODEL RAILROAD CLUB

The Model Railroad Club has just the niche for all model builders. From layout design to diarama construction, its two hundred square foot layout offered endless possibilities for all model train enthusiasts this year. The spaces, located in Dahlgren Hall, provided a warm refuge, during the winter months for fun and fellowship. Besides working in the clubs layout, they also made trips to area shows. These shows provided them with new ideas and creations to integrate into their own layout.

# BLACK STUDIES CLUB

The Black Studies Club was designed to help increase the knowledge of its members in the areas of Black history and Black heritage. It served as an ear to the rest of the world bringing to the members of the club current events concerning Blacks around the world. The Black Studies Club also served to help the Black midshipman to adjust to the social change which the Academy brings about.

One of our major events this year was Black History Month. We brought in notable Black Americans who have contributed to the effort of making all Americans more aware of the contributions Blacks have made to this country.

# NESA

The National Eagle Scout Association, U. S. Naval Academy chapter was established in 1983 with the purpose of allowing eagle scouts at the Academy to remain active in boy scouting. It has over 175 active members, making it one of the largest ECA's currently organized. Various club activities include helping local boy scout and cub scout groups with their training and program requirements.

This year, NESA sent some of its members to the Philmont Scout Ranch in Cimarron, New Mexico, to participate in leadership training, followed by a week in the field actually spent leading a troop of boy scouts. One of the club's members was also invited to serve on the headquarters staff of the 30,000 scout strong National Scout Jamboree during the summer.

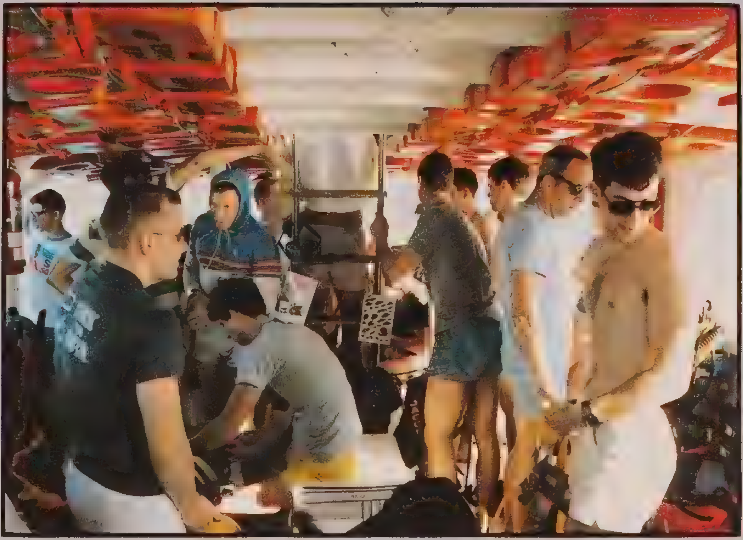
The club hopes to remain as active in the next few years, and grow as large as approximately 10% of the brigade. For that many midshipmen are eagle scouts, as well as the superintendant.

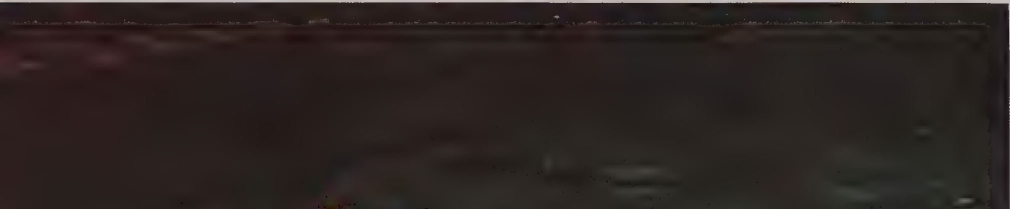
# SCUBA CLUB

The Scuba Club's main goal is to promote sport diving throughout the Brigade. As a result of scuba diving's tremendous popularity, the club is the largest ECA at the Academy. The Club has four functions: organize the Basic Open Water Scuba Class, organize advanced scuba classes, sponsor recreational dives, and promote individual diving. The first of these functions is by far the most participated in, a third of the Brigade is qualified as a Basic Open Water Scuba Diver.

The completion of the basic course, which includes an open water qualification dive, earns the student a scuba qualification sanctioned by the Professional Association of Diving Instructors (PADI), an internationally recognized organization. The Club owes its thanks to John Kiser, John Vorndick, the midshipmen instructors, and the Officers at the Academy who made this extensive qualification process possible.

Through the efforts of the Executive Committee of the club, experienced divers are encouraged to go on to dive in the Chesapeake Bay for oysters, to dive off the New Jersy Coast for lobster, to dive in the local flooded rock quarries for further experience, and to trek down to Key Largo's John Penekamp National Underwater State Park for fun.





# SPORTSMAN

The Sportsman's Club provided opportunities for members of the brigade to participate in a variety of outdoor sports, including camping, skiing, mountain climbing, and white water rafting. One excursion was planned for each semester, but occasionally a member gathered a group for informal camping trips.

The club also regularly lent out camping and climbing equipment to the brigade to use. The officers for 1984-85 were Col Buckmelter, USAF (Officer Rep.), Midn Dale Newhart (President), and Midn Erik Adams (First Lieutenant).

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NAVY
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NAVY
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20

# ORIENTEERING

The 1984-85 Orienteering Club is by far the largest and most competitive one in the history of Naval Academy Orienteering. Although the club has existed for only four years, interest and participation has steadily increased. The current team enjoys a membership of close to forty midshipmen, both male and female.

The Navy team usually makes Sunday afternoon trips to Quantico to participate in this interesting and fun sport which is a hybrid between cross country running and land navigation. Using a topographical map and a lensatic compass, orienteers race across fields and through woods in search of specific "control points" marked on their maps. Although the sport is physically and mentally challenging orienteering courses vary in length and difficulty, making this sport enjoyable to athletes of all ages and abilities.

Although most meets are sponsored by the Quantico Orienteering Club, the Naval Academy orienteers sometimes travel to Virginia, Pennsylvania, and New York for two day "national level" meets. In the past, Navy has enjoyed success at these meets, usually placing midshipmen among the top finishers. National level meets this year included the National Relay in Quantico, the West Point Invitational, and the Virginia State Championships.

# AIRBORNE TRAINING UNIT

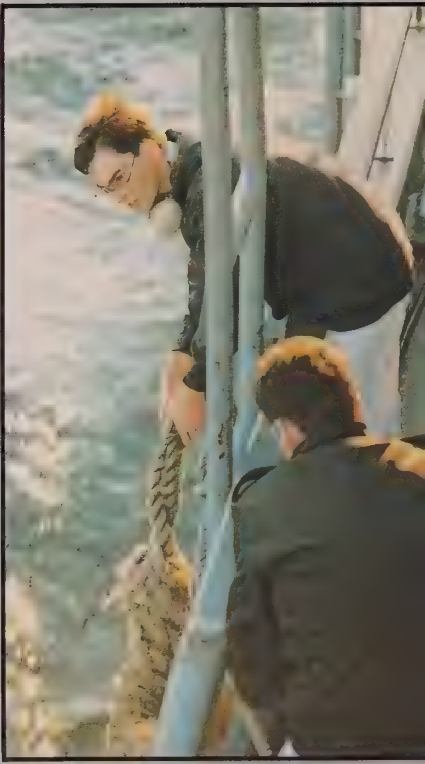
Each summer the Airborne Training Unit offers midshipmen the opportunity to qualify as a basic parachutist at the Army Airborne School in Fort Benning, GA. While in a jump status at the Academy, midshipmen continue operations with the ATU and may even earn their Navy-Marine Corps Expert gold wings. The ATU also provides billets to such schools as Parachute Rigger School and the most prestigious Jumpmaster School. With these qualifications midshipmen pack and inspect all parachutes and direct aircraft procedures, thus making the Airborne Training Unit the only ECA in which midshipmen are directly responsible for the lives of other men.

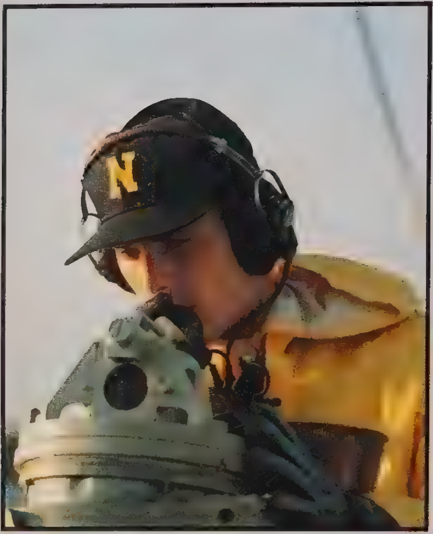
UNITED STATES ARMY
746

# SEMPER FI

As interest in the United States Marine Corps grows at the Naval Academy, so has the Semper Fidelis Society. Expanding to well over four hundred members from all classes, the Semper Fi club continues to indoctrinate Midshipmen on some of the leadership and traditions of the Corps. Club members made the annual trip to Marine Barracks, Washington, D.C. for the final evening sunset parade in early September. Always an outstanding performance, the parade provided a chance to see the world's elite drill team. Some of the highlights of the guest speaker series were astronaut Lt. Col. Bolden, class of '68; Colonel Whitehead of the British Royal Marines, who commanded a battalion of marines during the Falklands campaign; and a Drill Instructor from Parris Island, S.C. recruit depot. These individuals brought their wisdom and experiences to the forefront and will indeed have an impact on the Academy's future Marine officers.

The "hands on" portion of the program included a helo repel jump in the spring, a trip to the Naval Test Center at Patuxent River, and of course, a field meet and picnic at the close of the year. The Semper Fidelis Society has been continuing to grow and prosper and, with no doubt, help to erase the stigma of the Marine Corps here at Annapolis. The club would like to thank all the Marine officers and GySgt Frank here at the Academy for all of their support, as well as the Marines at Marine Barracks, Annapolis.





# YP SQUADRON

The YP Squadron is the most professionally enhancing activity at the Naval Adademy. Members from all four classes had the opportunity to develop seamanship, navigation, and shiphandling skills while the squadron conducted operations on the Chesapeake Bay during the fall and spring. They also took several weekend trips to such places as Baltimore, Phildelphia, Solomon Island and Havre de Grace, Maryland.

The squadron consists of four YP's, commanded by a first or second class midshipman, and members who have met PQS standards to qualify for positions on their boats.

MIRKA
RIGA
SKORYY
PETYA II

# NAVTAG

Navy Tactical Wargame (NAVTAG) has been incorporated into the Naval Academy routine through its usage in color competition as well as initial tactical training. This sytem enables the early exposure of midshipmen to state-of-the-art wargaming as well as initial familiarity with terms, definitions and tactically-oriented situations. NAVTAG directly supports tactical training given to midshipmen through Profesional development courses such as Introduction to Naval Warfare (NS101) and Tactics and Shiphandling (NS252). The actual programming, probabilities and platform performance figures are classified but the simulation achieved utilizing these classified parameters is incorporated and utilized by the NAVTAG system. NAVTAG allows midshipmen the opportunity to develop a "sense of tactics", and gives the opportunity to develop new tactics for fleet use.

In the area of color comoetition alone, NAVTAG system usage exceeds sixty hours per week and utilizes a variety of scenarios to challenge the midshipmen to aspire to even greater levels of achievement. Currently, all thirty-six companies have teams, averaging six midshipmen third-, second-, or first-class competing for color points awarded the last week of April. Separate awards for the Outstanding Company and the Outstanding NAVTAG Tactician are given as well.

# SURFACE ACTION GROUP

The Surface Action Group (SAG) became a new ECA this year, and its purpose was to increase knowledge of, interest in, and respect for, Surface Warfare operations and missions. The Surface Action Group became one of the biggest, fastest growing, and active extra-curricular activities at the Academy.

The SAG Hosted a popular guest lecture series which included Commodore John F. Shaw (DDG-51 Project Manager) and Commodore William Fogarty (recommissioning CO of the Battleship New Jersey). The SAG also sponsored a highly successful ship visit program, which included receptions for the USS South Carolina (CGN-37), and the hydrofoil Taurus (PHM). This ECA traveled to the Pentagon, the Aegis Test Site, and the Dahlgren Ordnance Center. The highlight of the year was a successful Mess Night in March, through which the first class Surface Warfare Selectees were officially welcomed into the community by Vice Admiral Metcalf and the Surface Warfare Officers in the yard.

# DOLPHIN CLUB

The Dolphin Club is an ECA for Submariners, run by Submariners, and all about the Elite Force. Club meetings consisted of lectures about the latest in Submarine Technology and social gatherings between midshipmen and Officers. Tours of the David Taylor Research Center were the newest activity, and were greatly enjoyed by all. Midshipmen of all classes participated in the Club, learning all they can about being a member of the Elite Force as a Submarine officer.

DOLPHIN CLUB
SEMPER PRAESENS
U.S.N.A.

## MIDSHIPMAN ACTION ORGANIZATION

Midshipmen Action Organization provides midshipmen the opportunity to become involved in the Annapolis and Anne Arundel County area through volunteer work. The Special Olympics is the organizations annual highlight.

OSAWA YOICHI
DONALD BRASWELL

# NAVAL ACADEMY

NAFAC '85
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HALL

# FOREIGN AFFAIRS CONFERENCE

The 25th annual Naval Academy Foreign Affairs Conference brought over 150 delegates from across the United States and Europe to the Naval Academy in April. The topic of this year's conference was "The Diffusion of Power: The United States in a New Era of International Relations." The conference serves as a unique forum for the discussion of pertinent global issues for college students and with its cast of distinguished speakers provides an unparalleled educational experience for midshipmen and visiting delegates alike. The chairman of the conference was Dr. A. R. Rachwald and the midshipman director was Stephen Pimpo. Through many hours of hard work by the midshipman staff and faculty committee, the conference was a tremendous success and will prove a memorable experience for all those who attended.

NAFAC
NAFAC

NAFAC

# CHURCHILL SOCIETY

The Churchill Society, which includes the Masqueraders, the *Labyrinth* Magazine, and the Cultural Affairs Program, exists to provide a means of learning more about cultural trends and events. In the past, this has consisted mainly of sponsoring noon lectures by local artists and writers. This year, though, the club heard from ADM James Stockdale on personal ethics; Derek Jacobi and Sinead Cusack of the Royal Shakespeare Company told the club about their work; and members of the Brigade also took part in one of the best years ever for the Cultural Affairs Program.

# HISTORY CLUB

The History Club is devoted to furthering the awareness of history among the Brigade. The club is open to midshipmen of all majors and sponsors a weekly movie series and monthly guest speakers.

This year the club sponsored a trip to Baltimore which featured the U.S.S. Constellation and the Walters Art Museum. A trip to Washington, D.C. included the White House and the Mall. The year was capped off by a formal banquet held in Hubbard hall in April.

The International Club is a group of midshipmen with interests in foreign languages, customs, and cultures. It is the umbrella organization of the Chinese, German, Spanish, French, and Korean Clubs. The club's main joint effort is the International Ball which is a dinner dance held every spring. The club invites foreign college-age men and women from the Washington area metropolitan area. The ball is a spectacular event, beginning with dinner in King Hall and ending with a formal dance in Memorial Hall. Midshipmen are the hosts, and for many of the guests, it is their only view of the Naval Academy and our way of life.

Each club also has its own individual events. Each club holds two banquets each semester. These banquets feature a guest speaker who delivers a speech in the language of the club. These banquets provide a medium for the midshipmen to use their language skills in a social environment. Other activities include field trips, lectures, and films. The International Club provides a valuable educational opportunity for midshipmen to learn vital information about foreign cultures and how these nations perceive the United States' role in the international theater.

# INTERNATIONAL CLUB

# TAU BETA PI

The year was a busy one for the Tau Beta Pi chapter at the Academy. Previously the Naval Academy Engineering Honors Society, this was the first full year as the Maryland Gamma Chapter of the national organization and consequently the chapter's attention was aimed at establishing its presence. Major projects included notifying those alumni eligible for membership and purchasing a bronze monument to be placed in front of Rickover Hall.

Tau Beta Pi is a national honor society which recognizes exceptional scholarship and character.

# ASME

The American Society of Mechanical Engineers is an educational and technical society dedicated to the in-depth coverage of M.E. technology and its interpretation to the general public. Student sections promote professional affiliation early in the engineering career. The USNA student section accomplished this objective by informing midshipmen of recent technological developments, both Naval and non-military, through lectures and ASME publications, as well as interaction with other student sections. Active participation provided the member with opportunities not otherwise available.

# SAE

1984-1985 was a good year for the Society of Automotive Engineers. Member participation was greatly enhanced thanks to the efforts of Professor R. Smith and LCDR Faltisco (Faculty Representative and Officer Representative) and other faculty members in the Mechanical Engineering Department.

Activities for the past year included the completion of SAE's all-terrain vehicle and the Super-Flow Dynamic Workshop. Presentations and speakers included Mr. James Rorke of Hughes Helicopter, speaking about the AH-64 Apache; Mr. Elliot Green, 1985 National SAE President and Mr. Chuck Colyer of Lubrizoil, INC.

OWN BLOOD THE NARRATIVE OF THEIR DEEDS

# ASNE

This year, the American Society of Naval Engineers sponsored a series of noon-time lectures and an annual banquet held at the O'Club. Lectures were given several times a semester when guest speakers were invited to share their sea stories as well as their technical expertise on many subjects, all of which were Navy related. Recent lectures covered experiences from sea trials and first missions of a deep submergence vehicle used for underwater salvage to the mobilization of the Royal Navy in the battle over the Falklands. The officers during the 1984-85 year were Holly Graf (President), Ellen Coyne (Vice-President), Mike Mitchell (Secretary), and CDR Collins, USN (Officer Representative).

# CHEMISTRY CLUB

The Chemistry Club is designed to provide information to midshipmen on various topics relating to chemistry. The 1984-1985 seminar series included four informative lectures on interesting applications of chemistry. Topics covered include extended research at the Naval Research Labs in Washington D.C., symmetry in chemistry, the chemistry of color photography, and the chemistry of comets.

# SIGMA IOTA EPSILON

Sigma Iota Epsilon is the Honorary Management Fraternity. Sigma Lamda (U.S. Naval Academy chapter) is one of the most active chapters of SIE in the Northeast. Highlighting this last year of SIE at USNA were two formal induction banquets (due to the dropping of the management major) in which forty-five new members were inducted, a two-part seminar providing the Brigade with information on personal finance, a spring social, and noon meetings featuring speakers who are prominent in the business community. Sigma Lambda was also called upon to perform the induction of a new SIE chapter at the University of Baltimore.

*(Opposite Page)*

# OMEGA RHO

Omega Rho is the international honor society for operations analysis. It was open to math and computer science majors who desire a greater understanding of operations analysis. This year this was accomplished through guest speakers who lectured on a wide variety of topics concerning the OR student.

# PHI ALPHA THETA

Phi Alpha Theta is international honors society for students of history. At the Naval Academy, the Omega Kappa chapter encouraged its members to participate in regional conferences and to exchange ideas about their historical research. On a more informal level, Phi Alpha Theta members gathered periodically away from the Academy to share their views on contemporary issues.

# SIGMA PI SIGMA

Sigma Pi Sigma, the physics honor society is a growing organization in conjuction with the society of physics students. Activities included general lectures open to the public, luncheon meetings with guest speakers, and field trips to the Naval Research Laboratory and the Naval Observatory in Washington D.C.

# OMICRON DELTA EPSILON

Omicron Delta Epsilon is the honor society for economics majors. It provides an opportunity for members to further their understanding of economics in both military and civilian society. This year's activities included numerous luncheons, two banquets, and a trip to New York Stock Exchange. ODE also invited a number of individuals to speak on topics of interest in the study of economics. Lecturers this year ranged from stock brokers and corporate executives to military economic analysts.

# ANS

The American Nuclear Society is a national organization concerned with the promotion of awareness of matters affecting the military and civilian nuclear communities. Membership in the student chapter of ANS is mainly composed of midshipmen taking nuclear-related courses, but all interested midshipmen are welcome. The student chapter was advised this year by LCDR James Graham and Dr. Martin Nelson, both of the Naval Systems Department.

The student branch promoted awareness by sponsoring lectures and occasional field trips. In March, Commissioner Lando W. Zech of the U.S. Regulatory Commission lectured, and ANS also sponsored a field trip to Three Mile Island.

# AIAA

The Naval Academy chapter of the AIAA is a student branch of the America Institute of Aeronautics and Astronautics. The purpose of the institute is to stimulate and report research and advancements in the fields of aeronautical and astronautical engineering. Highlights of the 84-85 year included a trip to Oceana Naval Air Station, guest speakers from NASA and major aerospace corporations, and a trip to the Kennedy Space Center.

# SNAME

U. S. NAVAL ACADEMY
THE SOCIETY OF NAVAL ARCHITECTS & MARINE ENGINEERS
STUDENT SECTION

# PI TAU SIGMA

The Naval Academy's chapter of Pi Tau Sigma, the national honor society of mechanical engineers, remained involved this year. Seventeen first classmen were active throughout the 1984-85 academic year. Events included hosting a reception for the parents of Class of 1984 mechanical engineering students and working with local high schools to aid them in starting Junior Engineering Technical Societies. At the end of the year, about 15 new members from the Classes of 1985 and 1986 were inducted into the society at a special dinner ceremony. The group was advised by CAPT Inglis, USAF, and faculty advisor Professor Lee.

# IEEE

The Institute for Electrical and Electronics Engineers (IEEE) at the Academy is a student branch of one of the most active engineering organizations in the world. The members of our club share an interest in electrical or electronic devices. The club gives members a chance to enhance their experience and stimulate their interest by having meetings, seminars and field trips. Sharing a common interest with the Microcomputer Interest Group (MIG), IEEE shares a small club room in Muary Hall in which club activities take place. IEEE traditionally sponsors the faculty-firstie softball game and a social for the underclass to meet their future professors.

# PI SIGMA ALPHA

Pi Sigma Alpha is the national political science honor society. The aim of Pi Sigma Alpha is to promote worthwhile extracurricular activities related to public affairs. Since 1980, the U.S. Naval Academy's local chapter, Kappa Episilon has been active in promoting a variety of on-campus activities designed to stimulate discussion of public affairs. Midshipmen must meet a rigorous national standard of academic excellence to qualify for membership in this organization. During the academic year 1984-85, 28 midshipmen in the class of 1985 were inducted.

AMERICAN BUR

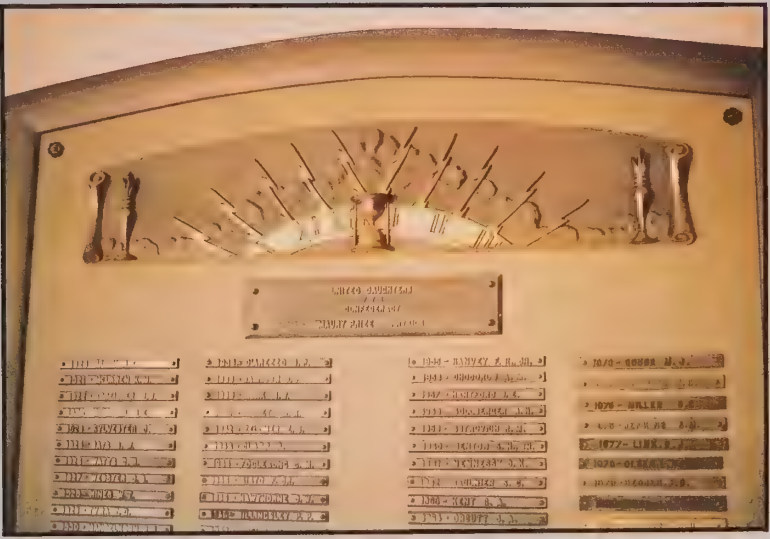
# ACADEMIC AWARDS

The American Bureau of Shipping presented a prize to Jeffery W. Hoyle for having the highest average of grades of the graduating class for all courses completed in engineering among those who complete a Naval Architecture major.

The Class of 1924, United States Naval Academy, presented a prize to James M. Polo for achieving the highest average of grades for all courses complete in engineering, oceanography, and acoustics among those who complete an Ocean Engineering major.

The United Daughters of the Confederacy presented a prize to Edwin J. Brzezinski in honor of Commodore Matthew Fontaine Maury for being the outstanding student of physics in the graduating class.

The Detroit Women's Council of the Navy League presented a prize to Joseph S. Flynn for being the outstanding student of chemistry in the graduating class.



The Masqueraders, the oldest ECA at the Naval Academy, continued its tradition of entertaining the Brigade this year by presenting the East coast premiere of Thornton Wilder's THE ALCESTIAD. The high point of the run was the attendance and pre-performance speech given by Isabel Wilder, the sister of Thornton Wilder. This production and the visit by the Wilder family capped off another successful season for the group.

# MASQUERADERS

# THE ALCESTIAD

# GLEE CLUB

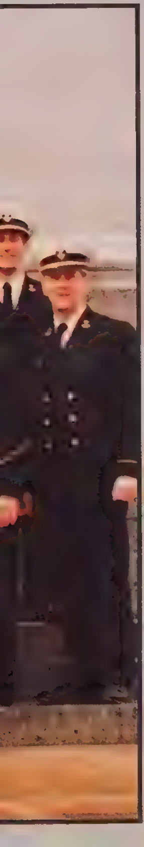
The Naval Academy Glee Club is an 80 member singing group that performed on more than 75 occasions this year. Many of these shows took place on the Glee Club's two annual week-long tours. This year the Glee Club performed for the President, made numerous appearances on national TV, and sang at the 50th Presidential Inaugural Gala. The Glee Club also performed in the Annapolis area with two Commissioning Week concerts, the annual presentation of Handel's "Messiah", and various concerts at the Academy throughout the year.

# PROTESTANT CHAPEL CHOIR

The Protestant Chapel Choir is a select group of voices that provides sacred music for the Chapel services. This year, in addition to supporting the Main Chapel on Sunday mornings the choir provided music for special services such as the Martin Luther King, Jr. service and the Good Friday service. The group also participated in the annual presentation of the "Messiah." The choir not only provides music at the Academy but shares its music with congregations all along the East Coast. This year was highlighted with trips to Virginia Beach, Washington, Baltimore, and New York City.

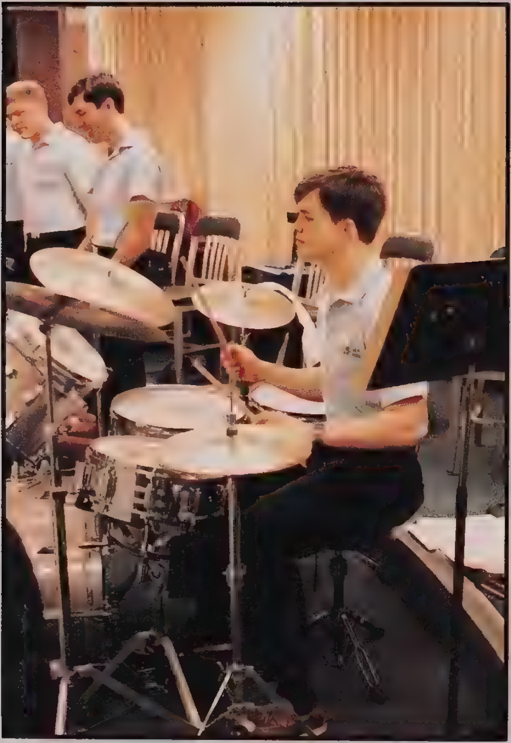
# CATHOLIC CHOIR

The Catholic Choir provided music for the Main Chapel on Sunday mornings. Under the direction of Mr. Jim Dale, the choir also performed at St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York, the Basilica in Baltimore, Mother Seaton Shrine in Emmitsburg, Maryland, and in New Orleans during Easter break. The Choir took part in the Christmas portion of Handel's *Messiah* and went Christmas caroling in the yard. The Choir was also led by Midshipman First Class Michael Stephaniak, president; Midshipman First Class Steve Kelly, vice president; and Midshipman Second Class Rob Garcia, secretary; and Commander Duffy, officer representative.



# ANTIPHONAL CHOIR

The Antiphonal Choir takes part in the religious services of the Naval Academy Chapel and participates in programs and activities that both promote music and represent the Naval Academy.



USNA
TRIDENT BRASS

# TRIDENT BRASS

Trident Brass is the Brigade's jazz ensemble. The band is organized around the big swing bands which originated in the large dance halls of the 30's and 40's. There are four groups of instrumentation in Trident Brass, including saxophone, trombone, trumpet, and rhythm sections.

This year, the competition was strong for membership in the group, which met twice a week throughout the year. The band performed several times including their own concert in Mitscher hall and in the city of Annapolis during the Springfest.

The Band was directed by a Naval Academy Band member, PO1 Gary Seitz and run by midshipmen Doug McKennan (President) and Phil McLaughlin (Vice-President). Though a young organization, the Trident Brass entertains and gains respect from all who come and support jazz music.

ETERNAL FATHER
STRONG TO SAVE

# RELIGIOUS ACTIVITIES

# BAPTIST STUDENT UNION

A Baptist-sponsored fellowship for all students, the Baptist Student Union started the year with its annual back-to-school picnic. Regular Tuesday night meetings provided spiritual growth to midshipmen and other members. Football season saw the use of the new BSU center for aftergame fellowship as well as many other activities. The successful Army-Navy Banquet and the dedication of a new church finished out the fall semester. After Christmas, the BSU sponsored a Midwinter Retreat, an Evangelism Seminar, and the fun-filled Talent/Untalent Banquet to raise money for Baptist summer missions.

# L'CHAIM

L'Chaim, a group of Jewish midshipmen, accomplished their goal of having an active year interacting with the Jewish community of Annapolis. All three synagogue congregations either attended Sabbath services at the academy or hosted the midshipmen. L'Chaim hosted the Jewish War Veterans of Baltimore, the Goucher Jewish Student Association, and the Annapolis Jewish Singles club for Sabbath services. L'Chaim also hosted disabled Israeli war veterans who toured the United States. It was a good opportunity for the midshipmen to contrast their military training with that of the Israelis' and learn about their experiences. Both the midshipmen and the congregants gained much from meeting each other and worshipping together.

Throughout the year, L'Chaim provided an appreciation of heritage and helped prepare the midshipmen for lay leadership in the fleet.

# OFFICERS' CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP

OCF was quite an active ECA this year, drawing over 200 members from all four classes and parts of the Brigade. Activities began during the summer when Colonel and Mrs. Paul Roush ran mini-retreats every weekend at their chalet at Lake-in-the-Woods in Virginia, directed mainly for midshipmen spending their first weekend at Quantico during PRO-TRAMID. These weekends were highlighted by studies in the book of Titus.

The annual Labor Day retreat was held at White Sulfur Springs to start off first semester's activities. This was followed in September by a square dance held at Evangelical Presbyterian Church in Annapolis. In October OCF had a picnic at Fort Meade followed by a hayride at the Academy dairy farm. That evening's campfire gave about one hundred people an opportunity to hear the gospel. Following the Army-Navy football game in Philadelphia, Brigadier General Howard Graves spoke at the annual banquet which brought midshipmen and cadets together to learn about each other and see how God was working in their respective academies.

The Roushes continued "Open House" at Maranatha Mansion on Saturday nights, offering "build-your-own-sundaes", Christmas tacos, desert nights, and even "build-your-own-hero-sandwiches", along with the opportunity to meet with other Christians in a relaxed atmosphere.

During second semester OCF held two retreats, Washington's Birthday and Easter weekends and a Commissioning Week picnic to bring midshipmen together to fellowship and to know Christ.

The fellowship that OCF provided, in conjunction with other Christian groups, created many friendships that are sure to last as our members continue their careers in the fleet.

OCF

OFFICERS CHRISTIAN
FELLOWSHIP

# NAVIGATORS

The Navigators is an international, evangelical Christian organization. Jesus Christ gave his followers the Great Commision to go and make disciples (Matthew 28:19). The aim of the Navigators is to help fulfill that commision by multiplying laboring Christians in all the world. At the Naval Academy, this task is accomplished through Bible studies, seminars, and personal help for Christians who desire to grow in their relationship with Christ, and to increase in their ability to serve.

# CCD

# APOSTOLIC FELLOWSHIP

The Apostolic Pentecostal Fellowship and Service provides lively music, vocal praise, and all the Biblical modes of spirited worship. During its weekly services, the APF&S also ministered to the spiritual needs of the Apostolic or Pentecostal midshipmen. Biblical doctrines on prayer, the attainment and use of the supernatural Spiritual gifts, and all Christian concepts as expressed specifically in the Bible and practiced by the Apostles were studied this year.

# NEWMAN CLUB

The Newman Club is an organization of Catholic students that provides an opportunity to grow in an understanding of their Faith and its relationship to their advancement in Secular Sciences, and to the new responsibilities of their professional careers.

The Newman Club here at the Academy has a four fold program: Growth in Knowledge, Growth Spiritually, Social Ministry, and being Part of a National Program.

# FIRST CLASS

FORTUNA
85
FAVET FORTIBUS
USNA

# First Company

Angela A. Bartosik
Bart
Anaheim, California
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

Arriving at USNA wearing Mickey Mouse ears and carrying 12 reg cotton bras, Angela brought her bright cheery smile into our hearts. A solid friend and fearsome enemy Ang has taught us all to respect life liberty and the pursuit of chocolate. How can we ever forget that God created CA on the 7th day or that Navy Womens Crew was the greatest? Only a few were privileged enough to see Ang's production of Murder by Necktie, a play which she wrote and starred in herself. All of us stand in sympathy of her measley 3.3 qpr, the result of absolutely failing so many tests. 3/c year was uneventful, except for a trip to Europe as official beer taster for the USA. 2/c year brought more exciting times as Ang finally convinced the Dant to hold the Army/Navy Game in CA., upon her recommendation that we seek a warmer climate. 1/c yr finally brought smiles back to the face of this CCSHCJ mid. Deciding to try something exotic Angie tried studying her 1st semester of 1/c yr A 3.8 brought her those long awaited stars Her most famous quote-I'll never drink again has proved that words are to be listened to and not believed. We appreciate your being her with us. Like it was the greatest, like we'll miss you

SMW AND JSH

Joseph W. Beadles, III
Joe,
Longwood, Florida
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Joe "The Conqueror" Beadles has left his mark on our beloved institution in all areas. He arrived from Florida, with a gleam in his eye and destiny in his hands. The whole world was at his beckoning and Joe proceeded to tame it.

Plebe year saw Joe "Sominex" Beadles hitting the rack instead of the books, but he ended up on top- usually. Youngster year, Joe "Guiness" Beadles began his record-setting achievements in the fields of imbibery and debauchery. Second class year found Joe "Valentino" Beadles with an open eye for the ladies, as he began to break hearts Many a lass felt his arms around her, all eight of them, and whispers of sweet nothings in her ear. As a side note, Joe "Beadlestein" also set some financial landmarks by always seeming to spend the least on every occasion. First class year Joe began "teaching old doggies new tricks" and loving life. His new car led him to many virgin territories needing exploration. Joe "Ya gotta love me" Beadles is a unique person with unique tastes and always a true friend. He will be the best aviator to come from his beloved "P-cola" or fall asleep trying.

Tench

Eric M. Beckler
Bo
Palatka, Florida
Marine Engineering
Navy Aviation

With a dip in his lip and a .45 somewhere on his person, Bo rolled into Annapolis to start his plebe year. Bo was never understood at first, mainly because he spoke a language other than English. But when his mama sent down a copy of the "Palatka Dictionary", we soon understood that "fokickoass" meant please and "steady boy" meant watch out. With this semantics problem out of the way, Bo tackled (or should I say wrestled) with life in Bancroft. Although slowed down some by a bad knee, Bo took up "marathons" and soon was setting records that would have made Alberto Salazar proud. But sometimes the pressure got to Bo. You could always tell if he had had a bad day by the number of picket fences knocked down or the number of bruises on Randy's body or Rich's face. Eric did bring his passion for huntin' big game to USNA and bagged some beauties, too. Bo "Buy American" Beckler was always a man with wheels. Thanks to his daddy, Bo went through more cars than Richard Petty on a bad day. Despite everyone's efforts, it finally took Adm. McKee to convince Bo that Marine Eng. was a difficult major at USNA. Bo undoubtedly set some gastronomical records in his years here. He was the first person ever offered a McDonalds credit card and then surpassed his credit limit. Bo's steady element in his volatile life is his high-school now college sweetheart and soon to be bride, Sandy. Eric has always been a true bud and always willing to help, whether you wanted a dip or some free advice. He was a true friend to all who stayed on his good side and a holy terror to those who crossed the line. Good luck Bo and see you in Pensacola

DOC

Michael E. Bryant
Mike
Radcliff, Kentucky
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Mike came to us from Radcliff. Ky, a "suburb" of Ft. Knox, having observed enough of army life he aspired to fly jets for the Navy. Plebe year found Mike a married man, that is, until Rhonda decided to persue other interests. Mike used to enjoy wrestling and pillow fighting until Al introduced him to the low blow. Being the friendly sort, Mike wasted no time in spooning the firsties and Derwood at the company dining in. He began his two year flirtation with football which brought his four year love affair with the rack. Youngster year Mike occupied his time teaching photo club classes, having his heels chopped up, and sewing his roommate into his rack. The gods of engineering decreed that Mike's calling was to be a scientist. After a summer vacation in Annapolis with the history Dept., Mike slid into second class year reaching for new academic heights. There was a new grey presence in the room that semester, Steve, the Woop Soup. When he wasn't in the pool with the scuba club or Georgetown with Kyle he was "midifying" the Woop. That Army week will never be forgotten as the room was the woopster HQ. For every recon raid the brigade ran Mike and the Woop ran two. Second semester Mike taught Jim and Randy wires but always seemed to do worse on the tests. On First Class cruise Shellback Mike found out that the rumors about Australia weren't true-much to his dissappointment. Plebe summer found Mike annoying the plebes and Jim breaking all his toys. Mike, the firstie, ventured into the skies in pursuit of his pilot's license, and to Goucher in pursuit of Jen. Mike plans a green future hopefully in the right seat of an A-6. Semper Fi.

JLE

William L. Coblentz
Wild Bill,
Clinton, Maryland
Electrical Engineering
Navy Aviation

Canoe U. seized ET2 Coby from the clutches of Nuke power just in the nick of time and made him a much superior being-a plebe. Plebe summer we all learned something about Bill that would always be remembered, Coby defined the word classmate. No favor was to big for Bill. Youngster year the girls liked him so much they made him an honorary female midshipman (later he got a White doorplate). Women in uniform were not the only worshippers of young William, for at Trinity College in D.C., Bill would once again make 1st Co. history. Too much wine, lustful women, and song set the stage for Bill's next romantic encounter. Bill's skill at record setting wet kisses with a certain young pretty at Trinity earned him the title of "Wild Bill". Shortly after the Trinity episode, Wild Bill soon managed to earn his junior fireman's badge, thanks to some history notes and the strike of a match. Although the mini Bon-fire was a success. (the roasted marshmellows were great!), the OOD didn't seem to feel the same way and showed our young hero another way to make heat, through membership in the EMBC. Realizing that crime does not pay, Bill turned to his former success—women. Thus, second class year began with his attempt to win the heart of his lover to be-Sandy. Because of his record and Wild Bill reputation, Sandy became the first name on the bottom of the "Wild Bill-Manchild Dogged Fund". Tired of his tribulations with the ladies and his life of crime, Wild Bill took up skiing as a reform, but there was no snow. Thus the second class ski trip turned into "the guests who would not leave" weekend at Bill's house. Hunting for just one success, Bill tried Adm. McKee's Nuc Pwr interview—and now he's one of the "Natty Bo" drinking aviators enroute to P-cola. Bill, you talk too much!!

JLE & RKR

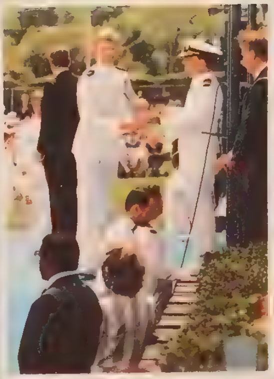
Althea H. Coetzee
Allie (-Oop)
Richmond, Virginia
History
Supply Corps

Allie came to us from Richmond, VA ever the proper southern belle. She and Annie laughed their way through plebe summer with good 'ole M/Ens. Weber. Then the Brigade came back and Allie managed to disappear from the scene with her newly-acquired sailing buddies. Unfortunately they were a little too close and the BOOW presented her with a 4K for spending time with them with the door shut. So Allie became the first plebe in Fun One to serve room tours. Plebe year passed and Allie started youngster year anew and surprised everyone with Batt stripes. Her new roommates weren't impressed, however, but she got along well with them—so well that she ended up in Bethesda for two weeks. Second class year rolled around and Allie found her niche as the company girl scout cookie distributor. Anyone in the company who felt the slighest hunger pang came running to her room for a Somoa or two (or twenty). With Andy off to flight school, Allie felt it safe to announce their year old engagement. Having vast amounts of experience with the PCR, she also became the PCR gouge queen. It seemed everyone but herself benefitted and so she was cordially invited to an all expense paid trip to Annapolis the next summer for two weeks. Then Allie zoomed into firstiedom in her turbo Z (thanks, Andy!). The year passed by with a minimum amount of study and a maximum amount of fun. It takes a real strain to be a 15-hour, MIR, History major. But in all seriousness, Althea's generosity and selflessness ranked her as the best of friends. There was nothing she wouldn't do for you. We all wish her the best of luck as a Pork Chop and in her marriage with Andy. We'll all miss her dearly.

MZD

Kyle J. Cozad
Gonad
Las Vegas, Nevada
Oceanography
Navy Aviation

Kyle arrived at the Naval Academy from Las Vegas without any idea of what the military was all about; it took him over a week to figure out what a Reef Points was. Kyle stumbled through the rest of plebe summer except for drill, where he never could get the turn in the right direction. Kyle played basketball for a year, just long enough to get through plebe year on training tables. As a youngster, Kyle felt that free weekends and road-trips were more important. Almost every weekend found Kyle changing in the back of grandma H's after a successful trip. Second-class summer reaffirmed Kyle's desire to fly, or at least be stationed in Pensacola long enough to enjoy the "sights". Kyle majored in Oceanography, but spent more time reading a map and planning the next weekend's excursion. First-class summer saw Kyle adopt the motto, "if you're breathin' and you ain't drinkin', you ain't nothin'". However, as a self-proclaimed bachelor, Kyle finally fell his senior year and had to calm his wild ways. Kyle brought a lot of laughs to Fun One, and his humor will not be forgotten. Graduation finds Kyle heading for Pensacola and a P-3, but wedding bells are not out of the picture. Good Luck Kyle, and always fly high.



Jeffrey A. Daniel
J.D.
Lima, Ohio
Physical Science
Supply Corps

Jeffrey came to the Academy via a short stop at the prep school. Being a recruited athlete, he had high aspirations in what he could contribute both academically and athletically. After not meeting his bare minimum standards as a j.v. football player, he turned to track - where he was an immediate sensation. After placing first and second in the Army-Navy track meet and qualifying for Easterns and still not receiving a varsity letter, Jeff gave up track and set his dreams soley on academics and football. His dreams fell short after breaking his leg and putting himself in a Non-Physically Qualified status. But Jeff never gave up hope. Although in the hospital because of his leg for 19 days - merely 20 days before his first exam started, he was forced to take all but one of his exams on time, and he failed all but one of them. Needless to say, that was the beginning of the end-the end of Jeff's enthusiasum!. Going to two sessions of summer school right after failing finals still did not discourage Jeff. For those 8 months of crutches and white works, Jeff became known as the "White Works King." Enthusiasm was low, but motivation was high - high probably due to a very special girl in his life, "Buckey". It was love at first spill! Renee helped Jeff to keep faith in himself and he showed his faith and love for her by asking her to marry him on 18 May 1984. Of course she accepted! His mother, father, and entire family - as well as Renee's family stuck behind Jeff throughout all of his turmoil. You made it Jeff!!! Now it was not all that bad was it? (Smile!) No one deserves it more than you. I love you and respect you for all that you have gone through and survived! You will be the best in whatever you endeavor. God Bless!

- Love Me-

P.S. Goodluck to Tony and Joey - thanks

Edward D. Digges
Digger
Vienna, Virginia
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Ted travelled far from Vienna to be with us for these beloved college years. (Virginia, not Austria). Plebe summer should be called a vacation for Ted, who spent half the time playing football in an All-Star game. He lost two roommates during the year - bless those lucky guys - and saw a lot of his old buddies (nobody told Ted U.S.N.A. wasn't a community college). Youngster year Ted discovered new uses for his favorite beer - as a shampoo for upperclass (the alias Gern Blanston) and as a floor wax from the top rack. The next year found Ted on crutches, much to the demise of the pro scouts. Not to be daunted, he redirected his energies toward a certain baseball fan and the Sigma Iota Epsilon. Summer cruise "Digger the Dog" journeyed to the South Pacifac to show them Aussies some good ol' Americain partying. This year also saw some land speed records set by our hero returning from liberty. Ahh, a management major at heart, Ted used every second of his liberty time. Lee Iacocca would be proud. This last year has found Ted in rare form. From Acquiring great study habits to his many Springer concerts, Ted kept his nose to the grindstone and beer mug full. Ted and the Boss were constant companions over the years, so, "Poor man want to be rich, rich man want to be king, and a king aint satisfied till he rules everything." Well, Ted's got everything it takes to be successful in life. His friendship will forever be with us all . . . go get 'em Gern.

Jim, Rich

Maria Z. Dunning
Zoe
Whitefish Bay, Wisconson
Physical Science
Supply Corps

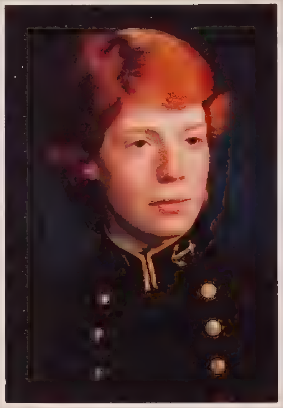
Zoe left Wisconsin but not her Wisconsin accent when she came to USNA. Plebe year was a breeze for the ever-smiling redhead who both played and managed basketball. Never having to study in high school, it took Zoe awhile to catch on here—four semesters in fact, until the Ac Board convinced her to try the studious approach to making it through in four years. Eighty-five and a half? Never!

Now that Zoe gets nearly all A's, the challenge is over, right? Wrong—she still has trouble with math—with balancing her budget, that is. Oh well, nobody's perfect.

Always the clown, Zoe has cheered many a depressed soul and brought laughter into the lives of all her friends. She has a knack for always being there when we need her. We'll always remember the poison controls, CDR Cooler's parties before tennis matches (is that why you played so well?), YP fantails, sunburning on the Pensacola beaches (thanks, Smitty), Peabody's and Governor's Island, Uno and frisbee, cheering and scorekeeping at volleyball tournaments (it wasn't in the job description), flague and waygon, and of course strawberry dacquiries and kahlua milkshakes.

Your time here has not been wasted Zoe; you've made lasting friendships and learned valuable lessons. It may be hard to leave your job as captain of the tennis team (and not so hard to leave your job as company adjutant), but once you're away from the halls of Mother B. the adventure of your life will just begin. It may carry you far from your friends, but not from your friendships. We love you, Zoe, and wish you the best. Thanks for being you.

JMS



John M. Duran
Mex
Lakewood, Colorado
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps-Aviation

John came to the Academy wearing his flannel shirts and cowboy boots and suddenly found himself clad in black to match the color of his hair. John made lots of friends plebe summer tipping covers and giving "flat tires". Academic year rolled around and John's life took a new direction, he found a trusting relationship with the Lord and gave himself to Him. The Lord taught John many things plebe year and gave him a promise he claimed for the rest of the year, James 1:12 "Blessed is the man who perseveres under trial, because when he has stood the test, he will receive the crown of life that God has promised to those who love him." Mex has been growing ever since and continues to trust God for guidance, claiming Psalm 23 for his life. Academics were never a high priority to John, he always put helping others above himself. In doing this, he has paved the way for a successful career as a flying "Jarhead". John will have company though, as he ties-the-knot in June with Lenae. Together they will press on in their service to God and country.

John, I treasure the closeness of our friendship and how God has brought us together as brothers in Christ. I encourage you brother, to press on toward the goal to win the prize for which God has called you Heavenward in Christ Jesus (Rom 3:14). May God bless you and keep you close to His side always!

Love in Christ,
Al

P.S. See you in the "Band of Brothers".

James L. Evans
Auschwitz
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Having enjoyed knob year at the Citadel. Jim found himelf on the Academy's steps plebe year. His awesome physique caused the coining of his nickname "Auschwitz". The end of plebe summer saw Jim give up smoking in order to get a roommate. From that point on it was "just a pinch between your cheek and gum". Jim devoted his musical talents to the D & B for three years, giving him four weekends at home plebe year. The effects of El Cid were evident to the entire company, especially one 2/c who several times found Jim wearing nothing more than Hanes and a set of bagpipes. Youngster summer found Jim on cruise off Beruit, battling none other than the ships boilers and A-6's. He fought two other major battles once youngster year had begun. One battle was a long hard fought victory over computers. But defeat was on the horizon as Jim battled Jimbo and his dreaded drink. Youngster year ended with letters from girls he'd never met, getting sewn in the rack, and hung by his tie. Jim returned from second class summer with a five foot model boat and a date for the Ring Dance. He had returned to room in the barn, more affectionately known as the "Toolshed". Army week was unusual since roommate "woop soup" was a well sought target. Second semester saw Jim involved with scuba. Fun one lost Auschwitz at the end of the year as he induldged in a rock for his lady and set a date for the wedding. First class summer, he was the first Mid to drive the Iowa in 30 years. During plebe summer it was surface line mighty fine, but when his eyes finally passed the test, it was USMC Air. He spent his free time flying, and his W.E.'s with Claudette. Hit the afterburners as you head for your wedding, Quantico, and P-cola. Good luck with your future.

MEB

Ellen E. Fain
Double E
Winston-Salem, North Carolina
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Ellen has dedicated her four years to hard work and hard play. Ellen is one of the few people who majored in history and subjected herself to high-track physics and cables. It was always obvious when the "light" academic load got lighter; her stack of Pepsi light cans would touch the ceiling. It has not always been academics that she has "run into" since plebe year, however.

She is the resistable force meeting the immovable object. She doesn't run the o-course, she runs into it. Every semester there are a few more scars on Ellen and a few more on the o-course She did intramurals, track, and sailing before she gave her full dedication (and her fingernails) to crew.

All of Ellen's endeavors have not been limited to the yard. She is the only mid I know to have carved her initials in the Atlantic with a sub tender's wake. Her youthful exterior has caused her to be carded every place she has gone. Nobody will believe that she is 21 until she is at least 38. But that doesn't stop her—where there's a will, there's a way (or a drink). Ellen brought her car back 2nd class year in preparation for many road trips. You could always tell the length of her trips by the number of cans in the back seat. Even without the car, she never lacked for rides. She dated many owners of sports cars.

Ellen is leaving the Academy to join the few and the proud. She will do very well if she approaches it the way that she approaches everything else; full steam ahead and no "wall" will stop her now.

Good luck to you and to the Corps. I hope you go where you want and get what you want in the future. Whatever you do you'll be sure to succeed. You may even be Commandant of the Marine Corps (God help the Corps).

DJC

David J. Hahn
Dave
Tampa, Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Dave entered the good old USNA after a four year stint at a Jesuit High School where all he learned was that "His head hurt, his feet stink, and that he didn't love Jesus . . ." He did however, meet Nancy before coming to "Camp Bancroft" and she stood by him all four years and blessed him by becoming his fiance' during Christmas leave his 2/c year. If we could all be as lucky as you, Dave, in finding a lady who is just half as beautiful and intelligent as Nancy is. The First Class, Plebe year, never did realize that they were dealing with an individual of superior intelligence and 'attitude'. It didn't take long however, for Dave's classmates to learn that Dave brought from Florida a carefree zest for life and a flare for adventure. He could always be counted on to find a good time, whether it meant crashing a wedding reception or waking up Lt. 'C' at 4 AM. After losing the bout with the Bull Plebe year, getting lost in Tijuana youngster year, hitchiking across state lines and sleeping under stair wells second class year, and doing beer hunters with Naty Bohs at Ocean City first class year, one could say that Dave accomplished much and reached great heights of perfection! In reality Dave's achievements were tremendous. No matter what the Mechanical Engineers threw at him, the 'Rocket', 'Wild Bill' and yes even Carl Holte, Dave always managed to come through with some staggering grades, including a 4.0 second class year. Dave was also a member and an officer of all sorts of Greek, Roman or whatever honor societies. Athletically, Dave was a force to be dealt with on and off the field. If Dave wasn't playing in a match he was preparing for it mentally in the rack. Dave will always be remembered for his happy feet, his Jimmy Buffett wardrobe and his unrelentless desire to have fun.

Jennifer S. Henry
Jen
Arnold, Maryland
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Hailing from the distant hamlet of Arnold MD Jennifer reported to USNA ready to "hit the deck plates *running*" then of course noone would have guessed how far or how often. If I had to describe Jen in one word it would be exercise. She did, however manage to fit in lots of hard work and wild fun between her twice daily runs around the perimeter of good old USNA. The real story started five years ago at NAPS where Jen fine tuned her skills at academics, pizza eating, alcohol tolerance, and dating a certain Rugby player, turned fiancee. All this hard work and dedication paid off when she joined the Fun One on 7 July 81. After spending plebe summer waxing floors in the dark at 3am she was ready to move on to more serious exploits. Plebe years endless hours were spent not studying, and proving that you can square corners and sound after 1½ pitchers. Youngster year was spent on nightly trips to Luce Hall armed with Diet Pepsi and trying to make her roommates experience the thrill of 3 mile runs through waist high snow at 6am. It was also the first and last time she pinned stars on her lapels (only because she never lost them). How she managed to go to bed before 11 and still have a 3.4 is one of her many secrets. Maybe the originator of 1-4-3 will tell. After spending the summer basking on Hawaiian beaches she returned to face a round of tough academics. First class summer saw yet another trip to Luau land. She returned with bronze cheeks and a flaming tongue ready to lead Alpha 1. As Ac Year began she traded her 2 stripes for 3 as she assumed command of the Volleyball team. What spare time she had was spent planning how to spend her favorite Nucs bonus. She finally decided on an engagement ring and a trip to England. Well Jen its been a "different 4 years. Good luck in the real world

AAB

Alan W. Hinckley
Big Al
Geneseo, New York
Ocean Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Big Al came to us from beautiful upstate New York where he was an excellent athlete and a hard working student. Al came to the Naval Academy for the challenge and prestige but when he leaves the most important thing that he will take with him is his eternal salvation. See, Big Al humbled hismelf before God and turned his life over to Jesus Christ as his Lord and Savior. Since that time Al's life has been founded on the scriptures, especially Psalm 37:3-6 "Trust in the Lord and do good; dwell in the land and enjoy safe pasture. Delight yourself in the Lord and He will give you the desires of your heart. Commit your way to the Lord; Trust in him and He will do this: He will make your righteousness shine like the dawn, the justice of your cause like the noonday sun." As God promised in Isaiah 40:31 Al remained strong and was able to excel in academics, athletics, and effectively minister to other midshipmen through the Navigators. Although the varsity letter Al earned and his Ocean Engineering degree were both important to him, Al never allowed these to interfere with his number one priority, serving God

Al, I have benefited greatly from our shared walk and the friendship that is ours from God. I pray that the Lord would continue to challenge you and purify you through His personal touch. Grace and peace go with you brother and may God continue to bless you. The world needs more people with dedication and God's vision Big Al, and you fulfill both criteria. Carry with you the spirit behind 1 Thessalonians 5:16-18 and allow God's Spirit to work its full ministry in your life.

Carl T. Holte
Gerbil
Savage, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Well, as the saying goes- then there's Carl, the proverbial one of a kind. His military career started off with a trip to Parris Island -the USMC. By the time he reached Naps, three years later, he had become a corporal, no mean feat for a grunt in "motor-T". He was a smart marine and didn't have to walk everywhere

Naps is where I first met Carl and from then on we've had nothing but wild times, like Bo Jangles and spring break. After Naps, he ended up in the fun company where his classmates really appreciated his experience. They even sang a song about him, it was something like "Holte's old and gnarly . . ". But nevertheless, Carl had a great time plebe year, he was always relaxed and in control. For example, when the rest of us were chopping around braced up, Carl could be seen ambling along in a track suit bottoms, flip flops, a too tight "T" shirt, and carrying a cup of coffee To top it off, if an upper class might stare, you could always hear, "How y'all doing today . . . Sir?"

One of the things Carl can do well is carry a guide-on. He was so good plebe summer, that he even called column movements for the first class. I guess he could read old Zendle's mind. Seriously though, one bunch that will be very lost on graduation day is the gymnastics team. Never was there such an excellent manager, you name it and he'd already done it.

Well Carl, good luck in the Corp's, I hcpe you finally quit smoking and manage to keep a roommate, and don't forget about Holte's heroes. You're a damn good friend and "that's what I'm talking about Jack!"

Blimey

P.S. Can you loan me a few bucks? I'll pay you back tomorrow

Eric M. Krebs
Klubber
Duluth, Minnesota
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officers

Eric came to First Company from the Great White North, where he had his own "sowna" in Duluth. Klubber's love for the spice of life and beer allowed him to meet interesting people like Peter Hartman and frequent classy places such as youngster park and Colonel Brook's Tavern. (Let's here it for Kyle's green beer, hey Eric?) This strange love also afforded him many memorable experiences such as restriping Rt 450 and his final Army-Navy. (Welcome to Miller time**It's all yours) Eric was also known by all for his decisive nature. One week, Eric would be going to buy a Honda and be intent on being a Marine—the next it was Chevy and nuke subs.

Eric's personal EI sessions, given most graciously to anyone who wandered through his doors with food, gave his roommates a little heartache. (Ahhhhh, systems!) They were, however, eager to tap his brain when they needed help.

During his three underclass years, a majority of Eric's time was spent planning outrageous summer trips—only one of which was a reality . . . but Canada will never be the same, eh? He will always remember how cold that Canadian water really is and how hard it is to figure just how much gas, in American gallons he was getting for his recently exchanged Canadian money.

Eric's fun loving and helpful attitude will be missed by all when he departs for the golden beaches of Pensacola soon to be known as the Worlds' Greatest P-3 NFO! God bless and good luck in your new life with Karlin

James M. Lennox
Lone-wolf
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Jim came from the "'zoo" way up north to our dear school with a suitcase full of civilian clothes and a taste for the liquor and the ladies. The next day the suitcase was gone, but his special tastes weren't.

Plebe year was a special time for Jim; full of attention from upperclass, even being dragged back from a party by them-vowing never to touch a drop again, of Jack Daniel's that is. Every other brand of liquor was fair game, as well as every other brand of women, St. Johnnies wre among the favored brands of the lasses one might say.

Youngster year was one of continued excellence in almost all areas, including Jim's pursuit of happiness. Jim's motto was "If you sleep for 12 hours a day while you're here, you're only here for 2 years." With this idea in mind, he honed his nocturnal activities to a fine edge. Never without a lady friend, Jim's "little black book" was well worn by second class year. Ring Dance was an interesting affair, leaving our hero with two dates until the last second. First Class year found Jim at various women's colleges, making 'Lonewolf' a household word in some dorms.

Through it all, Jim has been a great friend and will be successful as always . . . . where ever his energy boots take him . . . Go get 'em, Hulk

Ted, Tench

Anne-Marie Maraoui
Annie
West Orange, New Jersey
Political Science
Supply Corps

Anne-Marie came to us from Lebanon via New Jersey (exit 15W to be exact) destined to be an "other" on every form on file. Her unspellable and certainly unpronounceable last name—"Midn Ma . . ." gave everyone trouble!

Annie was a model plebe, but then how could she be otherwise with her big brother library escort. However, Anne-Marie showed her truer nature as an upperclassman: the ill-fated Spaghetti a la Carbonera with Jerry and Elva, and dates with Chester (you know, Chester Nimitz!). By the way, who parked your car on Route 50??

She achieved academic excellence (even saw stars!) which earned her a glorious semester with First Batt's Southern Belle But she is best known as a world traveller; Europe became Annie's spring and summer home away from home as P-cubed (or at least one member of the trio) took the Meditterranean by storm. Annie's long distance affairs weren't limited to European soil but extended westward to include the USA-FA.

Transcontinental broken hearts aside, A.M settled down to Academy business first class year, especially business two decks up, AMAN!! The California boxer knocked Annie off her feet and into his hooptie (Bad, Bad Boy). Her weekend disappearing act was remarkable—camping? dancing? Sure, Anne-Marie. Christmas in Ca. was sunny; '85 looks bright . . . We'll see.

The Supply Corps is lucky to get our A.M.—warm, talented, a true friend.

Love, B., T., and L.

### Jerome T. Marr

Jer
Huntington Beach, California
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Who's your buddy?''-The sounds of Jer shall forever echo throughout our hallowed halls. Right from the start, after a bout with pneumonia plebe summer, everyone knew that Jer would be spending more time in the rack than anyone else. Boy were we wrong! He became quite a sportsman, involved in cross country, rock climbing, track, and golf. I don't think anyone will ever forget the outings at the golf course. Of course most people play in the daytime but Jer always was a different ''Third World type of guy'', especially after getting a ''Par Four'' out of the sand trap. Napoleon once again made First Company history when his rock climbing career reached a pinnacle with his conquering of the mighty crevice. Third class cruise ended Jer's sports career when he turned his interests to aquiring, through dubious methods, his bride to be. He was never the same again. The right side of room 3034 was turned into a ''shrine'' honoring the blessed virgin, otherwise known as Sharon. Not that he had a lot of pictures, but Kodak started sending him Christmas cards. Junior year found Jer ''Wilbur and Orville'' Marr tangling with aero profs and Bo when he stepped out of line (steady boy!). Jerome ended the year by pondering his fortunes on his 0 to 60 in 2.3 seconds machine. First class year began with Jer reliving the life of his idol, Captain Nemo, when he spent 75 days under the polar icecaps. When Jer finally surfaced from his sub cruise, we found him running ''Jerome and Sharon's home for wayward First Company first class''. More Saturday morning first class formations were run at his apartment than in Bancroft Hall. I don't think we will ever meet anyone else like him. Jer, who's your Buddy?

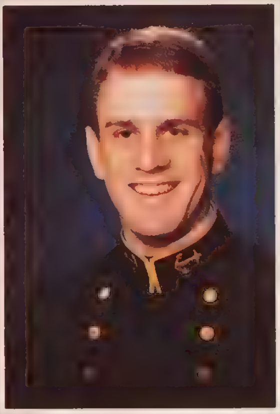
R.K.R

### Mark W. McDonough

Mark
Highlands, North Carolina
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Mark came to USNA from the backhills of North Carolina, bringing with him his friendliness and his academic prowess. The academic prowess bit the dust early on in his career, as did any aspirations of being a bubblehead. Seeing quickly that there was more than one way to skin a cat, Mark turned on the professionalism and nearly retired the job of Company Commander, monopolizing the position 5 of 8 semesters. Mark sweated through his plebe year, gaining reknown for his refusals to carry on despite the generous offerings of his squad leader. Mark proved to be immune to ''Youngster Syndrome,'' but he fell easy prey to the infamous rack monster. As life went on and a second year dawned, Mark found his two callings in lifeflaming and groundpounding. Mark also took the plunge and got engaged to the love of his life, Leith. His Corps mentality permeated everything he did, as his hair began growing inward and he began to put his shoes on before his pants, thus getting his money's worth out of both the Barber Shop and the Repair Tailor Shop as he went through pant hems like Kleenex. Come First Class year Mark tortured even more plebes as Alpha Company Commander, and then was rewarded with the helm of Fun One second semester. He still found the time to compete with Auschwitz for the company's rack record, although he came in an exhausted second. Seriously, Mark has been a best friend to all of us, with no favor to big for him to handle. A future General without a doubt, take care of your self and Leith and be the best that you can be (and already are!). Always remember from whom all good things eminate and keep God first in your life, ''for thine is the Kingdom, and the power, and the glory, forever and ever . . .''

AMS



### Teresa C. Owen

Traci
Wilmington, North Carolina
Mathematics
Engineering Duty Officer

Traci decided in the eighth grade that she would become an officer. She was in JROTC for four years, and was all prepared for the professional atmosphere of the Naval Academy. She was in for quite a shock. Her Plebe year, Fun One had quite a reputation; but it seemed that steely professionalism had nothing to do with it. Yet Traci persevered; because the Navy was a tradition with her grandfather, father, brother and sister, and because the Piedmont flight to Wilmington is either inconvenient or non-existent.

Now that first-class year has arrived, Traci has taken advantage of the two great benefits of being a midshipman; the car loan and the opportunity to travel to all sorts of Interesting places (like Wales) She has a justly deserved reputation for academic ability and adds to it through her equally famous tendency to hit the rack by 2130 every night. She is a coxswain for women's crew, and never having set any running records, she is quite happy never to have actually failed the mile test

In short, Traci has done pretty well at this distinguished institution- despite having a professional attitude and very unprofessional room-mates

### Randall K. Reid

Manchild
Gainesville, Florida
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Who's your buddy?'' - The sounds of the Manchild shall forever echo throughout our hallowed halls. Know what I mean, man? Not much can be said about Randy's Plebe year because nobody knew who he was; however, he did display his financial wizardry by saving an entire semester's pay- in his locker Youngster year brought a different Randy, complete with jump wings. The first in a series of Spring breaks was taken and Natty Bo became the official drinking water of First Co. Randy ''Pyro'' Reid even managed to earn his junior fireman's badge, thanks to a stack of History papers. Unfortunately the OOD didn't think the mini-bonfire was appropriate to celebrate the end of the semester with The first day of Second Class year, Randy decided to sleep out on Hospital Point rather than go to formation. The Manchild had arrived Randy could always be depended upon to get someone else a date, especially if she was already his. And, everyone knew Randy wasn't gettin' none. Infact, Randy got snaked so many times, I'm surprised he didn't want to become a eunich. The first day of Firstie year taught Randy that girl watching can cause accidents. Just ask the Lt. in the BMW in front of him. Randy could always be found doing one of four things: studying, writing up ac-board applications, getting dogged, and wrestling with Bo. The ''Big Match'' finally put an end to Bancroft's own ''Wrestling from the Olympic'' And, who can forget the dog-fund? What can be said about Randy ''Mr. Vegas'' Reid? Ask anyone who bet on him- when the cards are all down, Randy has that extra Ace up his sleeve. Yeah Randy, we knew you could do it. We knew you could graduate too. And, by the way - Who's your buddy?

Theresa E. Salza
Tree
Mesa, Arizona
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

Tree came to us from the deserts of Arizona and somehow managed to survive her Plebe year. Youngster year was filled with many "thirst quenching" expeditions, especially over youngster cruise. Tree was the assistant social director for her YP. Tree and her shadow always found the parties, or if there were none around, they made them. We'll never forget her encounter with the Italian Stallion, or the mornings after Franny-O's, (Nobody light a match!)

Being the only female on the Varsity Pistol Team, Tree always came back from trips with wild and crazy stories, (What really happened at Camp Perry?). Glee Club and choir were Theresa's loves. She had an excellent voice and was never embarrased to get up in front of an audience and belt out a tune. She could always be found on Saturday nights singing solo at Harry Brown's or the Skipper's Pub. A mid was also Theresa's love. Second class cruise was great for Tree. Now that she had the perfect gentlemen and flowers every week, Quantico was actually fun. Partying was great at P-cola, Theresa had a permanent dance partner, (Are you sure you won't let me cut in?). After cruise, Theresa needed a break from partying in the USA so she took off with two friends and had wild extravaganzes in Europe.Theresa learned a lot about the world on that trip, especially during her pep-talk in Cambridge, England.

Theresa's first class year consisted of Green Alerts, Green Alerts, and more Green Alerts. She managed to get away for a few long distance trips to Connecticut and Jersey. Now that she had a brand new car there was no limit to her adventures.

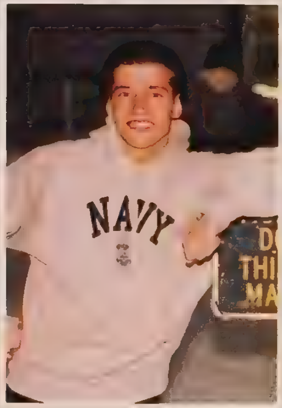
Good luck in your future adventures and all of your aspirations, Tree. We'll always be anxious to hear about them.
P.S. Das is Goot, no?

L.R.B and A.M.M.

John V. Sims
J.V.
Richmond, Virginia
Mechanical Enginering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

John arrived at USNA from the deep south - - - Richmond, VA. 'Smoothie' was recruited for squash even though he had never played a game in his life. Needless to say J.V.'s inherent adaptability led him to a varsity letter in his youngster year. Yet this challenge wasn't enough for ol' J.V. he decided to become a Mechanical Engineer. After countless hours of study across the desk from this 'wife' of 4 years, and bitter struggles with the 'Rocket' and 'Wild Bill,' John, in his usual fashion, succeeded with flying colors. He graduated with a 3.0 and the undying gratitude and respect of his roommate. Too bad John couldn't find time for the ladies (HA!). Susan, Becky, Alison (2), Rita, Melanie, Suzie, Caroline and Beth - - - to name a few. Despite the unusual circumstances surrounding most of these encounters John came through again. When 'Tripod Man' couldn't find the ladies he went out with the boys. O.C., Hawaii, Newport and Lauderdale provided plenty of Naty Bohs and good times. Even with all of the hard work and debauchery J.V. managed to find time to become the best company commander in Fun One's history. His success has to be attributed to his natural abilities, his undying search for excellence and the tremendous support he received from a fantastic couple - - - his parents.

Hey best man, "Thanks for a fabulous four years and keep being what other people can only dream of becoming."



Arthur M. Sterrett, Jr.
Art
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Four years ago the self-proclaimed "California Kid" appeared on the Naval Academy scene via that sub-arctic city of Minneapolis, Mn. Coming from a diversified past and on the advice of his loving parents, Art made the decision to become a naval officer. Because of his past, Art arrived with a big asset, wisdom! Because of this trait Art was what we all hoped to become, a leader! Coupled with an excellent sense of humor, Art beared that "load" of leadership and helped us through some pretty rough times.

As the year progressed, Art became that bottle of fine wine that never seemed to get taken from the wine rack in the cellar. But when the second semester of second-class year finally rolled around, the Lord finally let the sun shine in as if to say, "Good things come to those who wait on the Lord." Art found himself on the second-class regimental staff, and when plebe summer came he proudly led the starboard battalion. In the fall of 84 another area of Art's life was touched by the hand of God. The love that he longed for came in a package who's outward appearance was only surpassed by its inner beauty. Art soon found himself digging a tunnel between the Academy and Quarters 354, Quantico, Va., finding himself competing with a colonel for Jeanne's affections. The winter of 85 brought five stripes his way and service selection brought an all expense paid trip to Pensacola, Fla.

There's no question that Art will be a success in the fleet. He will continue to right the wrong and strive for excellence in all areas of his life. Art, may the Lord continue to bless you and show his face through the spirit that he has instilled in your life.

Steven N. Stevenson
P.B.
Olathe, Colorado
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

Steve claims he came to Annapolis from Olathe, CO - - - but everyone is suspicious because no one has ever heard of Olathe. Being from such a small town Steve was somewhat ignorant of the ways of the big city. His roommates wasted no time introducing him to the finer points of life - - - Budweiser, The Bull, Naty Bohs and complex division. With all this excellent instruction P.B., the valedictorian and biggest waster of time I have ever seen, began his academic career with a 2.11. Despite this miserable start Steve became a Mechanical Engineer and after several battles with the 'Rocket' and 'Wild Bill' he graduated with a 2.8. Seeing no future in basketball Steve undertook another sport - - - - the rack with coaches like the Ox and J.D. his prowess soon emerged. The Bumble made several trips to the hospital - - one for the schnoz and one for the knee. The knee dashed Steve's Navy Air hopes and provided him with the opportunity to go CEC. With his Mech. E. background and Los Alamos experience there is nothing to stop him. The Lord willing, the future holds a lot for Steve - - - his intelligence, common sense and his affinity for Mexican food will take him places no man has gone before. Steve proved to be a pal through thick and thin and I can't wait to find him on some tropical island with his Seabee buddies and a dark tan (HA HA).

Ray B. Stewart
Tucker Dog
Severna Park, Maryland
Economics
Surface Warfare

Ray came to the Naval Academy via a short delay in Newport. It was at the prep school that he acquired the name "Tuckless". I called him the "Tuckless Wonder" because of his quasi Marine Corps tuck or lack of one. In fact, he even took on the name of his family dog, "Tucker Dog", because Ray claims that Tucker Dog was his source of inspiration and hope during the tough times. Sure, Ray. Well, he took his fun and parties from N.A.P.S. down to Annapolis. Only living a few miles from home while attending the Academy, he knew where to go for fun! He sometimes even combined his weekend drinking with his beloved churchgoing sessions on Saturday nights. He was a tennis stud who was frustrated because of never making it to Wimbledon. He made up for his hopes of playing in Wimbledon by setting high academic standards for himself and meeting them. He had everything going for himself at S.S.: perfect eyes to fly -which many in '85 would kill for, the grades to go nuke -which less people would kill for. Plus a body which would pass any stringent physical standards. He considered being a pilot for a couple of years, a nuke for a couple of weeks, and a Marine for a couple of nanoseconds. But Ray's real love was for driving ships!? Not nuke ships but the old conventional tin cans. Ray will always be an old salt at heart.

Ray, with all of his qualifications was able to achieve whatever he wished, while maintaining his laidback disposition.

You will go as far as you want to in life. Good Luck! Take care and God Bless

J.D.

Richard N. Tilghman
Tench
Kailua, Hawaii
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Tench arrived at USNA with a suitcase of civilian clothes in one hand and an open mind. The next day he was without the suitcase and was down to a one track mind. Thus began the saga of yet another great military Tilghman, that of Tench Tilghman; not to be confused with "Admiral Bull Halsey" Tilghman and "Admiral Dewey" Tilghman. Although swimming took up most of his time plebe year, "Flipper" had the good fortune to link up with a buddy who was to lead him down the road to righteousness (of course there were a few detours). The next thing we knew the hottest line in Annapolis was "Hi, my name is Rich. I'm from Hawaii." More surprising was that it usually worked! Always a success with the ladies, "Valentino" Tilghman found that a six-pack of Natty-bos, a bag of Doritos, and a trip to the golf course was the quickest way to a woman's "heart". Soon after, "Hana Hou" became a word used frequently by all of Rich's women. After an ill-fated romance with Ocean Engineering, Rich "Statics-Stud" Tilghman came back home to papa and became the last of a dying breed, a management major. With the burden of studying lifted from his shoulders, "Mr. GQ" turned his attentions to pursuing an easier way of life, one filled with fun, frolic, frequent battles with the rack monster and an unyielding attempt to supplement his income by playing the lotto. Through it all, Mr. Lotto has been a true buddy, always there with a pleasant "howzit brah" and a smile. No matter what he does after graduation (Yes Rich you do have to do something), his five year career will be the best and only one he'll ever have.

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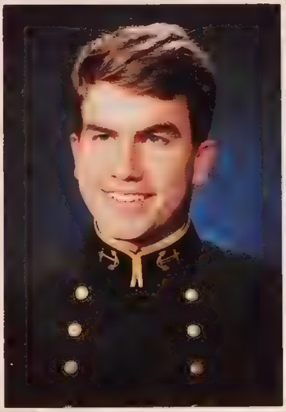


# Second Company

David A. Bailey
Arnie
Harwinton, Connecticut
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

You would think that after four years at USNA Dave would mature and learn to accept responsibility. Yet, he seems to have retained his youthful, carefree attitude and is the only person I know who still gets toys for Christmas.

Dave's lifelong dream to soar with the eagles came to an abrupt end due to his pre-com physical and his color blindness of the green-money variety.

He demonstrated his potential with his ability to acquire a high QPR despite his tough aerospace engineering major and an arduous two-year stint in the D & B. Yet, as with any genius, he displayed a touch of insanity with his mad obsession of creating poems, which probably accounted for his unique perception of reality. But, I imagine his greatest satisfaction would arise from his completion (if ever) of a balsa wood airplane he started in dead week of plebe year.

He would have probably finished the plane, if it wasn't for various female distractions and a lemon of a 1970 Camaro. It was hard to impress his girlfriends if they had to constantly help push his car down the highway

With the onset of 1/C year, Dave was able to tackle his greatest problem - that of anonymity After winning the varsity letter in Rugby and being the wardroom president, he thought his problem was cured. Alas, his company officer and many of his company-mates never did find out who he really was.

GOL

Brian M. Broberg
Bro
Whittier, California
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Bro arrived here at good ole USNA from sunny California after a quick tour at NAPS where he learned what a "real" winter was. The mild mannered Broman managed plebe year easily and quite frankly, without saying a whole lot. It was youngster year that most of us in "tight-Two" realized he even existed.

Youngster year was a time of changing and growing for Brian. He was fortunate to have special friends who were there to help in his walk with God.

It was our action-packed second class summer that Bro found the Mean Green Fighting Machine. I cannot figure out what they did to him, but Bro was MOTIVATED. I imagine it had something to due with the fact that his BIG little brother was a Recon Marine- and a good one. Yes the Marine Corp in Bro's words is 'basically bad'' (California lingo?). Since then many a night have been spend talking about anything and everything. The Army-Navy game brought 7 of us out to the Broberg's house where Mrs. B instantly adopted us, a time never to be forgotten- what food! Bro returned from Christmas a new man. How many people get THAT much mail from just a friend?

Bro is highly respected by all who know him. His strong faith and devotion to God reflects in everything he does. He is conscientious, thoughtful and especially caring of his fellow man. He has touched the lives of many.

Bro, thanks for being the one friend I can really talk to. May God be with you in all your endeavors.

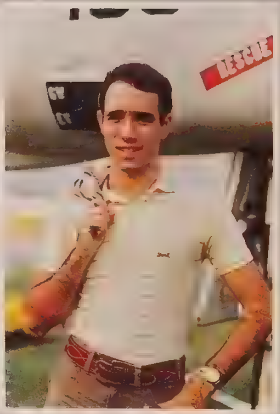
Andrew A. Butterfield
B - Man
Annapolis, Maryland
Political Science
Naval Aviation

From faraway Captain's Row, the B-Man traveled to the Naval Academy: hating mids, thinking an engineer only drove trains, and in love with several 0-6's daughters. Plebe year activities included shouting "Go Navy Cake!" at every squared corner. We all thought he ran with Alt at plebe quarters, but he usually was found sawing logs in 3rd wing basement. Drew actually got his exercise by insulting Crab's family, leading to nightly wrestling matches in the 3354 arena.

Youngster year better suited Andy, affectionately known as "the Permanent Youngster." He could wear his sunglasses to quarters, skip shaving for weeks (unnoticed!), and chase the fairer sex without having to dodge upperclass. This year Andy logged some time at Franny O's, using his patented opener "Howdy, howdy, howdy I'm a cowboy." Other Butterfield originals include "Where's the party?" and "I'm in love, guys."

Drew's second youngster year brought him to the forefront of the Bancroft social calendar. With the aid of some high school cronies, he paired lonely mids with eligible 'area college girls! It was also second class year that Andy discovered the sheer excitement of getting away with Class A's. Some notables included the 7-11 'Beef-n-Bean Recon', his very own parking space at Gate 8 (midstore lot only when *real* late), and racing the T-court rotary expressway.

Senior year "Gumby" continued his work towards his EE minor ("Got a D on my 48-weeker.") and co-hosted JBCRRE3 at A-N, an event not soon forgotten. Lots of trips to College Park, and who could forget the legendary weekly 'weekend room cyclones.' "Who's the guy on the floor?" Drew also earned his coveted N* in rugby that fall. This PoliSci whiz was also the only two-time recipient of 'the Brand.' He's been a great friend and roommate. Only hope you find an alarm that can wake you up. Fly like an eagle and good luck, dude!



Thomas P. George
T
High Bribge, New Jersey
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

Tom came to sunny Annapolis from the thriving city of High Bridge NJ with high hopes of having the stick of an F-14 in his hand. 2/c pre-coms helped him realize the importance of the naval flight officer to the survival of the fleet, thus his selection of NFO. Tom did many things at Navy, one of his favorite pastimes was to fence. Tom was the first plebe to letter in a long time. He continued to work hard at fencing, getting letters for the next three years. His last year at Navy, Tom had worked his way up to the team captain. As the team captain he did a lot for the team, working hard and setting the example, since we are talking about his example, I think the team should know about the day you were too sick to practice, but decided to use your three striper libs and go out that same night. On top of that, you were still to sick to practice the next day. (sorry I had to let everyone in on that buddy.)

Tom's biography would not be complete without some mention of his "ring of distinction." His halo of gray had some poor plebe standing at attention in his skivvies. To anyone who was not there, he did look a lot like an 0-6. He is also known for his ability to spend money. As a youngster, he went out and got a new 12 string guitar, and then as a firstie he just had to have that computer! He did save on his car when he got his dad's "old faithful." Tom, we will always remember you. With all of your care for others, and dedication to the high standards that we have all faced. You have been an inspiration to me, and the others around you. I can not wait to run into you out in the fleet. Take care Tom, and God bless you.

JDH

Richard M. Hartman
Rip
Joppa, Maryland
Mathematics
Engineering Duty Officer

Rich, or Rip as we all know him, came to good old USNA from nearby Joppatowne. First, however, a quick trip to Newport was in store. Needless to say he had a nice vacation and finally, after a year of being footloose and free, he decided to come to Canoe U. and try his hand at some real academics.

Plebe year was good to Rich except when he tried to escape being caught with Elisa. Well, the year flew by quickly and with Herndon came more liberty and Rich took full advantage. We will always remember Rich for his phone messages from Elisa during Youngster year. As a metter of fact, you can still hear Pugs yelling, "Rich, I love you, call me ASAP." Youngster year was also memorable because of Cack, Rich, and Paul all living together for a second year.

Junior year saw Rich moving away from Jack (Why?) and his engagement to Elisa. Also, that same year we lived across the hall from two beautiful babes. Don't you remember his backrubs from the "Shoe"? Rich can also be credited with being one of the "four" fathers of "hunkering-down."

The beginning of our senior year was lonely without Rich since he served a short tour with Brigade Staff. However, he returned eager to finish up and grace the company with his "Brigade Staff experience." We wish Rich the best in the Engineering Duty Community and hope he continues on with his success. Again, best of luck to you and Elisa and keep those high hopes since we know you will achieve all of them. Good luck and enjoy yourself.

J.J.M.

Jeffrey D. Heida
Jeff
Aberdeen, South Dakota
General Engineering
Intelligence

Jeff came to Annapolis following in his little brother's footsteps from the nautical city of Aberdeen, South Dakota. Known for his high stature, he immediately became best friends with Midn 1/c Ken Perry during plebe summer and faced the first serious challenge of his life. Upon completing this monumental achievement, Jeff entered plebe year full of vigor and spirit, ready to challenge all obstacles. He breezed through plebe year in high fashion, setting a record for falling in love at first sight more times than I can count.

Youngster year found Jeff catching up on all the sleep he lost the previous year. Brian and I both set forth to publish Jeff's #1 novel "How to Sleep Your Way to a 3.00". Seriously, though, Jeff had the smarts to study when necessary, usually during mid terms and finals.

Second class year was a big turning point for Jeff. He met the love of his life at a retreat at White Sulphur Springs one weekend and set another record by being engaged only 3 months after the first date. Wow, I've heard of love at first sight, but Jeff added another meaning to the definition. Jeff also became highly motivated towards plebe indoctrination as he was voted by the plebes as being the #1 flamer in the company first semester.

First class year saw Jeff continue in his pursuits towards graduation and marriage, counting down the days endlessly. Jeff's walk with God and his relationship with Sharon have given me a great model to follow, and I wish both of you the greatest happiness in your life together. Jeff, you've been the greatest roomie these past four years, and I sure hope to run into you someday onboard a carrier. God bless you in all you do and achieve in your life.

TPG

Paul C. Jenkins
Banana Dog
Chicago, Illinois
English
Supply Corps

Time present and time past
Are both perhaps present in time future,
And time future contained in time past.
If all time is eternally present
All time is unredeemable.
What might have been is an abstraction
Remaining a perpetual possibility
Only in a world of speculation.
What might have been and what has been
Point to one end, which is always present.
Footfalls echo in the memory
Down the passage which we did not take
Towards the door we never opened
Into the rose garden. My words echo
Thus, in your mind.

-T.S. Eliot-

Shawn K. Jenkins
Jenks
Charleston, South Carolina
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Shawn has the dubious distinction of being a Citadel knob before shipping up here to Uncle Sam's Small Boat and Barge School four short years ago. *I* can't see paying to be abused, but it did land him amongst us, and we wouldn't have it any other way, would we? OK, okay! Next question . . .

Plebe year? He didn't have one. While we were pinging around in reg PE gear, he had the run of the company with the RADIO on at all hours of the night and weekends, not to forget him wearing that flightsuit! Once youngster year rolled around, though, he finally hooked up with a female companion for those lonely weekends at Canoe U. They burned bright for awhile, it looked bad for his bachelorship, but you know all about what happens to girls when they go to college. Oh well! Redheads weren't made for each other anyway. (See Lucky Bag '84, pg. 788!)

Then came junior year, but the grades went, and Shawn lost his near 3.0 average. Strike two! Now add one totalled car out on West Street. I don't want to know how he escaped restriction on that one!

Now comes the best part; Act IV, Senior Year! How have we survived without his leadership or he without his black Firebird? Here is an idea man worth his weight in Special Request chits! Senior year drew a reluctant admission of rarely a Saturday or Friday night spent in the Hall for long and an intimate knowledge of the regs. He even turned two summer school sessions into a vacation! You might have seen his winsome proportions gracing the Annapolis GAP store or Clarke's on Thursday and Sunday nights. Too bad we all can't go out to rake in $350 after summer evening musters!

I wish everyone could know your friendship and winning ways. Don't break too many hearts in Pensacola or Chris' neck! (Humor.)

Love, Tater

Gary R. Kent, Jr.
Garo
Springvale, Maine
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Gary Richard Kent, the man with three first names, came to the Boat School from sunny Maine knowing just what he wanted - even in his high school yearbook portait he's standing in front of a Bath Iron Works ship. Garo was, contrary to popular belief, in fact already fluent in English when he got here. It only took him about a year to lose that charming accent.

Sometimes suspected of using a "Mr. Microphone" (from Ronco) to amplify his low, quiet voice, the extremely shy Foghorn Kenthorn was nonetheless always the one to be heard in a crowd. Captain Happy was always impressed with Garo's unique command of the language. Garo, a natural athlete, was also a tremendous asset in any athletic contest that he could keep himself from getting thrown out of. Lax was his specialty, and his 30-foot corner jumper won many a game of hoops.

The Cavewoman earned Garo his fair share of "Bozo Buttons" plebe year. He got Andy a "B" in computers, got a "C" himself, and then decided to *major* in the crazy things! The food fights, last minute returns from Charlie's, and jelly on the ceiling are all legendary.

Youngster year saw the birth of the garden club, and then things *really* got crazy, so much so that by second class summer he was a certified beer bong instructor. Garo also aced "Jumpstarting B-Man's Car in Broad Daylight in Officer's Housing 101" early youngster year. Garo, probably the Dan B's biggest fan, was also the creator of the famous 'Hamo Awards' and kept busy first class year as full-time operator of "The Game Room." Looking back, it really becomes one big blur of tough weeks and great weekends (thanks to Mr. Visa) and lots of trips to College Park. JBCRRE#3? Still paying for those cups!

We never straightened Alt out, Garo, but it's been fun trying. Best of luck, bud.

George O. Lange
Max'em
Virginia Beach, Virginia
History
Surface Warfare

George came to Second Company from either Japan or Germany, (nobody's sure which) and proceeded to fit right in with the routine, well not quite. He did get a lot of attention plebe year and plebe summer though. Academics just made the problem worse. "It's tough when you fail a course every other semester, did you know that I've been to every summer school?" Yes George we know. No George I don't think we'll ever put that YP in T-Court but it was a good idea. Plebe year George gave his all to the drill team and second class year got his N sweater as the brigade boxing manager. He had his RX-7 since high school so his second class car loan went toward a kayak (we talked him out of the Ultra-light) and $3000 worth of silver options (Mr. Lange, there's a guy from the FBI who wants to talk to you). George became "Max'em Lange" first class year as the most active conduct officer since Hitler. He also doubled as James Bond one weekend on the black diamond slope at Jack Frost Mountain. The pool at Lejeune was never George's friend. He did the first known high dive belly flop, couldn't tie a knot in his khaki pants, and did the third act of this play, "HELP-I'm drowning" in the 40-year swim. We're still not sure how George got into USNA but he's made the grade (anchor man?-go for it George) and we're all glad that he was with us these four years. Good luck with your kayak, saxophone, $3000 stereo system, Olivia Newton-John, and especially Karen Witter.

DB

Christopher M. Lowery
Chris
Horseheads, New York
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

There is very little info on Chris from plebe year. I guess that case of mono kept him quiet for a while. At the start of second semester plebe year he moved into the plebe barn with Greg, Pugs, Scooter, and Gramps. Wild times were to be had there. Next came youngster year. After a couple of weeks Joey and I evicted Vin-dog and we picked up Chris because we thought he was a quite guy. Boy, was I wrong. I can't recall how many times times he put his foot in his mouth. Chris loves to argue. Not really for the sake of winning, but to "stick to his guns" and make you at least appreciate his views. I think we learned many things from each other. Such as, how to delegate and get people to work for you, how to miss formations - legally ?, and how to get first class privileges as a third class. Second class year changed the schedule a little, including the amount of time in the wardroom and the finals schedule (basketball, sleeping, eating - repeat). The following summer went quickly with time spent at Keuka Lake and around-the-clock partying. Senior year brought the departure of Joey to room with "Cack". The humor continued, grades went up as studying went down, and our reign as the wardroom kings began. Chris is very amiable and I will remember him most for his warm and sincere conversations with myself, our friends, and our families. He has an interesting and unique philosophy towards life, school, women, partying, friends, and the Navy. One could only appreciate it if they had the opportunity to sit and talk with him as I was fortunate enough to do many times. Without getting overly sentimental: after living with a guy for three years you become "semi-brothers". Best of luck in all you do.

p.s. Don't blow smoke - Nice fake, Leroy

TGJS

John J. Mlincsek
J.J.
East Chatham, New York
Marine Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

John's story, I'm afraid, will have to be told by me since a majority of his other roommates have been kicked out due to academics. (i.e. Purdy, Duma, and Triplett) Luckily, his story will not be as lengthy as it should be since many of his escapades, like at James Madison, are better left unsaid.

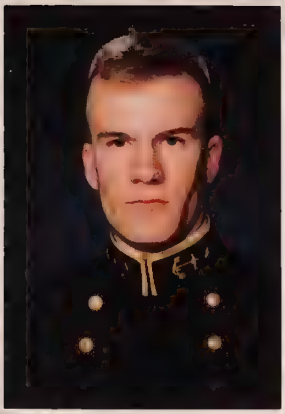
There is one Army story, however, that every 85 member of 02 Co. must remember. That is the time J.J. had to relieve himself. Or should I say the time when J.J. was unable to relieve himself. That CHiPs officers just couldn't believe his eyes. It all ended up okay though when John got to Pizza Hut and can you believe it, A record three minutes straight!? No wonder why he was in such pain.

To this day John parties it up a lot, however, his stories have calmed down a bit. The reason for that is obviously due to his engagement to Tracey Smith in February of our second class year. I'll never forget how J.J. used to come in and tell me how serious he was getting with "this girl". The next thing I knew he paid a little visit to Gold Dust and asked me to be his Best Man. I'm just glad his pick in a wife is far better than his pick in a best man.

First class year came as a big surprise to J.J. since I went over to 4-1 for a semester leaving him to room with none other than Ralph Portnoy. It's a wonder John was humble enough to forgive me for putting him through a fate worse than death.

Well, I guess that is it for this little tale. Thanks a lot John for saving me from Jenkins and Stem and for becoming one of my better friends at good old USNA. Best of luck to you and Tracey.

R.M.H.



### Gregg P. Olson
Oly
Westlake Village, California
History
U.S. Marine Corps

*I* n every class at the Academy there are a few guys who come in and take charge. Being from sunny, laid-back California, Gregg did just that with all the style and ease characteristic of the Valley. Plebe Summer rolled right off his back as he impressed anyone's toughest critics; his classmates. Plebe Year saw Oly at the boathouse, where he learned the hard way that Annapolis does experience winter. The second semester of that unique time we spent in a five man barn, dodging pennies, scraping ice off the inside of the window and settling arguments between Pugs and Chris. Those days (and Scooter) may be gone, but the memory of the Man with No Face will haunt the taps taker and I forever. Once calculus was out of the way, the most common marks on grade cards for Gregg were A's, but that's the way it is for all History majors, right? Whatever it was, grades or his spotless integrity, Gregg spent his last semester here commanding the Regiment. No one deserved the honor more. Gregg epitomised the military leader here. There isn't a better place for his talents than The Corps. It has been a privilege to know him well these four years. I'm sure that ten years down the road we'll all be proud to say "Olson? I was in his company." Best of everything to you, Gregg. Semper Fi.

WJS

### David P. O'Neil
Pic
Picayune, Mississippi
Naval Archtecture
U.S. Marine Corps

*D* ave "Pic" O'Neil came to us from the bustling city of Picayune, Miss. Yes, he talked about his great city as if it were the metropolis of the south (sorry Dave we're not convinced). Dave easily smiled and talked (on the phone that is) through plebe year. It seemed that Pic had a southern belle back home waiting for him, and he wasn't going to let the 1500 miles between them interfere with their relationship. As a result, Dave is well known for his $200 phone bills (on roommates credits cards).

Pic was known for his ability to talk. He was especially gifted when it came to heavy duty BSing. Nothing compared to Mississippi, Picayune, Naval Architecture, The Dallas Cowboys and 280Z's. He was the only person capable of entering the wardroom, and after opening his mouth, recieve a barrage of pillows. The football games in the wardroom were especially interesting: it was Dave against everyone else.

Dave always had a smile on his face, which often made you wonder what was on his mind (you know that type of grin). Among other things, Pic was the epitome of a boy scout. He was also amazing when it came to girls. We still can't figure out how he managed to be engaged to two different girls within a 4 month period.

Dave was extremely friendly and kind to everyone. He was the one guy you could count on for anything.

Although we will miss Dave and his friendship, we realize that he will be well taken care of by his newest love, Louise. GO MARINE CORPS! OOOHRAH!

MST

### Anthony R. Orlando
Tony
Toms River, New Jersey
Physics
U.S. Marine Corps

*T* ony came to USNA from the Jersey shore town of Toms River. Plebe year was a challenge since he had to balance his academics, duties as a plebe and active membership in the D&B. Youngster summer Tony travelled to USAFA for some survival training with the zoomies. He quickly settled into youngster year. In the fall he met Karen who would become very important to him two years later. Second class year was a leadership experience. First class summer brought Tony to California to play with the Marines for a month. The academic year came, and he and Karen got back together. She was a great influence on him and helped to make him a better person. As the year progressed, grades went well, and his dream of going Marine Corps continued. First class year brought about his much wanted Trans Am, graduation, and the decision for Karen and him to be married a year after graduation. May he always reach the goals that he sets for himself. Semper Fi!

### Ralph I. Portnoy
Yontrop
Potomac Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

*W* e all knew that this 6'2" six year old from Potomac, Md would be trouble the day he told our plebe summer squad leader that there was a 6.2 million square miles of floor space in Bancroft Hall. He could recite the entire script to Star Wars and handle a light sabre like a true Jedi. Ralph started as a mama's boy, but with role models like Conan the Barbarian and He-Man he has grown to be the Zeus who came down from the mountain to make the Vorvon howl. Ralph spent his first two years diligently studying for his (well picked) Aerospace Engineering major and racking up striper points. This work got second semester company commander. Second semester second class year Ralph really came out to play and has been his usual six year old self since. Ralph has been an intramural man for four years with his strength in squash and fieldball. As coach of batt squash he won a brigade championship. Being a Navy pilot is his goal and no one doubts that he'll be the best

A few quotes to remember. "Dealth to R.H." "I'm taking the hypotenuse route" "No freebies Arn" "The CDO's shack" "Get in the bag Bill" "Bill's a space werewolf. he's a Vorvon" Good luck Ralph. we'll all miss you. And don't you dare grow up!

DB

Humilde S. Prudencio, Jr.
Jun
Salinas, California
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Jun Prudencio: Aspiring young naval officer or double agent for the Philippine government? The world may never know the real, inner secrets of Jun's life, but the outer person that he revealed to us will always occupy a warm spot in our hearts. Jun was a Christian who truly cared about everyone he met. He could always find time to help people with homework, photography, table tennis, inventing new vocabulary words (unchronologolized?), personal matters, or teaching me to drive a stick shift (on George Lange's car).

Table tennis was Jun's main hobby at USNA (besides resting his eyes), and he excelled at it, bringing several trophies into our room and taking 5th place at Nationals first class year. He founded the USNA Table Tennis Club, and much of his spare time was spent batting a little white ball at a piece of green table on the other side of the net.

There are many things that I will never forget about Jun, and a few quotes sum up many memories: "It's okay, it's George's car, he won't mind us taking it to Harlem." "If you think about it in a logical, mathematical fashion . . ." "It's in my file."

Jun, we'll all miss you. Good luck in the fleet on that big gray target of yours.

"Let your light so shine before men, that they may see your good works, and glorify your father which is in Heaven."

DJR

John D. Puglisi
Pug
Dix Hills, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

No one has ever introduced the Naval Academy to the culture of Long Island in quite the manner Pugs has. John sailed through plebe summer, giving us all a taste of his caustic wit. No matter how bad the Firsties tried to be, Pug always saw the humor of the situation and kept us going. The consummate sportsman, Pug always put all he had out on the field. From plebe soccer to company ball his intensity was perfect. Always well-versed in the finer points of the contest, Pug has never been afraid to assist the "stripe" on a tough call. Some may say that the intramural basketball program never had a better ref than John himself. Although the Mechanical Engineering department seemed to be after Pug with a vengence, the same hard charging qualities he showed on the field have carried him to that coveted "BSME". Pug arrived in 1981 with green blood in his veins and Quantico in his eyes, but had such a great time in Pearl Harbor that we were sure to see him on a frigate after graduation. Well we weren't too far off. We will see him out there, only bringing down his whirlybird on the flight deck. Good luck in Pensacola to a great roommate and true competitor. May you always be cleared for take-off.

WJS

David J. Randle
Dave
Pine Knoll Shores, North Carolina
Applied Science
Aviation Maintenance Duty Officer

What comes to your mind when you hear the name Dave Randle? Big, massive, bulky-or at least he will be in the near future . . . . Dave came to the Naval Academy from the world renowned city of Montville, NJ. (yes, New Jersey.) His aspiration for the corps was revealed by jumping out of perfectly good airplanes and playing with little toy soldiers. "Military studies association" Dave called it; and consequently wrenched the position of V.P. for the M.S.A. in an awesome play of power politics.

Second class year found Dave to be a new man - a "Weider" man. In this action packed year his hopes for the Marine Corps were deflated, along with his lungs. Dave spent his spring break in the hospital with a Doctor Pender, (alias Humilde sales Prudencio Sr.) He also thought it would be interesting to test the fire alarms in the wires lab by blowing several (10) fuses all in the same lab. "V=IR" with no r, there is a lot of i. After the memorable trip to Pasadena, Dave's search for companionship led him to a future plebette. (She didn't make it)

First class year had Dave all ready for his desk in the fleet; all he had to do was graduate. The stress and strain of sleeping his way through the first semester caused him to take over 20 "Joe" vitamins a day. It still did not help; he was always in the rack anyway. The continued abuse of these pills caused Dave to confuse WUBA with SDB uniforms. (It is intuitively obvious to the most casual observer . . . but the name escapes me!)

Dave, the years we have spent together have been great. With your commitment to the Lord, we shall stand by your side. It has been such a joy in our lives to see you grow. God bless you, and may the Lord be with you always.

HSP & JDH

William J. Schulz Jr.
Old Timer
Honolulu, Hawaii
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Bill came to the Naval Academy from the Naval Academy. Born on Hospital Point, Bill fulfilled his destiny by showing up back at Annapolis for higher education in 1981. Being a Navy junior, Bill had almost as hard a time telling people where he was from as he did telling people what his major was. After breezing through Plebe Summer and Plebe year with the best rankings, Bill won the Triple Crown by having three majors in one week. After deciding that feeding fish was his academic calling, Bill settled down and quit crew to live a normal life. Second class year was to be Bill's downfall as he was determined to be the oldest organism in the universe. Many other revelations (too numerous to mention) about Bill were later found and the sound of howling was something his neighbors had to live with. As second class year drew to a close, Bill had everything in the world to look forward to including his second Plebe Summer, company sub-commander in the fall and his first stint on a real gas turbine ship for cruise. As it turned out, cruise stunk, Plebe Summer was too hot and sub-commander was different. Somehow Bill managed to get stars in the fall of first class year. His success was not surprising and will not be surprising in the future. As long as he is having a good time, Bill is a good bet for command somewhere down the line. Good luck with fair winds and following seas

### Richard V. Snow
Rick
Cumberland Foreside, Maine
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Rick came to the Academy from the quiet New England town of Cumberland Foreside, Maine. Before making this move, Rick experimented for a few years as being a Navy enlisted type. Rick then came to the "U.S. Naval University" in search of a more challenging career (academics!?).

Rick experienced an average plebe summer and quickly learned to dislike coach Lentz and his early morning PEP (physical elimination program). After all, Rick was not a young, active kid fresh out of high school. Once Rick received enough freedom, he quickly identified himelf as a night person that enjoys the rack by day (often times well beyond the 10 minute chow call). These same late-night sessions made Rick infamous with his roommate that insisted on a minimum of eight hours of sleep each night.

Rick's smooth sailing was interrupted when he ran into rough seas towards the end of 2/c year. A small misunderstanding with the company commander (known for his ability of finding the perfect scapegoat) caused Rick to be transferred from the 20th company. Rick handled it like a true "Snowman" would've . . . calm and cool.

The entire company missed you during this last year . . . especially me. Take care and keep in touch.

JSB

P.S. I would like to add my own special thanks to the guys in 2nd company for making my senior year very memorable. I would also like to thank my parents and brothers and sisters and especially Michele for all the love and support you have given me.

RVS

### Jack L. Stem
Stemmer
Fairfax, Virginia
Political Science
Supply Corps

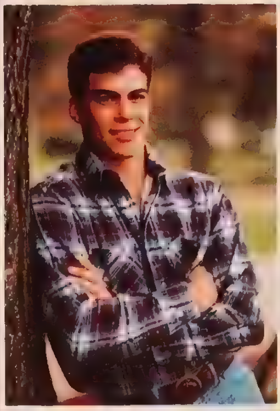
Jack left the nest in Fairfax to follow in Dad's footsteps and become the second graduate from the Stem family. Jack had to take the scenic route through Harry's in Newport, but arrived with the rest of the class for the July 7th induction. It took Jack less than a week to decide that he had had enough of plebe rates and promply started to formulate a plan to collect a dollar from every classmate and hire a falconer to train his bird to drop a cover on the chapel dome. The middle years of Jack's tenure revealed a carefree, good natured lad who was always willing to help a lady in distress. Unfortunately Steve Wilson is no longer with us for verification, but there was a homely girl sitting at a table at the Afterdeck with whom Steve certainly didn't want to talk. But who sensed her loneliness? . . . Jack, of course. And when Steve pleaded with Jack not to bring this 'babe' where anybody would see her, who asked this girl to partake in her first Disco de Dahlgren? . . who else? Not only is Jack an unselfish gentleman, but he can look forward to unquestioned success in the business world, if his experience here is any indication. Chairman of the Board would be most appropriate. Name any Board available to a Mid at the Academy and Jack has appeared before it. Now any Chairman of the Board needs a certain amount of bravado. Well, Jack was faced with a weekend of restriction during Homecoming '84 and that, Jack thought, was entirely unacceptable. So after the football game Jack introduced himself to the Hon. John F. Lehman and got a note excusing him from restriction. Despite this temporary reprieve, Jack has served 60 days restriction, 65 room tours, loss of Christmas Leave, and loss of class rates until graduation in this, his fun filled senior year. Look for Jack's memoirs in his upcoming book, *How to Have a 'First Class Year.*

JFV

### Daniel P. Stout
Trout
East Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Dan came to us from the bustling town of East Stroudsburg, fresh from the woods and looking forward to a career as a Navy wrestler . . . after Plebe Summer, Dan found out that Navy wrestling was only one of the challenges he would face. Dan spent the first two years looking forward to becoming a nittany lion and telling others they would be Company Commander. After he was deserted by nearly all his roommates, (Trip, Willy, Louis, and Geoff left for a life in the civilian world, perhaps convinced by Dan) Dan was forced to find a new room'mate' and make some serious choices. Fortunately for the Navy, Dan stayed on for 2/c summer. He went into the summer thinking green (the closest thing to Forest Ranger available in the military) but came out convinced that he would be a nuke. No doubt it was the lure of the ice cream machine, rather than the briny deep, that changed his mind. 2/c year saw Dan get a well-deserved letter for wrestling, and some odd looks for his interpretation of the phrase "three man room." Firstie year started with a sub cruise on the only undersea luxury liner ever built for the USN, and a tour aboard USNA as a Squad Daddy for detail (his one attempt at being a Flamer). Once school began, Dan took on the position of Company Commander, which came as no surprise to his friends, and went on to make a name for himself on the judo team. Dan will be remembered for his healthy outlook on the "system", his sense of humor, and his uncanny ability to seek out and consume the nearest gallon of chocolate chip mint ice cream. Dan is one of those rare people who is always happy to help, or give encouragement when it is most needed. He will be missed, and we wish him the best in whatever he does.

LC and GPO



### Timothy G.J. Szymanski
Ski
Wilmington, Delaware
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Ski-Clint-The Master came to USNA via a short visit at Newport, R.I. It was a fairly uneventful year except for a few clashes and just about as many flat tires with his now intended, Marcella.

The Polish Hammer went on to win the plebe summer boxing championship and breeze through plebe year with a quick side step of the ac board. Youngster year brought the departure of Vin-dog and the start of some truly incredible magazine wars. First semester slid by quietly for Ski except for a not brief enough encounter with the early morning breakfast club as a result of some over zealous wall climbing activities. To whomever it may concern, I once heard him say it was worth it.

Spring brought Ski his first varsity letter as an exceptional wrestler and led into the first of two "I love Norfolk VA." cruises. Second class year arrived and so did trips to Patton's, our first two man room, orange smashing at finals and an all important engagement, about which he never recieved enough flak. Second class summer memories . . . . . Pensacola, enough said. With just a tad extra professional competency review and an all too short a stay at Keuka Lake, Ski became a first class. From then on it has been history, archives, he's out of here. He actually flirted with a 3.0 first semester. A change of jobs brought a change of rooms but certainly not a change in our friendship. I wish you and Marci the best of luck. Your horizons are boundless.

"When someone you love says goodbye, with them they take a part of you." and we are all taking a part.

CML

### Michael S. Tranchina
Moike
Glassboro, New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering
Aviation Maintenance Duty Officer

Dear classmates, as we all know, "Moike" came to the Academy from a relatively small town. He was recruited for soccer and although friends and family wondered if it was really for him, he came determined to do his best. His plebe year wasn't too bad for him, but like the rest of us, he took his share of abuse (maybe a little more than others, but that can be attributed to his strong self will and personality that refused to be broken). All through his Academy career, he has been known for his good sense of humor (what a spaz!). Also, to his credit is his most honest disposition. Now guys, I realize that sometimes Mike said things in ways that might not be epitomized as tactful, but truthfully, he never said anything in a derogatory way. Mike was always willing to give his opinion (whether we wanted it or not), but he always did because of his true desire to help those whom he called his friends

Mike, as a roommate, you have been extremely helpful and unselfish. Even when times got rough for me, you were always there to help in any way you could. You could always tell when something was up. Hey, I appreciate the late night discussions we have had, because I am sure they strengthened our friendship. I've learned a lot from you. If their is anything about you that stands out the most, its your ability to understand people, their actions, and how they think. This quality will serve you well as an officer and in any other capacity. May God truly bless you with his most perfect will for you, your career, and your relationship with him. Sincerely, your classmate, Bro.

### Joseph F. Valentine
Joey V.
Cranberry Lake, New York
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Joe originally from Cranberry Lake, New York, transferred from the strict discipline of Cornell to our fun loving, girl infested party school after one year. Here, Joe has acquired an appreciation of liberty unattainable at one of the so called civilian schools. Of course, with all of the partying and girls comes the hard work and sweat of a political science major. Joe has always been able to keep his ultimate goal of becoming a nuclear engineer in view, (even through the D in EE). He was even able to convince Admiral McKee of his desire to become a nuclear submarine officer! This is a rather impressive ambition for a person who, after our plebe year, wanted to return to the structured discipline of Cornell. Fortunately, for the Navy, Joe was able to overcome his masochistic tendencies and remain here at the Bancroft Frat. What would we do without Joe's motorcycle stunts, his coming back with rust all over his whites and his impressive performances over some of the Marriot weekends. Who can forget his ability to both make and drop hoagies off the top of the D.C Marriot. Perhaps we should dedicate a plaque to him. Hopefully, nuc-school won't be too easy to him. Well, ready or not, here he comes Navy, the famous political nuclear scientist, Jumping Joe Valentine.

JLS

### David Adam Weiss
Dave
Burbank, California
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Dave came to the College of Undergraduate Naval Technology from sunny Burbank, California. He really belongs with the guys in '84 but because of a botched medical file he was denied admission . . . Yea BUMED! He finally got his appointment 1 month before I-Day. He promptly proceeded to have a less than spectular Plebe year, probably because his firsties didn't realize that Dave knew more than they did . . they still probably don't realize this. His academics were even less spectacular as he made the jump from systems to ops analysis.

His first summer was spent obtaining as many pins as he possibly could (he liked pins). He went on a sailing cruise, volunteered for a four week submarine cruise (what a loser) and then went on to Fort Benning for Airborne (oh boy!)

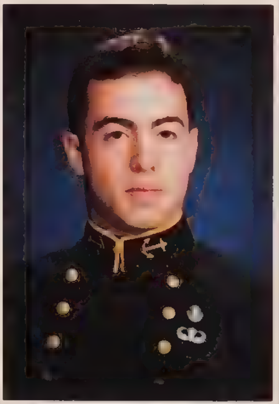
Youngster year was marked by similar God-like performance, the highlight of which was leaving Crabtown to spend Christmas in Europe.

It was during 2nd class summer that Dave acquired his real nickname: the greatest living white man on the face of the earth. Just ask him; he'll tell you why. Dave went for the 'Gusto' that summer as escapades in P-cola and sailboats in Annapolis moorings lifted his ego.

2/c year brought with it even greater academic success. Accompanied by many diversions Dave was personally responsible for the demolition of 26 rent-a-cars in LA as he was in charge of many logistics in LA for the A-N game: a couple of which were the rent-a-car and Amusement Park packages.

Dave also masterminded the hanging of a 'Go Navy' sign over the Hollywood sign in LA, perhaps the most significant PR event during the A-N week in California. In addition, he was responsible for the Huey-lewis-.38 Special Concert. Even though he is active, Dave still doesn't have a car. Mozel-Tov, bud. We finally made it.

Macko



AFTER SERVICE

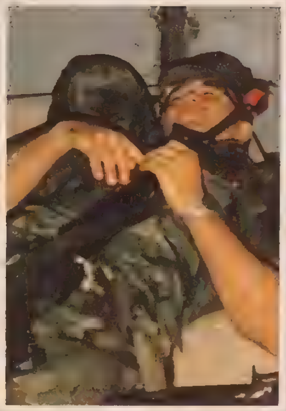
# Third Company

Jeffrey R. Baquer
Hadji
Jacksonville, North Carolina
Physical Science
Supply Corps

Hadji hailed from J'ville, land of the Few and the Proud. Everyone thought he was Corps, they were right all along. Plebe Summer saw roommate Skippy, pool time, bumper knockabouts, morse code via leg tap, and the line-You should have asked me first! Ac-year hit. Calc and chem-yuck, 150's meat squad and living with Hick and Mr. Clean (Copenhagen city). Knav and Hadji, out the gate w/Notre Dame bait. X-mas was heartbreak city. Summer meant Airborne, YP's, and NYC. Youngster year with Knav and Gils, a trio to be reckoned with! The Baquer Interception and the Balloon Women, oh no. Spring Break was Florida Warmth and Mustang Freeze. Summer found Hick, Digger, and Flame-on bar hopping and practicing to challenge Jack Nicklaus. Second class year brought a move with Hick and Wingnut and the PhySci brothers were born. Finally became a 150's starter and so came knee operation #1. Then the move to end all moves, rooming with Seigs. The DMZ was quickly initiated. Summer meant Nag's Head, Caribbean Cruise, the Hadji-Mobile, and Cruising with the Nebraskan-Hillbilly. First Class year patented: Pass tests and lose weight. Made All-League 150's, had another blown knee, and renewed a friendship with the Cornell Connection. Thanksgiving warnings went unheeded as he visited the Blond Doll. Lightning struck and the Honda was the casualty. Thanks guys for all the friendship and good times. We're all different but we're the same.

Andrew J. Bellus
Smokey
Omaha, Nebraska
Systems Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Andy woke up one morning to find out to his surprise that he was at USNA. This institution of "higher learning," better known to us as Canoe U., welcomed Andy from his hometown of Omaha. After having many discussions about the existance of intelligent life in Nebraska, it was determined that Andy was a fluke. Plebe year was quite the experience. After getting a free membership with the "God Squad," with Fat Freddie and Bobby "Billy" Graham, it seemed as if Plebe year would never end. To make matters even worse, Andy seemed to really enjoy working with imaginary numbers, which would only mean that he was born a Systems Engineer. During his Youngster Cruise, Andy became convinced that punching holes in the Pacific or any other body of water with a sub that had a warped hull just didn't cut it. The same year, Andy and "The Boys" took a trip up to the Big Apple. After being approached by some druggies, Andy felt that it was time to leave N.Y. ASAP. A retaliatory nuclear strike on N.Y. would have set his mind at ease but he decided to never set foot in the Big Rotten Apple again. The midnight oil was burnt many a night at NaTS. First Class year at the low security prison allowed Andy to pursue other interests. To this day he is still putting his mom's matchmaking skills to the ultimate test. Hey, Mrs. Bellus, Jennifer Beals will do the trick.



Timothy L. Berg
Tim
Bloomington, Minnisota
Electrical Engineering
Naval Aviation

From never having heard of the Naval Academy, this fine young man now finds himself graduating from it several years later pursuing aspirations of being an aviator. Indeed we have all learned a lot during our short stay at Annapolis, in fact, some more than others. Tim learned to "borrow" people's things, that a "pop" is really a soda, how to tie a tie early in his junior year and began to learn how to live with an Italian fuzzy bear from S.F.. Despite all of this, here is a man who backs Jim M. in saying, "The West is the best." Bloomington, being west of the Mighty Miss. is of course a famous place. In fact, a few from Mass. have rumored that the Jacksons played in Tim's junior hockey league for a few years. I'm not sure if this crucial issue has yet been resolved. Radar and Beanhead are still skeptical. One thing is for sure- it hasn't been all bad. Although time spent on leave and at Pete's have definitely ranked high on the scale. The good times at the Academy are behind us now, but surely better ones are to come. Good Luck and God Bless you.

Steven C. Cade
Skip
Cincinnati, Ohio
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Steve rolled in from Cincy's Moeller High figuring that going to the Academy might be a step in the right direction to getting his barley, malt, and hops connoisseurship approved by Anheuser-Busch. He passed up being a Buckeye and a Fighting Irish for the grand opportunity. Since then, this gentle giant, always referred to as "Skip", has realized that USNA is more than just a party school, and being here for four years is more than just a party.

Academically, Skip survived. After three and a half years of being plagued, punished, and persecuted by the Mechanical Engineering dept., he admitted that survival is more general than mechanical, but what a great battle he waged.

Skip did his best work outside the classroom. He paralleled the Bad News Bears story when he coached the football team—decades of losing traditions were forgotten in a single season. He was nominated for a Golden Glove after living with Steve D. He frequently taxied various assemblages of animals to G-town and the Vous for all night festivities and always returned them alive. Comatose maybe, but alive.

Skip claims to have been detected on the Richter scale. It wasn't his accident or the time he fell out of the top rack younster year, but rather because he snores in Dolby stereo. It has been said that Bancroft Hall was mice and termite infested before Steve slept there. His roommates still occasionally shake at night.

Second class year found Steve with a new diversion in bright-eyed Leigh-Anne. Franny O's, Mum's, Clark's, etc. rarely found one without the other, and together they shared numerous road trips to places near and far. With a wonderful wife and his cheerful outlook, Skip has a bright future ahead. We wish them the best.

### George A. Cheney

Drew
Wilton, Conneicut
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power - Surface

Andrew followed his older brother to good'ol USNA, and spent as much time plebe year living with the firsties of 6th Co. as he did with 3rd Co. The Flying Circus did find time, however, to teach Andrew how to eat pie. His overaboundance of energy kept him in perpetual motion as he excelled in academics in the early years, validating most of plebe year and earning a 4.0 youngster year. By second class year, though, he had straightened out his priorities, as sailing, girls and magazines provided flawless excuses to put off studing. Only Andrew would find a girl who would spend 6 months in England and then spend the next year at school in, of all places—IOWA! He soon became an expert at monopolizing the Co. Officers' phone for hours at a time and then not passing out when his phone bill arrived. He also became an expert at devouring enormous quantities of cookies, etc., from his roommates chow packages. It was only fitting that he room with Ho, however, since only a guy from Iowa could sleep through Drew's nightly pig imitations. Also excelling at terrorizing Europe, the trip w/John and Kerry was spent reading train schedules as the scenery passed by and hunting desserts to make up for pounds lost to his diet. A Midn. exchange to France 2/c year prompted him to spend 1/c cruise with the Frogs, leaving a trail of broken hearts across Europe. Maynard 3 managed to survive both post-graduation parties at Bucky's-but just barely! 1/c year found him spending time trying to find things wrong with the Saab and above all else windsurfing. Sailing trips w/Rob (Dan tagged along for unknown reasons) to St. Mary's provided awesome times, as the girls down South kept the party animals busy. Andrew, not one to make hasty decisions, waited until 10 minute before the deadline to choose surface nuke. Both the surface and the nuke boys are fortunate to be getting the services of such a super guy. Good Luck and God Bless

DJH

### Steven A. DeBonis

Steve
Wilbraham, Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Steve stormed the Academy's walls in his usual fashion on the sunny afternoon before I-Day. It would be the last time for the next four years that Steve would arrive early for anything-'cept liberty. Annapolis was his last stop on a pleasure cruise from Mass. to the Severn via NAPS. Steve can basically be categorized as a "sharp person". His car is sharp, his clothes are sharp and of course . . . his scissors are even sharp. Plebe Summer found Steve in a state of confusion. In following his mentor, Knighter, Steve dodged many plebe summer events while perfecting his donation to Navy Hockey. Steve started his trend with luck by losing his first of many raffles, to win a garnished love boat cruise. This is where he met his mermaids of the Severn. Steve became well known youngster year among area women in using the infamous DeBonis bite. His romancing took a *backseat* to a new priority namely restriction musters. But Steve used these hours well in perfecting his skills as an amateur boxer. Second Class year brought out new frontiers in Steve while living in the suburbs. We saw the end of his hockey career era and continued romancing but with a new twist, the appearance of the worshiped Blue Demon. Steve started his first class year with a struggle, the Rocket, and other assorted EME obstacles. This was to be followed by more bad luck with a heartbreaking blow to his idol in Phil. Among all of this, Steve showed his tremendous self fortitude by being the only person to turn down nuclear power after being accepted. We all know Steve's luck is just out here waiting for him. But he won't need luck, his opponents will, because there will be one hot NFO on their tail. -GOOD LUCK-

MAP

### Floyd L. Devine

Devo
Irving, Texas
English
Naval Flight Officer

Fulfilling his mothers' fondest desire for him to get out of the house, Floyd left Irving (his hometown not his lover) and came to spend a four year vacation at beautiful Camp Yoosnay on the Severn. He was always full of surprises as was proven at the end of plebe summer when he changed from the rigid, frightened plebe with the funny march, to the laid back youngster J.G. with the funny stroll, the tall tales (Texas style), and the plastic golf balls for use on the 1-1 driving range. Early on, through his association with WRNV, Floyd began one of the largest dance music collections in recent history. This asset gained him invitations to many parties, which he gladly attended. His constant grin and twisted sense of humor found him many friends everywhere he went, even without his tape cases.

Devo's first love was the many old junkers that he managed to drive, push, or tow into his life. His sponsor's just happened to live a convenient seven miles away. His Midmobiles brought a lot of road trips to those far off colleges with all those long haired members of the fairer gender, which drove him to find his second love, alcohol. His goat skins were always there with his favorite alcoholic beverage of the week. His third love, in that order, women, were much the same, always there but a different one everytime. He finally settled on Vodka as his favorite drink, and maybe some day some girl will get lucky and deserve a similar fate.

Devo could always be counted on to be there when you needed cheering up. Friends like him are often avoided, but always welcome. Someday he'll settle down and take life seriously but ski jackets will be a hot item in Hades first. A good life is ahead for Floyd, and whether he flies P-3's or paper airplanes off the bridge of a carrier without a doubt he'll always be happy, wherever he goes.

### Michael E. Fazzio

Faz
Belmont, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Faz hit third with a certain attitude that is found only in a select group of people. He soon found that attitude mirrored in the other inhabitants of Pete's place, He could be found there, Bud in hand, viewing his favorite team, the 49ers he grew up with. Paisan Fazzio's search for new horizons led to the acquisition of a four-wheel drive Bronco, so he could drive to them and fish there. Road trips were multiple, including "THE TREK", a 5000 mile coast to coast adventure which almost ended in Utah's mud flats. Faz also led an interesting life inside of Mother B. The Third Company wardroom Golden Gloves champs and a founding member of the Varsity Wardroom Rats, Faz perfered wall staring to studying. His musical tastes ran from country to rock, depending on which roommate was present, 2 decks, 600 watts/ channel, and 6 speakers between them led to high ambient sound levels, that is when anyone was there, which wasn't often. We wish Faz good luck, happy trails, and big fish forever.

BRT & RAG

Michael M. Gilday
Mike
Lowell, Massachusetts
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Known as Michael Martin, Crash, and Squire Mike, Mike came from a fine Irish Catholic family of five located in Lowell, Massachusetts. He spent a boring year chasing girls and partying with Henry Murphy and assorted other suicidal maniacs at Northfield Mt. Hermon Prep School before he got on track and came to USNA

It has been said that Mike is a man of great talent and action. Although he frequently amazed everyone with boundless talent, it undoubtedly has been his dauntless actions which brought him fame. The following is a list of his most noteworthy actions during his years at the Academy: drinking ten-thousand cups of coffee, dipping a thousand cans of Copenhagen, sleeping three months in the chair behind his desk, dual majoring in management and statics, metamorphosing into a "Taste Bud" three times, living through an Ac-board and all four company dining outs, tearing his mess dress while tackling a shrubbery, destroying a Buick Regal in Los Angeles, dislocating numerous hand dryers and soap dispensers and flattening one bathroom stall in Annapolis, disabling a phone at Goucher and setting off a burglar alarm at Hood, getting another three stripes as regimental adjutant and a set of stars for second semester, associating with the balloon women for five months (plus . . . ), preventing a catastrophic fire at Bucknell U., passing Graphics, dropping his high school sweetheart 85 times, getting dropped by his high school sweetheart 85 times, not letting the Oriental cat out of the bag, sleeping through quarters once, and leaving his room a little messy twice.

Robert A. Goodman
Goody
Warren, Ohio
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Spontoniety his motto, the Boss his idle, his family and friends his pride, football and the team his life, beer drinking his fame, is the the best way I can describe GOODY. "Hey Mark . . . wanna go to WVU. "Hey Mark . . . Maz, Frank and Preston are crazy." Goody knew how to have a good time. He earned quite a reputation around campus. Never plan, just act. It just had to happen-it did. "Goody, it's afternoon, we can't skinny-dip in her pool."-we did. "Goody; don't jump off the Eastport bridge"-He did. "How could a human being write such words" Goody's explanation of the Boss. His music and good times were a pair. 'Road trip" "where to?", "who cares!" "Stop at Popeyes, I will get the beer, you get the gas." Goody's family and friends were always in his stories. We didn't mind. We were looped anyway and wanted to tell our own, but we listened to Goody. He loved his family and friends. He loved football, he hated to study.

Goody was more to the team then another lineman. He became a part of the team. Injuries slowed him down. Any other person would have quit. Not Goody. To play was spontaneous, the music was there, his family and friends cared, and he couldn't take back what he gave to us.

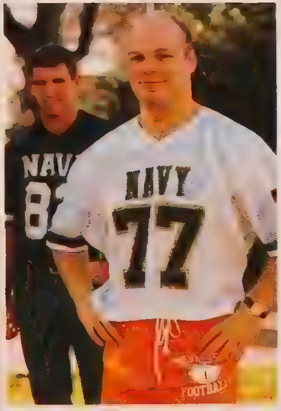
Goody, when my eyes water as I write it's special and I write this for all of us that know you. You're going to be missed, but we'll see each other again. It will be spontaneous. It will have to be.

Mark Stevens

P.S. May God Bless the greatest friends a person can have. Mark S., Ron Z, Rut, Dirk, Nap, Maz, Frank, June, Beff, and Dave L.

And to my family, Cathy, Jeff little Eric, and most of all Mom. Thanks, I couldn't have done anything without you all.

RAG



Christopher N. Hickey
Hick
Titusville,Florida
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

It started on I Day Eve, when Chris showed up at John V's with his long hair and mile long list of upperclass . . Then it came, I Day, and at the start it became quickly evident that Chris had two speeds neutral and reverse. Chris found lockers as great laundry bags, only so did Dimar, "Hickey! Open the locked side of your locker!" When the brigade returned it was like a Titusville reunion and a Family party. During the year Chris became the company racoon with his wrestling accident. Spring Break finally arrived and Chris went diving with 6 firsties in Key Largo. Youngster year was dormant (grades) untill Army came around and H.C. met the Italian Stallion. After Christmas it's back to dormacy (grades again) until Wingnut moved in with Nerf Hoops. As Spring Break arrived the Stang came out, and the fearsome foursome headed to Datona to challenge the bikers. The Stang stopped heating and made for a chilly experience. Second Class Summer sent Hick, Digger, and the Mexican exploding bars. Second class year brought the Mexican in with Hick and Wingnut, and a fear some foursome cruise to Penn State. The Stang had another CASREP and is banned from other road trips. Back to dormacy (yes, grades again) Chris didn't come out this time until his swashbuckling date for Ring Dance. First Class Cruise sent him to Alaska because of his love of cold weather. During the year he finally came out of dormancy and got hooked by the dizzy Redhead.

I couldn't have made it without my parents, John V, Jeff, Rick, and the rest of 85's Flying Circus. Thanks to all but most of all Thanks Lord for making it possible.

Daniel J. Holzrichter
Ho
Sioux City, Iowa
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps - Naval Flight Officer

After Santa told Hoser that elves couldn't become firemen, Ho set his sights on the even bigger toys that Uncle Sam lets Mids play with. During his first summer at "Home by the sea" Ho showed a special affinity for Deuces. Contending with Geno ("I got a comearound; BYE!"), Dan managed to become '85s first POW during a recon on 16. Having Knighter for his hockey team captain assurred Radar quick adoption by The Circus, though he almost blew it when Bobby J's skateboard disappeared. After almost killing Stig, Maynard #1 traded him for #3 (kept Flo') for 3/c year. Older & wiser after WEST-PAC; Halloween, Beach and later Punk Parties took priority. As Youngsters, annoying visitors had their shorts handed to them. Christmas was the first of many Iowa road trips as Jennifer headed east to provide weekend escape from school. Ho's jaw dropped a bit when he found out that his Timonium Teen Queen would soon be calling him "Sir". After a post-grad party that couldn't be beat Ho saw the Navy and then saw the world with Bucky. Buck got a crash -and burn-course in the Holz Alcohol Awareness Program (Toasted Almonds & 'Kaze Shooters) before they took off for the women of Sweden (Frankfort to Stockholm via Switzerland? oh well) As 2/c we lost Flo' but gained numerous voracious mice. After a semester of pitched battle the score stood USA 14, Mice 0. After another post-grad bash that couldn't be beat (or remembered) Ho spent his 1/c summer playing in the mud at Pendleton and terrorizing '88.

Life with Ho is full of surprises, yet through it all there were numerous givens: afternoon naps, rumbles with *everyone*, weekly chow packages from The Cookie Lady, and always, lots of women—Hoser's apparent solution to the choice between quality and quantity. So the President of the 27 & Over Club retains his post, for now. Though PolySci did not make QPR high, this Marine will probably find his way *into* the textbooks before too long

GAC

Dale E. Horan
Bucket
Timonium, Maryland
Mechanical Engineer
Naval Aviation

When Dale was A little "Big-Headed Boy," Mr. & Mrs. "H" took their son for a Sunday afternoon drive from Timonium to Annapolis. Dale being his usual inquisitive self became interested in Navy. From that day on, Dale devoted his life toward becoming THE BRIGADE COMMANDER at Navy. And boy oh boy, did he have us all fooled for a couple of years. After breezing through plebe year with stars, and youngster year with flying colors, the road toward the BIG SIX stripes seemed inevitable for Dale. Then all of a sudden he got blind sided by "Long Island Ice Teas," enormous quantities of girls, GQ clothes, and a taste of the good life. After a tough 2nd class year as a mechanical engineer and realizing being "BMOC" was not so important, Dale settled for only 3 Stripes as Third Company's CDR. This was the high-light of a far from disastrous career for Bucket at Navy. "Buckets Horan" can be described as the "Jack of all trades." After trying his hands at lacrosse, rugby, karate, boxing, and field ball (The man believes in contact) he just decided to keep his hands. Speaking of the "Horan Clan," let us (the class of 85) not forget Mom and Pop Horan whose hospitality and tailgaters will never be forgotten. There was always an extra rack at the Horan Hotel, and the lucky guest could always count on some good home cooking. Thanks Dale, for so unselfishly sharing your mom and dad with us all. Navy Air will no doubt be proud to have such an officer and gentleman, and of course, a now big "Big-Headed Boy." Good luck to you and Sandy and God bless to a great friend and one hell of a roommate

CHM III,DH

Martin P. McEnroe
Easy
Peoria, Illinois
Electrical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Marty came to the Academy to become rich and buy a Ferrari. He quickly realized the sure path was to sell his soul to EE. When not studying, which was most of the time, he spent his time alternately romancing and tormenting college girls. (OK, high school girls).

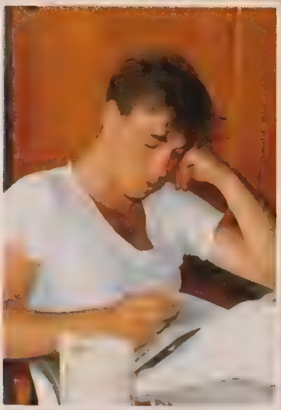
Marty always made a distinct impression on people—like the 150 mids he infected with chickenpox. Or those lovely young things from Goucher. They were so impressed they wrote to the Dant. "At 5AM five drunk men led by 2/c McEnroe arrived at Goucher banging on doors and demanding to be let in. Seeing a girl in her pajamas Mr. McEnroe kicked a window in and tried to enter . . . ." Another raving beauty joined his fan club when she also wrote to the Dant. "After the '83 Army-Navy game I was approached by Midn McEnroe in a plebe West Point uniform. Since I was in my 2/c Dress Grey I was horrified when this grinning "4/c" grabbed my hands and said, "Hey Baby, do you want to go dancing tonight?"

It was only Marty's stellar performance record that helped him denounce these misguided and ungrateful waifs. He was even appointed COMSLEAZGRUONE in recognition of his fine leadership example.

Back in the hall Marty did his best to redefine study hour, spending most of his time sleeping or enjoying "Ripper libs." In the midst of finals he could be found at 4AM in the Midstore lot with his Firebird jacked up and an oscilliscope to keep him happy.

Marty did things his way. It was only too bad the Academy didn't because his was a lot more fun. Marty left a lasting impression upon all those who knew him. He leaves behind the little girls, the broken hearts, the broken rules, and a better dressed roommate  Who could have asked for more?

FLD, CSG1, PHOF.



Eugenio R. Mendoza
Max
Morrow, Georgia
Chemistry
Surface Warfare

Gene Mendoza, better known as "Max the Egyptian Cobra," came to the Academy from Spain. He knew that he wanted to be a doctor sometime and he knew that he wanted to be organized. It was not long into plebe year before we knew that Gene was a machine, expending tremendous amounts of energy in every direction. He tried out for the soccer team but didn't make it and almost left the Academy for good. He soon got his act together under the leadership of squad leader Al Davitt, who didn't even know who he was. During youngster cruise his ship almost sank itself with a torpedo and when second class year rolled around he knew it would be a tough one. He still wanted to play soccer, and that year he was the only player not recruited to make the team. Halfway through the season a bad sprain and impending academics put an end to his career, but he was still organized. We both had a tough semester and went to O.C. from some R. and R.A.S.A.P. It was there that Gene decided his beautiful sẽnoritas across the sea were too distant and he needed a girlfriend. All that was necessary was for him to turn on his Spanish charm and display his macho, hairy chest and he soon snagged a steamy romance. The beginning of first class year saw Gene and Natalie as glueheads, and his fame as the master of sound effects had spread. That first semester the Snake was almost snaked, but the attempt failed miserably. Gene, no matter what your service selection- NFO, subs, or one-man sound stage, you're sure to do well. Thanks a lot of four years of listening to me, friendship, guitar lessons, and using up my toothpaste.

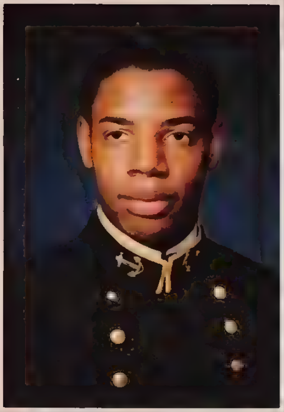
JBW

Richard W. Merriman
Budaayy
St. Petersburg, Florida
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Ricks first impression of USNA was when he came up to visit one summer. He exclaimed "Smart people must go there, I could never be that smart". Little did he know that in 3 years he would be one of those smart people.

He came to third Co. from NAPS. Because of NAPS plebe summer was easy for him. Both of his squad leaders said he was having to much fun. Plebe summer was also a little wet because he roomed with Buckethead. During the academic year he had more weekends than half of the firsties, most of the weekends were all over the nation sailing. Rick joined up with his twin, Brian, to have many forgetful weekends. Rick was also known to be walking around the co. with a sweatshirt on (even though it was hot) so he could listen to his walkman.

Youngster year brought all-american status (with the help of RJ) to Rick after competing in four different national championships. "You can't always excel in everything" Rick once said, so grades took the hit. This is when he switched from Oceanography to the house of Phi. Second class year was bad in every way except for living with Dr. Dip. The Mexican and making all-american again. The BMW came into his life at the beginning of first class summer. So did Chicago, Bermuda, California, Florida . . . etc. With the beginning of first class year he was elected sailing team captain and he took full advantage of the stripes. Nothing like coming in at 7:00 A.M. Christmas brought Italy (RJ) and a great time. Then Graduation! Rick finally admitted that he was going to make it. He could never have made it without Chris, Jeff, Dale, Chuck, Brain, Erica, Ron, Ronda and his Parents.



Charlie H. Mills, III
Chuck
Houston, Texas
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Hailing from Houston with a Napster background, Chuck came to the Naval Academy and the trials of plebe summer with the intention of having fun. Much to the dismay of his firsties, he did exactly that. There were moments when '82 got under Chuck's skin but he spent most of the summer laughing. Academic year showed a different side of Chippy as he proved to everyone that he could be professional. He even said he wanted to be Company Cdr. as a 1/c. Grades were never a strong point but as a plebe a 2.5 was important because he need his daily naps. We have all become very familiar with the "green lump." In the spring of youngster year at the Thrift Inn we taught Chuck the time-honored art of getting wasted. He is now a seasoned vetern especially after 1/c summer in Hawaii at KMCAS where one five day binge forced him to walk out on a Lt.Col. Chippy's amorous escapades have become Flying Circus legends. There was the girl he stayed with on youngster cruise, who was waiting for him when he returned Christmas 1/c year. How 'bout that swimming pool? Goucher will surely never forget him and the girls of Hawaii are still wondering what hit them. One night he was so confident that he rented a room before meeting a woman- and of course foresight paid off. One girl told him she would follow him back to the mainland, and Bancroft Medical will never be the same after his 1/c affair. Why is there a blanket in the back of your car, Chuck? There have been few Mids that were as good as Mills was at doing bad boy things and not getting caught. There are few 5000s that Chippy did not commit. He started off early when he drove Donny's car in the yard plebe year. Chuck finished his illustrious career at Navy just as he had hoped: he was Third Company's Commander following in Dale's footsteps (what a comical pair). Chuck will be an irreplaceable asset to the Marine Corps and he will rise to the top in whatever he chooses to do. Good Luck, Chuck, and thanks.

DEH

Francis G. Novak
Frank
Park Ridge, Illinois
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

*Francis G. Novak*-He is the man, the legend, the title of a blockbuster paperback release and an upcoming major motion film. Frank is a Jack of All Trades and Master of None and is known for his Mech E wizardry, self-authorized weeknight libs, as tailgater master-of-ceremonies, and of course, for his companionship with the Leprechaun from the Northeast. Frank casually strolled through the gates of Navy via an obscure plot of real estate in Illinois known as Park Ridge. Park Ridge is famous for two things, the first is for being directly in front of the east landing strip of O'Hare International, the second is Frank. Most people can be categorized by their living standards, but Frank is unlike most other people. He spends his weekdays rambling about the halls of Rickover, but on the weekends he is most likely found in Georgetown, a brew in one hand and Nicole in the other. Plebe year found Frank serving as Al Davitt's protege and Tracy's voodoo doll. The dynamic duo was born that year when he linked up with the Leprechaun with whom he laughed, drank, and pranked for the next 3 years. 3/c year saw the first inaugural Taste Bud's scam, the Connection's zany Florida caper, and festivities at Hood. It was during 2/c year, however, that Frank traded in his TI-30 for a pair of contact lenses and transformed into a ladiesman. Innocent babes like Sheila, Heidi, Valerie and Anne were hypnotized by his chilvary as were other girls ala Penn State, Bucknell, Lauderdale, Georgetown, Hood and The Voo. 1/c year brought with it mixed emotions as Frank reached a pinnacle in leadership during plebe detail, but set a new low when he was ousted from the pristigious 27 & Over Club. I wish Frank the best of luck as he departs from Thirsty Third and embarks a fresh future with Nicole and the adventures of Surface Warfare.

MMG

Peter M. Phelps
Digger
Baltimore, Maryland
Systems Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps - Naval Flight Officer

Pete's laid-back attitude is only surpassed by his slowness. No one could ever accuse Pete of being anywhere early. Even plebe summer Pete could be seen running down the hallways to the echoing shouts of "Digger!" Pete also survived most of the summer as the Troll, with one set of white works. With the start of youngster year, Pete began his romance with Smokey and Ashly Whipit as Systems Engineers. However, Pete even molded systems to suit his style, managing 5 youngsters 4 semesters in a row. It was also around this time that GQ magazines began to appear in his room and Pete started killing women and brain cells on weekends. Second class year Pete played tag-team with his roommate at comearounds during the week and spending his weekends at the local girls' colleges. First class summer Pete went out to Hawaii to play Marine. Although the women in Hawaii were not over joyed by their presence, Pete fell in love with kamikazes and hurricanes and managed to gain the interest of a Chaminade babe. For the last two weeks Pete could not be found after quiting time. Pete liked the Pacific so much he returned over Christmas, this time to P.I., P.I. stands for "Personal interests" in the mind of Digger Phelps, because thats exactly what he pursued. Who could forget the tales from Mardi Gras, or the nights spent with Bert and Chuck arguing over who was Massie and Kassie or who was Abee and Cudda Brown. It was so close who knew? POW, I'll check ya. We spent four years waiting on Digger and never regretted a second . . . minute . . . OK the hours

RTW

Mark A. Poindexter
Jack
Rockville, Maryland
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

"Who or what is a Poindexter? Oh, a Navy brat Wipe down." Mark made his way up to USNA from Pensacola, FLA. It was perhaps there that Mark garnered his characteristic style of pleasantry, he had a lot of friends including a very interesting run in with some sea life, I believe it was a whale. Then came plebe year, a fresh start at life and what did it lead to? First of all there were the rack wars with Bruce and Hughie. Who's Hugh you ask, well let me tell you. Hugh was a person that Mark had such a profound affect on that he left the Academy, got a purple mohawk and joined a punk band. Once that turmoil ended it was off to bigger and better things like the start of a life long relationship with the Ripper. They met over a bottle of whiskey at Army and the rest is history. Youngster year found Mark spending most of his time with either the little woman or worrying about scratching his turntable, and they said we wouldn't last two weeks. Second class year found Mark living at the little woman's house and laying his hands on the treasured TR6. Lots of good things happened that first semester like EE and that memorable visit to your house. Mark will make a great Naval officer but I hope he doesn't return to USNA as a Nav Prof, when he tried his hand at tutoring his only pupil failed. So much for Celestial. First class year came around and Mark found his way to the XO's shack and long hard days of Sigmund influence. You've had it up to where with who? Not only did he show his excellent form within the company in everything he did but he's a helluva mechanic too; The Blue Bomber. If there was ever one thing that really bothered him though, other than the turntable scratches, it was, don't touch the pictures. well our time has come and we fooled them all. Good luck in your Surface endeavors, there's a very lucky CO out there and he doesn't even know it.

-SAD-

Rene A. Puliatti
Puli
Syracuse, New York
Economics
Naval Flight Officer

Rene came to us from Syracuse via Hershey, PA. However, we have always suspected that he was Europe's retaliation for the "Ugly American." He had high ambitions to be a Chem major but was forced to settle for a major in ECA's with a minor in Economics. No one can understand why he went from one prison to another. Nonetheless, he became the Thirsty Third's cultural influence, for better or worse, with his suave European mannerisms and his ticket sales for "one buck." His attempts to culturally indoctrinate his crude plebe roommates, Skip and Knave, were unsuccessful and he moved on. His next roommate, the Watermain, remembers the Penny-fights, M&M throwing during finals, and all-star wrestling with the Minnesota Madman. But, alas, that affair ended also and our hero was again forced among the heathens. This time, the victims were Ashley and Smokey, two ESE's who enjoyed semi-normal study and sleep cycles. Their inheritance included many visitors, a German midshipman, showers at 0330, and Gregorian chants. Our heroic engineers have endured his assault on their uncultured bliss, though, and found him to be an excellent roommate and friend

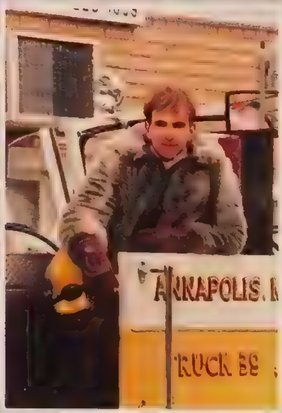
To his Dad: Good graduation gifts are MAACO gift certificates and stock in USAA.

To Navy Air: Watch out if he becomes a CO. Night OPS will become SOP.

A.J.B.

Paul A. Rosmilso
Sloz
Wappingers Falls, New York
Electrical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Paul was not an original member of Thirsty-Third, but certainly a welcome addition, having gone there after 3 fun years with 27. Paul came to us straight from high school somehwere in New York. Wanting to be a varsity athlete, but not related to Jack Nicklaus or Roger Staubach, Roz did the next best thing; he became a manager for the Varsity Football team. Always ambitious, he struggled through Double E and First-Class year became Senior Manager. Always in the limelight, Paul put the WUB'A' gang's pre-game show to shame with his expert shagging of field goals and punts. He was so good at this that his classmates named a dance, "Go, Go Rosmilso," after him. Paul was known to have a drink occasionaly, hence the nickname "Sloz." Paul was really a great friend. He will be fondly remembered by us all. GOOD LUCK Paul from Two-Seven and Thirsty-Third.



Daniel M. Seigenthaler
Pup
Long Beach, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

"Seigs" came appointed from Nashville, when the first word he uttered was BITCHEN, we became skepitcal. A California boy from the start, most people (including himself) wonder why he ever left.

Sailing and a size 1 got Dan through plebe year. Youngster year brought more sailing, a new JAP girlfriend with hurtin friends (Thanks a lot Dan), Chicken Pox, D's & F's and another slam. Dan's major desire was to be an Engineer. The Mech-E Dept. welcomed him with open arms, then chewed him up and spat him out.

Junior year brought new surprises, the girl next door, the unplanned roommate that weighed twice as much as him and never showered (Thanks Chuck, I will return the favor), and the GPA that qualified for AC-BOARDS and gave him the privilege to meet an Admiral and become a general.

After that, Dan moved up in life and in with the MEXICAN. They immediately became famous for their trivial arguments that often led to armed conflict.

First class year brought the red, JEEP, more sailing, 30 people home for ARMY-NAVY (Thanks son), and blind love (This one does coast to coast weekends). For service selection Dan got a Gator out of his own home port, and the chance to go back to CALIFORNIA.

Bruce R. Thompson
Hunter
Orinda, California
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Bruce came to USNA with the combined experiences of one who has seen too much. His first concert, the WHO/GRATEFUL DEAD at 13, the Berkley years of High School, and the infamous NAPS incident with the Newport P.D. Not only did Bruce see, he did. If you can imagine it, it has been done, or at least tried, twice if it's fun. The "Fish" of Navy Crew did it in '82 in a way none of us will ever forget. Bruce's crew experiences continued to multiply, divide and fester until he achieved the nirvana that only a hobbling, aching crew jock with a locker full of other team's shirts can know. All who have known Bruce have come away changed or at least schizophrenic. Musical tastes-Psychotic tendencies are easily transfered and were. Funk, Punk, or The Ride of the Valkeries, just so it's loud. 200 watts per channel and a Nakamichi deck, there is no substitute. Who else would set up a slot car track in Mum's, and play till closing or go to the Afterdeck Friday on Parent's weekend, without his parents or to the Buffer Zone, a land inhabited only by drunk psuedo-Marines or use the Boat-House shower with "friends" after a trip off the cliff ropeswing of Two-mile creek. The saga goes on and on and on. Under the bridge, Charlies, the Happy Buzzard, and Annie's, always hitting 1000, it has always been FULL THROTTLE, WIN OR WIPE, 0-60 under 5 sec, 150mph, the tiger is fun, so is EE, it's worth taking twice. You can't win if you don't play so why not play a lot. You don't need to study, just graduate, and if you can read this, he did. All the mice have spacesuits and they know what's going on. Drive on, it just doesn't matter.

xOxOxERB —KAP—

The picture is of Bruce's first road trip

John A. Van Cleave
Ashley Whipit
Kurtistown, Hawaii
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

John escaped the terrible life as an enlisted submariner with an apartment, a Flat X1/9, and 900 dollars per month to join up at this institute of higher learning. How he got in with his math, taking a paycut from $900 to $60 per month, is still a mystery. Nonetheless, John found his niche in the company as the math, science, and EE whiz kid. Most of the engineers in the comapny owe him for surviving cables. Youngster year, John once again put his logic (?) to work, if not his electronics knowledge, and became a Systems Engineer. He has spent three years kicking himself for not going EE.

Getting John out on liberty and leave has been difficult as he saves money to join United Airlines 100,000 mile club. In one of his more famous trips out, he went home for a week with the Wildman, delighting his mother as she cooked meals for six to feed three. Trips home are to visit Snert, Entropy, Enthalpy (pets), and the car and girl(s?) no one know about.

Whether it's devising new tortures for animals, leaping for frisbees in "Ultimate" working a problem, or just eating; John is intensity defined. Though, he sold his soul to the Nukes, his roommate can never repay him for getting him through as an ESE. Good luck, John; may your future wife be a gourmet cook and your Hawaii farm fertile.

A.J.B.

Mark R. Waterman
Opie
San Diego, Califonia
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Simply put, Mark is a Boolean masochist. He only understands one type of logic, and that is circuit logic. Not only is his major EE, not only is his QPR 3.8, he's even going NUKE!! Plebe year was great! At ARMY, Mark showed his true mettle when he nearly tested (from a hotel window) the law of physics for totally inebriated mids. Shortly thereafter he tested the watertight fittings of his portable commode/cover. What a night. Youngster year Mark experienced EE Morning Sickness, brought on by long nights with CMOS and TTL chips. Its most apparent symptom was MORNING GRUMPINESS. Besides waking up as if being electrocuted, his grumpiness had an RC time constant inversely proportional to the microdecibels of "Medieval Gregorian chants" needed to arouse him. (So I like taking "late" showers!) 2/c year Mark's QPR impressed Sigmund, and he found himself moving up the striper ranks. 1/c year found Mark "working?!" with a "honey-pie Southern belle" named Andrea. At least he did his "best" to protect her from the Marty's of '88, and don't forget about the near explosive homemade optics laser. Mark Opie Watermain will be a truly unique contribution to Rickover's family of mutants. Just don't develop any sub-launched air-nukes, please. Good luck and "Mach's gut."

RAP

Robert T. White, Jr.
O.D.
Neptune Beach, Florida
History
Surface Warfare

Rob came to the Naval Academy "one deck" ahead of the rest. Armed with all the experience that one can get in Neptune Beach, Florida, Rob has been a man in control of his destiny. Sometimes that destiny has taken him into bridges and bouys, but more often he has steered along the straight and narrow (Ha!). As in-boat leader of the FISH, Rob's grating voice will always be remembered by his galley-slaves: *CONCENTRATE*, MIKE YOU'RE LATE, KEVIN KEEP YOUR HEAD UP, and MARTY *SHUT-UP!!* were among the gems that were born of never-ending practices.

Rob has his life in historical perspective during the past four years, and has been both a decorated war game veteran and a NAVTAG jock. From toasts to future glory at "Charley's," to reminicience of past accomplishments and time spent in the "Buffer Zone," Rob has been an integral member of the social FISH.

Good Luck O.D., wherever you may end up in this big, bad Navy of ours. Remember, never look back; those preppy faggots may be gaining.

— KWP

Robin T. Wileman
Wild man
Louisville, Kentucky
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Rob arrived at Canoe U. from Louisville with dreams of swimming, swimming, . . . , and swimming. Yes, he and the now extinct baby Huey made quite the pair plebe summer. Their room was the one coated by snow that smelled of 'Johnson & Johnson'. Rob went on plebe year to star in swimming, and could always be found with his faithful companion, Bat an. Rob was also a star in the death squad, consisting of Smiley, Grumpy, and Weasy. Unfortunately, Rob violated Grumpy regs. by spending an inordinate amount of time with his team at team tables. However, Rob was granted a stay of execution by the administration. Rob's morning workouts will never be forgotten by his roommates as they were awakened every morning at 0530 to the sound of Rob's exit with the loud slam of a door. Youngster year saw an end to Rob's swimming career, but Rob continued his swimming, this time in the blue waters of his rack. Rob's last named was spelled Wild man to the plebes second class year as he and his roommate played tagteam comearound. Later that year, during spring break, Rob and Ashley had the 'pleasure' of riding to Louisville in the 'Sleaze-mobile'. Once there, they proceeded to eat Mom out of house and home. Rob thoroughly enjoyed the pleasures of the Orient that summer on first class cruise, and returned to reek havoc and destruction on the defenseless plebes. First class year saw Rob earn another varsity letter, this one a Z. In his waking moments, Rob travelled the area women's colleges. He made many a friend, and though he claims no attachment, he was always happy to cater to their desires. Rob flirted with the Marine Corps, but his heart was always with Navy Air, which won out in the end. Good luck, Rob, and please thank Grandma for the chow packages!

PMP

John B. Williams, III
J.B.
Fort Worth, Texas
Physics
Naval Aviation

John Benedict Williams, arrived at USNA from Fort Worth, Texas, with pointy and smashable hair and speaking good English spiced with a slight Texan accent. Since day one, John has been a professional. He was one of the unique individuals who started reading *Ships and Aircraft* on Induction Day and who practically memorized the *U.S. War Machine* by the end of Plebe Year. John spent quite a few study hours spit shining his leathers — once with potato chips included. As a plebe, John was accused of having a frightening, "I want to kill you," look. During youngster summer, he earned his airborne jump wings and became a favorite of one second class Stanton. John's golden dream was to become an aviator and in all sincerity he is a pilot by nature, fortuned with eagle eyes and an index finger — well exercised during his strenuous, varsity rifle workouts — with which he could press the trigger button of his F/A-18 joy stick. Academics have been a tough challenge for John, but he has handled the horrors of the physics major very well. Calculus and a logical and analytical brain gave him the power to derive all formulas, many of which after 3 hours of frustration and marvelous work were not too necessary for the problem at hand. After quantum physics John was prepared to derive life. Optics days with his all time favorite, "Breeze Head," and Marty were fun for John. John will always be remembered for admiring Clint Eastwood, Von Schlieffen, and Darth Vader; for his ultimate hand shape, "the Claw;" and for being a great classmate and a fantastic friend.

ERM

# Fourth Company

Gordon W. Ballard
Flash
Madison, New Jersey
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

Rick, (Oops Gordon), left the chemical dumps of Jersey and his weekly Hummy Dummies to follow the footsteps of his fore-fathers to the gates of USNA, foresaking a bright career in toothpaste commercials. Gordon was slow in making the transition from boyhood to manhood. It wasn't until 2/c year that Gordon discovered that you could change the blades in your razor. Gordon shocked all during plebe year by shedding his nice guy image to become a member of the Apple Dumpling Gang. Gordon quickly established himself as one of the neatest mids at the Academy and became determined to convert one of the messiest mids, something that cost him four years of rooming with myself and no signs of success in the near future. Academics not being one of Gordon's strong points, he proceeded to choose one of the most demanding majors-Naval Architecture. A decision that cost him many weekends. A fact that Janet could attest to. Gordon showed his preference for Mech E courses by intentionally failing Thermo so he could take it a second time. Gordon also showed his prowess in EE by lecturing his class on the art of tossing chalk. Gordon foresake the glamorous life of a pilot and the rich life of a nuke by letting the Navy predetermine his service selection. We all feel confident that Gordon will be successful in all his endeavors as long as he sticks with his personal proverb "A pint of problems isn't worth a sea of sweat". Best of luck to a great roommate and an even better friend.

RFC

Michael J. Berger
Mike
La Mesa, California
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

One day while flying with his private pilot's license, Mike Berger gained an intimate understanding of the lack of suitability of the Pacific Ocean as a runway. To put it simply, he crash-landed off the California coast. He paddled back to shore while his plane did an excellent impression of the *Titanic*. As he swam, he thought, "I would really love to land on the water for a living." Thus, he decided to come to USNA so he could graduate to a life of crash-landing planes on carrier decks.

Michael J. had an eventful plebe year under the able leadership of M/ENS Brown, a man he deeply respected and admired (well, maybe not so deeply). He earned "expert" ribbons in pistol and rifle that year while shooting for the rifle team.

With second class year came Mike's two biggest passions-his 260z and Suzette. Between the Z and the woman, Bergs always had something to do or talk about (including trying to convince everyone to buy one- a Datsun, not a girl). When Suzette and the 260 weren't allowed on weekdays, Berge' (pronounced Burzha') pursued another of his passions-racking. Despite his claims to the contrary, he was well-known for his ability to achieve a REM state of sleep with only 15 minutes before his next class.

The Naval Aviation community will benefit from Mike's contribution.

R.A.S.

Thomas F. Bourbeau
Tommy Joe
Santa Barbara, California
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Upon arrival at the Academy Tommy Joe immediately showed his surf punk mentality by laughing in his squad leaders face all through plebe summer. At this time he was provided with the opportunity to display his awesome singing (or lack of)-probably because he listens to U2 and Joe Jackson.

In his youngster year Tommy Joe became one of the founding members of the Hotel California and developed a tendency to turn his stereo up louder than the OOW agreed was necessary. Nonetheless Tommy Joe proved his military competency and became second class company commander.

Prior to his SEO Tommy Joe was known as a serious drinker. At one time he attempted to take on a bar full of hicks in Florida. On one particular excursion to Hood College, he placed himself in infamy by becoming the first formal brick winner in Fourth Co. During this adventure he managed to miss his ride back and was lucky enough to be picked up while hitch-hiking by a couple of representatives of the Fredrick police department, who were kind enough to give him a tour of their station.

Tommy Joe's frustrations were relieved by his SEO first class year. After which he became quite the ladies' man.

Tommy Joe was the last firstie in his company to buy a car. He went out to buy a 240-Z but came back with what he calls a GTI- what the rest of the world calls a Volkswagon Rabbit.

All this time Tommy Joe has shown his academic studliness by maintaining one of the highests CPR's in the company- he even survived the Rocket. He also won a varsity letter.

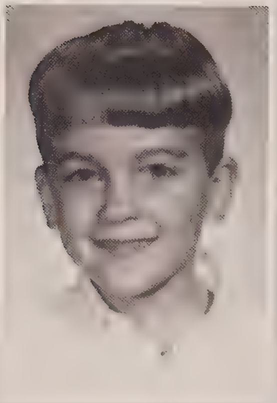
California lost a surf punk but the Navy gained a great NFO. Lick 'em dead Tom.

DMP & MDP

Richard F. Cameron
Rick
Lake Placid, Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Rick, or is it Gordon, packed away his water skis, pulled out his spittoon, and headed north to Camp Tecumseh. He laughed his way through plebe summer and right on into academic year. Just so he could have more fun and free time he left the Political Scientists and joined the ranks of the Mech E's halfway through youngster year. He even found time to play varsity rack in which he earned All-American honors all four years. His inability to Z while others breathed, however, cost him the national title. Actually, Tricky displayed his athletic abilities by playing company basketball, battalion football and coaching the company football and softball teams. during spring break he opened Hotel Cameron for 'the boys' of foamin' four and got away from the sub-60 weather and snow that he had only read about before coming to Annapolis. When he learned you could ski on snow too, it wasn't long before he was on the northern slopes. Even after three years of rooming with a Yankee he returned for first class year in a Ford truck, keeping true to his redneck ways. They immediately showered his shoulder boards with gold as he earned the reigns of fourth company. He established himself as a hard worker, a fierce competitor, and most of all, a good friend. The air community can be proud to have Rick up there with them. "This Bud's for you."

GWB



### Douglas L. Cuthbert
Runt
Cleveland Heights, Ohio
Naval Architecture
Naval Aviation

Doug came to us here at U.S.N.A. from NAPS. He decided to take a year off after high school to mature, wrestle, and save some money. Well, he did wrestle his 1st two years here but he's still stone broke and at 5'5" he has to special order his uniforms from a local Sea Scout unit. Doug and his two roommates often like to discuss their childhood accomplishments. His roommates tell of their activities as Eagle Scouts while Doug discusses his experience at siphoning gas from cars. What do you expect from a guy who grew up on the streets of Cleveland. Truthfully, Doug has done well here at the Academy. He has over a 3.0 CQPR in one of the hardest majors here at USNA, Naval Architecture, you know, those "pseudo-Engineers." Doug has always talked about fast cars and fast women; however, his 1st three years here he drove a Dodge Van and dated a steady girl. He has changed all that though, now he drives a Porsche. After wrestling Doug joined the Judo team. In his first tournament he took the Eastern American Championship. What a stud! Doug contends that prejudice was involved in striper selection because positions were filled by *height* and not ability. Doug's somewhat "carefree" attitude has been a definite asset for his roommates. Whenever they seem to be down in the dumps, Doug seems to make light of the situation and pick up the spirits. Navy Air is lucky to get a man like Doug. He has truly been a *great* friend for both his roommates!!

JTL

### Edwin D. Dean III
Sonny
Crownsville, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Sonny came to USNA via NAPS and judging by his academic performance, he must have wanted the five-year plan in order to lighten his course load and increase his partying. A star athlete in high school, he excelled in baseball until Duff became too much and then shifted to 150's. Sonny's athletic ability was apparent when he (tossed) the cap on Herndon. A rebel without a cause as a young lad, he tangled with the pavemnt by Nimitz, the walls, and his roommates Youngster year. After the epitome of a backstab, Sonny realized the path of least resistance( the only EE he understood) and he began to mellow, but not too much. 2/c year brought Sonny back to earth (EE helped) after two 4.0s. Then the Rocket almost got him but to no avail as Sonny pulled it out in the end. Then there were the women. Maria caused many a bruised hand, the black widows (Futch and Jeanne) caused many a bruised ego, Finally, Karen has caused a bruised back from the whips. It would be remiss to not mention Sonny's partying ways. His house was always open and his family was always willing to put up with numerous mids in varying states of drunkenness. The parties at his house were frequent and memorable and the bittersweet taste of NATL BO is remembered by all who partied with Sonny. Sonny chose Surface Nuke because he liked the sunshine and the money (not necessarily in that order). We wish him good luck in the Navy and beyond. NATL BO FOREVER.

JLH
DMP

### Daniel L. DiBono, Jr.
Dan
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Dan came to USNA from Villanowhere, looking for bigger and better things, but contrary to his aspirations he found things were not actually better but quite different than he had expected. Something was still missing in his life; his hair. Dan had an easy time of plebe year. The only difficulties he faced first semester was with his roommate Dave, in which Dan became an expert debater. Second semester provided more of a challenge to Dan but not without its PITfalls. Dan provided the USNA's rugby team with an added dimension. Even though Dan was an excellent hooker, he moved his talents to the football field the following year. As a third class, Dan will be most remembered for his big bash after the clash at Army-Navy. Dan's partying did not stop there. Right before Christmas break, Dan was in an uncontrollable spin like the Tasmanian Devil which resulted in the demise of Ralph's Christmas tree. Dan's second class year was somewhat of a disappointment for him. Before Dan fell to a serious knee injury, he was a starter for the 150 lb. team. Perseverance was Dan's greatest virtue during these trying times because he eventually went on to letter and get his N-star. One disability that resulted from Dan's injury was his inability to bend over to shine his shoes, though his company officer could not understand this. It will be a morose day when Dan and I go our separate ways. My friendship with Dan will always be a special part of my life. I wish him the best of luck as he patrols the skies in his A-6. Dan was meant for the Navy.

JAK

### Louis A. Gomez
Shlou
San Bernardino, California
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Louis came to us from Sunny San Bernardino with a confused look on his face claiming to be looking for the ultimate beach. Well, he wasn't totally disappointed. He spent plenty of time on Red Beach, only with a rifle in his hands instead of a surfboard. Who could forget waking up to, "E.D. goes for all those on the Form-1, and Gomez!" How many pairs of shoes did you wear out, Louis?

Louis was rather quiet during Plebe year, never quite losing that dazed look on his light bulb head. When Youngster year rolled around, however, we found out he wasn't the mild mannered Mexican we thought he was. Don't worry Lou. We would have flipped that table on those girls, too! They should have danced with you We always knew Louis liked to swim, but in Philadelphia in the middle of November? Way to go Latin Lover!

Even though Louis struggled through academics, he did gain much wisdom and experience in other matters (wink, wink). Frannie O's will be a permanent part of his memory.

Louis rolled into first class year with a new set of wheels, Allison, and a new, FREE, outlook on life. This new outlook lasted all of three months. Philly just hasn't been good to you, Lou. Well, even the best of bachelors must someday fall

Lou, we're all going to miss you. A fair wind and following seas.

TJS JPP

P.S. You still have that dazed look!

Shawn R. Grenier
Grenwa
Placentia, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Although there are many institutions that Shawn could have attended, he narrowed it down to two: Napa State or the Naval Academy. He chose the Uncollege because he liked the new wave haircuts and GQ clothes. He packed up his wayfarers, slipped on his sandals, turned up the collar on his flowered shirt, and headed "east". When he got to Annapolis he tried to make friends with everyone in his squad—including his squad leader. After surviving the challenge of plebe year he decided that he needed another challenge—he lettered in water polo while playing with aero classes. When THAT started to bore him be bought a racing bike, a good pair of running shoes, and began training for his newest challenge: triathlons. Many say that it is no coincidence that he started competing in triathlons and shooting for a SEAL billet soon after receiving a normally lethal dose of radiation poisoning during sub cruise. Although the nukes convinced him to go SEAL, something good DID come out of it all: while in Hawaii he met Linda, a new wave valley girl (which just goes to show ya there IS a perfect match for everybody!).

He drove his kit car ("Isn't that a Ferrari?") back from California at the beginning of the LAST year and has spent almost as much time putting the cover on and off as he has driving it. On Saturday nights he could often be found at the Bayou or the Sandbar, staring at Alana ("We belong together"), and fantasizing about what it would be like to date a rock singer.

Whether he flies, whenever there's a challenge involved we know that he won't refuse. The only easy day . . . was yesterday.

MDP

Jeffrey J. Grill
The Griller
Memphis, Tennessee
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

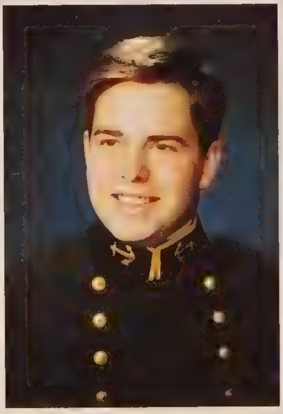
Jeff came to us from way down under. Well almost down under, Memphis that is. His first summer here was a fun one for Jeff. He became the star at those instuctional periods. The summer ended with Parent's Weekend and our boy Jeff decided to celebrate by getting behind the wheel while in the yard. Too bad you had to wait three years to do that again.

With academic year came academic troubles, and after one hard struggle with the books, the once aero major became the first general eng. major. That's OK Jeff, the Admiral made the right choice for you. After a few fun filled weeks on the super K, he entered an uneventful 3/c year, except for stealing his roommate's girlfriend.

Second class summer was confusing for Jeff. He was on one of those cruises with women. He had a time trying to decide whether to pick one up. He didn't. As he entered the school year, he became known as the Griller. His room excelled in attacking plebes and playing with fire. Second semester he and D.D. made a good showing of themselves, especially the Condo, at least he took her to the ring dance. What happened after is still a mystery to most (even the parents)

First class cruise came and went as Jeff spent most of it at sea. He did get to see a few hours of Japan. The first semester was good for Jeff. Besides classes, he spent his weekends playing with his Pontiac. Too bad he had to leave it at home over Christmas due to snow. The last semester, Jeff excelled as our Admin officer. The 3X5 card turnover wasn't good enough, right Jeff? He finally drove the Pontiac back. What a relief to get rid of that Alaskian temporary. Good luck in the fleet. Go for the Admiral spot and keep in touch.

SRG



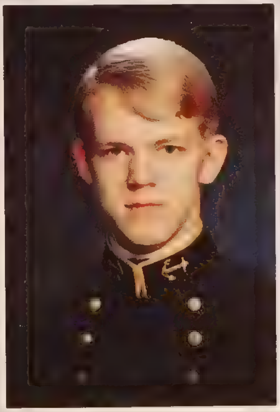
Joel L. Hanson
Troll
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

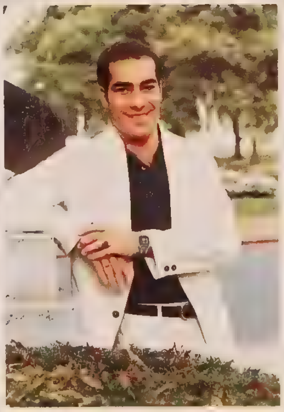
Joel came to Annapolis directly from Va. Beach all ready endowed about Navy life, but it did take a little doing to rid him of his part in the middle, beach-boy image, but over time it was REB-ed out. An expert in trivia, if he didn't know it, no one did. A scholar of sort, Joel believed in spending only the minimal amount of time in the books, but a LOT in the wardroom, and did manage to survive both the Rocket and Wild Bill in a single semester.

A natural runner with unlimited ability, he was bounded only by his desire for the rack. Joel also kept up his boxing lessons in the ring, at the stadium, Bergers' room, football field, Goucher, etc. He was known by everyone, especially at Goucher, where he even managed to room in a closet, and has fond memories of a van and a porch in Gainesville. Joel was never one to turn down a party, even though a few turned him inside out

Now Joel is off to the Nuclear Surface force where he will be a mainstay for a time to come Remember how I educated you in music, the fragrance of the room, jokes, wrestling, 21st birthday, foul-less games of basketball, tailgaters, it's your turn, and I'll kick your . . . , it has been a hard but good four years. Best of luck in the years to come, you will be one of the best.

RVH





Mark H. Hauman
Hoss
Toledo, Ohio
Economics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Mark came to USNA from the wonderful city of Toledo He was instantly disillusioned when he found out that there was something worse in life than living in Toledo which was being a plebe He soon came out of his daze and proceeded to corrupt his naive farm boy roommate. Mark soon found out that he created a monster that went beyond any of his own personal talents. Mark was never noted for his quickness, punctuality, brilliance, or looks, but he did know how to liven even the dullest of moments. Poor B.S. and G.K. will never be the same, not to mention the plants under all those terraces. Mark made it into Nuke school to the amazement of many. He maintains that bull majors control the world so it was his destiny. When Mark did get out on the weekends he wasted no time in getting reaquainted with his old friends Ralph, Roger, and Joe. His only difficulty was that his good buddy Fred didn't have very good taste in women. Mark worked hard and will always uphold his high personal standards of excellence in what ever he does. Good luck and don't forget all those great road trips

**Robert V. Hoppa**
Hop
Dundalk, Maryland
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Hop came to USNA via the scenic route of Cherry Point and NAPS. When he finally found a place to stay for a few years, he set about making it a better place to party. He redefined the word liberty by setting the land speed record from Dundalk (28 min). Hop never took plebe year too serious, but the system saw fit to give him stripes anyway; not that Hop cared since his time was divided between beer and purple hair. A star lax player as a young lad, he gave three years of his life to Coach Matthews, before devoting himself to the good life of coaching. Always one to party he found out in L.I. that, unlike Dandy Don, he was no tea lover. You always heard Hop before you saw him (Yo Wang whuss up). Second class year saw Hop tangled in the black web of the Bizarre One. Before long, his senses returned and he was back partying with the boys. Then Hop calmed down. The boys miss him, but I think Kathy domesticated him. Never one to stay up late, Hop still managed to get the grades every time out and once he figured out the mysteries of the AQT-FAR, he was set to become one of the elite in NAVY Air. Never forget "Don't make me get up. . .", the hotel at VA Beach, wrestling in the room, Bacardi 151 for my b-day, loud music and late hours, Army our Plebe Year (sorry I ruined your fun), tailgaters 1/c, B-ball games, working out, and all the other fun we had that can't be listed. Good luck in the air and I better not pull you out of the water. You've been a helluva roommate.

JLH

**Stephen J. Kintzel**
Kintz
Andover, New Jersey
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Kintz came to us after taking a wrong turn off the NJ Turnpike. Steve was a real gunge plebe summer and left impressions everywhere he went: bulkheads, tennis room doors, and King Hall glassware will never be the same. Who can forget his unique interpretation of Extend Arms? Thanks.

Steve came here with a girlfriend, but how do you keep a girl who doesn't even recognize you when you come home with no hair and 30 lbs lighter?

After rowing crew plebe year Steve made the transition that many an opposing mid wished he hadn't: intramural sports. Whether playing 1st Batt football or co. heavies, no one took Steve lightly.

Steve became a permanent fixture on spring break trips to Florida, although many of the fixtures there are no longer permanent thanks to his presence.

Speaking of which, Kintz was known for his generous nature for aquatic life, be it marlin or whale. Go Greenpeace.

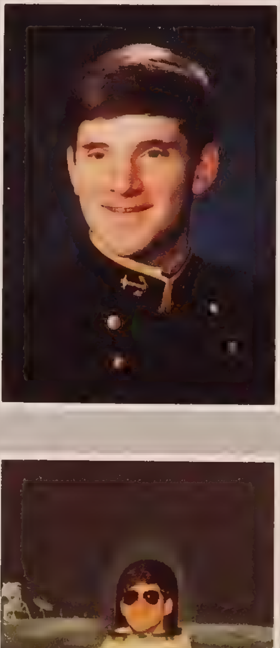
Steve was also probably the only mid in modern history to lock himself out of his car while the motor was still running.

Kintz survived four years of Systems Engineering, but at the great expense of his social life. Don't ask him what a weekend is, he'd just tell you it was a time to catch up on studying.

First class year came and Steve's rowdy rock fell by the wayside as he made a switch to mellow Christian music, although the plebes considered him anything but mellow. Can you say 2nd set squad leader? I thought you could.

Now Nuc Subs have called Steve. Good luck in all your future endeavors and may your depth always be less than crush.

- WHS -



**Michael C. Klooster**
Kloo
Phoenix, Arizona
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

Kloo (no one knew his real first name) came to the Academy as a recruited basketball player with "little talent but lots of hustle." Kloo started plebe year as a seemingly hardcore grunt, but somewhere along the line he got his bearings confused and ended up as a nuke. The only sanity in his decision was to stay on top of the water.

Kloo quickly became an authority in his computer science major. Kloo's academic endeavors were only surpassed by his encounters with the opposite sex. He wasted no time youngster year picking a fine specimen from the selection at Disco Dahlgren. He still hasn't hocked the rock he bought for her. He went through girls his first and second class years like most people go through sneakers. A couple of those girls even got him the acclaimed Brick Award. Then he found a Jeannie with light brown hair, but she didn't come from a lamp; but rather from Mother "B".

Kloo's hard-headed determination and dedication led him to success in almost everything he did. He was respected both in the Hall and on the court for his serious yet laid back, lead by example style of leadership. Kloo will always be remembered in fourth company every time anybody walks in the wardroom and sees the Brick Award with his name on it.

MCK

**Joseph A. Kowalewski**
Joe
Baltimore, Maryland
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Joe was born a poor, Polish child, he left USNA the same way. During plebe summer, Joe kept a low profile; his name was too hard for the firsties to pronounce. The only way he could be identified was by the cast on his wrist. I guess that's why he got it in the first place.

First semester plebe year proved a trying one for Joe. The upperclass at Joe's table were all but pleasant. Joe then slid safely through second semester by warming up pitchers and his bad wrist, in the bullpen of Navy's baseball team.

Youngster year was a transitional one for Joe, after the inevitable run-in with Coach Duff, the exballplayer concentrated 100% on academics. Also during that time, Joe's true talent appeared; Rodney Dangerfield imitations, and "Bustin' on yur mama," became favorite pastimes of his. Joe's proficiency at this earned him the title, "The King of Cuts." He was good; just ask Rip Van Sun, the Sultan, or Noser, they'll tell you.

Trashing rooms became Joe's second pastime. His daily fun began about two in the morning. This hobby was brought to an abrupt halt when on one night, while fleeing the seen of the crime, he put his hand through a glass door. Needless to say, he's all together now.

Joe saw the light in his last semester, his service preference went from SWO to FO. His most important discovery was that rack time is the key to good grades. The past three years have been the greatest, except for your obnoxious snooring. You'll work hard where ever you go. Your quote "I get no respect," is false, you've got mine.

OLO

**James G. Kyser IV**
Giles
Dumfries, Virginia
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Three years rooming with a grunt, how'd we do it Jim? Living in constant fear that the next moment might bring another gunge lecture on such critical topics as MOS selection, just the kind of thing Navy pilots & submariners need to know. After Giles spent a year squaring away MMA (ask him about it if you have plenty of time) he arrived at USNA and proceeded to show his stuff and impress a lot of people with his natural military ability. Then came academics. Ouch!!! Giles had a hard time, but by no fault of his own, how can you do well with professors that meet weekly to determine how to fail you, or that assign papers only the night before they're due. Who has time for school when there's airborne training, Semper Fi, the Gazzette, Leather neck, choir, and glee club (Duke couldn't disappoint the girls), but Grunt pulled through. They told him he could be battalion CDR and his grades nearly doubled, and command he did. That's what he does better than anyone I know. Plebe summer saw Giles again on the drill field as Co Cdr. Imagine having a Baptist minister as a drill instructor, that's Giles. After plebe summer he set out in his black Fiero (Visa card in hand) with a battle plan for wine, women, and song. But alas, there was a slight change in the battle order. A lovely young lady named Chris came and swept Giles off his feet. What she sees in that short haired grunt we'll never know, but the wedding bells will be ringing after TBS.

Best of luck & thanks for everything Giles. Just remember this, by land, sea, or air we got'em covered. If you ever need air support just give me a call; if things get real bad we'll let Jim handle it

SEMPER FI

**James T. Loeblein**
Lerbs
Salisbury, North Carolina
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Jim came to us from N.C. a southerner from the word go, and "get gone" he did. His easy going attitude and natural way with people soon had us all feeling right fine. Jim was inspiring also, quotable quotes in a slow southern drawl seemed to roll off Jim's tongue regularly, perhaps the most famous being "To hell with chemistry and history, gimme the conn." Jim had a natural ability for the stage and he and his twin brother became bookend fixtures all across the U.S. and on numerous national TV shows with the Glee Club. Jim and his twin brother became experts at creating an identity crisis, so expert that they saw fit to dazzle the plebes while on detail with tag team uniform races. Second class summer saw Jim lead a fast life. A new Porsche, and a new service selection choice each week of protramid were totally uncharacteristic for someone who probably has the most boring blotter in the Brigade. He slowed back down and finally settled on Nuc subs and as our 2nd set company commander enjoys dialogues with our Carolinian Company Officer which in typical southern fashion may take days to complete. Not to worry though, I'm sure that Jim will have us all in line and doing his favorite rendition of the "bird dance" from Purple Rain before you can say "Y'all come on back here." All we can say Jim is our confidence in you as a roommate, academician, professional, and spiritual leader is well founded, and we who know him are better because of it.

JGK

**Silvester G. Mata**
Sly
Phoenix, Arizona
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Sly came to USNA from sunny Phoenix via the NAPS route to play basketball for Navy. Not only did basketball make him almost invisible plebe year but also gave him many memorable road trips. The hills of Iowa and lampshades of William and Mary will never be the same. Sly made Varsity plebe year and earned a letter. Unfortunately he didn't excell in the classroom as he did on the basketball court. He fell victim to the dreaded computers as did most management majors did youngster year.

Second class year brought Sly's dream, the credit card. And with the credit card came shoes, shirts, pants and more clothes (these look good don't they Joe) and just about anything else you could buy now and pay for later. At the end of second class year our very own Eddie Munster got a car (how long did it take you to make up your mind Sly?). With a credit card in his hand and a set of wheels, Sly rolled into first class year with road trips to Ocean City, North Carolina, and numerous weekends at the Fish Market (here he had a brief encounter with a bad disease but was quickly cured). For the last three years Sly had been footing telephone bills to Phoenix (but not to home) and first class year brought more of the same. "Oh Joe, what are we gunna do", Mounds, Taco Bell, Purple Rain, Frederick, Philly, The Library, Clarkes, I sure wish I knew spanish so I could tell what he is saying in his sleep. Thanks for putting up a geeker Sly and Good Luck in everything.

JPP

**Michael D. Phillips**
Mike
Concord, California
Systems Engineering
Naval Aviation

Mike (most people just call him Dick) hailed from Northern California with a cowboy hat on his head and running shoes on his feet. He didn't stop running until his feet got tired at which point he traded in his running shoes for leather restraints (on his feet). Mike then fervishly stroked for Navy crew until his departure to the promised land (Pensacola). How about those laid back, warm spring breaks on the Severn! How Mike managed to excel academically with his heavy doses of "crew sleep" we may never know. Youngster summer found Mike with a shaved head and jump wings. Besides striving towards Biomassism, Mike managed to take some systems classes and graduate with a "real" degree

Being from Northern California, Mike was the essential rocker. Strains of Bob Seger or the Scorpions could often be heard oozing out from between his head and headphones. First semester 1/C year Mike took over as Batt OPS and occasionally used his 3-striper libs to further his musical education Mike could be frequently found rocking at the Sandbar or the Bayou seducing the women with his overdeveloped belt buckle. Besides the rocker women, Mike managed to see his fair share of respectable girls both here and at home. Being an original co-founder of the "Hotel California", Mike could often be found horizontal and dreaming of California girls Mike will be sorely missed by all, and especially the plebes who always looked up to him as a "friend". Good luck with Navy Air Mike and "Check Six"!

S.T.F.B.

David M. Pimple
Pimp
Sierra Vista, Arizona
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Dave, the Pimp, Pimple came to the University of the Water via Sierra Vista, Arizona, on the back of a giant gila monster. Dave strode through his first three years on the track and cross country teams. With youngster year came some spare time which was filled with such activities as shaving Billy's teddy bear and boisterously staggering around the halls after long and foam filled Saturday nights. Even with his running talents, however, he still was not fast enough to evade being roped by Terri, who duly whipped him into submission. Dave made admirable attempts at appearing non-whipped, such as numerous road trips to those beautiful beer guzzling tavern wenches at Goucher and Hood colleges. But no, it was a Crazy Glue relationship, and Terri would not let Dave's sporadic attempts at freedom pull them apart.

Dave, in fine bull major style, could often be found writing papers in the wardroom late at night with one eye on the paper and one on David Letterman or Benny Hill. These late night efforts seemed to pay off as shown by the shiny stars on his collar. 1/C year Dave was shocked by the death of his gila "Bailey". No one told him he wasn't supposed to "run" him. Dave's service selection choice of Marine Air came about only after careful consideration of all career and personal factors as well as numerous National Boh's. We're all waiting to see the change from "drug induced haircut" to "high and tight". But look at the bright side Dave, you don't even have to use shampoo! I'm sure the Marine Corp will make good use of Dave's many talents. Good luck Dave

S.T.F.B.

Joseph P. Preddy
Wang
Cassville, Missouri
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

The Wang came to the USNA from some infamous town known as the Fescue Capital of the world, Cassville, Missouri. I found myself staring at some guy our squad leader called, "Preddy, you hyper #$%¢&!." This was Wang's only tough Ac year. Younster year, Wang was taken under the wings of BG and there was a quick turnaround in his grades. This is the year Joe earned his nickname, "Wang", from another buddy, Hop, due to his excellence in SI304 (My favorite course.)

Second class year Wang found new adventures in Disco Dahlgren where he could usually be found around midnight with a pitcher of beer and wearing his beer goggles. Joe earned another nickname, Geeker, because of his excellence in the classroom. First class year started off with a blast when the Wang went on his first WESTPAC. That consisted of a few stories itself which the Wang can tell about himself. The fun continued with the start of Ac year. This included trips to Ocean City, Hood College (Wang's lucky day), North Carolina, and weekend drives up to Georgetown. Let's not forget Wang's 21st birthday.

Well Wang, it's been fun but now I want to wish you good luck in San Diego or on top of that 20 story building you were telling me about, whichever you choose. Last of all, I would like to say thanks for putting up with my bad practices and games. Wang I won't forget about the help you gave me to make it through this place. Wang's favorite hobbies consisted of: Music: No sleeping on the barstool Sports: Hurdling pebbles at Ocean City Dances: The Bird Collecting boxers: The Lucky Ones

Galvan

Douglas T. Rhodes
Dusty
Duncansville, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

From out of the woods of Pennsylvania came the Duster to the academy, with a fishing pole in one hand and a gun in the other. Dusty came as a recruited football player, and after two years of hard work, became one of those offensive lineman responsible for springing Napolean for all those yards. Outside of football, Dusty was the party animal. Give him fifteen or sixteen beers and he thought he was Nap I have a dent on the hood of my car to prove it, a five yard touchdown dive Never give him beer around a ping pong table either, or he'll dive on that too. Dusty is country to the bone, having qualified in all categories—music, guns and a truck to four wheel with. He is one of the only guys I know who came in with a girlfriend and will probably graduate with the same girlfriend. We won't talk about the two and a half years in between, though.

Everybody liked Doug in the hall, even the plebes since he was so dedicated to the professional development program??? I remember the three come-arounds we had youngster year. Who taught those plebes how to play darts anyway?

Dusty was and will always be a true friend to me. His dedication to whatever he does will make him one of the best helo pilots in the Marines.

DTR

Ronald A. Selvy
Clone
Sierra Vista, Arizona
Aerospace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Ron came from Sierra Vista, AZ, with his TI-58c firmly attached to his belt ready, willing and able(?) to attack his major of AERO. First, Ronald had to memorize a few simple things in plebe summer. He did quite well answering rates, all except one-aircraft speeds. He thought this was trivial because it was not written any where stating that Plebes had to memorize it, so he blew-it-off. This did not upset his squad leader too much, it just made poor Ron the center of attention for awhile. During Plebe Year, Ron had a Second Class whom he looked at as a "Big Bro'." In the immortal words of Rich Moore, "Sho' did I know that you drawed-up first Mr. Selvy." Yes, Ron had committed the omnipotent wrong of drawing food before his upperclass. I'm sure Ron will never forget protocol again

Ron could always be found racing down Mainstreet in his pseudo-Porshe. Everyone knew that Ron wanted to buy a sports car. When Ron came back off a weekend he told me he had bought a car. I asked what model of Porshe. He said it was not a Porshe so I knew it must be either a Triumph or M.G. He said it was a Prelude. "WHAAAT?!!" Nice family car Ron. 0-60 in 5 minutes.

We will never forget our last Army-Navy Game, but I'm sure Ron would like to forget one *THANG!* After the game Ron became slightly inebriated (along with 10,000 other people) and the rest is history. He earned the most-complimentary award known as "The Brick."

Over the years, Ron has exibited to all a good quality that I admire and that is doing what's right regardless of what people think. I wish the best of luck to him and his brother Don (who won the "Ron Selvy Look-alike Contest"). P.S. I hope Ron agrees to tell his flight instr. that he will learn aircraft speeds.

MJB

William H. Spear
Billy
Leesville, Louisiana
Marine Engineering
Surface Warfare

Billy came to Canoe U. from the backwoods of Leesville, Louisiana greener than the pine trees of his native Cajun homeland. He had a rough time adjusting to the rigors of plebe summer, especially shaving. Daily, one could here the cry "Spear did you shave today?" echoing through the halls of Mother B. Especially memorable during plebe summer was Billy's first tango lesson.

Once academic year started plebe year, it didn't take Billy long to make the transition from high school academic geek to Academy rack hound. Occasionally, though, he could be found throwing soda cans out his window or squabbling with his roommates over his teddy bear

Youngster year found Billy keeping a low profile both academically and socially and surviving on a diet of candy bars, preferably "Snickers". Billy blossomed second class year, however, becoming a plank owner of the "tool shed" and twice being voted "Flamer of the Month". Second class year also saw Billy's love of candy bars surpassed by an even greater love called "Beth".

First Class year was a year of change for Billy as he went from Nuke Subs to Surface Line and from single to engaged. He also became a ghost around Mother B on weekends, spending all of his time with "Queen Elizabeth"

Among Billy's accomplishments at USNA are lasting four years without falling prey to beer goggles and a four star varsity rack status.

Good luck and much happiness to Billy and Beth in the future.

S.J.K.

Theodore J. Stout
Nanook of the North
Fosston, Minnesota
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

Ted came to us from Fosston, Mn. in love with a pair of eyes from his high school days. Where is "Faucet," Ted? Plebe year he excelled in academics, among other things, but by youngster year he realized that he'd better start resting up for Quantico and not waste time with trivial things like studying. The Rack, sci-fi romances and the wardroom became his passions. He, of course, excelled at these also

Ted always had a unique way of expressing his feelings on any given subject, i.e., hurling books, blotters, hats, shoes, anything within reach, and anybody that got in the way. If it wasn't in Farmer's Almanac it wasn't worth discussing. Most of his displays were a result of his prof's inadequate teaching abilities. But Ted, you can't learn Boats by watching *The Love Boat!* He always pulled it out in the end though.

Firstie year Ted could always be seen with his long red underwear, blue jeans & jacket, cowboy boots, silk looking blue dress shirt, and the two items that were permanent fixtures of his body, the Copenhagen can and the Minnesota Twins ball cap. How many times have you quit Ted!

About this time a certain farm girl, from way up there at the world's edge, caught his attention. He figured any girl that would carry his beer had to be worth that rabbit fur jacket. He said he wasn't in love. Love must be when she carries the beer and the Wild Turkey.

Ted will be ready for Quantico now that he's rested for three years. The Marine Corps will be impressed with his Norwegian accent and backwood ways. Good luck. We wish you well.

L.G.

Dean T. Sun
D.T.
Anchorage, Alaska
Electrical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Dean Sun arrived at Annapolis, Maryland via Newport, Rhode Island where he spent a year studying (HAI) and getting payed big bucks for it. This soon changed when Fuji blessed us with his presence at THE Academy.

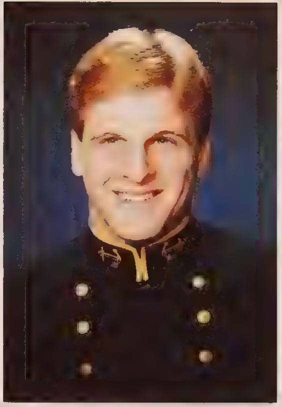
Number One Sun, as he soon became known thanks to M/LT McKenzie, was the center of attention for most of his plebe year. His unsatisfiable desire to be last in every uniform race earned Dean many CCC's.

Youngster year found Ching-Chang in his favorite place, the RACK. His love for the Blue Magnet was so great that not even his exams could pull him out. Rip Van Sun, as he was affectionately referred to by his roommates, became the master of optimum horizontal time.

During his segundo year, Skemo, continued his favorite endeavor. One secret that he never divulged was the name of the woman in black that occupied his time during summer cruise. During second class year Dean was added to the best dressed list when he was found one night wearing a laundry bag. Hey Dean, who really set off that fire alarm?

First class year came as we all expected but someone had to wake Dean up so he wouldn't miss it. D.T. won the National Rack Title by defeating Rick Cameron in a very close battle. Dean documented over 85 sleeping positions and clinched the title on his ability to sleep through most anything, even alarm clocks. D.T., we're all going to miss you and you're infinite knowledge. You're the greatest . . . .

JJG



Larry W. Switzer
Whitey
Hawthorne, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Larry was born and raised in a very small country town. He came to the Naval Academy as a backwoods countryboy. However, once within the confines of THE Academy and the "bad influences of countless forms," he quickly was forced into adapting to (enjoying) the corruption of the big-city life of Baltimore and Washington, D.C Through his first two years at The Academy, when he was not involved in football or powerlifting, he polished his newly discovered social talents. Once Aldebaron entered his life in mid junior year, transportation to area social spots became much easier as well as fun in his new white convertible. After a summer cruise to Australia whence he became a shellback, he settled into a relaxed senior year featuring a year-long project of original research in oceanography. The future holds nuclear power school in Orlando, Fla., memorable weekends starting on Wednesdays, and more "corrupt" big-city living for Larry "Bigtime" Switzer

# Fifth Company

Thomas L. Adams III
Flash
Camden, South Carolina
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Tom came to the Naval Academy as an Army Brat determined to enhance fifth company with his inherited gunginess. As a plebe he quickly established himself as a future jar-head by redefining the concept of "high and tight". He wasn't satisfied with his haircut until the barber drew blood

Tom's promising track career came to a slashing halt when he almost lost his leg in a skating accident. But this wasn't enough to stop our hero from playing 150's and receiving his wings of gold from airborne. Not only did they teach Tom how to jump from perfectly good airplanes, but they also taught him how to jump through the sunroof of a tumbling RX-7.

Tom also became known in fifth conpany as Mr. International by taking full advantage of his Spanish. Via International Balls he has left a string of broken hearts throughout the South American continent. He futher expanded his horizons during his first class FOREX cruise to Peru. However, back at home, Tom's dreams and nightmares were filled with thoughts of T.R.R. (alias Minnie Mouse).

Lemonte A. Adkins
Monty
Country Club Hills, Illinois
Economics
Surface Warfare

LeMonte, Monty, or P-Boy graced USNA after attending NAPS. This is the Academy's Prep School, but it didn't quite do its job. In short, he came, he saw, it kicked his behind. On 22 JAN 85, Monte was 'bout last in line. Although his success was limited, academically, this 6'2" hulk had numerous victories, socially. He sends "deep" regards to J. Bardliving, S. Williams and D. Washington. These and many other obligations kept him busy, which explains the study problems. A certain "CoCo" whipped him into shape, and he has stood tall since. On a more relaxed note, L.A.A. was a rambunctious presence in the company area. He often chilled-out after a hearty Mexican meal. Fortunately, he and I will descend on Pensacola as two of the very few that will have this opportunity. The women and instructors best be ready 'cause the A & A boys are coming . . . If LeMonte can keep his side of the room clean.

Smooth,
TLAIII.

Jeffrey A. Belt
Grode
Charleston, West Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Jeff Belt came to the Naval Academy for only one reason, to be an aero engineer and to fly Navy jets. Jeff even showed up with his own telephone book to sit on so he could see the top row of instruments in the F-14. Jeff had a great deal of talent as a drummer which is why he blew off the poor quality of the D & B and joined the prestigious PEP band instead. While at Canoe U. Jeff was an example to all of us when it came to girls. Jeff broke up with his first girlfriend because of his high standards. It seemed Rene didn't like the excitement of falling out of cars, so Jeff moved on to someone with a greater sense of adventure. While in California Jeff found just the girl (a chiropractors receptionest named Jodey). Jeff's abilities in sports also held us in awe. His thunderous foot got Jeff on the company football team. While Jeff never tried out for boxing he still managed 3 KO's in softball and football, due to these experiences, Jeff became the company coma rep. Jeff also worked as a test pilot for Ford and has shown that the new mustang can do 0-100 in 7 sec (or so he said). Jeff also pulled such manuvers as the middle of the bridge spin and the 10 passenger mustang road rally. Jeff was always the life of the party with his demonstration of the recycled green beer party and he won fame with his imitation of a dead cockroach at WVU aid stations. Jeff even went out of the way to entertain the families of his friends. While visiting Alabama old faithful erupted once agian sending one of the Grodes flying. Being a contientious driver Jeff paced his return home so it only took him two days to make the 10 hour trip. Jeff will now move on to Navy air and make his mark by being the first to make an F-14 do mach 10 (or so he'll say).

Good luck, the Grodes

Louis J. Cedrone
The Sloth
York, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Lou's first experience at the Naval Academy was Lamonte peeling him off the ceiling when the bells went off at 0600. Time flew (literally) as his famous alarm often became airborne. The sloth was often found hanging from beds and helped his roomates' self-confidence by "letting" them thrash him at wrestling. Youngster year, "Mr. Systems" found that sleeping was a good way to pass the time in or out of class and the habit continues today. The 8000 stupid toys he brought in always livened up the room until we broke them. And then there was stereo equipment, bigger, better, stronger . . . and those stupid Italian cookies that only Joe's socks could eat. Second class year was spent ZORKing with the blob (B.T.G) and trying to put out the fire in his car. In Pasadena, Lou found the joys of a younger woman (can you say 2/3 my age?) and also became a conaisseur of fine dog shampoo (which he has been known to consume in vast quantities )

First class year Lou opened up a video game parlor in his room and hasn't studied since. Good luck, fuzzy, and don't get too close to the reactor core

JSF CHP

James R. Cochrane
COCH
Bay Shore, New York
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

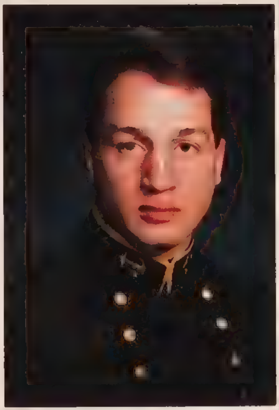
James R. Cochrane, better known as "Wine and Women Coch," is a man of many talents. Lacking "political pull," Coch was forced to endure the NAPS expereince. Nevertheless, upon reaching USNA, he made it to the top. "Look Dad 'deja vu'" Jim's first legacy to USNA was his Famous Naval Saying, "Request permission to wipe down, Sir?" James has fallen in and out of love so often that he has become quite proficient at it. Although he has failed to collect his class crest from one of his initial conquests and has run up a healthy auto premium over another one, it appears that J.R. has finally figured it out. In fact he has taken to "juggling" to maintain his new found ability; "One, two, three, or even four at a time." Undecided about becoming an aviator or a nuke, Jim took a great deal of time (about a week on a Nuke power cruise) before opting to be an adventurous fool rather than a wealthy tool. Well Coch, we wish you the best of all things, but if for some reason a wish is not enough, we know that your persistence and dedication will suffice.

LATER, YANK & L.C.

Garey L. Cozad
COZ
Wheatland, Wyoming
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

COZ came to Navy from the wide open spaces of Wheatland, Wyoming. No one quite knew what to make of his eternally calm attitude until his first class year. Then he became our subcommander (or is it XO?). Surprise, Surprise, Surprise! He played the "everybody's-best-buddy" position along with Dave (who took the credit) and left no doubts about his ability to sprinkle joy and happiness upon the multitudes. The Lieutenant took great delight in "beating dead horses" in Garey's presence. More "dead horses" for him meant less for us. Truly the Don Juan of Fifth Company, Garey is still getting letters from the maidens he has left stranded in such exotic places as Cartagena, Norway, Nova Scotia and Venezuala—not bad for a guy from a hometown with a smaller population than the Academy. Still Garey proved to be truly American when his life's ambition (and life's savings) turned to the restoration of his 1967 Toronado. We can still picture Garey speeding off into the sunset in 5000lbs of classically savage machine. Garey took a long time deciding just what service selection he wanted to pursue. He finaly decided on the Marine Corps. He's our only Marine, but will be worth as much to the Corps as several from any other company. He brought some true American values to the Academy and helped us all be a little better than we were before we met him. We know that his enthusiastic determination will get him far. He'll either be a general or a corporation president. (it's still a toss up) We shared some great times and some not so great times, and managed to overcome all the obstacles in good spirit. We made it. Thanks, Garey, for being a part of it all.

KIZ and NITRO



William E. Fenton
Buckethead
Scituate, Massachusetts
Naval Architecture
Special Ops

To prepare midshipmen morally, mentally, and physically to be professional officers in the Naval Service." That's the mission. The stage was set. The Naval Academy took on a unique kid from Scituate Mass. in its toughet challenge yet. Bill's development morally was one thing that the Academy could be proud of; Penthouse would be. Billy Graham he's not — just ask the girls from Goucher. King Fenton of Winslow House: he came, he saw, and he conquered (not necessarily in that order). All his women had one thing in common — they all had boyfriends. Girls also helped Bill to adjust, as he found a surefire cure for homesickness in P. and C.

Mentally the academy did all it could. He never did learn to speak, but he did get his degree in Naval Architecture. One day he walked into the Hydrostatic Lab and saw all the neat little boats and the expensive equipment, and he knew he had found his place. Four years later, Bill still thinks Naval Architecture is simply a matter of sticking a 250 HP Evinrude on the back of a Boston Whaler — the better the design, the louder the engine. Well rested, well tested was Bill's motto, and he started studying for tests four weeks in advance, in class as well as in the rack.

Physically there wasn't much left to develop. A state champ wrestler, winner of the NAPS Most Outstanding Athlete Award, Bill rolled into the academy ready to tear up Navy wrestling and win himself a national championship. After three grueling years giving his all to Navy wrestling, Bill finally won his varsity letter — in 150 lb. football. Not everyone can be a national champ.

He's one jammin' good guy and a great friend. If any of Bill's future fellow officers are reading this — Do you know where your wife is?

Joseph S. Flynn II
Spaz
San Diego, California
Chemistry
Nuclear Power - Surface

Joe came to the Naval Academy from Calif. and has spent the last four years trying to convince us and the MD. state tax system he's really from there. Joe had an interesting career starting with plebe year when he appeared unclothed before the Dant (attention on deck-pants go to ankles). Joe was the only man who could get in trouble for missing a chow call even though he fell down a flight of stairs trying to get there Joe! What do I need to get through today. Youngster Year Joe delved into chemistry as his major and always came to the room with that familiar "smell my hands!" He tried out for and actually made Navy Volleyball and it has now replaced women as his second love (Navy first Guys). Second class year Joe came out with livelier Naval sayings (Which we can't print) and even livelier dreams (which noone can print) *Who is* Maria anyway? Joe claims he doesn't drink, but mess night after drinking every one else's drink he lead a sing along in Annapolis and snuck us all past the gate watch (We made it Joe.) Army Navy was a lot of fun that year in Joe's home state (got $50 for a cab from San Diego to L.A.) First class year Volleyball went varsity and they gave Joe three stripes. He joined Cannoneers as head cannoneer and left the Naval Academy in Jan. for U of M and was never heard from again except he came back for bowling and the biscuits. Nuke power's got him now and with the way he does things he'll be in charge, in a few years (little Rickover.) Good luck Hoser.

CHP & LJC

**Thomas M. Fritz**
Fritzie
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Chemistry
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Tom hails from Minneapolis, that refrigerator up North. Apparently the girls are warm there because he keeps coming back from break with a big smile and new pictures. Tom is an average guy at first glance (6'-7'', 250lbs) and he approaches everything in life as one world expect a person as small as he is to. When asked by his plebe summer squad leader why he came to USNA ''Fritzie'' replied simply, ''I want to drive ships, sir,'' and everybody believed him. But now after 4 years of avoiding the football and crew coaches' lures he will spend his career bending over in submarines. Tom has a fun loving nature. Or is it just that fun loves him? Anyway, while not being able to avoid a challenge, he became a chemistry major and proved he could get good grades and still have more fun than anyone else. His friends love to go out with him. When at crowded pub he just reaches over the people at the bar to get drinks. And when you're with Tom you don't have to worry about getting picked on. But most of all he can always be counted on to do one of his many outrageous impressions at any time or place. There's nothing like a ''Tarzan Yell'' to liven up an otherwise exciting party. But Tom spent many hours working hard at these impressions. (Mostly while he, not to mention his roommates, were fending off the ''God of 2.0'') Truly no description of Tom would be complete without mentioning his MGB. Is Tom confused? A car is for driving not for wearing. At any rate, Tom, the horizons of whose talents no one really knows, will not be forgotten by even the briefest of aquaintances. He has brightened many of our days, and we will hear from him again

COZ

**Eric W. Gardner**
Grodner
Morgantown, West Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Grodner came to us as a prep from West Va Univ. where he was known as a party animal and an operator, and so far he hasn't done much at Canoe U. to harm his reputation. Eric continued his residency in Morganhole along with the rest of the grodes during Mountaineer football weekends second and first class year. Just ask Mr. Grodner how many of the guys he induced to pray to the Porcelain God. As the operator, Eric sure was effective impressing that War Eagle in B'ham with his soft voice and clever talk, so soft he couldn't call home. Eric took a week vacation in Germany and learned much of the German language-Zwie beir please-Speaking of beer, that has been Eric's one true love ever since we met him, but as of late he has succumbed to the more subordinate urges of a man, and Regina has put his operator status in jeapardy. Eric, a self-proclaimed stuntman, actually death on four wheels, has been known to push tractor-trailors down the highway at speeds in excess of 80mph at a distance of 3 ft. Eric blew his car loan on a sporty red Rabbit conv. The only thing he forgot was that it needs four inflated tires. Along with his drivin' Eric was the finest automobile navigator to graduate from USNA-Remember those 40mph swerves midway thru intersections in Georgetown. Eric had a sweet and sour 1/c year. First semester he paraded around as D & B Ops officer, which entailed duties such as nightly TV and 3-striper drinking sprees, only to return to the shocking horrors of Fifth Co. Now Eric will take his many gift and talents to Pensacola, where I'm sure he will set the world of NFO's on fire. We'll always remember Eric as the best dressed of the Grodes, but who could ever forget those Grodner lay-ups

Go Mountaineers. Later dude

The Grodes

**Stefani Green**
Stef
Big Sandy, Montana
English
Intelligence

Stef, Step, Sgreen, NMN, Green came to us from the thriving metropolis of Big Sandy, Montana. She arrived with only her running shoes in hand, and over the four years, they served her well. Her shoes carried her across the finish line, in first place, on countless occasions during her cross country, indoor and outdoor track meets. Pictures of her effortlessly winning could be found all over the Academy. (Personally, I think she traded kisses for photos with her groupie, the photographer.) To quote the Navy Football program, (which incidentally *also* included her famous face) ''Stefani Green *is* Navy Women's Track.'' Need I say more?

With all her time devoted to running, she had little time remaining for other important activities — drinking, dating, etc. Not that she didn't have countless offers. No, no no! But somehow, most of them were lacking a certain something she demanded in her men (a camera? red hair?). Finally, at the end of 2/c year, she met Mr. Right and ''came out of the closet'' so to speak. She and Rex have continued to grow closer with the relationship having culminated with a series of nightly pit raids.

Her last year here, naturally the best, has been a series of highs and lows. Although it began poorly (bum de bum de bum) the apartments, a and b, certainly made things easier. Senior pictures were taken at the F-4 (or was it the A-4?) and the countdown began. In these last few weeks, Pip and Squeak will undoubtedly keep each other company. Thanks Green! But you haven't seen the last of me (Chronic dysmenorrhea — what?) And none of this ''three's company'' stuff either!

LAM

**Michael D. Greenwood**
L.C.
Meriden, Connecticut
History
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Sir, Midshipman Candidate Greenwood, Meriden, Connecticut. Sir, I have a Question. Not long after entering NAPS, L.C. became noticeable, intimidating, and eloquent. Unfortunately, playing ''Kick the Cop'' at Burger King is a bit too noticeable. L.C. had to wait until he became a Mid to earn a striper position. After four years at USNA, L.C still maintains those qualities that made him famous at NAPS, but here have been many changes.

Whatever happened to Buckwheat, the dedicated Marine? The staggering Plebe? The lusty Youngster? How many Mids get sponsors under thirty? How many Mids marry their sponsor? Engagement. The transition Nuke power selectee, regimental striper, an engaged man. Well, L.C., you are still an intimidator (those poor unsuspecting upperclass), and a crestless individual. You have made a lasting mark at the Naval Academy. The History Club, Class Vice-Pres, the Boxing Club, and Blood Drives will all miss your leadership. Take it light, L.C. and don't forget to look out those ''windows'' for Karla Best of luck in the fleet.

YANK & COCH

John G. Hannink
Johnny
Modesto, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Johnny came to USNA from Modesto, California, home of Ernest and Julio Gallo, via Calvin College in Michigan. He quickly gained the respect of the upperclass and his classmates with his knowledge of current affairs and history. So he chose to major in Aerospace Engineering. In fact, with his Aero grades going for him it looked like nothing could stop Johnny, until that Saturday afternoon youngster year when he was caught in civilian clothes by Midn 1/c MHP. A BYOB party in his honor eased the pain of weeks of restriction. Second-class year found Johnny at USAFA, but he rejoined the grodes second semester for their continuing assaults on WVU

It has been a pleasure to room with you, Johnny You are well-liked and very much respected by everyone who knows you. Good luck in Navy Air. The F-18 was built for you. The sky is yours.

EWG

Thanks to my friends: Billy, the most squared away. Eric, the best party animal. Jeff, Tommy, and Lisa, true friends. Watts, you here?
Thanks to my family: For the greatly appreciated support and encouragement. For the values that have seen me through USNA and also go with me into the future. David would have been proud
Thanks to God: For guiding me through the past years. For all the challenges and opportunities-Calvin, Jump School, SERE School, USAFA, 5th platoon 1st squad, Aero. My dream has come true. To God be the glory.

Thomas W. Huffstutler III
Huck
Birmingham, Alabama
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

July 7, 1981 a madman was created. Tom Huck Huffstutler changed from a mild mannered boy from B'ham to a raving lunatic midn. It took one year for Tom to discover the not so simple pleasures in life and the expensive ones. During his first summer cruise in Hawaii Tom bought his first $250. bottle of wine for his friend,.too bad you didn't get your money's worth. Youngster year Tom was a excited member of the Wed night dining club. That spring break Huck had a rough time in Lauderdale. While he couldn't get a girl on the dance floor, his luck *completely* changed with a couple of offers from a truck and a Ferrari. Second class year was a great one for Huck. He finally got himself a girlfriend. She was an exciting one and left Tommy at a loss for words, OK fine. Always moving ahead, Tom found another girl for the Ring Dance. She could set the dance floor on fire, but trusting Tom left her with his Uncle Jeffy and Aunt Jody while he rested for his cruise in Mother B. Tom always had girls on his mind and sometimes their clothes on his body. You really shined in Val's swimsuit, but get a real body. Tom, corvettes may be expensive, but BMW's sure use a lot of oil. Tommy came to us an innocent kid. This ectomorphic youth has grown in potential to be considered a threat to not only Naval Aviation, but also to the female population of Pensacola. Good-bye and good luck to one of the Grodes. Later dude. TMPGIK.

ATL JAB

Robert J. Ivey, Jr.
Biver
North Mrytle Beach, South Carolina
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Bob "BZ Biver" will never go hungry. He comes from a family that believes in well fed people and Bob's repeated attempts to become skinny were failed by those inevitable chow packages from home. Bob is one of those few people who is gifted with vision. That is in a figurative sense. Bob is very serious about so many of the things that midshipmen are supposed to be serious about. He has a lot of guts and takes a great deal of pride in living up to the high standards he has set for himself which would give most of us ulcers. He is an individual who knows where he is going in life and he will undoubtedly arrive there. But he may not know when he's there because of his vision. That is in a literal sense. Bob's favorite animal is a bat because he can see better than one — maybe. Anyway, maybe that is part of the aura that surrounds Bob that has made him the brunt of so much humor. But he has survived it like a true Eagle Scout while at the same time sharing in our laughter. As Bob goes off to be a member of the "Blackshoe" Navy and do the work of 3 men it is difficult to put a finger on what it is that makes him so special to us. But one thing is for sure; without him it just wouldn't have been the same. And we we will remember him fondly as he is one of a kind. By the way, has anyone seen Bob's glasses?

COZ

Vonnie W. Joy
Vinnie
Hope, Arkansas
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Vonnie ventured our way four years ago from infamous Hope, Arkansas; *no* those aren't typos, it really is Vonnie and there really is a Hope. There probably has never been a guy as well liked and easy going as Von or one who answers to as many names; Vin, Vinnie, Von, Country Boy, Huck, Armidillo Head, etc., etc.

Vonnie, never one to abide by rules, started early with his Plebe Roommate, Scott, in search of women in Annapolis. This of course is a major "NONO" for lowly Plebes, but nonetheless the hunt was on. Von's first aquaintance was a fine girl, one with good moral values . . . Hum, maybe that's why she wasn't around long. For the next year or so Vin corralled many more.

Vonnie's final chapter at USNA started with his inaugural meeting with Edie. This relationship was for them made in Hog Heaven and one that will hopfully last a lifetime as they will soon be married.

Well Vonnie, as your confidant, roommate, and good friend for four years I wish you the best of luck and happiness forever.

Scooter

**Anthony T. Landauer**
Lucky
Grosse Pointe, Michigan
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Tony came to Canoe U with a skinhead and a tan so dark Greaseman would mistake him for an IP. His memory is incredible. One week as roommates and he still couldn't remember my name. He almost failed Screws by forgetting to take his midterm. One would think that after 3 years he could remember what time Quarters went. Tony is most famous for being one who loves to indulge. With the wisdom learned from Plebe Summer sailing, "rate what you get away with," he soon earned his nickname, Lucky. Who can forget the Hole and dining on the veranda. It was this night that Tony explained his purpose in life: to bring happiness to other people. Tony enjoyed corrupting people to his meaning of fun, and Lord knows he succeeded with me. Dining-in was frequent with Tony who is also the founder of the Wed/Fri night dining club. Beefsteaks will never be the same! How about WRNV? I remember something about an intercom. And of course there are your Sailing team buddies It's good to be skipper! One summer you had us all scared after your financial wizardry on a corvette. How were you going to support a family? Good thing rabbits have long lifes. Remember B'ham? Too bad the bartender didn't like the new broken glass decor. What did Jeff do to save you from the cop? How about the dawn of Mr. Indestructable! "Nothing can hurt me!" Not even at 60 MPH? The Grodes would never have been the same without you in Lauderdale. "Low Profile guys, low profile."

Surface line will inherit you for a brief time, but we know the Corps is waiting. I fear the day I have to punch out only to find myself holding a share of HBL enterprises and no chute.

FWAFS. - - - Huck

**Nancy J. Laurenzano**
Nance Romance
Bowie, Maryland
Mathematics
Cryptology

As a graduate of Bowie High, Nance Romance was very familiar with Dahlgren Hall and Midshipmen antics well before I-Day. During the first days of fourth class year, we were all amazed by the numerous sixth company upperclassmen who came to visit Miss Romance. Somehow, she survived Plebe year without being fried for frat; this was probably because her blood alcohol level was so high on the weekends, it kept her safe all through the week. Destined to be number one, little Nance slugged one of our male classmates on her way to the top of Herndon. As a youngster, Nancy established a firey leadership style which prepared her for later Plebe Summer action. Whether running a mile in high heels to make taps following a toga party or playing quarters in a Halloween costume, Nance always found plenty of fun and games.

There is little hope for change in this maniac produced by the Fighting Five. Wherever her career may lead her, Nance Romance will remain a fast driving, giggling, schnapps drinking, ice skating life of the party. Her tough exterior will continue to hide a heart of gold. (or mustard??) Who knows? Perhaps someday men will lose their hearts to Nance as easily as they've lost their gloves. Luck and Love always . . . *Kat*

**Kathleen M. McCartan**
Mangler
Clarence, New York
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Kat came to the Boat School from the booming metropolis of Clarence, N.Y. Being the daughter of "3 Fathers" made it a challenge for Kat to make her mk. Plebe yr Kathy transformed fm. a smiling face to a trained killer, or so her 2/c thought she should be. Known fm that pt. on as the mangler, she did do destructive things, mostly-almost all to her brain cells. If there's one thing that hasn't chngd it's her ability to run w/ the big dog while most others sat on the porch. May 82' rolled around and so did end of sem leave. O.C. brought her O.A.O. of 3 yrs. As a struggling aero maj. youngster yr, Mangler mellowed out on the W.E. to gind time for her then VA. connection. Lean, mean, green-but not Marine. 2/c yr w/southern comfort was interesting-Mr. T. was now a member of the G-team. Long dist made it hard-maybe some relief came when the forbidden 4th was on bd.-kept secret fm even me. Kat was destined to reach high goals as a cyclist. She was bold and went where neither Rom nor Mangler had ever gone before-totally off the wagon for a sem. I had lost a good croney to the art of cycling. Nonetheless spring came and so did her reindoc. Raps on the b-door, mad dash to the bowl, and w/in min it was over-to quote this famous athelete, it's healthy while your in training. Sr. summer the rendezvous was H-burg. Beer, ZEct, apes, monkeys, and choke. This is the last one K. down and dirty. Last seen Kat was somewhere in the vicinity of the Foxborough Inn-was it legal or not? Whether she cont. to attract Afr. men, down Molsons or travel to the D-land, she'll be a super individual-and a good friend, & God willing a excellent NFO. Ciao M. Amore

**Lucinda A. McKinney**
Luc
Oxford, Ohio
English
Intelligence

Everyone knew Lucinda. Or was it Piper? She was the girl with the hair — the long hair. When everyone else was getting his locks trimmed for inspections, Lucinda was curling hers under. And she was always just reg. In fact, she never got fried (popcorn poppers don't count). Somehow this navy child managed to skate through her four years at USNA, only falling once. (How did she break that ankle plebe year? Must have slipped . . . .) Her halo effect pursued her wherever she went — especially into the classroom. An academic "goody two shoes," so to speak, this scholar composed extensive coloring books of notes, and more than a few lucky midshipmen benefitted from her color-coded outlines. Always willing to share her knowledge, Lucinda remained partial to one sailor (her *Secret Love)* in particular. Enough said there. Just stay away from B. and K. And work on that sashay of yours.

When Lucinda leaves here, she will gratefully bid adieu to cleptomaniacs, stolen mops and stolen underwear, bum de bum de bums, missed movement orders for YP cruises, women's tennis at USNA, noisy pit raids, secretarial jobs, the position of perpetual academics officer, and haircut inspections. But I'm not told "good-bye" quite so easily, so I will see you soon.

SNMNG

Kelly L. Myers
Kelly
Sunnyvale, California
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

Kelly came to the Naval Academy from the heart of Silicon Valley to begin an interservice rivalry in her family. Her sister Tammy went to USAFA, class of '84. Kelly, never doing things the easy way chose to major in Mechanical Engineering and stuck with it for four years despite Rocket Reed, Wild Bill and Major Bumgouge. During her four years at the Academy, Kelly got involved in many ECA's including Catholic Choir, Women's Glee Club, French Club, Cheerleading, Astronomy Club, American Society of Mechanical Engineers, Softball Club and Society of Women Engineers. She also earned a letter playing on the Women's Softball Team. During 1/C summer, she worked with Civil Engineer Corps officers and was selected in the fall to be commissioned in the Civil Engineer Corps.

Scott C. Olsen
Scooter
Annapolis, Maryland
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Scott travelled a whole 3 miles to go to school here in Annapolis, and went 3 miles away every weekend plebe year. Scott picked up his first college sweetie in a nearby tavern. A while later her boss introduced Scott and his friends, Pete and Dave, to a drinking game called "Aces". Does "I want a new drug, one that won't make me sick" ring a bell Scott? Next time you're headed for New York on the highway and have to stick your head out the door to relieve yourself don't forget to buckle up. And next time you're on the highway headed for Ft. Lauderdale, "What did you say Scott?" Wrong again!

Scott had an exciting 2/c summer in Pensacola. Did they at least give you a pillow when they made you sleep on the porch? And don't worry, we'll never tell Dan either.

Senior year, Scott finally found, after years of using and abusing, the lovable little Miss Hubbard. No bare cupboards here! She was also by far the most special girl to Scott while also being one-third of the boff crew, Hairyet, Marybreast, and his own Lezlie.

Special thanks go to the landlords of the Olsen Inn. They supplied much needed love and encouragement while Scott supplied Bakes and Pete a friend for life. Good luck in your future Scooter!

Bakes and Pete

Curtis H. Pearson
Curtis
Chester, Maryland
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

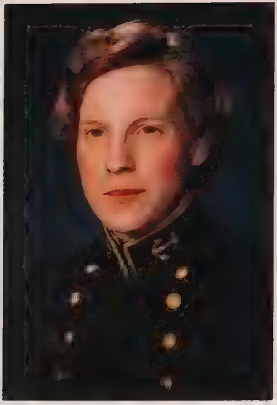
Curtis Pearson will always be known to the modern, free world as the only midshipman to change from a bull major to engineering. Life with the King of Crud was never dull. From early morning sock Reveille to taps in the closet, his life was as magnificent as the dramatic seat covers in the infamous Plymouth Duster. The man had only a few strange quirks: his occult worship for Kate Bush, the physical phenomenon of his recurring four-week flu, and his uncanny ability to consume mass quantities of chicken. Curtis' mom kept us supplied with a tremendous stock of food- so much in fact, that we lost track of it once or twice. One morning youngster year Curtis opened the sink door to hear the toxic apple cider, finally fermented after several months, ask his socks to quit crawling around the room spreading human misery. Quotables: "Where are my glasses?", "Did you really fry me for being Pep Band President?", "Have you seen my glasses?", "I'm going to Cindy's house.", "Did you take my glasses?", "No Major, they are NOT forcing me to sleep here in the closet.", "Who put my glasses on my desk?".

AW, JF, LC

David R. Price
Nitro Kid
San Jose, California
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

The "Nitro Kid" came to us from the racetracks of San Jose, Ca. His fatherly influence was most apparent in the advice that he willingly provided as the semesters quickly passed. This oldest member of fifth company often told his tales of hot-rodding around the streets of his California home to entertain his otherwise studious (?) roommates. While at USNA Dave went through a variety of cars following a central theme. Practicality not being a factor, 'Uncle Henry" simply loved fun. Boy, did we have fun pushing the Dune Buggy. His 63 Willys Jeep was known for its paint job and luxurious interior. Our sponsor really loved these first two. While she *always* spoke highly of these fine automobiles, it's funny that she was never seen in one. Finally came the Ford Bronco. If you can't drive faster, you can always drive over; this one's equipped with a ladder. Dave is a man of principle so he doesn't drink. Accept on rare occasions which occur randomly and for which friends must be prepared. Missing these occasions meant missing a chance to look at life in a different way. So none were ever missed. Dave took Plebe detail vowing that no wimps would make it through. '88 can thank him for that. Dave also led us through our seventh and finest semester as company commander. He was glad when this burden was lifted and he could let down his hair. (A recurring fantasy of his) A fighter pilot he will become and a leader he will continue to be as he lives life as an adventure. With that infectious smile, Dave will always be one of our very favorites.

COZ and KIZ



Patricia A. Rouble
Pattie
Dearborn, Michigan
English
Surface Warfare

Believe in yourself
and in your dream
though impossible things may seem.
someday, somehow you'll get through
to the goal you have in view.
mountains fall and seas divide
before the one who in his stride
takes a hard road day by day,
sweeping obstacles away.
believe in yourself
and in your plan.
say not - I cannot - but, I can.
the prizes of life we fail to win
because we doubt the power within.

Author Unknown

Susanne Saalau
Sue
San Jose, Costa Rica
Chemistry
Grad School-chemistry

Thank you all for your help and for making me feel welcome. Your country has become a second home to me.

Special thanks to my family and to Artie, for their love and encouragement.

God Bless

Sue

Andrea L. Webb
Dri
Loudon, Tennesee
History
Supply Corps

Andrea's association with the Naval Academy began long before plebe summer, for her original recruiting trip was a formal hop. Being from Tenn., she was one of two foreigners in the company whose full time job was to learn to speak English. Mastering this art, she stormed up the ladder of success: 2/C Reg. Cdr., 1/C Batt. Cdr., and ultimately the voice of the official 5th Co. answering machine.

Not one to shy away from a tough job, her flaming days started on a 6'2'' 235lb. football player. She did such a great job with the 4/C that they where always taking her to private ''goat court'' parties. Andrea answers the question ''What kind of woman reads Playboy?'' Even though she's a 4.0 student, cheerleader, and Rhodes ''flunkie'' she showed some questionable judgement in choosing her magazine subscriptions. A stickler for uniform regs., she spent untold hours with her make-up, submitted chits to miss formations for hair-cuts, and rounded out her SDB's with a flaming red slip.

Bowing to better judgement, she began dating a classmate rather than a graduate and so began some optical encounters of the third kind.

P. S. How about that Christmas present from Rich & Lou?

Michael C. Yankovich
Yank
Williamsburg, Virginia
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

For two and a half years, Yank lived a charmed life at the Naval Academy. LCDR Reese would believe anything he said. ''I wasn't fighting, sir, I fell into a bush!'' Driving in the Yard, sir? Well, I was helping my classmates.'' ''A warning, sir? Is that not a bit harsh?'' Terrorizing Annapolis before Christmas Plebe year, his Volkswagen that knew no parking limits, and the Christmas Ball incident all went unnoticed. Yank didn't quit football because of his eyes or knees, it was the banquets he feared. What do you call some one so seemingly reckless? A Navy Pilot, of course

I wonder what possessed the OOW to visit the parking lot?

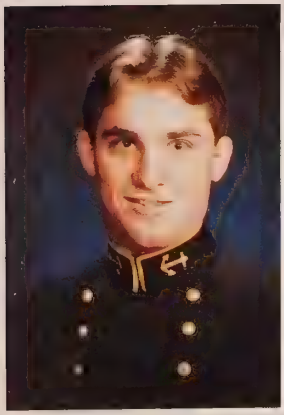
I wonder what ever happened to those big nasty teeth?

I wonder what this all has to do with flying sophisticated jet aircraft?

L.C. can tell you, but you have to live with Yank to really know. Yank's second hero after his father is some German who got shot down in some country where they don't speak English or Virginian. Yank enjoys taking his friends flying and daring them to control their bodily functions. Yank knows the manufacturer of the wingnut that connects the wingbone to the fuselage bone in every aircraft in the US. Some people don't understand Yank because they cannot comprehend pure devotion. Yank, you will be the best, any inidious twit can see that. Check six, Yank, Fate Is the Hunter. Thanks for being a great friend.

L.C. & COCH

# Sixth Company



David V. Adamiak
Lonesome
Worcester, Massachusetts
General Engineer
U.S. Marine Corps

If you can understand that rules are just dares with consequences, then you might understand Dave.

But, then again, probably not.

AMF,
Dan & Del

Mark J. Brownell
Ace
Honesdale, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Surface

Sometimes during his junior year at Honesdale, psycho received a strange notion to attend USNA. This was a big step for Mark, He will be living someplace actually on a map. During plebe year Mark roomed with Smith, Pogue and Lumsden. In a war this would have earned him a medal of honor. On 3/c cruise Mark discovered alcohol, he has never been the same since. The alcohol and being allowed in Dahlgren on Sat. nites would produce some interesting events for Mark and the Brigade. Such was the time when Mark, Blitzed out of his mind, desided to dance with a Female Marl eagerly set out for his ACE quals. By 2/c year, his grade were fine. Mark decided he was not getting enough attention, solution- shatter one's ankle in a co. football game. Mark was soon on his way to his German ACE quals because of this imfamous event. 1/c year saw Mark getting his car, going to the horse races and pushing his roommate to the altar, well almost. 1/c year also saw the demise of Psycho INC. 2nd semester Mark got a squad and his mouth wired shut-the squad was happy! Mark is a founding member of the DSDC.

P.S. You are invited to the wedding in 88.

Richard M. Cobb
Cobber
Shillington, Pennsylvania
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Cobber came to us from the town of Shillington in the good old wrestling state of Pennsylvania. And a wrestler he was. Cobb would wrestle with just about anything that moved: guys around the Academy, girls, as much alchohol as you could throw at him in one night, and, most importantly, the top-ranked heavyweight wrestlers in the country. It was never out of the ordinary to see Cobbmonster (6'4'', 240 lbs) on the mat with an opponent that out-weighed him by 100 lbs or more. Rick always seemed to set these obstacles aside and go after the man like he was a 200 pounder. We'll never forget the time Rick pinned the 320 lb heavyweight from 13th ranked N. C State with 4 secs. left to clinch the win for Navy. Although Rick likes hunting, fishing, and dressing up like a redneck while drinking beer all weekend, he is also one of the nicest guys you would ever want to meet. He has a good ear and a knack for solving problems with his good advice. He always made you feel better. He had his charm, too, for when he put his eyebrows into action there wasn't a girl who could resist him. S. S. missed a great one. Rick's character will make him one of the Navy's best aviators. We'll always remember "The Champ."

Timothy P. Costello
Coz
Redwing, Minnesota
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

I thought about being nice to Coz, but he's probably writing nastier things about me. The best thing that I've got going for me is Coz's incredible spelling ability. Who else would need help writing a letter to his friends? People wonder why I room with Coz. I know it's not because of his neatness. Actually, I roomed with Coz for several reasons. For one thing, he's the only one I know who can eat, sleep, and study with the stereo on. He's also the only one who plays chess, Risk and/or reads a lousy book until 3 a.m. and then starts studying. He's also one of the few (that I know of) who has a t.v. in the room. That's right Capt. we had a television. Youngster year I started in a five-man room with Coz. Our other three roommates had a hard time adjusting to Coz's habits like keeping his normal mess, turning on the lights while they slept and throwing Curt's jock out the window into T-court. By the end of the semester, our three roommates moved out. The next couple of years fell into a rut. Every weekend we'd see a few cheap R-rated movies and get a taco-fix. For some reason we'd always spend more than we'd get paid. Even as a firsty, when we were paid more, all it mean't was that we'd spend more. It must be because of Coz's habit of buying useless gimmicks and his philosophy of "the more it costs, the better it must be." I'm also sure that his compulsive gambling in Atlantic City never helped either. One thing's for sure, he'll make any bet as long as the odds are good enough. Many other exciting things happened during our four years, like being arrested for speeding in N. Carolina and jumping bail, but I'm out of space so I'll just say this: Coz, good luck in finding the one thing that'll redeem every lousy weekend you've had

Barry L. Davis
Big Ox
Williamsport, Maryland
Applied Science
Naval Fight Officer

Big Ox, a high school sports legend and the heart break kid of Williamsport, Md. came to us with one thing on his mind; girls, and they've been on his mind ever since. Early aspirations of Electrical Engineering soon gave way to computers and a social life. Bad taste in women found him living in the El Cortez youngster summer, but Tracy soon became a thing of the past. Never one to let a bad experience get him down, the Ox was soon back in the ball game. During youngster and second class year, Big Ox lived in Ward Hall, but weekends found him outside the yard pursuing his real hobbies. After the summer of '84, Charleston, Myrtle Beach, Newport, and of course the Indian Reservation in Eastport, Maine will never be the same. First class year Big Ox experienced money troubles which turned him into a financial wizard as he attempted to pay for the Ox-Mobile and support his hobbies at the same time. Never forget Jenny, Trisha, Cristy, Beauford's friend in L.A., your new years gift, Melanie, the ice cream girl in Newport, Danielle ($50), Courtney, Tina, the pills, Elmer's Jack, the alleys of Annapolis, the bucket under the sink, the poster on the door, Brad's (you can't forget what you can't remember), Hugo and Harriet, buck for a beer for a buck in Maine, Ramsey's Guest House in USVI, and Ft. Lauderdale. The best of luck to you Big Ox, and I hope to see you in P'cola.

PWM

James P. Douglas
Pat
Summerville, South Carolina
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Pat was abducted by a roving band of Lithuanians, who quickly grew weary of his stories of how the South should have won the Civil War, and deposited him on the snowy shores of Annapolis. With all the grace and agility of a pelican diving for fish, Pat swept into academics and quickly was shot out of the saddle.

Recovering nicely, he managed to pull out and has had little trouble ever since. Aspiring to be a naval aviator, Pat has never had anything else on his mind, save for women, beer, women, women, beer, and cars. He even went so far as to commit himself into debt by purchasing an orange piece of plastic with enough horsepower to pull a train.

Pat's career has been a varied one, from a monster fieldball player to a rearranger of side view mirrors on innocent cars in parking lots. He has provided the rest of us with more laughter than should be legal. Just say "piano stool" to him and see what happens. Pat was always one with a good-natured grin and a slap on the back.

As Pat heads for his golden wings, he leaves many fond memories behind. Best of luck sport, and watch your six, because you just might find some idiot like me in your back seat some day.

Matthew D. Fletcher
Joe
Romeo, Michigan
Oceanography
U. S. Marine Corps

BHATTACHARJEE YOU!!!#*@!??'''GET OVER HERE!"

Yes, Joe in all his patience has really put a "Mark" on USNA RAHRAH. He arrived in Annapolis with a deer huntin' gun in one hand and Navy flag rank in the other only to end up a grunt. (But that don't mean he ain't gonna make General.)

Patient Joe killed 4 roommates, 26 professors and a girlfriend but rightfully so - this squared away guy deserves only the best!

Youngster year brought a real change in Joe's life - yes that's right - he moved in with Jeffey, Schphinker, and Johnnie I. This proved that he can truly make it through POW training. When Jeffey atomized Joe's favorite Oreo clock - Joe was still loving. When Dave continually expelled gas - Joe choked only to himself. When Johnnie exploded shaving cream - Joe was still smiling.

Joe's most important decision at USNA did not involve service selection, roommates, or his constant hold of stripes - He decided to sell his life to Jesus.

Matt has been a continual inspiration to all. He is a tough yet sensitive Marine. He has accepted his commission from God and will serve him forever. To all of us he is a man of steel and velvet. Matthew, my friend, wherever you go and whatever you do - Trust in Him. You will not fail! PGFWABF

'85 HAS ARRIVED!!
JCH

Paul J. Hee
Yo Yang
Honolulu, Hawaii
Electrical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Coming from Hawaii Paul had some quick adjustments to make when he first arrived on the Academy grounds wearing flip-flops, flowered shirt, and bermuda shorts. Instead of being disappointed by the Academy's obvious lack of style, Paul promptly went about trying to make improvements. It's too bad his special request chit to move the Academy to Hawaii never went through . . . the dark ages would have never been the same. When not writing special request chits, Paul could be found taking validation tests so as to start on his EE major while the rest of us were trying to prove we graduated from high school. This might lead you to believe he stayed up late and studied a lot. Oh well, one out of two isn't that bad. In between chess, Risk, cards, wargames, darts, dice, A.C., TV, Trivial Pursuit, and anything else there was to do besides studying, Paul realized that too much work was bad for the spirits and went to Florida to relax, drink Blue Hawaiian's, and engaged in stimulating conversation with Jeff's parents. It was on such road trips that we all learned about Yang's uncanny ability to drive in the dark and for such incredably long periods of time. Paul could also be counted on to bring back pictures of luscious Hawaiian flori, along with a multitude of strange oriental snacks, like the dried seaweed everyone liked sooo much! With such a picture of Paul it was tough to realize he was going to go Corps until plebe detail. The "fryin hawaiian" terrorized the enemy in true Marine Corps form. But it is always important to remember your origins, so when your TBS drill instructor tells you to, "scratch it Mr. Hee, scratch it!", think of us.

Jeffrey C. Horton
Jeffy
Miami, Florida
Political Science
Supply Corps

Jeff rolled into USNA via a small prep school in Maryland. He chose the Navy because he liked the uniforms. His infatuation didn't last long because he went to Benning and came back grunting (I thought he had a chest cold). He made it through 3/c cruise and even entertained the corpmen during a question and answer session. During 3/c and 2/c years he had many ups and downs with Elizabeth and Adrienne and finally just said "to hell with the both of them." He then concentrated his efforts in searching the eight wings for a ring dance date. Cel Nav brought Jeff much fame but little fortune (It was my *duty).* Always the type that would rather talk than study (after all, he *was* President of the Rumor Control Group) he decided life was dull so he purposely let his grades fall so he could experience an axe board. Grades were never a problem after that. Jeff intended to be a hard-assed squad leader during plebe detail but he apparently didn't express his terror enough because he earned the nickname of "Mother Horton." Chop, Chop, Chop He then led NASP formations for his Capt. friend in Battalion office and got his June Week stripes. Jeff did such a good *JOB* that he got two more stripes on Battalion staff. Not bad for a prep. A man with a good sense of humor, a socialite without equal in the Brigade and a person (once you get used to his aftershave) you can't help but like. Jeff, whether you go for the gold or get into politics you will come out on top. Good luck at being a porkchop and remember me when I need parts for my ship Thanks.

DDS

John K. F. Ireland
Johnny I
Gaithersburg, Maryland
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Submitted for your approval—One seemingly innocent, blond-haired, blue-eyed "mick" destined to wander the misty realm between unconciousness and comatose. The dark world under a size 7 cap known as "The Twilight Zone."

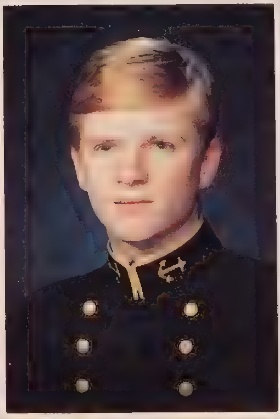
Case-in-point. The scene: A small but intimate group of friends leaning against the railings, gathered atop the Empire State Building. Johnny I, always quick to pick up the obvious, asks THE QUESTION - - - "So anyway, where's Manhattan?"

Mere flightiness? Or is it a diabolical plot to undermine the sanity of his friends. Who but Pig would smear peanut butter over his face; save his mouth and eyes, mimicking Al Joelson? Who but Pig would take 2 hours to drive for ice cream—2 blocks away. Who but Pig would be left homeless when his parents moved without letting him know where

Reality. It does not exist for John, not in the normal, human sense. With only four years in the Navy (plus one for NAPS), Johnny I. has attained the dubious honor for the first member of the Class of 1985 to reach flag rank—Fleet Admiral of the Space Cadets.

Although some may argue that John's elevator does not reach the top floor, his heart reached out to touch each and everyone of us, his classmates, his companymates, his friends. John, remember, you never walk the beach alone. MIGHTY FINE!

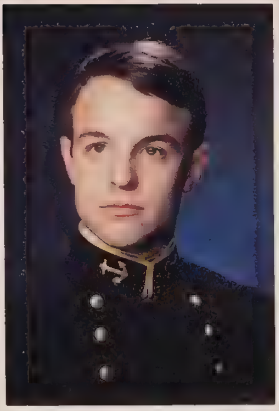
RJL



Raymond J. Legenza, Jr.
Legs
Omaha, Nebraska
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Having had enough of Omaha for a while, Legs decided that he needed a challenge & some adventure, so he packed up & moved to Annapolis. Plebe summer flew by, and as AC year began he became bored and decided to break the monotony of plebe life by terrorizing Goat Court with late night soda can artillery bombardments. As soon as the bombing stopped Legs would mellow out, lie in bed, and crank the clock radio. Sure enough, our little Irish pal soon found out and fried the entire room. Restriction was a blast. Youngster cruise was very exciting for Legs, and he learned a lot, especially that he didn't like submarines. His sights then became locked on becoming a daring pilot until he went blind. They even didn't want to give him NFO because of his stubby little arms. Youngster year sailed along very smoothly until one rowdy night when he decided to stagger loudly across Worden Field beating signs and screaming along the way. We all got a good laugh out of that one. Many thanks Legs. Second class year was fun filled with pro room wrestling matches & shaving cream fights. When Legs found himself prepared to leave his beloved intramurals, he signed on to the 150's team, and rose quickly to earn his N star in cheerleading. Leg's pride and joy was his classring What a sparkling beauty it was. He got to enjoy it about a week before he lost it. Legs, remember all of the good times: the ski trips in the blue bomb, the cornhusker steak parties, the European expedition, and the years of being roommates. You will always be in mine and 6th company's thoughts and prayers. Good luck in P-Cola and give me some air support. Go Ships.!

IJDM JKFI



Curt E. Lyter
Waah
Millerstown, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

U S. Naval Academy
Annapolis, Md. 21412
You're Delta 4 Victor, Midshipman.
You'll be getting a $120,000 education, a commission in the Navy, and the experience needed to be a true leader. The Navy, it's not jut a job, it's .

This add attracted young Curt to leave the farm and enter the academy in '81. Coming from a metropolis of 40 people, the 4500 member brigade was quite a change. His plebe summer roommates were impressed by "Eagle Scout" Lyter, and under Curt's guidance, tried to strip their floor with Brasso. A systems major in glee club and a P.E stud, Curt breezed through plebe year. Youngster year saw more fun for the Pa. potato farm boy. The insanity of a 5 man room led to his habit of flexing in the mirror and walking down the hall on his hands Setting off fire alarms and the phrase, "I've only had 2 beers and I can't feel my teeth" were observed when drinking. As a second class, Curt was always complaining about his major, glee club, height, hair (or lack of) and his social life. But first class year, He became Mr. Sociality. Now owning a car, which is bigger than a breadbox and has 3 squirrel power, he hit all the area colleges A future NFO, all the best luck, oh roommate of 4 years See, I didn't mention anything about the Ring Dance.

Sven Blanston
alias J.M.

### Mario R. Maddox
Captain Black
Atlanta, Georgia
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Mario started out with his good buddy and roommate Tom Malick at Naps. Mario entered the Academy with a slack attitude which became serious over time. He was even a flamer second class year. He joined up with Jeff Smith youngster year after plebe year with Big Ox, Pete and Mosh. Mario and Jeff were the most arrogant playboys in the company Mario's women ranged between eights & tens. He had many in love with him; however, he only loved two. At one point he had six, and kept seeking more

His extra curricular activities included Cat, Ursula, Debbie, Zina, Margo, Helga, Linda, Tracy, Sonya, Sheryl, Rosalyn, Terri, Linda, Cleta, Shirley, Katrina, Fay, Jameela, Twanda, Maria, Andrea, Phyllis, Roxanne, Cheryl, Suzun, The Drill Team, the Judo Club, the Black Studies Club, and the Brigade Social Affairs Committee.

Now he seriously wants to become the President of the U.S. in 2008, a billionaire, and eventually the first ruler of the world; he intend to accomplish this through peaceful means. He bought himself a world map to remind him daily of his supreme goal

Finally, Mario thinks his top qualities are his versatility and his ability to figure people out.

### Delano P. Martins II
Del
Green Brook, New Jersey
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Del let the wind unroll a broken cassette out the car window. He said he'd be able to see where he's been.

That tape has stretched around the world a couple of times and has tangled around a lot of people.

Some kid once told me, "Walk slow and never break a widow's web." I just bummed him for a Lucky Strike and moved on (a tad bit slower and wiser, too).

I never said thanks for the cigarette, Del.

AMF

### John R. Matic
Auto
Kingsburg, California
Electrical Engineering
Naval Aviation

John Matic evolved in the backwater community of Kingsburg, CA, where his primary forms of fun consisted of giving smokeshows in his Toronado and bucking the high school system. John was in trouble as soon as he got to the Academy, since he majored in EE, joined the D & B, and roomed with Curt. He successfully negotiated the rigorous physical requirements despite his perpetual S.I.R. status and his hulking 129# frame. Highlights of John's stay at the Academy include the discovery of alcohol and being told by a female doctor in medical that they "must stop meeting like this." John's career aspirations include piloting an E-6a for a while, and then trying 707's with TWA for a stint. Auto's interests include cars, dressing as the Hall Ranger, powersleeping, and of course, cars. John's favorite saying is "Rack hard, Rack fast, Rack often!", which aptly demonstrates his entire philosophy towards life. He is also a founding member of D.S.D.C. in good standing. Good luck in breaking the 130# barrier and succeed in whatever you do.

### Peter W. Matthews
Lil' Ox
Midlothian, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Pete arrived here from Richmond, Virginia, talking about Pensacola and F-14's from day one. Plebe summer and ac year were a cinch for Pete, and he never missed the Saturday festivities at Timmy's drinking with the boys. Always wild & crazy at night, he was also the first to rise on Sunday with a book in one hand and Bufferin in the other. Youngster summer saw Pete do anything to prevent him from spending summer in his new dry hometown, Grove City, PA. So, he ended up sailing the Atlantic, USNA yawl style, and earning his wings in Benning. Pete was psyched for Youngster year, and soon made his first appearance at Hood where he met his steady. It seems she couldn't stay away from the chow line, so Pete decided he still wanted to fly jets and not blimps. Ac year was cake, and it looked like Petey boy was going to be the first of the boys to graduate with honors. But that all ended when he met the likes of Wild Bill and the Rocket. D's were a welcome sight, but the extra geeking brought on 20/50 vision and talk changed from F-14's to P-3's. USNA wasn't so bad, though the Riverside caused some doubts. Never forget midnight on Herndon . . . What's running down my leg . . . Saturday night picnic with the Annapolis cops . . . Swimming with the Annapolis cops . . . My ear and MacDonald's . . . V.I., the Ritz, and the pig . . We take the long way around . . . Muffy and Crazy Zack . . . Well, I better go to bed now . . . Laughing in the median strip . . . Lummy, the defender of freedom . . . and last but not least, the infamous BIG OX. Take care and hope to see you in P-cola

BLD

Thomas C. Mohr
Tom
San Francisco, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Sir, you now have ttttten - START OVER, Mr. Mohr! Yes, that's old Tom - 6 pack's Professional Geek and what a guy!

Tom slipped into Annapolis via NAPS from totally bitchen California to join his brother in First Batt. - and what a close, close pair they made. Tom decided to seek close friendship with his beloved plebe year roommates, Jeffey and Schphinker by taking the initiative to clean the room, make his rack, and participate in bulletin board workshops which caused him to blow-off academics. Tom survived plebe year and the wrath of Dave with flying colors. His award for doing this came from the Baby Docotor - and how appropriate a membership to the Fruit of the Month Club is to a boy from San Francisco.

Tom was asked to live with Dave A. youngster year and managed to drive him to become the true Maniac.

Second Class year brought Tom a whole new perspective on life and Mech E. He did learn that its not good for your health to change clothes in an open convertible in broad daylight right outside gate 3. Some ole snotty Captain from CEC wrote good old Tom a love note on a Form-2 - situation corrected.

First class year was something else - Tom discovered the true American way - Champagne, BMW's, Debutante Balls and Joy Schaefer (Schaefer Beer nonetheless).

Despite Tom's perfections he is a kind thoughtful sensitive guy with a *Heart of Gold*. Remember, Tom - when you ask God for bread - He won't give you a stone.

'85 HAS ARRIVED!!

JCH

Daniel S. Morris, Jr.
Handsome Dan
Hopewell, Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

Just remember, it's your movie.

AMF

Kevin L. Mosher
Mosh
Chelmsford, Massachusetts
Applied Science
Supply Corps

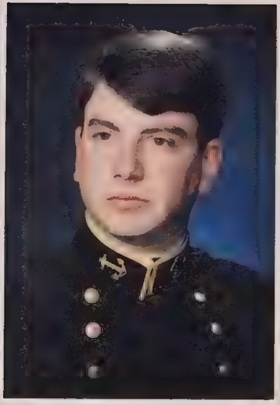
Mosh arrived at USNA from Chelmsford Mass. with aspirations of becoming a great football star. Two knee operations later, "Husky Eyes" was forced to put his talents to other uses. He charitably donated his Greek god-like body to the women of the world, and soon discovered that he enjoyed breaking hearts more than knees. Women, he quickly learned, were merely a filler between weekends with the boys, and he and his sidekick were known to outdrink most of the civilized world. Together they spent numerous good times which will easily provide enough memories for a lifetime.

Things didn't always go Kevin's way. Who could ever forget his favorite army major? Or his hometown sweetheart or his battle with other forms of society? But, then again, how many of the boys have ever been Company Commander? We know you're going to be the best damn officer that the Corps (Supply) has ever had. Good luck with life, and remember, its soda, not soder. Bottoms up, Shriner!

James V. Punelli
Jim
Des Moines, Iowa
Ocean Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Never one to take the easy way out, Jim came to Goatland via Bullis and NAPS in a Firebird paid for with his own money - a feat which he let no one forget. Already an old salt, Pundawg coasted through Plebe Year while the rest of us sweated. He soon became a thriving member of the Condo and a Friday Night Football Star. Youngster Year the Dr retired to the notorious Friday Night Barrio Club How 'bout 'Mer and his jingling camera bag! Jim emerged as a cool-headed and dependable buddy as he helped spare several souls from raw deal H.O.'s. The Summer of 83 took Guido to sunny Arkansas where he learned to ski in 20 easy lessons. Jim recovered from Dixie beer and the Pensacola O-course in time to win a close one over Rocket and the Mech E Dept. After almost meeting his maker in the Bermuda storm on Sailtramid 84, Jim survived and returned to face 88 for 2nd set Plebe Detail. Our final AC Year rolled around and Jim remained a source of sanity for his graduation hungry peers, particularly yours truly. Remember the Firebird? Well, Guido got an offer he couldn't refuse from some guy who owned a dry cleaning business and bought a fancy sports car made by Ronco or some other Italian Co. And somewhere in the confusion, Jim switched from Nuke Subs to Nuke Surface to Marine Corps. It's amazing what a blonde dressed in green can do to the senses of a naive young man- but the Corps is lucky to get him Fair winds and following seas, ambriago!

JCW



Robert W. Racoosin
Taco
Alamogordo, New Mexico
History
Naval Flight Officer

Taco crossed the desert, leaving the nuclear wasteland he called home, arriving at the Academy sweating like a pig. At first, everyone thought Taco was a shy recluse, but soon the time bomb of wit and sarcasm exploded as we became third class. After moving in with Brad and Pat he soon learned the value of pumping iron and pounding brew, and of disassociating himself from his books for the longest time possible

The arrival of our new company officer, Capt Makuta, provided Taco with a new subject for his abrasive candor. He has finally found a girl that meets his standards and now leaves his roommates in peace every weekend while subjecting some poor family in Baltimore to his presence. Taco has been a good friend and roommate and we wish him the best of luck in P-cola and life

John J. Schmit
Schmitty
Elgin, Illinois
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

When John graduated from Elgin High School in 1980, he said to himself that he was going to attend the academy and become a big success. Never one to do things the easy way, John began his journey by first attending Wyoming Seminary Prep School in the exciting town of Kingston, Pa. Upon finally arriving at his desired destination, John decided that since he had never been an academic stud, he would major in oceanography and leave his mark on the world via sports. Plebe year found him wrestling and left him with two torn-up knees. Realizing that his walking ability was threatened for life, John wisely chose a far safer sport youngster year: battalion football. But the fates were against John's success in sports, for although 1st batt took the brigade championships during his 3/c year, 2/c year left him with two bad ankles to go with his bad knees. Again realizing that he was about to become several feet shorter than his stately 5 ft, 10 inches, John finally gave up sports and took his rightful place as captain of the crutch squad. But John's desire to be known as a success continued, so he went after good-looking girls and fancy foreign cars. Here John was semi-successful: Sue *is* gorgeous, but his car is a Renault. During 1/c year John spent most of his time chasing Sue and avoiding two things: injuries and The Captain. The future for John is bright as he goes forth to defend his country as a Surface Warfare Officer and (if I'm right) to make Sue his Mrs. Good-luck Schmitty, invite me to the wedding, and remember—D3V will always be a prisoner of war to us.

—Psycho '85

David D. Schweizer
Schphinker
Vienna, Virginia
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Dave came to USNA Rah Rah from the great halls of Bullis along with Jeffy and Jimbo only to discover that Annapolis was going to be a dermatological experience. He demonstrated his fine capabilities as a steller plebe so well that he was continually asked to perform in front of Port Batt. Staff. He was always heard cheering "Go Army . . . ooops!" or convincing the Admiral that he was a true Navy Junior. He also demonstrated the pinnicle of gentlemanliness when he expelled gas in the Annapolis Drug store shattering most of the windows.

Dave managed not to kill TTTTTOM.

Youngster year brought Dave the insight to change his major and set out for his never attained 4.0. Dave's idiot roommate pushed him to get good grades and he did! But the idiot roommate was the one who went to the AC board. Second class year what a blast!

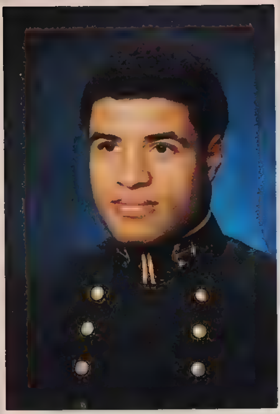
McGoo gave Dave his ultimate command—he was crowned Bravo Company Commander. ('82 will never believe it) The Schphinker decided to defy all women libbers by dismissing the back row of the company to square off the group. Bravo did the best it ever had.

Never the less Dave was made for command and he will have it. He's surface line and mighty fine and off to make Admiral. Remember Dave, give God the Glory! You're the best (the ship parts are yours) '85 has arrived

JCH

Jeffrey T. Smith
Jeff
Milton, Florida
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Jeff took the Naval Academy by storm; eager to begin his Naval career. What he got was a lot of yelling and verbal abuse. He immediately demonstrated his expertise in drill and eventually became a member of the Naval Academy Drill Team. He perservered through the ridicule of his classmates calling it varsity E.D. and first class year he became the Drill Team Commander. Jeff and his roommate Mario were supposed to be the big lady-killers in the company and were often teased about it . . The fact did remain, however, that just about every weekend they had dates when everyone else didn't Jeff hails from a little town called Milton, Florida Milton???? Where in the hell is Milton, Florida? Jeff's reply, "Ask all the aviators you moron!" He will be going home to live with Ma & Pa while the Navy teaches him how to fly. Let's hear it for 20/20 vision. Smooth flying, Jeff!!



**Colin C. Studevan**
Stud
Brooklyn, New York
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

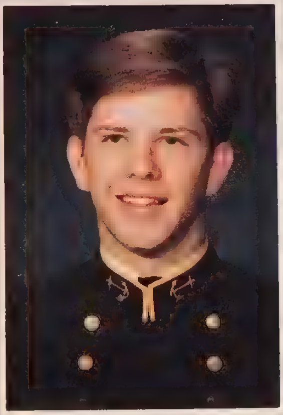
While riding on the subway, Colin got off at the wrong stop and landed at Aviation High School in Queens. Before coming to his senses, Stud had graduated and was off to the Naval Academy for four amusing years of sailing, flying, and jumping out of perfectly good airplanes. Along the way he managed to solo and earn his gold wings. Youngster year, Colin joined the "sooner or later you'll go general" club and coasted through the remainder of academia. Stud later joined the proud ranks of new Camaro owners, only to fall asleep at the wheel, do a few 360's, and customize his back end. After a thorough job of indoctrinating the Class of 88, Colin became the XO and was shocked to know that he would actually have to earn his keep for a semester. However, he recovered and adapted quickly, turning in a helluva performance, even if he did say so himself. A regular tyrant on the football field, Stud led a talent-laden lightweight team to a near perfect season. And in December, he finally licensed his rebuilt car and put a few hundred miles on it. Colin also emerged as a leading authority on eye exercises. After practicing what he what he preached for several months, he convinced Bancroft Medical that they could trust him in an F-18. A good roomate and a better friend, the Navy's lucky to have you. Good luck, Stud!

JCW

**John C. Wade**
Johnny Wad
Pine Bluff, Arkansas
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Johnny Wad began his Naval career speaking with a Southern drawl which no one north of the Mason-Dixon line could understand. However, roommates from PA, NJ, and NY taught him to speak intelligibly. John joined the Condo and our troubles were only beginning! Remember the 7-day shower? 3/c year we recovered at our Friday Late Night Barrio Parties, thanks to 'Mer and his spacious camera bag. This ritual was occasionally preempted by John and Del wrestling/boxing smokers. After he and fellow clone Pat helped Boyzball win Brigades, Johnny got bored and adopted the chicken pox and pneumonia for five funfilled weeks. John did a lot of travelling while on leave- Va. Beach, Boston, Hong Kong, Ft. Lauderdale (where he misplaced 12 hours of his life), and the big one—Mardi Gras in New Orleans, where he inducted yet another member into his dumb blonde hall of fame. First class car loans finally came and Johnny Wad got his new BMW, which he promptly wrecked. Maybe the insurance company believed the parking brake was on, but . . . After earning his Dolphins on 1/c cruise, John took on the class of 88 for 1st Set Plebe Detail. Our final Ac Year came and went in a blur as John hung around 'til noon on Fridays to play Co.Cdr. He signed himself away to the submarine force and is off to follow in the illustrious footsteps of such renowned men as Leo Moss, John Judge, Eric Larson, Frank Gallo, Charlie Piersall, and Matt Marron. One of the few to ever claim to have no afternoon classes as a firstie, John should be well rested for the Seven Seas. Good luck, John!

JVP



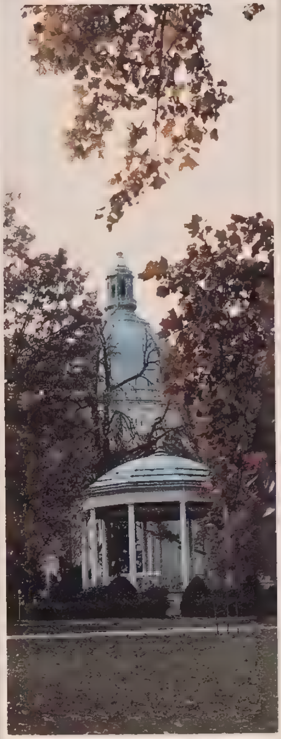
**Brad Williamson**
Barney Rubble
Levittown, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Brad was kicked out of his house at age 18, a sad story of massive over development. His daily poses in front of the mirror proved to be too much for his parents, and he was banished to the Naval Academy.

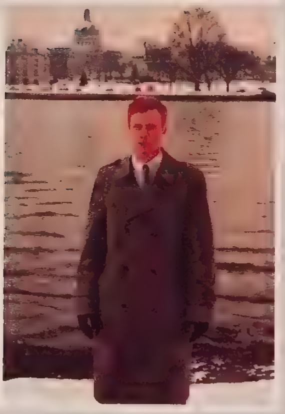
Always one with a keen eye for money, Brad quickly realized that bubbleheads make more money, and he aspired to go nuke. Unfortunately, wrestling and marine engineering had other plans for him. He shifted his priorities from study to sleep, and after three hard-fought years, made it into general engineering.

A late night fiend, Brad could recite verbatim every David Letterman show ever shown. A wrestling maniac, Brad was nonetheless mistaken on several occasions to be a pregnant man. Both mother and baby are doing fine, thank you. Amazing, huh? Brad will get his wings, which is good for him, since he will need some war stories to bore people with when he opens his Clint Eastwood memorial bar and grill.

Brad will have fun in the sky, if he manages to fit into the cockpit. He and his cockeyed grin should be more than a match for anything natural or otherwise that has the misfortune to cross his path. Anyone who knows him will attest to that.



# Seventh Company



Bobby D. Armes, Jr.
Coco
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Coco hails from Virginia Beach. He would have been quite happy just being a surf bum (because chicks dig it), but he wound up at the Academy. Bobby is still not sure how or why he came to be a midshipman but somehow he managed to survive four years at this fine institution. Bobby's main ambition at the academy was to get a letter sweater. He played varsity soccer and 150 lb. football but never managed to letter. First class year he finally earned a letter, the only problem was that it was a black N, he still doesn't know how to get back from the Vou. Taking roadtrips with Bobby was quite an experience. He earned the nickname Road Soda because of his antics, one of which was passing out on the beach in Fort Lauderdale. Bobby had such a way with women; they either liked him a lot or hated his guts, one of the latter was named Tondu. When he became a Firstie, Bobby managed to buy a little sports car that turned out to be a Fiat X-1-LEMON. As it turned out Bobby didn't get to drive much first class year anyway. Bobby spent many of his weekends at the USNA Eastport annex better known as the Romper Zone. There he did do a bit of hobbeling around. The Zone never will be the same without the boys of 85. Bobby did do a few things in the hall, one of which was not studying. Maybe some day Coco can ride his surfboard into the wetwell of the amphib he gets stationed on

Marquisowitz

Delwayne P. Becker
Buckethead
Tioga, North Dakota
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Del is a momma's boy that came I-Day all the way from Tioga, North Dakota. Annapolis wasn't too hot for Del. "It's the humidity," Del explained to the plebe summer firsties

Del made it through plebe year with a pre-Mech E megaCQPR despite the burning of his F-14 model and the wrath of Uncle Marsh. Youngster year Del went on a campaign to educate the company on North Dakota. A list of famous Beckers included Black and Becker and Leave it to Becker was posted outside his room. Highlights from the *Tioga Tribune* with photos of new rest stops, firetrucks, Gramp's fields, and Uncle Pete's pickup could be found on the Third Class board weekly.

Second Class year will best be remembered as the year Del became Buckethead. It was also the year that brought the Prelude, pass to weekend fun, and just in time for a Spring Break adventure.

First Class year began with the near fatal news that Del would enjoy Heat Transfer with the Rocket But he was soon resurrected when he met the girl of his dreams in the beer line at Hood College. When Del wasn't with Debbie or cramming for a test with his Mech E buddies, he was planning a Christmas skiing trip.

Del majored in Mech E, trivia, complaining, changing the channel, and buying albums. Surface Line will surely be finer when they get Del. Fair winds and following seas, Buckethead

TAK

Dennis M. Brooks
Brooksie
Birmingham, Alabama
Physics
Naval Aviation

Another 7th Co. Navy brat, Brooksie had no idea where his real home was. This, of course, was no help getting him into Canoe U., as he proudly announced to us all Plebe Summer. He was also the first to pass the U.S.N.A. Bar exam, which resulted in an Attorney at Sea sign on his door. Ac Year saw the formation of the original Goon squad and the tragic end to his crew career Four week grades took their toll, but with sponsors like the Dant it doesn't really matter. Mark ensured his spot in USNA's Hall of Fame with the world's greatest wild man on Halloween. Second semester "The Boys" were formed and we found out that Mark was always right (after all, he wouldn't say it . . . ). The mere sight of Brooksie made Marshall Rice tremble and Slam Dunk jump for joy. Never one to miss a good time, he drove "the bus" at JP's party. Formals were pretty tough because the SquidStore never stocked elbow grease. Youngster Year arrived, and so did his family with Southern hospitality we never would have made it without. Stereo wars, high school yearbooks, the passing of the Bear, and frequent boasts that "hair don't grow on steel" highlighted the year. Brooksie's forgetfulness ("I was rushed") led to taking a forced weekend with Chuck. Mom & Dad Brooks came through with a teary Ring Dance party, and Brooksie came thru with a couple of Southern belles that still has TC in the clouds. A Hawaiian vacation & Becky's bikini provided distractions before The Boys reunited on detail. Brooksie's flare for finding the right women peaked 1/c year with a poised, intelligent UVA coed. A first semester vacation in Bethesda forced us all to interperet mumble. His destiny was never in doubt- born for wings of gold. CC was his reward for hard work and great leadership, but we'll remember him most for being a helluva friend. Sierra Hotel, buddy. Let's keep in touch.

Pat & Tom

Christopher L. Buehler
Beacon Head
Jacksonville, Florida
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Chris came to USNA from parts unkown. He is the product of a Navy family that brought him to distant parts of the world. He came to the Academy with delusions of being a pilot, but his 20/15 vision underwent rapid deterioration as service selection approached. He didn't give up easy though. He tried anything including buying a book "Better Eyesight." Now Chris can be seen running around in a green uniform with a high and tight.

Major Abdul's tough Plebe Year taught him how to manipulate the system. For example he had a 'D' average in in Ens. March's plebe chem class, but she inexplicably gave him a 'B' in the course. We don't know that the 'B' was for but it wasn't for his excellence in chemistry.

Plebe year he was a wolf but he quickly outgrew this Youngster year when the '67 Ambassador (the Black Bomb) discovered Goucher. Goucher soon became the weekend hangout for Chris. He was known there under several aliases including Bunny, Big Red and Giggles. Youngster year saw Chris taking spanish with Lt. Jimenez, Prof./sponsor-/savings and loan, and began a tradition of QPR boosters. Chris started his spanish dictionary of Naval Terms second class year. No one knew why. He couldn't spell English yet.

We have always suspected comrade Buehlev of being a pinko-commie. We have never been able to prove this, but spending 2½ years in Iran, sleeping with Roddy (the Dish's stuffed monkey), and speaking in foreign languages to shady characters are only some of his subversive activities.

Chris has acquired a taste for high fashion, and rightly so. Nothing but the best for this guy. Good luck in the Corps.

### Andrew D. Chase
Andy
Great Falls, Montana
History
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Andy was the first contact with Montana that most of us had ever had. He started off his stay here at the Boat School with a Black Sunday performance that is legend today. His 85% rule still applies. Though he "sheep"ishly endured thousands of jokes about Montana and his Mohair pajamas, his aggressiveness and volatility stood out. He ran the Newman Club for two years, and he made his mark on Father Gomulka. A running madman, a real speedster, Andy gave the lightweight crew-jock lifestyle a try but decided to settle for marathons. Andy's wrestling match with Kiffy and his Captain Alcohol costume made us bust a gut. Don't forget getting "lost in the yard" on your blind date—we won't. When he wasn't munching on Oreo cookies, Andy found time to study History (and to make history by being one of three brothers here at USNA at the same time). Andy, do not forget SEARCH. With Susan at your side you should go far, 'Drew. Go get 'em!

AED

### Thomas M. Clyborne
Buzzy
Westmont, New Jersey
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Tom, along with half the brigade, came to us from New Jersey (which exit?). He first gained popularity from Dickie and the boys of Fun One as they overlooked our formation. Items that caught our attention were a permanent starboard list, concave knees, and last but not least, an uncanny resemblance to a certain Bloom County penguin. As Plebe Summer drew to a close, Tom and Kiffy drew closer to each other's throats. During AC Year, Tommy shifted his aggression towards Steve, but the "screaming line drives" always kept sanity within reach. Second semester saw the formation of "The Boys" room, hoops after lunch, and Varsity Rack meets. The peak of his swimming career was shaving down for the Army-Navy meet. Being a connoisseur of fine, plain, cheese pizza, T.C. was a frequent visitor to Steerage. An active member of the Karate Club, Tommy No-belt felt obligated to teach us the finer points of self-defense, like applying 12 pounds of pressure to the kneecap. 5006 became the battleground for many stereo wars and many memorable nights under the desk. Being the last of a dying breed, a management major, Tommy made sure things ran like a fine piece of machinery - - - well lubricated both inside and out. Mr. & Mrs. C. always made sure "Club Cly" was open for business with mounds of Spaghetti and Chugboat. Buzzy rarely lost a date because we were always right behind him. After finding out that he was unable to drive a motorcycle in Pa., Old Redeye got his nickname after a fateful nite of Quarters. Plebe Detail got "The Boys" back together (too bad for '88). A wild trip to HI. convinced Buzz to go green. Tom, you've been a helluva friend for 4 years; and, we know whatever you do, you'll be the best. It's been a blast T.C. Lyborne, good luck buddy

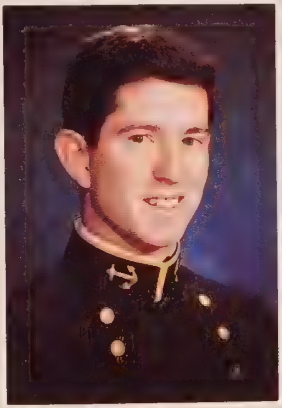
Pat and Mark

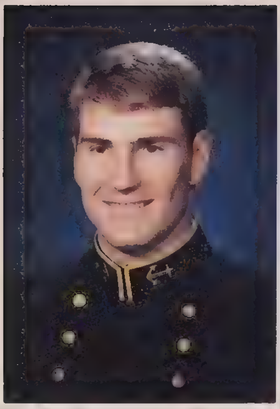
### Dominic V. Cuyno
Cujo
Oceanside, California
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

With shades, OP shorts and beachcombers in hand Dominic's Hawaii bound plane got lost in the jetstream and landed at USNA. Somehow he knew that it wasn't the climatic wonderland that he was use to in California. No waves and no beach, nothing but trees, trees, and more trees. Plebe year academics cancelled NFO. 1/C cruise ended SURFACE and he wasn't eggheaded enough to go NUKE. So Marine Corps it was, a second generation Devil-dog. Youngster year was decent to him and so was Carrie, what a beauty. He soon earned the reputation as a dancing machine and proved it by winning a T-shirt and lift ticket on the ski trip. Three years worth of midnight oil burned as he and his San Diego roommate Joey, an EE, studied day and night. But those days were balanced with radical times like, Ger's party, the ski M.O., spring break at Sped's, W.E.'s at Wolski's Woods, 2/C summer with Shig, on tour in Spain with Watman, and just one more time to Dillo's and Franny O's with Brownie. Dominic had a propensity for fun. It must have been the California air. But this all came to an abrupt halt as this crazy kid was being transferred out of CELL-BLOCK 30. He can rightfully claim to being the only mid in the elusive 30-7th company. Buehlev(r), the russkie, took him in and 1/C year turned to politics, laughter, fashion, Goucher and Trish, not mentioning remedial English. To the Flynn's, Hoffman's, Wolski's, Holdstein's, (Dom, you and Chris made it, congrats), Bruno's, Waigand's, Watson's, Baratta's, and his beautiful mom, MUCH LOVE AND THANKS. May God be with you always and good luck in the Corps. Keep on dancing and say "Hi" to Rot out there in California

### Anthony E. Delgado
Ton'
East Lansing, Michigan
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Tony came to Canoe U. from East Lansing to begin his unforgettable 4-year career at the Academy. Although he'd probably rather be remembered for his many achievements and the friendships he built, Tony provided many other moments that we will never forget, although he probably wishes we would. Looking at Tony now, it's hard to believe that he's the same guy who kept saying he was going to quit during Plebe Summer. Always willing to help out, Tony was even kind enough to let Mr Henry know when he had a "tuft" of hair out of place. During the year he was a pretty gungy plebe and always loved to go on recon raids- even if he did drop out after getting sick on his fritos. Second semester he got two new roommates thus starting a memorable trio. When youngster year rolled around it was a never-ending search for a good time, and when we didn't find it, we made it Our occasional obsession for disappointment was easily filled by the Towson nightlife at places like Fooligan's. The following summer included a week at O.C. It was a great time for all of us and probably even better for Tony on one particular Thursday night (what was her name?). Second class year Tony also found some time to meet some girls, even if it meant getting the brick. We all knew he was a romantic as proven Plebe year when he won the beautiful hand of Kathleen's sister. Tony finally found a convenient girl during 2/c year; one that would even answer to her last name. However when the Ring Dance came around he wised up and made the best choice. All in all, Tony never lost his social determination- especially at Maxwells- after all he knows what it's like to be lonely. There was no better way to end his 4 years than as Batt Cdr 2nd semester. Tony has been a great roommate and an even better friend. Good luck and knock 'em dead dude-man.





Mark D. Fletcher
Woody
Romeo, Michigan
Physical Science
Special Operations

Woody arrived in Annapolis after a detour in S.D. to attend BOOST. He's originally from the land of the BIG BLUE & the baton twirler. Fletch had a twin brother who made plebe life a lot more fun for us, but a lot more confusing for the firsties. XMas plebe year saw the birth of a tradition when he came back w/ a new girlfriend. Ac year when Fletch wasn't up late w/ his calculator talking to Marshall Rice, he was refereeing fights between Tom & Steve. Never at a loss for words he coined many useful phrases such as, You know what burns my butt? A flame about this high! Do you play away games? Just stopped by to say Yo, etc. Physical prowess was never a problem as he trained for crew, SEALS, rumbles, and being Mr. Wonderful's tag team partner. The end of plebe year saw passage into manhood by downing a Marine pizza Woody reared his ugly head dancing during the youngster year Army/Navy party. Service selection was never a problem for Fletch's roommates since most of them never made it that far. Second class year marked the end of his NARC career, when he finally saw the light & became a Scientist. The lines were shorter, quality better, & the price was right at Fletch's 5th Wing Barber Shop. Unfortunately, since none of us could cut hair, Woody was forced to go to the real Barber Shop & became known as Zippy the Pinhead. We've all enjoyed Mark's guitar playing, but his singing has brought tears to many eyes, & cotton to many ears. His dedication to the Navy is only surpassed by his religious dedication No matter how tough the situation, Fletch never got down & could always be counted on for a smile & a pat on the back Surface Line is only a temporary stop on his way to becoming a Navy Diver. Best of luck we know you can do anything you want to

PAS TMC

Terrance I. Howell
Beanhead
Barwick, Georgia
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

It was on July 7, 1981 that USNA indoctrinated this wild-eyed southern boy from Georgia Many of us soon learned that Terry was a determined person, but it still surprised us when he sounded off as "Midn.-Admiral" for the first time. Terry came to Annapolis with an intense southern accent and an equally intense passion for his southern belle. Although he eventually lost faith (I mean interest) in the relationship, he has kept his accent and his favorite nickname- beanhead- all 4 years. Second semester he was lucky enough to move in with 2 new super roommates for the first of four semesters. We soon learned more about the real Terry. We discovered his obsession for doing disgusting things to pigs and telling everyone all about it. This was only equalled by his $15 obsession for magazines during his going away party before youngster cruise. Youngster year Terry began many new relationships. The first was a long love affair with NATS as he became the company computer jock. He also managed to pick up a stewardess once by telling her all about his pants. Terry even practiced his skills by dancing in front of the mirror when his roommates weren't looking (or so he thought). When second class year started Terry was the terror of the company, and the rest of us just did all we could to keep up. We now realize that his flaming sessions were really just caffeine fits. If you couldn't hear him yelling down the hall, then you would certainly hear the melodious sound of slurping as he drank his coffee. First class year Terry resumed project LAG with such vigor that he began dating Young-er girls. Terry will always be a great friend and a special part of the Academy Best of luck and we hope that some day you and Oscar can both ride a motorcycle in Pa.

C & T.

Thomas A. Kerber
Burrhead
Fayette, Ohio
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Being from a small town in Ohio, Tom was understandably a little nervous about coming to the big city of Annapolis but when he found out that the Naval Academy had a computer, the transition was a breeze. Tom survived the rigors of Plebe summer and Plebe year while spending most of his time in the computer terminal room. He did spend enough time away from the computer to earn many a nickname. Soon it was no longer "Tom" but "Berinski", "Tap", "Patch", "Sluggo", "Twitch" or some other equally endearing name While all of his nicknames had their hey-days, the one that seemed to suit "the man with a thousand names" the best was "Burrhead", and so the legend began. Burrhead often burned the midnight oil while studying until three or four in the morning but when he finally did go to sleep it was great to watch. Burrhead was a prodigious sleeper. People would often come from as far as second regiment to see the "famous twitching leg" or to see the way he smacked his lips. Most famous of all was his flaming Q-Tip dance. It was even rumored that he could eat whole packets of sugar while he slept. Burrhead awake was almost as good as Burrhead asleep. He was always fond of a good joke and could often be heard to say, "Ta-Ha, that'a good one." Sluggo demonstrated his good sense of humor by purchasing a Fuego his first class year, a choice that often found him bumming rides from friends. He was always up for a good time and where he couldn't find one, he made one. Burrhead had a magnetic personality that forced him to carry a stick to beat the girls off with. For the rest of the story, you'll just have to read the annals of USNA history or talk to Tom himself. You'll find him leading the submarine force to excellence. Good luck in all you do, Tom take care

JDP

David D. Marquis
Marquisomitz
Nashua, New Hampshire
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Dave came to the Naval Academy from that imfamous wrestling town of Nashua, N.H. Since then, Varsity wrestling has taken him to many places with unforgetable experiences. Dave scared me and his father by expressing interest in the Marine Corps but luckily he swung over to Navy Air with the guidance of Major Chuckles. I really thought that he had flipped when he bought a truck with 33 inch tires, especially after giving me so much grief for being from the south.

Never one to let regs stand in the way of a good time, Dave mastered at staying just out of the reach of the long arm of the Admin Conduct system. He seldom got caught at anything including weight lifting in Baltimore, the hostest with the mostest, and changing in a Fiat at the stadium. Dave and us boys of 85 have many memories to ponder upon. The roadtrip to MD and Goucher in a van, Capt's row, the parties at the zone (USNA's Eastport annex), and many more. Dave always did like working on cars, but the Maj objected to the filing cabinet with a complete engine in it and to half of Armez's car in our room. Maybe Dave will let the real mechanics work on his plane.

Hopefully Dave will forgive me for introducing him to the lady who thinks she has him chained. Luckily Dave is great with a hacksaw. Let's hope Dave survives temdu at Annapolis with Block, Lewis and Brookstein so that we can have many more good times in Pensacola.

Brian

Robert C. McArthur
Bomac
Tucson, Arizona
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

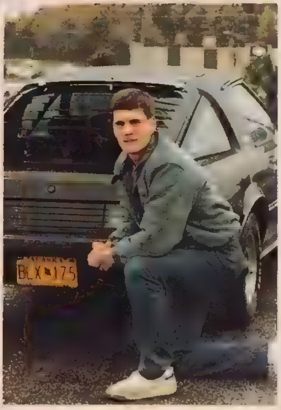
Bob crossed the Rockies and mighty Mississippi to arrive here on I-Day. Tucson will always be his home, not Albuquerque, Tucson, and don't you forget it. Bomac laid low Plebe Summer but didn't go unnoticed by the first class. They saw leadership written all over his face. Bob would go on to lead mighty 7 through hell and high water as company commander. Plebe year found Cromwell deciding between history, aero, and management. Apparently the latter was the right choice- Bob excelled academically. Bob's physical abilities allowed him to validate, with ease, every swimming test the Academy threw at him. His swim workouts in highschool paid off. But instead of breaking records on Navy's team Bob chose intramurals. Water sports were his forte' but lightweight football was the most challenging. Without fail Bob would have to lose 15 lbs. to play. He always made it but he never completed a season. Early injuries cut every season short. So much for eating in moderation. Second Class year saw Bob doing the service selection juggling act. After passing, failing, then passing the eye exam, air looked good. The Corps was his first choice but summer school at Camp Pendleton had Bob looking at Navy Air and subs. Finally he chose Marine Air. (Because chicks dig it). Bob will be remembered for a few specific abilities he had. He wins the prize for the most warped mentality- Mom and Dad, your surprised? Bob had an uncanny ability to pin nicknames on his pals. Some include Kiffy, Berenski, Philby, and T.C. Lyborne. We won't forget his short but very harrassed love affair as a 3 striper. We don't know which had it worse, Bob's knuckles or the punching bag. He had to report sleeping in class to the Major. Hoo-Yah for the Corps. I'll enjoy going from friend to brother as we join the best kept secret.

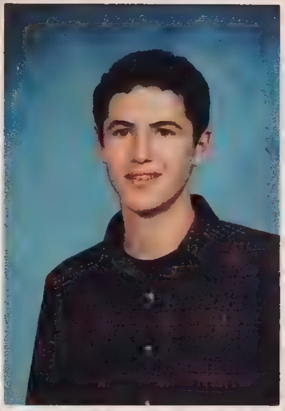
KIF

Aaron A. Mearig
Kiffy
Petersburg, Alaska
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Petersburg, Alaska? Who would have thought that an Eskimo fishing village could produce as fine a person as Aaron? Although he came from a somewhat sheltered past, Cave Jr. proved that he was ready and willing to learn about the Real World. His first lesson was during Plebe Summer when he found that real men couldn't sing Captain Jack in a three octave range. Oh well, the glee club was a great bunch of guys too. Plebe Year taught Aaron that not everyone could be a Mech. E. or mathematician. He finally "picked" his major youngster year and settled in as a scientist. How about that cruise in San Diego? Lots of things to learn about in the big city, right? The transition from slow ships to fast cars was final, and Kiffy ended up going thru two sports cars while the rest of us were trying to get out of debt for our first. Second Class year was the end of a good thing when rumors of a June Week blind date brought Miriam on the next flight from Alaska.(Congrats on the engagement and good luck with the girl of your dreams) Too bad you had to give up the RX-7 for a family van. Aaron culminated his intramural career first year by coaching the B-ball team and QBing the lightweights. Nobody knew what he did with his free time since it was all spent with the wife. Those cross country road trips will take a little longer with the family. Throughout all four years Aaron was always a great example of what a leader should be. Those close to him learned a lot about personal values and integrity. His spiritual leadership and always present good cheer will long be remembered. I look forward to making the transition from friend to brother as we join the few and proud. Thanks for everything and God bless

RCM





Warren O. Norris, Jr.
Brian
Augusta, Georgia
History
Naval Aviation

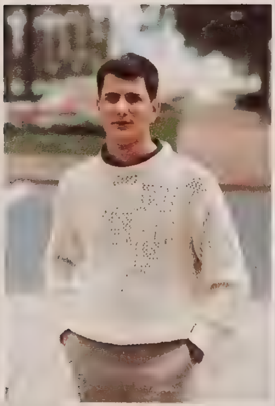
Brian came to the academy from the thriving metropolis of Grovetown, famous for the Grovetown shuffel. He adjusted quite well to the fast paced life of Annaplois. Plebe year Brian and Sal did thier share of partying in Annapolis. They even managed to get caught driving in the yard as plebes. That didn't daunt Brians spirits though because youngster year he brought his "Z" up here and we did our share of roadtripping. With second class year came bigger and better things as Brian brought his daddy's van to Annapolis. Many people have fond memories of that van. Brian contributed his share to the academy. As 7th company wardroom president he provided us with many great dining-ins and tail-gaters. As a CO and member of the YP squadron, Brian tried to change the reputation of the "YP jocks." He almost succeeded. I'm sure he shocked a few people by choosing Navy Air at service selection. Maybe some day Brian will make it back to PI where he had such a good time on first class cruise. There are still a few pictures floating around that he hopes get burnt. Some day Brian will probably be making millions in real estate if he doesn't go to jail first. Meanwhile he will be living with me in P-cola, that should be quite an expierience for him. I have Brian to thank for introducing me to my future wife. He got his in the end though and it looks like there could be a double wedding after Pensacola.

Dave

John E. Oleson
Big-O
Winter Park, Florida
General Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

John liked the Naval Academy so much, he came to it twice: once from Winter Park, but we got him via San Diego and the Jolly J. He was then awarded the distinction of being Ted's roommate for a semester. He didn't take long to get back in the swing of things, he pulled in a major fry the first week he was back. Soon it was like he was here all along. Over First Class Summer, John went to Europe and discovered that there was life without "the Bean". He came back, dropped the Bean", and started along list of broken hearts: Cathy, Ginger, Michaela (actually she dumped *him* . . . twice), Caroline, Carrie, Jeanne, Jackie, Karen, and Jennifer. He became the company UVA rep, culminating in a fun-filled evening that started on the Naval Station practice putting green. You also can't forget Maj. Devo, who was always there when you needed him (??). With all of these distractions, you get the impression that his grades suffered. Nothing could be further from the truth. In time John saw his true calling and stopped by Adm. McKee's for a chat. In no time at all, he was accepted to be a Nuclear Submarine Officer. Being a nuke didn't slow John down, though. At the Army-Navy game, he stayed with 3 girls at the same time. He still doesn't know how they got him back at 8 o'clock Sunday morning. I am sure that John's fun-loving days are not over yet, but I am also sure that he will succeed in his chosen field. Good luck, John, and don't let 'em get your goat.

Larry



### Theodore F. Olt III

Ted
Davenport, Iowa
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Ted made his Academy appearance from Davenport, Iowa, via NAPS - a fact he seldom let us forget. He was the first person I met Plebe Summer. Since he was my roommate, I guess that makes sense. He became known quickly since one of the Firsties was from his hometown. P-King was definitely a summer highlight

Remember helping a lost Georgia boy survive the first few days. I remember some "ratey" plebe always reading the front page during morning fallout Who was that Ted? Ted had a Coke can attached to his arm Plebe year, and always a half a can of dip in his drawer

Ted's story is only half complete without Rosemary. He always knew what he wanted, and went after it. A 4.0 marked his Academy career- a rare occurrence around here. Ted did let his guard down some. Remember Army "84"- what were you drinking anyway?

Graduation is just your first big day my friend Best of luck up there in the "Big Blue" and down here with Rosemary. Hey, has anyone seen Ted's pictures?

Beaner

### William L. Peck

Larry
Mesa, Arizona
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Larry claims California as his home although he's really from Arizona (California sounds better). Actually, neither state wanted him, so they sent him to USNA to be rehabilitated with the rest of the mental defectives. An Air Force brat by trade, no one understands why Larry chose Annapolis unless he's some kind of masochist (the theory of choice).

Plebe year Larry quickly established himself as a person who enjoys his sleep although he did manage some study time in his "horizontal blue office." Aside from having his clothes systematically pilfered by Beaconhead and sucking down post Saturday night tour brews at Timmy's, plebe year went pretty smoothly

Youngster year had its ups and downs. Philadelphia and Cathy were a bust. After recovering from the hangover, Larry got a new lease on life when he met Maureen (Mo, more commonly Laverne) while cruising Church Circle with Beaconhead.

Second Class year Larry slept still more—the rack burns were getting severe (so were the grades, severely high—McKee would have given his left glowing ___ for him). On weekends he could be found lurking in the shadows at Notre Dame. He never did figure out where to relieve himself on those overnighters to Meletia (Hey, it wasn't in the hobbledogaga handbook!)

At the beginning of first class year Larry kissed his bachelor days away with a trip to Gold Dust. Good luck Laverne—you'll need it. Seriously, best of luck to both of you as you "hobble" through life together (not in front of the kids please!). Watch your six Larry. It's been real and it's been great, but not . . .

JEO

### J. Stephen Perry, Jr.

Vinnie
Honolulu, Hawaii
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Like most Navy brats, Vinnie was confused as to his real home, but one year in Hawaii was enough to make him a native. His never-ending tidbits of Hawaiian trivia, especially during Magnum, P.I., resulted in the frequently heard "Gee whiz, Steve!" It took Vinnie about a week before he figured out the best way to survive here is to try and find ways to beat the system, so he tried to avenge the firsties by pledging the floor for a formal inspection. Slip sliding away?? He pushed the Honor Code to its limits with his daily reassurances to his squad leader that he was learning all 27 laws of the Navy. A fairly uneventful Plebe year was nonetheless highlighted by 15 rounders with Tommy C., laps around Luce, and one push-up workouts. Ceaseless admiration for his father, brother, and Punahou, especially Punahou, were usual topics of conversation. Youngster year he became Mr. Stock & Bonds, but posed no threat to Merrill Lynch (right, Del?). By spending 9 months of the year in the rack, he became affectionally known as Placenta Man, and began serious work cultivating his midsection. Vince gets the most improved award for going from Project 21 to 2/c CC in one semester, but he didn't write many checks that semester either. Always looking out for his buddies, Vinnie did us up at Ring Dance, in Ft. Lauderdale with Uncle Bill and Aunt Sue, and the bathroom at Mum's. Always up for ski trips, in Utah, Vinnie became one of two charter members of the Early Morning Ugly Club. A Forex cruise to Europe, he returned with more pictures and hair than was thought humanly possible. Determined to defy the Nuke image, he bought an RX-7 and determined to defy the owner's manual he hasn't changed the oil in 11,000 miles. The best friend for four years, it just won't be the same without you

RALPH

### James D. Petrilla, Jr.

Skew
New Britain, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

What can be said about Jim that he hasn't already told you himself. Arriving in Annapolis from New Britain, PA, (just north of Philly) Jim immediately assumed a leadership position plebe summer. Being the tallest plebe, he was placed at the front of the platoon. The blind leading the blind

Surviving plebe year with few problems, Jim was ready for youngster year and the "Quest for Fun" Youngster year was also the year that Jim decided he "didn't really want to be a systems engineer" and thus promptly switched to math with a little help from his pal Dean Kelly.

Second Class year brought skiing, LA, rubgy, Lauderdale, the ever present Motrin and the continuation of the "Quest".

First Class year saw Jim excel on the rugby field and in the rack since he was carrying the often dreamed of 15 hours. The Skewbird also obtained his first command and was loved by the men and women of his platoon.

Jim will always be remembered for many things: the famous ten minute nap, destroying toothbrushes, *never* being satisfied, extreme flatulence, giving Chuck El, those funny little notebooks he always writes in, torturing the Burr while he slept, the half an hour shower, and for being a true friend. Good luck in P-Cola, Jimbo. The Fleet will never be the same.

DPB

David L. Price
DLynn
Monroe, Michigan
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

With the abundance of Davids, he became simply - DL. He showed up like the majority of us fresh from a brilliant high school career. From Monroe, Michigan, he was one of the "Michigan Boys".

He was established right off as a hurdling track stud. Running was second nature to him on and off the track. But DL had a different track to run soon enough . . . the computer track of his major. And hurdle those academic obstacles he did, with only a few minor setbacks (If you can call being a LTM - a Leydorf Trained Man - a setback.).

Who would have believed that "quiet DL" was in fact, on those long nights of the Dark Ages, a Led Zeppelin fanatic.?

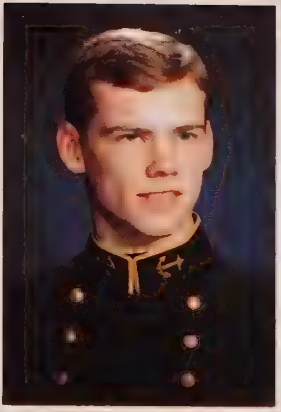
A lover of the outdoors, we will know where to find him in ten years if surface line is not so mighty fine . . . just head north, to the backwoods of Michigan's Upper Peninsula, where he will be loving his God's Country. May God walk quietly with you all the way, DL.

-Your Friends.

Patrick A. Sutton
Ralph
St. Louis, Missouri
Economics
Naval Aviation

Like a hurricane Pat blew in from St. Louis (sorry Ralph). He arrived with a case of Mono which caused him to miss a few days, but our recollections run as high as a few years. The next thing we knew we had a Pear shaped boy in the back of the platoon. Everyone knew that we were in for four years of entertainment after the first of many Bruce imitations. Plebe year was the start of the union of the 2 deviants, Pat and Eddie, which was highlited by the episodes of streaking. Second semester arrived and with it the formation of "The Boys". Pat was decorated many times for valor in the Paradise room wars. The end of Plebe year saw the beginning of his Marine stage as he frequently enjoyed mud wrestling with himself. By the way did you enjoy Chemistry class? Youngster year saw the continuation of his hijinx such as measuring contests, modeling women's underwear, and fun with white-out. Texture painting at Army was one of his specialties; and, although he was off-target, *Operation Toothpaste* was a big (?) success. After Youngster year, The Boys split up so others could enjoy his snoring. In Pensacola Pat went for his first jet ride and Ralph came out in two bags, but one week later Ralph lost his shorts and his stripes in Quantico. Second class year was filled by cocktail hour with Ed, the trip to Hood to visit Sherm, vericose veins at Pre-Coms (Did Anna know about this?), a trip to Lauderdale to meet Corky, and a pant splitting floor show at Fritzbee's. First class cruise he met a wild Calif. chick that would change Brooksie's phone bill forever. First class year saw his deep sea dating habits continue and his election to the Early Morning Ugly Club. These last four years wouldn't have been as fun without you, we're all gonna miss your sense of humor and endless High School stories, good luck up in the air and stay in touch.

Mark & Tom



David D. Tuten
Toots
Belvedere, South Carolina
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Dave showed up at USNA with his South Carolina accent and a healthy supply of optimism and ambition. Four years here on the Severn have not been able to diminish any of these attributes, and Dave has made his mark on the Academy. Lightweight Crew gave Dave a chance to show his aggressiveness, and it also put him in the hospital once with hypothermia. Dave showed us some unusual habits while he was here (a possible side effect of his brain-chilling hypothermia experience?). He played football with no shoes when it was cold. He wore a green bandana on his head at times. He could frequently be found dancing around the room to the "Footloose" tape or mouthing the lyrics of a song to his roommates. Dave also showed us about responsibility and commitment early on through his involvement in the Baptist Student Union, and his strong faith was admired by all. As Dave rides off into the sunset in his Pulsar, we will always look foward to seeing one of his frequent smiles the next time we meet. His interest in the ocean leads Dave into Surface Line, and we all wish Dave the very best of luck. SLMF.

AED

Robert R. Underwood
Odie
South Haven, Michigan
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps-Aviation

Odie's Academy days started in Newport at Navy Prep and, yes, I was noddingly acquainted with him then. I even thought I knew his face until a certain plebe summer squad leader asked me who Terry Howell was. I responded,

"Bob Underwood, South Haven, Mich." Terry got over it. Bob went on to become our company Honor Rep and spiritual leader. This came naturally for a guy who has so devoted his life to the Lord (and women)

Perhaps some wouldn't call Odie a "womanizer", but when a guy goes to the hospital for an operation (on a hernia that probably came from lifting too many grocery-filled chow packages) and then starts getting letters from a certain Navy nurse, he's a womanizer. Bob gets along with the guys too. I know because I was "Bob Underwood's roommate" for a semester (and so was a certain Batt Commander). Many a study hour, guys (and occasional gals) would come to the room and, if he wasn't there (91.6% of the time he wasn't), they would ask where Bob could be found. If he was there, Bob would sling bull for a while and sometimes he'd pull out the old guitar and lay down a few tunes. Yes, Bob was a crooner. He even made a tape of his songs (which he made a few hundred copies of and gave as christmas gifts).

It could be because he's the oldest guy in the company, or it could be because he's just a nice guy, but Bob has earned our respect and admiration. I might have been kidding around before, but I'm not when I wish Bob the best of luck. Fair winds and following seas, buddy. Keep the Lord shining in your life, and keep reaching for the stars

LBA and LEW

Gordon C. Williams
Gordo
Towson, Maryland
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Gordo arrived at USNA from sunny California, and the "Valley." He was a package deal Due to business, with him came Mom, Dad, And Sis — 07th Company's duty family. We will never forget them.

On the first day Gordo seemed all "Boxed" in, but that didn't last long as he and Burrhead punched out the answer to plebe summer on their calculators. First semester found Burrhead and Chris back together again and raging war on a group of youngsterettes. Remember the banana trick?

Second semester saw a tradition begin as Gordo picked up a pair of real classy roomies. We'll always remember "Beach Ball", "Long Time", dreaming of steroes, the goodbye party, and your admiration of a certain movie poster.

Chris rode Into Youngster year with his 280-Z and juggling girls. First he was drunk on Sherry, but lemonade finally did him in. Still we found time to enjoy Maxwell's, Ft. Lauderdale, and watching Gordo search for his clothes at West Point

Chris, despite his flare for having fun, was the room's hardest worker. His hard work paid off for him with a degree in Systems and 2nd set D & B Commander. Good luck in the underwater world Forget the "Gnarly" moments, and look for the "Spiffy-Waah" ones. Best of luck to you and Helen, she is a real winner, like you

T & T

# Eighth Company

WELCOME
HAROLD
& KA

Harold E. Barr
Harry
Middletown, Indiana
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

What does one say about a guy who starts dating a girl and is engaged two months later. I've always wondered what he considered the highlight of his academy stay-his fiancee Kay, or living with the wolfman and Mike Miller at the same time. He's probably the only one to ever go through that experience and live. But I guess I should mention more about Kay. In our two years in the same room, I can't remember him staying around a single weekend. I remember, back in the good ol' days, when he would even participate in the Friday night social gatherings. But, as all good things must come to an end, his sight to the future, and his checkbook, soon ended his participation. He has endured his share of abuse, though. Being the first one in the class to be engaged was enough reason for most people. Especially seeing as how he barely lasted through the first month of youngster year before getting engaged, which should be enough punishment in itself. I'm sure everyone will agree, though, that Harry livened up the Christmas roast many a time. Being one of the only two engineering rooms in the company has made life different. One of us always had to stay up until at least 2 AM, on alternating nights of course. And the horror stories from Rickover hall-I'm sure I could write a book there. Enough said about Rickover. Well, what else can you say about a guy who grows up in Middletown, Ind (where?), joins the Navy for three years, goes to the Academy, gets engaged, then goes on subs for fun? I wish you and Kay the best of luck in life, and I hope to be friends always.

Barry J. Benzing
Zinger
Baltimore, Maryland
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Zinger arrived at the famed halls of USNA with a LAX stick in one hand and the Ideal Curley Man handbook in the other. Following in the footsteps of his brother, Zinger enjoyed a decisive edge over his fellow plebeians, which he never relinquished in four years.

Youngster year began with high hopes of freedom and individuality, but it ended in almost near tragedy. Zinger endured more pain and suffering in that year than most people receive in a lifetime. It was only his courage, faith and strength of convictions that enabled him to defeat the dreaded disease. Zinger, now affectionately referred to as #1 or the nut . . . wonder has been seen in many a bar in Baltimore asking the women if they want to see his scar

Second class year fond Zinger enduring the painful and impractical methods of B.M. of Navy Lax. Zinger's enormous talents and skills on the playing field will only be remembered by his close friends and family. Even this obstacle neglected to slow Zinger down, he just drank more and stung more women.

Zinger's humor and wit as well as his good nature has made my time spent with him, present, past and future a delight. Barry, it's basic man, eat them up!

PROPER ATTIRE
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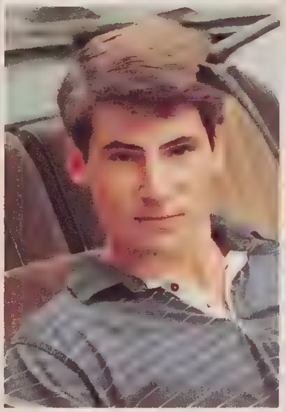
CHAPEL OPEN
800 450



Keith A. Brunini
Keith
Bayport, New York
History
Naval Flight Officer

If I had to choose one person who would be most likely to succeed it would be Keith. Keith has a knack for organization and money management that will undoubtedly make him financially independent while the rest of us are still trying to pay off our car loans. It's too bad Keith didn't charge interest on the loans he made to his classmates, he probably could have bought his way out of this place. Heralding from that island Paradise just east of the Big Apple, Keith left his buddies and the beach to fly with the best and hopefully convince the Navy of his astronaut potential. Unfortunately, like most of our classmates, Keith's eyes went bad and he had to settle for back seat. The Navy will be hard pressed to find a better NFO. There are a few memories that Keith and I shared that stand out as among the best. The trip to Lauderdale via Atlanta during spring break has got to be one such memory. Keith had a close encounter with a goregeous blonde in a black BMW and I'm sure that Pink Floyd will never sound quite the same. Then there's the weekend in the Appalacians where Keith mistook a raccoon for a bear, I guess a fifth of Jack Daniels can play strange tricks on the mind. The memories, some good, some bad, will be a part of our lives only as long as we can recall them but the friendship and camaraderie will remain with us until we die. Good luck Keith and remember what the "Boss" said, "we make a promise we swore we would always remember, no retreat baby, no surrender." Be casual

Bryan P. Caisse
Space
Athol, Massachusetts
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Space was beamed down to the steps of Bancroft from Athol, Mass. He decided plebe summer wasn't for him and spent half of it drinking with the medics at Bethesda. Rejoining the boys at the midway point of the summer, he showed us how to remember him. Athol as in alcohol, Caisse as in beer.; He lived up to it.

Rooming with Mr. Hat and Dino plebe year led to many excursions, including the pit stop at the M-C fountain, a midnight chase by the MOOW, and intimacy with the roving patrol every Saturday night

Bryan's love life was one of great fan support, sometimes with as many as a half million people as the audience. WUBA dabbling third class year, and friends' wives were also included From the Orient to Europe, souvenirs and gifts were collected and passed, even to Jello's friends at Cornell. No woman was saved by Boston charm.

Here his military prowess also showed, commanding 2 YPs with 3 days leave 2/C summer, and head restrictee for months, setting the example for all underclass. Changing of Co. Officers, and a steady girl-friend gave the impression of a squared away mid, but those who knew him, knew better

Miss Jennifer Golden now occupies most of Space's time, and is sure to be Mrs. Caisse in about ten years (less if he can't keep the rabbit off the life support system)

From head restrictee and performance boards to Company Sub-Commander and Nuclear Power, let's say you can fool some of the people . . . . . . We all wish you best of luck in whatever you do

THR

### William R. Costantini
Wilbur
Freeville, New York
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

In the beginning there were visions of a Spartan, four-year existence culminating in the rebirth of Chesty. Time and the moral-eroding Rick and Dino show were soon to take their toll, however, as the real Wilbur emerged.

Attired in the elegant Italian Dinner jacket, with a slight bulge in one cheek and a can of Red, White and Blue in hand, Wilbur would set forth in quest of what he had so little time for. Lack of invitation notwithstanding, he began to realize the monstrous opportunities that lay spread before him at the local ladies' colleges. It wasn't long before he was a regular at the Hood Chew-Your-Arm-Off Brunch Club.

First-class year brought little, if any, improvements in Wilbur's standards. Lampshades became an integral part of the formalwear and fun party games like tag were enjoyed. Wilbur did suffer a major setback when he was cast off the Green-Alert Refreshment Committee for knowing all too well how to spot a bargain

As the end draws near, though, the real Wilbur is starting once again to yield to the pull of the Green Machine. We wish you luck in the Corps, Will, and, who knows, maybe you'll even be the first Marine Commandant of the Brigade of Midshipman

### Gretchen M. Dayoub
Gretch
Louisville, Kentucky
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

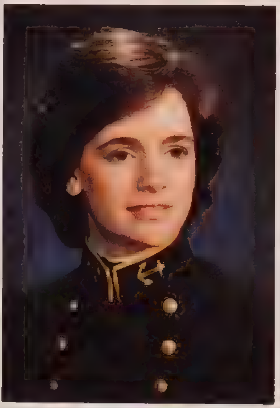
Gretchen arrived from Kentucky with her running shoes and four suitcases full of innocence and naivety (that lasted about 6 hrs into I-day). She laughed her way through plebe summer and hasn't stopped since. The rigors of plebe summer behind her, Gretchen assumed youngster year included weeknight liberty in local taverns in civilian clothes. After her initiation into the EMBC that year, she came back regularly for guest appearances. Some of her more spectacular antics included fountain swimming, water bombadier, and mess night entertainment beyond description.

Gretchen ran track for two years and played basketball before deciding to give her ailing legs a rest. But rest wasn't to be had, as she hit the party circuit in full stride, and made All-East in her first season. Second class year brought Gretchen a special roommate from CG Academy. Instead of calming her down as many had hoped, Val (Blue Buns) only encouraged her to pursue even higher levels of entertainment

The thought of a grey ship never appealed to Gretchen as she somehow managed pleasure cruises both summers-first, sailing and then doing "oceanography research" on a cruise liner. After rounding out the summer with 2 weeks of PCR and plebe detail (getting back from town as the plebes went out to PEP?), she began her final year with only graduation on her mind. Along the way she found time to spend with Dino and Mr. Hat (the guys next door) at Mike's, CJ's, Poseurs . . . . . and was a great time even if she brought almost every personal belonging for even the shortest trips.

She always knew how to find a humorous side to even the dreariest situtations and could be counted on to help us get through. She will always be a tremendous and wonderful friend and we thank her for all the great times and hope there will be many more.

BL and JJ



### Jonathan A. Fulton
Sternwheeler
Hingham, Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

There is a very small town, somewhere in Mass. (not Massachusetts mind you, but Mass.), called Hingham; from this town came a person who seems to be destined for greatness. This person is Jon Fulton

Jon spent most of his plebe year being very studeous over books set upon his Kim splattered blotter. This drove his two "cruel, heartless" roommates up the wall. However he did take a few breaks, such as listening to Chim's ('84) great German incantations

Jon's youngster year here proved very interesting as he roomed with the two Chris's; needless to say his grades improved. The next two semesters found Jon with his fifth roommate and Kim at Goucher; he still managed to rather sucessfully conquer the Mech. E. major.

First semester of first class year saw Jon go to Batt. Adj. and Kim go to Africa (sorry Jon). But Jon changed. He now has girl problems, has opened up immensely, and has proved to be a most interesting person. Jon is now back in company area with Terr. After graduating a Mech. E. he will be headed below the waves.

Good luck Jon. May all your sinkins end in a surface and may God always be looking after you.

B.W.W. Phil. 4:13

### Terrence J. Garbuzinski
Garbo
Memphis, Tennessee
Economics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The Memphis suburb of Bartlett (really) provided eighth company with one of its most interesting members. Plebe year made us all realize that Terry, to put it nicely, was a real character. He drove his roommates and close friends crazy with his beating on the desk, conducting his orchestas, and practicing his sword manual. When he wasn't reading Lucky Bags, idolizing JFK, or writing symphonies (inside joke), he was telling us about Keith Lee and Memphis St. basketball (they never did go all the way). Never one to study, he always managed to get good grades, but I could too if I was a single E

Even though we were never officially roommates (I need a Mech E), no one could tell. He was always around to eat my food or keep me from doing my homework. Getting Terry drunk was another thing. I remember watching him fish his cover out of the river and later getting sick in my sink. What a character

Then there's Terry's girlfriend second class year. We all knew her, but he knew her much better. When will those trips to Boston end? First Class year found Ter without Big Doug V. for the first time, so Keith and Thom stepped in. It would have been alright except for all those weird noises at night. Thinking of Sue, eh Ter? Then he found himself with Jon and his room has never been cleaner since, although Ish and Space were helping him out.

Thanks for all the good times and the laughs Ter. It wouldn't have been the same without you. Good luck in the submarine force and otherwise. And hey Ter . . . you're alright.

JER

Michael F. Hajosy
Potatohead II
York, Maine
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

From the farthest corner of the United States, Mike came to the Academy destined for a June Week wedding; but alas, can a sweet hometown girl compete with Georgetown miniskirts!?! Mike easily stroked his way through plebe year with an occasional whimper brought on by his disappointing 3.7 QPR. In other words, Mike was a sweat. But unlike the other members of the Mr Potatohead Club, Mike would occassionally wipe the sweat from his brow to take part in normal social overindulgences. Mike was known to leave many a bartender dazed and confused with his requests for exotic drinks; but no bartender could ever mix Mike's "high altitude heaver." A drink that goes down like drano and comes up in technicolor

But Mike's primary source of motivation comes not from his girlfriend, scholastics, or even his career ambitions. Mike is on the lowest wrung of Maslow's needs hierarchy: Ask Mikey, he'll eat anything. Exotic drinks imply exotic foods, and Mike once again shocks the critics. His tastes in food would take the big out of Big Yellow and the jiggle out of Jello

When it came time for service selection, certain religious factors influenced Mike. Good luck, my friend, Fair winds and following seas. Shalom o submariner

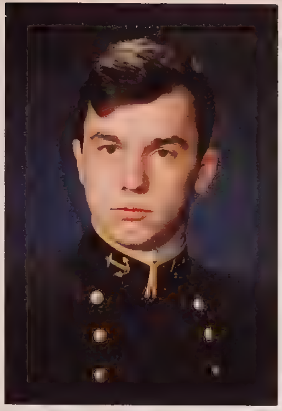
Donald K. Hume
Barney
Chula Vista, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Don came to the Navy following his father's footsteps. After a brief stop in Newport and NAPS, where his California blood was initiated to the harshness of a real winter, he arrived at the Academy filled with the enthusiasm to excell as an Aerospace Engineer and fly jets. Though his eyes failed him, the aspirations to be an engineer lasted into the early morning hours and despite the challenges of professors Joyce, Butler, and Saarlas.

As most engineers, Don often wished disaster for Rickover Hall, but with the combined efforts of Stan and the Wizzard, the trio hung on to meet the challenge. Weekends provided a chance for rest and relaxation, except those which included a Glee Club trip and the first thing he saw upon returning was the rack. Still other weekends were invaluable, filled with the companionship and support of Jenny, Nicki, Teresa, Carolyn, Michele, and Eileen, hopefully the last.

Unquestionable was his loyalty to sports and San Diego. Never an opening day passed when the Chargers or Padres weren't assured to be league champions or at least playoff bound. Though the hopes didn't always become reality, they could always be counted onto stir up heated wardroom competition. The same competitive spirit followed him and 8th company to the football and softball fields, where the Brigade championship eluded him.

Don came to the Academy, worked hard, played hard, and acheived much, a performance your father would have been proud of.



Kevin C. Jenkins
Frank
Las Vegas, Nevada
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Steady hands, nerves of steel, poker face, martyr in gambling and in love, and a future devotee of the B-52's. Who else could this be but Frank. The MAN, the LEGEND, the NARCOLEPTIC

Frank came from Las Vegas but gambled like he came from Nebraska. He never counted his money while sitting at the table, he never had any to count. Frank did, however, consistently score the most points at the committee's nightly meetings. Too bad low score wins in this game of hearts. As for the other, even when heaven smiles and sends Frank, the committee's potential secretary of the interior, he committed political suicide by refusing to take a firm stand on S + T activities. On this particular evening Frank was so distraught by this loss that he went wandering aimlessly into the night, only to return the next morning with no shoes, different pants, and a lampshade.

When Frank isn't setting his sights on some lovely lady, he's setting his front bumper on some defenseless deer. Frank could minimize fatalities by keeping the heat on high and his hands on the wheel

We know one thing for certain though, Frank will always have his love with the Corps and a hand on his tin

Good luck Kevin. Semper Fi!!!!

James S. Jensen
Mr. Hat
Riverside, Connecticut
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Mr. Hat came out of hibernation from Connecticut to begin a remarkable and sometimes unbelievable journey through the "Naval House of Horrors." Early into plebe year, Jim kept a low profile until he began a series of Sat. night escapades through the halls wearing very little of his uniform (how about none!). His illustrious gymnastics career at Navy ended after plebe year, so he decided to take his talents on the road to try falling down at other colleges on the weekends.

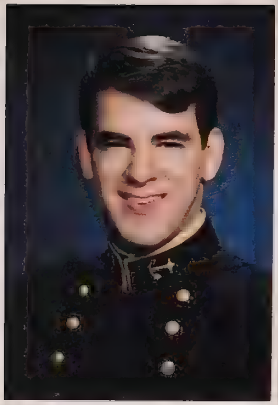
A switch from Chemistry to Physical Science gave him more time in his search for short girls, of which he found many - and many found him. The Army/Navy games were always a chance for Jim to demonstrate his unending talents, where he either ended up with the wrong girl or in the wrong room (like the drunk tank youngster year.)

Being "a man of the sea" (or at least the beach), Mr. Hat was at his peak in Ft. Lauderdale where he entertained 30,000 college students for a week, free of charge

Senior year, reunited with plebe roommate, Dino, proved to be a dangerous combination for trips in either the Blue Whale or Land Crab. Their third accomplice, Gretchen, often joined in forays to Poseurs, Mike's, CJ's and various other hang-outs.

Jim arrived at Airborne School with several rolls of quarters looking for the beer machines and was disappointed. We hope he has better luck at Quantico and in everything he does. We wish you the best and happiness always.

BL and GD



Richard E. Johnson
Rich
Miami, Florida
General Engineering
Surface Wafare

Rich arrived in Crabtown ready to go. He came from . . well . . If you want to know you can ask him yourself, but be ready for a long talk involving some five states and at least one foreign country. It does not matter where he came from or why (just for info, he came here to Fly). The most important thing is that he came here with a lot of goals. He has managed to keep only one of them, and that is graduation. Rich has shown some impressive qualities in the past four years, the major one being tolerartion of his roommates. That first year with the hip guy from California taught him the more liberal ways of life. Younster year with the Blues Brothers, Rich was able to put up with all their singing and music. Second Class year he was forced to live with the illegal alien, and First Class year he really lucked out and got the first prize, namely the old man. Rich showed an amazing capacity to go without sleep for long periods of time, sleep in the rack that is, because he never counted all the time that he slept while sitting at his desk or in Luce Hall. Women have always been important to him, too. Or should that be Woman, better known as Laura. Afterall the only competition she ever had was his mother. Rich was a very loyal Mech E. until all those sleeping sessions in class finally showed on his grade card, at which point he became a very loyal General E. This really paid off with those long weekends, although a few times he had to beg his way through the Toll booths in order to get back. Rich has decided to use his talents in the Surface Force, but only after a long hard fought battle with the Optometrist. With his special talents and abilities to make the best of a bad situation and his willingness to help others, Rich is assured of success. May the road rise to meet you and the wind be at your back

Gerald J. Jordan
Jer
El Paso, Texas
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Jerry proceeded to the Academy in the wake of his two older brothers leading some of us to believe he would have a jump over us on the routine here at Annapolis. However, surprise is one of Jerry's trademarks, yep, Jerry immediately surprised us all by being even more clueless than most plebes. During his plebe summer Jerry felt sorry for the first class as he stated: "I'll bet they feel bad after they yell at us." Unfortunately, Jerry thought that professors also felt bad when failing someone which gave him the courage to try Mech E. Just when he thought he had seen the worst after 2nd class academics, Jerry was lucky enough to draw the "dynamic duo" first semester, 1st class year. But, again, Jerry surprised us all, after his intimate relationship with Wild Bill and The Rocket, he is still a Mech E. (though this semster has found him doing a little RE-Heat Transfer).

I'd write about Jerry's love life, but there's not much to say. It's not that Jerry hasn't met any females while in Annapolis, it's just they all seem to think of him as a brother. That is all but Cindy Jacobs, but we won't talk about her. Jerry's lack of dating while at the academy is probably due to one reason, Cindy (a different Cindy that lives in Texas). Yes, rumor has it that Jerry was contemplating Marine Corps to get a MOS in communications, that way he could keep in touch with his "babe" even from the field, at least he wouldn't amass such a huge Sprint bill. Actually, Jerry is a surface man at heart and will report to a CGN off the west coast. To Gerald I wish the best of luck and thank him for a good year as his roommate.

ZEB

Brian R. Ledbetter
Dino
San Diego,California
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Brian sailed into Annapolis from California not knowing what to expect, but hoping to continue the glamorous lifestyle that he was used to living. After recovering from the shock that the Sailing Center was without a Bar and Grill, Dino decided to use his sailing talents to get away from the Academy as much as possible. With plebe Chemistry behind him, (barely), Brian left on Youngster cruise, but was not as adept at fooling Va. Beach bouncers as he was with his teachers. Rooming with E.Z. in his second year provided Dino with another reason for staying away from the hall, and pushed him towards the first of his three All-American Sailor years. A semester-long membership to the EMBC also added to his academic prowess. Second class year was noted for Brian's collision with the EE Dept. who refused his request for a double major with the Chem. Dept., so he found a happy medium as a Physical Scientist

Brian raged into first class year, "always stoked for a rad blowout", and after reacquiring Mr. Hat as a roommate, the circus began. HELL YEAH!! The year began with Dino doing time at Ohio State and other schools ensuring himself that normal college life still existed. There were also many voyages with Jim and Gretchen (the girl next door), to El Toritos, CJ's, Mike's, Poseur's, and skiing, (new way to spend money when not sailing), which was almost enough to keep Brian entertained. Brian hopes to keep sailing while in the Navy ('88) and avoid any deployments that go beyond sight of the local Yacht Club. Whatever he does and wherever he goes, we know Brian will do it with a smile on his face. You have been a wonderful friend and we thank you for all the good times and laughter you've brought to us

JJ and GD

Thomas J. Lerch
Thom
Amarillo, Texas
Political Science
Naval Aviation

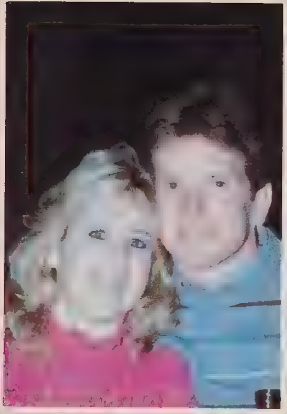
Thom arrived at the Naval Academy in a roundabout way with one year of college and one of prior service. Perhaps this provided him with his vast professional knowledge and strong opinions. A little too confident as a plebe he had a few problems his first year, but his strong desire to attend the Naval Academy didn't leave him then and still hasn't now. Not much for studying, Thom did what he had to, but he did enjoy EE312 so much he took it again. At first Thom devoted himself to demanding sports such as Navy crew and rugby, but second class year he decided his spare time could be better spent away from the Academy.

After a variety of love affairs that he always filled his friends in on, Thom finally (and conveniently) settled down. Tired of long distance relationships Thom now had one of the most ideal situations at the Naval Academy. While others might have thought he was hard at work running, lifting at the weight room or holed up in the library studying, his close friends knew he was kicking back at Tina's drinking a couple of beers. With Tina's apartment less than 100 feet from the Academy it's amazing how short those "long-distance" runs became. Life's rough, eh Thom?

A big decision was Thom's purchase of a sports car. With the advice of a few friends the idea of a fuel-saving CRX was quickly replaced with a "manly" Z28. Now it seems Thom is ready to advance from the ground to the air and fly Navy jets.

Graduation will mark the end of a major goal in Thom's life and I wish him the best of luck in achieving the many future goals he has set before him. Good luck in Pensacola and remember- the word is "casual."

KAB



Chris M. Lutz
MegaLutz
Wading River, New York
General Engineering
Supply Corps

Chris came to the Academy from the land his roommate would like to nuke, Long Island. For the first three years of school, Lutzy was a wild man. A person who couldn't hold his liquor, Chris would be drawn to the Whiskeys and indulge himself. Ask Meg and Big Yellow. Chris was a well-known customer at the laundry. Forever trying to put conquests under his belt, with little success, Chris tried academics. First an Aero, Chris kamikazied. As they say, "Sooner or later, you'll go General." Chris could never stay in one place. For service selection, he first wanted nuke subs, then nuke surface, then supply, then EDO, then CEC . . . Finally he chosed supply

Chris's downfall occurred in segundo year. He met Marybeth. From then, the blinders came on. Wherever Chris went, the sound of a cracking whip could be heard. Every weekend his roommate could be assured of a day-by-day itinerary of Mary's life. Luckily, his roommate was understanding and did not kill him

The only consistent thing about Chris was his mouth His quick wit was well known in the company. His weight lotteries were as popular as G.D.

Well Chris, this is it. Happy sailings forever for you and Mary. Hopefully, we'll cross each other's paths in later years. Good luck.

MCTZ

William E. Lyons
Jello
Hopewell Junction, New York
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Bill, or Jello, as he is more affectionately known to friends, hails from the not-so-bustling metropolis of Hopewell Jct, NY which has certainly prepared him well for his favorite pasttime at the Academy-sleeping. Bill brought with him certain attributes that were to set him apart (oftentimes literally) from the crowd. Lack of enzymes notwithstanding, he somehow managed to embroil himself in several fidelity dilemnas.

Jello is a true gamesman in every sense of the word whether it be playing hearts (or with them), basketball, riding horses or trapping the THK for a clueless roommate. One might wonder when Bill found the time to hit the books in his busy schedule He studied-three to five hours-right, Adm. McKee?

Even so, Bill managed to get the grades to afford him the choice of service selection. Semper Fi ruled out the Marine Corps but the submarines guaranteed him four meals a day

We wish Bill all the luck in our nuclear Navy. He has no need to worry about those he leaves behind during deployments - the little green men from the Committee feel it is their duty to ensure all of his obligations are met during those lonely months.

Sandra K. Mahlum
Sandy
Mondovi, Wisconsin
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

Forsaking a career in Ultra-Brite commercials, Sandy Mahlum came to the USNA in search of tall basketball players and a prestigious position on the Navy Cheerleading squad. Both dreams were soon fulfilled due in large part to her all-American looks. The end of plebe summer saw Sandy begin to drool in anticipation of a bachelor sponsor. Fortunately for her, she got something even better. The Mecks were Sandy's family away from home. She soon became a permanent fixture in their house on the weekends where she would often sleep on the floor instead of the sofa

Third class summer brought more Navy adventure: summer school, YP cruise (LAND-HO!), and best of all, Steve. The two could often by found subsisting on a diet of "pop" and cookies, supplemented by an occasional beer. Sometimes, it's hard to swat those flies away after a few drinks, huh Sandy?

Despite her attachment, Sandy still found time to party with her friends. Sandy had such a good time before Army third class year, she had to be coerced into attending the game. NL mess night, the Ring Dance and the Batt dining-in were also occasions for celebration Sandy's frankness was always demonstrated at these events as she described a certain Marine major or explained what to say to some guy's date. Lest it be misconstrued, she did not confine herself to only formal occasions. She could also be found partying in such exotic locations as Guantanamo Bay or a ditch in Norfolk.

Fighting her way back from an AC Board appearance, Sandy went on to achieve academic stardom as an out-of-company striper. You'll be a great officer. You've always been a super friend. Until our paths cross again, drink one for me

DAS

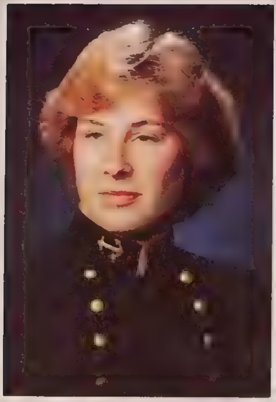
Mark W. Meloro
The Shark
Hanover Township, New Jersey
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Laugh and the world laughs with you." Yes, the Shark insisted on having a good time at any cost. A firm believer in his own doctrine, "Life is too short to take seriously," Shark's partying was finally curtailed when, after four years of three striper libs, he ran into a particular female who ruined his nightly excursions over the wall. Shrugging off restriction with an expected comment, "You can't win if you don't play", Shark became more involved in his music- which was unfortunate for us.

Plebe summer came and cut down on the Shark's romantic style, but the mirrors throughout Bancroft kept his sanity. Then, when academic year started, Nimitz became Shark's home away from home. However, as an upperclassman, free time away from the hall belonged to the Shark. He loved his women Whether it be a dancer from Baltimore, a bikini that passed his life guard stand, or the usual bar room pick up, he was the first to admit he was in love- again. But, as a competitor, he was never satisfied with the one he was with, so he scoped every bar from N.J. to Florida. However, we still think he's holding out for his Boston beauty Then again there were those behind closed doors. If the lights were out, Shark found beauty in just about anyone

Never losing professionalism, "Ish, trash can ASAP", Shark often saw no limits: finding himself on stages winning prizes or exhibiting a bounce back theory at Trinity. Yet, best known was his inability to ward off eager VCU women. Penthouse isn't always B.S., eh Shark?

Disillusioned there was no rock star billet at service selection, Shark settled for Marine air. Overall, he cruised into USNA, checked himself in the mirror, and graduated. Best of friends, Shark could be counted on when the chips were down. Good luck in the Corps Buddy.



### Deborah K. Miller
Debbie
Del Norte, Colorado
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

THE ROAD NOT TAKEN
by Robert Frost

Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth,

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted wear,
though as for that the passing there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden black
Oh, I kept the first for another day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back

I shall be telling this with a sigh
Somewhere ages and ages hence:
Two road diverged in a wood, and I—
I took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference

### Timothy H. Risberg
Ish
Wantagh, New York
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Ish arrived here from Long Island the long way, via NAPS. His lacrosse career ended 1 year short of graduation when he chose early retirement instead of Brian Matthews' clique another year. He looks back positively on his letter sweater, (no hat chit) however.

Tim's motto "too many women, too little time" gave the opportunity to provide what he felt he was being used for. Stooping to new lows, throwing cats off balconies, the Penn Center stairwell 3/C year, Hop's basement bathroom, and Meg's lottery at 1/C Army. No low was unapproachable

However, Mary of ODU proved that yes, Tim can date a girl not 3, but 4 weeks in a row, before ending at Christmas leave

Ishberg's ability to avoid trouble was at times uncanny. Remember the Nav exam? Gouge is gouge, but enough is enough. Or "excessive" exposure at Fell's Point, Ganders, and the 4400 Club????

But most of all, we know Ish as being a little tight at times. Attestable from those who lived with him and knew him best from L.I. to Maryland, including Jimmy and Joey there to Space and Shark here, surely we will witness the lighting of the menorah for years to come. We all wish him luck in the Marines, and in finding the one woman he is looking for

BPC

### Wade H. Schmidt
The Old Man
Riverside, California
General Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Wade hails from Southern California, the state he insists has the world's greatest football team (L.A. Raiders) and the most beautiful girls- both of which he is an avid fan of. Prior enlisted, Wade arrived at the Naval Academy with a lot of confidence in himself and an attitude that at times could be considered overbearing and opinionated, but there was never a situation when he wouldn't take time out to help someone. Wade always seemed to know a little bit about everything and he always felt this qualified him as an expert. Somehow his line of b.s. ended up working out right about 90% of the time. His quiet voice and unassuming and humble air allowed anyone who wasn't deaf to know where he was and what he was thinking.

Wade has had a variety of girlfriends, some from far away California and others just a few doors away. (I guess you can't always expect girls in a Trans Am to stop and pick you up, eh Wade?)

Wade has gone through a variety of experiences while at USNA varying from aggressive pursuits such as Airborne school and Survival Training to the slightly less aggressive such as cheerleading (Who's that bald guy down there?) and the famed YP Squadron. Presently his greatest loves are his black Trans Am and spending money. Some people may consider Wade moody, but after rooming with him and passing psychology we would definitely classify him as a manic depressive

An avid fan of the Marine Corps for four years, Wade will undoubtedly enjoy life on a submarine and the money that goes with it. (Wade, you're finally going to have to study!) Best of luck below the seas and don't forget that Brett still owes you that case of beer—thanks to Rose

KAB and REJ

### Cynthia Thebaud
Cindy
Greenwich, Connecticut
Chemistry
Surface Warfare

The Bod came to us from the winter wonderland of New England. No one has yet figured out why she blessed us with her presence, least of all Cindy, herself. Perhaps it was her intense desire to sail the mighty oceans, which has kept The Bod at sea for four years, so far. Nobody has complained yet - except the coaches.

The first two years, Cindy could not be dragged away from the books. Her work paid off with the reward of being an exchange student at the Air Force Academy. Something happened at that place (was it the Zoomies? the liberal USAFA ideas? or just the Colorado lifestyle?) 'cause our little Cindy came back a changed person. Her grades came down following her return. Though her attitude relaxed a little, the Administration failed to notice and she got her three stripes anyway.

Cindy claims to have majored in Chemistry, but to hear tell, she and her cohorts majored in misery instead. Come on Cindy, you can't expect us to believe the profs are that bad - then you would have kicked them instead of the walls. But, what else do you expect from a girl who drives around at two in the morning with the top on her car down and it's forty degrees outside. Her conservative New England ways will never be the same after living with Elaine and Gretchen. Cindy managed to learn a fair amount about leadership, but now she's just got to learn not to apply those lessons on the dance floor. Cindy's biggest problem left is what to do after graduation. She claims to have her heart set on surface warfare, but it's rumored the marines are starting to catch her eye. Whatever she choses, she's guaranteed to succeed. Good Luck!!

W.H.S., B.W.W.

Michael C. Torbit
Tid Bit
Mascoutah, Illinois
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Mike left the wild life of an Illinois sheep farmer to become a Midshipman some four years ago. Before Mike even arrived, he knew his destiny was Nuke Subs. What puzzled me was the way he went about the attainment of this goal There are a lot of things you can say about Mike, but studious, hardworking, industrious, or serious for that matter would not be one of them. Mike, claiming to be a practicing Buddhist, had his own way of approaching things. He counted on the fine art of winging it, blowing it off, taking the hit, and if all else failed, hitting the rack. I suppose it wasn't a bad system after all, because he's systems and I'm a general.

Don't take me wrong though, Mike did take alot of things very seriously. MASH, MAGNUM PI, and HILL STREET, were just a few of the programs that Mike vigilantly kept up with. Mike was, as the Buddhist say, our sacred Wardroom Cow. He also took his reading seriously Our room always had every possible magazine, from TIME to the unmentionable, yet Mike never subscribed to a one. And we can't leave out eating

Finally, I wouldn't be doing Mike justice if I didn't mention his heroic feats at the bar. Mike could hold his liquor, he just couldn't drink it. But one thing that Mike never lost, was his resilient "go for it" attitude that he will always be remembered for.

Best of luck in the future Mike. If you can survive a year rooming with me you can do anything

CML

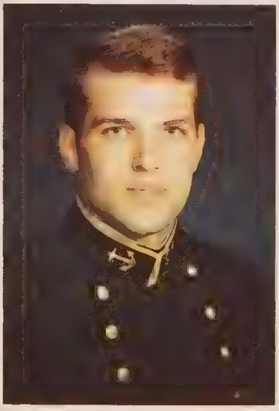
Christopher J. Weiler
C.J.
Annandale, Virginia
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

Chris arrived in Annapolis from Annandale, Virginia, spinning a football on his fingertips ready to make his mark in naval history. He began to do this as soon as he returned from his ten day sabbatical in Blacksburg, via George. Once C.J. was firmly in place back in Crabtowne, he often amused us by dancing to the National Anthem at comearounds and set the new standard in wardroom cuisine by mixing mustard, mayo, ketchup and tabasco sauce for use as an ice cream sweetener

During the fall, Chris was found starting at wideout for Navy's football team, working his way into the record books in at least three categories.

Always being a very resourceful guy, Chris always found the proper use for his assets. Among these assets were his personality and his hands. When it came to the ladies C.J. would clearly use his personality to attract them and who, except a select few, know what he did with his hands to keep them. But keep them he did, whether it be a beauty queen from UVA or just some girl that liked to hang around in closets.

Chris' ability to drink anyone under any table with shots of anything and everything is only rivaled by his discipline and hard working attitude when the time calls for it. It's this attitude that will surely give him success in the Nuclear Navy. My prayers are with you buddy — go for it!!



Brett W. Wiseman
The Sweat
Ironton, Ohio
Chemistry
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Brett came to Annapolis for one reason only, to fly. After his eyesight went bad Plebe Year, he decided to go into Subs and has not looked back since. Most of us thought Subs was his first and only choice. Brett managed to keep himself pretty busy the entire time he was here. The Sweat managed to pull off playing on the Varsity Baseball team, being the company commander, taking seven classes, and a girl all in one semester He did not do so hot with the first three, and as for the fourth, only she knows for sure Brett has shown everyone that it is very possible to always work and never play. He does relax occasionally, about once every ten years or so. Girls were a sore subject with Brett. To quote one of his favorite sayings, "Women are just a bunch of conniving little witches." His whole opinion on that subject changed though after he met Kim. Now it is just a lot of fun watching him go off the deep end. The Sweat was a rare breed After all, just how many First Class do you know that do not own cars. Even though he says that they have not made a car hot enough for him, he managed to impress the world by stalling a TransAm twice

In all seriousness, Brett is a truly great friend. He was always there to lend an ear to your troubles. He never failed to help, and Brett had a great knack of talking a person into doing just what they wanted to do all along. He will even go through a lot of pain for a friend (such as Rosie). Brett is going to go far if he can learn from all the problems he has helped everyone with. All the Sweat needs to do is learn how to have fun, but he will probably have more fun than he can handle after 22 May (right Brett?). Good Luck and Keep on smiling

WHS

Eugene Wozniak
Woz
Newton, New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Spirited from Northern New Jersey, a place called the Lodge to be precise, came a Ukranian with a Bible in one hand and a M-16 in the other. WOZ. Disappointed at first that USNA proved a poor substitute for a Russian Orthodox Monastery, Woz nevertheless casted his pearls of nocturnal wisdom to the swine who would stay up late enough to listen. Those who heeded not his sagacious words ran the risk on invoking the dreaded Morality Lecture. Indeed, semi-officially acclaimed elder polar bear by virtue of his receding hairline, Woz was always there to offer advice or to ward off those man-eating coyotes

Yet, just as there must be a Yin for every Yang, there was a Woz for the weekend. Laying his Bible and M-16 aside for a brief moment he would climb aboard Bambi-Slayer II (formerly a Nissan 4X4) With a can of dip in one hand, and his pal Jack in the other, neither lack of sleep nor field sobriety tests could prevent him from making his appointed rounds - that is rounds of the weed and the rounds of the green death.

There is truly only one service selection for this good friend and embodiment of Semper Fi. We wish him the best of luck and do hope he is successful in popularizing those non-spectator sports

Kenneth J. Yamashita
Yama
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Grinning from ear to ear came one of the most likeable characters the Naval Academy has ever seen. "Solid as a Rock" was his song and for obvious reasons it became the Yam's image. Extremely easy going and easy to get along with, a few firsties tried to impinge upon the Yam's life style during plebe summer. After a quick stint with the remedial rate squad coupled with his ability to stand out well above his classmates in the summer's athletics, even the firsties couldn't help liking the Yams. A serious shoulder injury that plebe year slowed Kenny's progress slightly, but not nearly enough to keep this stud from starting the following three years on the wrestling team. However, sometimes wrestling took its toll. Losing excess amounts of weight, we'll never forget the time Kenny was T.K.O'd at noon formation- a good 24 hours before his match. Fortunately, when it came to partying the Yams never went down for the count. Trolling during June week as a plebe, setting his own liberty standards during summer sessions, and roof hopping at Notre Dame were some of the things Yam's was famous for- not to mention the many nights at Goucher, the Beach, and G-town. Additionally, countless memories of the Florida wrestling escapades also added to the Yam's many conquests. We never thought our Yam's partying days would slow down- that is until he became a one woman man his last two semesters. A true friend to anyone who knew him, I wish Kenny the best of luck. The Corps couldn't have gotten anyone finer.

MWM

Timothy E. Zebell
Zeebs
St. Joseph, Michigan
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Tim, the All-American kid from St. Joe, came to USNA with an open mind and a lonely heart, and he still has both of them. He quickly adapted to Navy life by developing his now-famous ability to sweat the load. Plebe year found him in a room with Brett the Sweat and a good supply of Pledge, Fantastic, and Stress Tabs under the sink. Next year found him with Mike and Jello. His stereo kept his mind off Tidbit and lots of burning incense kept his mind off Jello. Academically, Tim gave Mech E a try only to be Slushed out into the Oceanography major. The only thing ME gave him was a lifetime friend named Matt Waldschmidt (Matt's only friend)

Tim's love life was never one of his strong points though it did provide lots of laughs for the rest of us There was his two hundred dollar woman who was a lesson to us all. Of course, let's not forget the friendly Pensacola girls either. Look out Florida, the All-American kid has grown up

The Navy lost a good pilot when Tim's eyes became less than perfect but look out, Commies, guess who's wearing the geekers in the back seat.

Thanks for all the good times, Tim, and the best of luck in the Navy and otherwise

JER

# Ninth Company

Allan J. Assel, Jr.
Alvin
New Orleans, Louisiana
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

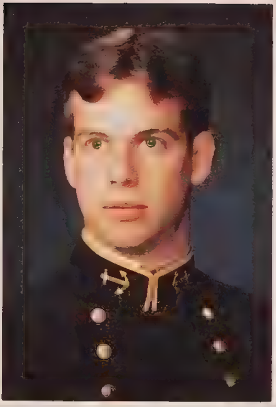
Allan is a nice guy. Ninth's favorite cajun left the land of Mardi Gras on his way to Tulane University in the summer of 1981. Fortunately a big-eared kid named Stegall used his "strange magnetic ray" and steered Allan to Navy. He began his career studying statics and searching for his roommate. Neither of which he did well, so Alvin gave up Architecture to become a manager and later on to say goodbye to Bill and Hi to Kev. Just as Al was starting to talk to himself and to others about the Indy 500, he found a new roommate, a match made in heaven. It's a wonder that the Cuber let this get by . . . . The Beef and wh - - - man together at last! They later adopted a wayward Texan and became known as the "cave dwellers" with the infamous BLOB, their all consuming pet. Al broke heart after heart, semester after semester, until one night during plebe detail when Dale entered his life to change both his outlook and reputation. We'll remember him for the Kenny Rogers Album, his stolen trophy, the endless pitcher at Charlie's, and making Saturday night plebe taps by seconds every time. He leaves us with a Wiedies in one hand, a crawgator-tailgator in the other. A leader in the truest sense of the word, Allan will be successful in whatever he strives for through his dedication, integrity, and strong will. I wish him the best of luck in life. Shalom white works man. Thanks for your friendship. Peace be with you my son.

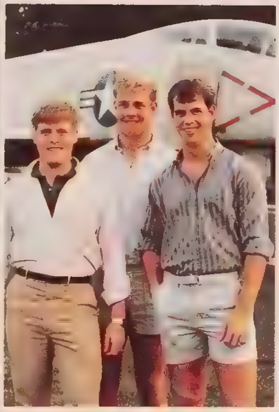
GOW

Vincent C. Bowhers, Jr.
Vic
Weston, Massachusetts
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Vince is a nice guy. He arrived at the Naval Academy after a glorious track career and a brief layover at N.A.P.S. (Naval Academy Party School). After putting up with Al C. for as long as possible his track career was limited to those last minute sprints from Charlies on Sat. night. (Which he usually won unless he stopped to beat up on street lights or brick walls). Then 2/C year we graduated from room partys to Flight Lite Nites where Vic was usually the 2/c rep. I always had this sneaky suspicion that Vic was in fact Weidamanns Ambassador to USNA. When Vince was around so was Weidies. Vic was always the life of the party whether we were in Vidor, Boston, New Orleans, Pasadena or Philly. However 2/c year it finally happened, everyone's favorite party animal became everyone's favorite domesticated animal. Vince met *cute* little Wendy and that was all she wrote. Now we've all got a date for June 29 in Warren, Pa. What more can I say about my roommate for the past 3½ years (an Academy record), the guy who taught me to drink and make my bed. How anyone can room together for 3½ years is beyond me, it must have been those boxing matches we had each semester. Well as usual we're running out of time and space so I'll have to close by wishing you and Wendy the *BEST* of luck in everything ya'll do and thanks for the memories. You will always be remembered as the man with the perpetual white works chit . . . . .

TEX





William A. Fitzgerald
Fitz
Warrington, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Bill. He was a nice guy. Before coming to Navy, Bill spent a year at NAPS where he learned about the first of many destruction of gov't property violations, and his rights as an Amer. citizen. Bill arrived with visions of becoming the Pele of Navy soccer, an Aero major, and the great Santini Since he had to wait 4 years for the F-4, and failed to get along with Coach Meyers, Bill barely slid into the Aero major. Bill quickly regrouped and set his priorities straight which led to many nights at Pete's, Timmy's, and the bushes in front of Charlie's. Being a quick learner, under the expert instructions of his roommate, Bill soon earned a spot in the Ninja Warriors, known for their knife and star throwing expertise. Through a miscalculation of a fellow warrior, Bill encountered his second destructions of gov't property violation, which jeopardized his spring break. 3/C year stunted Bill musically since his wacky roommate (God love him) sold all of his Satanic records. 3/C year Bill also discovered the little black book and quickly embarked on a knowledge seeking mission (Yvette Corvette, and Karen to name a couple). Second-class year, Bill found the sacrament of skiing, and with a new Firebird, Ski '84 was well underway. When he wasn't skiing, Bill was trying to see his dream girl Kathy First class year started off well-enough with the Springsteen concert in D.C. and a sister-source of knowledge. We lost Bill as our roommate 2nd sem., as he scored a job as Batt. Ops. Bill. He was a nice guy . . . We wish him the best of luck as he treks towards P-cola in search of the last F-4 billet. With him he takes our sincere thanks for friendship and good times. God bless.

DEH-RHH

Joseph P. Fordham
Joberman
Clinton, Iowa
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Joe came to USNA thinking he was in the Marines or something. His first haircut was a buzz, but he soon grew it in typical Navy Air style. Soon after plebe year began he came under the care of one second class P. Bruno Vujica, also known as "Bohica", who squared Joe away. Joe will always remember Bo with warm feelings. During plebe year he was chosen our class honor representative, he picked aerospace engineering, and he learned to drink hurricanes. Who carried him back and cleaned him up that night anyway? Was that the night he wore two overcoats back to 5-4? The story of Joe's first class year is one of success. He got his white "rotary rocket" Rx-7. He joined us as a squad leader on plebe detail for second set and Flight Lite Nights. Those Trivial Pursuit nights there made PEP that much more of a challenge, didn't they Joe? He survived all those "aero parties" with Fitz, Paul, and Scott. He never did talk his roommate Rich into voting despite being the company voting rep. (the Lt loved that!). When I run, you'll always be there. Memories of all the good and some of the bad times make it all worth while. Good luck and happy landings Joe!

WBT

Charles F. Giles, III
C'beau
New London, New Hampshire
Political Science
Naval Aviation

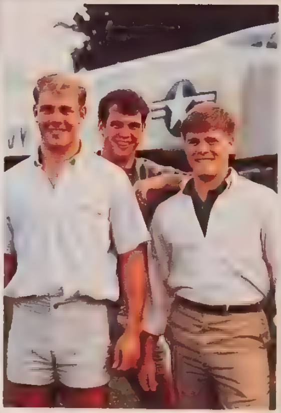
Charlie, what can I say? Hard to believe we made it, although being around you for four years makes one realize anything is possible. During second class year, Charlie made Academy history, becoming the first Mid to receive the Navy Achievement Medal and the Black "N" in the same week. First semester, one always knew where to find him: If he wasn't in the rack, he was in Smoke Hall, 27 tiles from the right. After much hard work and determination, he was promoted to head restrictee, an office he held until nearly the end of second semester. They almost retired a tile in his honor. When he left the ranks of EMBC, he continued to live up to his favorite famous Naval saying. "Drink hard, drink fast, drink often." All was not ducky, however. The Cubscout decided that Charlie's professionalism should be spread around the Brigade, and we lost him to Ninth company in the first round of USNA free agent draft. Things haven't been the same since. At least while I write this. I am happy and relieved to know that in his 5-4 bat cave amidst piles of fermenting sweatsocks, etc., he hasn't changed much. The 22nd company would like to thank Mrs. Holton for all the great June Week parties. We would also like to thank Charlie for being a part of our company- things wouldn't have been the same without his sense of humor. You have been a great friend and I'm sure you will knock 'em dead when you hit the fleet. Ladies, watch out, he'll be released soon for good. Take care and keep in touch, and remember: "We're only here for the beer."

RAJ

Aaron J. Godeaux
Tex
Vidor, Texas
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Jerome is a nice guy. The pride of Vidor Texas and the star of the Vidor Pirates football team. His claim to fame is that he has never dropped a pass. Come to think of it, no one ever threw him one. He came to the Naval Academy an innocent young man, sober and in good physical shape. Then he became one of the boys and learned the evil ways of the world. His education began at Charlie's, where he would rarely miss a good Saturday night of Rock n'Roll partying. As time went by Charlie's closed, our pay got better, and Tex ventured into some of the finer establishments of the area. Beefsteak Charlie's didn't have music but it had free beer, Soon the cost of education rose too high for Jerome so by second class year he switched to private tutoring at the Flight Lite Institute. His education included road trips to Virginia, Texas, California, Massachusetts, Indiana, Louisiana, and Pennsylvania. He finished his education with a research project in wine bottle fluid content and leaves the Academy as a beer drinking, poker playing Texan with the beginnings of what he calls a beer belly. Truely a man ready for a job in the Navy. Two things about Tex never changed with his education. He remained a good friend and a nice guy and he is still a Cowboy's fan. We would have been roommates for four years if I wasn't sent OOC but I know Tex will always be a good friend. See ya down the road.

Vince



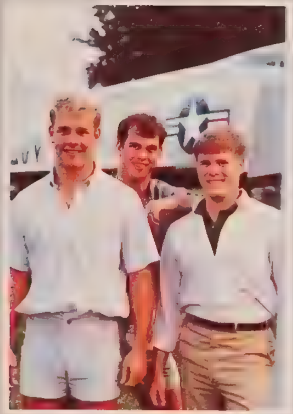
Daniel E. Harrison
Riff
Monterey, California
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Dano. He was a nice guy. Dan came to USNA riding the crest of the California subculture wave. His quiet, laid-back demeanor quickly earned him the nickname "the quiet one", but he hoped that Naval Aviation and life in the fast lane was where his future lay. The cards, however, dealt Riff another fate; that of his blackshoe father. Dano also tried to continue his baseball career at USNA, but after a short stint with the JV team, the Ninja Warriors, and ledge parties, Dan's grades took a hit. Re-evaluating his priorities, youngster year brought more frequent trips to Pete's and Charlie's and an increase in women carousing. We'll never forget the road-trips to Army, the interesting girls we met there, $200 and the trip to Florida, and Penrod. And then there was the Marble Bar . Second class year brought the only commitment Dan will probably ever agree to; "I'm not getting married!" He also found a renewed love for skiing and the Boss. Plebe detail brought Dan the girl of his dreams; "She drinks, skis, and likes Springsteen.", but Maryland State Law prohibits child molestation. We can never forget Springsteen at the Cap Center (on Sunday night), Ski '84-'85 (well, maybe not!), Little Wing at Cousin's on New Year's Eve and a myriad of wenches, including some sisters. As his roommates, we wish him "fair winds and following seas." We hope our paths cross again soon, but for the time being, we wish him all the luck in the world and thanks for all the friendship and good memories that will stay with us forever

RHH-WAF

Scott F. Harrison
Scotty
Yorktown Heights, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Scott is a NICE GUY!! Scotty made his way to USNA via a dingy—riding a cool North-Easterly breeze down the Hudson River. His only concern was that soon-to-be elusive Fowle Trophy. Sailing seemed to be the rule. Once sailing season started, Scotty left the normal 7 day week for a much more attractive 5 dayer with a 2 day road trip to various regattas. Although he was rarely to be found on weekends, there were those few, yet very noteworthy extravagandas. Beer Fest 5-4 and Timmy's Mexican dice topped the list. As Scotty's Naval career continued along a structured course, new events entered his life that only made his professional development even more questionable How could we forget that permanent green alert chit or those much needed Flight-Lite nights. What ever he did, it was done right— From spring break trips to the Bahamas or Christmas in Coconut Grove. A tense life style was sure to evolve in Scotty's life- But When? Proper decorum prohibits further discussion of certain events that will always be remembered "warmly". Scotty was born and bred to be a Bubble-head and a fine one he will make. May God's blessings be with you where ever life takes you. Keep the memories alive!!



Robert H. Hoffer, Jr.
Boff
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Bob. He was a nice guy. After a year of intense partying at NAPS, Bob entered USNA full of great expectations. Becoming 4/C co. cdr., Bob took the challenge head-on, setting the example for his peers at Timmy's, (endless pitchers), ledge-parties, and who will ever forget Troll's birthday party at Charlie's (slurp!). In his travels as a Navy brat, Bob acquired an exceptional ability of knife-throwing, which of course, he shared with others forming the Ninja Warriors and almost losing Spring Break. Youngster year brought on a more serious and professional attitude as Bob toned his musical interests in such artists as, Jimi Hendrix, Led Zeppelin, and the Sex Pistols. Bob also learned the meaning of financial responsibility as he and Riff took off for Ft Lauderdale with a mere $200 for spring break. But all else fell by the wayside as he found the girl of his dreams, Sheryl. Sheryl decided that another year was too long to wait for Bob to go to P-cola to get his wings. So, first-class summer she dumped Bob for a real naval aviator. This only served to confirm his life-long desire to become a Navy jet-jock figuring that he could steal a *young* lady(?) so easily. Second-class year, Bob lost his parents who moved overseas (hint?). You're right, Bob, the new address must be in the mail. X-mas first-class year Bob finally tracked down his parents in Sicily. Not wanting to waste time with his family, Bob stayed, and stayed, and stayed, only making evening-meal formation as our new co. cdr. with 3 min. to spare. Bob. He was a nice guy . . . . We wish our old roommate the absolute best of luck as he treks down to P-cola. Aim high, Bob, and we're sure we'll be seeing you in some airshow in a blue and gold A-4. God bless

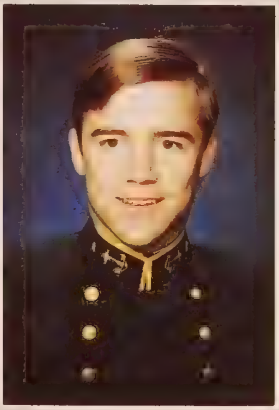
WAF-DEH

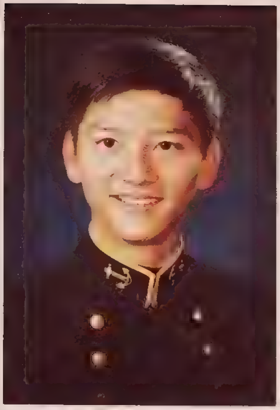
Randall N. Hyer
Randy
Los Alamos, New Mexico
Chemistry
Medical Corps

Randy. He was a nice guy. Randy came to Canoe U. from the sunny state of New Mexico. Aside from the stifling humidity plebe summer, Randy felt right at home, as well he should, since he brought most of it with him, including his own personal library. Randy wasted no time in getting off to a good academic start. As a Chem. major, he spent many a night burning the midnight oil while finishing his labs. Randy may have worked hard during the week, but when the weekend came, Randy dropped everything and partied even harder. When he wasn't up in Georgetown or College Park, he liked to spend his time in the air pretending that he was the great Santini. First-class year was when Randy's hard work and diligence finally paid off. Along with being accepted into the Medical Corps, Randy was an RCH away from receiving a Rhodes Scholarship. Randy wasn't too depressed about this small oversight, since as a Trident Scholar he had ample 3-striper libs and his beloved TR-6 (when it worked) to take him away from all this misery. Randy selection into the medical corps will serve the Navy well and I am sure that someday he will be a great flight suregon. I wish this good friend the best of luck in his career. Fair winds and following seas.

P.S. I swear that your cousin was at least 13, and I'm still waiting . . .

RHH





Jonathan H. Katz
Katman
Alexandria, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering,
Surface Warfare

When Katman joined the Navy, he was in for a real change of pace. At NAPS, indoctrination came by way of traditional salty carousing and drinking; not to mention the right way to conduct recons. Life got spicier as he entered the halls of Bancroft. For Katman, it wasn't the quantity that mattered anymore, but rather the quality. Jon challenged himself in academics as an Aero major by working those late lights as often as the owls do. In sports, there was no greater joy than feeling the cold steel blade of the foil as it struck opponent after opponent. But Jon's first true love had to be music. As a co-founder of that award-winning band "SEABREEZE", he played his saxaphone into just about every function there was at USNA. And let's not forget that memorable trip to Europe! Speaking of travel, how 'bout that extended summer cruise! One will never forget the Katman's warm personality and subtle humor. His experiences are too varied to tell in one lifetime, but we could never deny his one strong attribute as one who never gave up till the finish. Smooth sailing and fair winds always!

Kevin J. Leeds
Ludes
Indianapolis, Indiana
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Direct from the Indy 500 Speedway, he made it home for all four, came "hoosier-speakin'" K.J. Kevin is certainly a remarkable addition to USNA, and soon after arriving he went out of his way to be noticed. Especially Plebe Year. Kevin had the fantastic opportunity to live with one of our former classmates Plebe Year and be witness to some of the most intense "characterbuilding" efforts ever

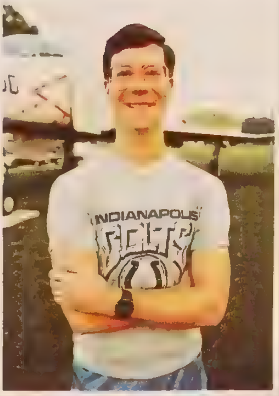
One of Kevin's most remarkable traits is his ability to not let anything phase him, not even the verbal attacks from one of his more "popular" nicknames or the fact that he drives a bright, and I mean bright, orange Celica

Well Kevin took the easy way out and chose the Physics major. But it was easy for Kevin. Youngster Year when Kevin crawled into bed at 10:30, he made it clear that I was not to wake him when I stayed up past 3:30 studying Chemistry

Senior Year brought K.J. the busy job of subcommanding 2nd Battalion (with Stud at the helm what could be harder?), and his choice of nuclear submarines in spite of a close call with porkchops due to a funny thyroid.

Kevin sure made an impression on USNA and the Brigade. I wish him the best of luck in the future. I just don't know how he is going to get to Indy from 500 feet under and no land in sight. But I'm sure he'll find a way

RNH



Paul W. Lerke
Perky
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

In early July 1981, Paul Walter left Philadelphia - but only after ensuring that his room was clean and his clothes were folded - and set out on a four year mission to become the perfect midshipman. Unfortunately, he encountered a few obstacles along the way. Like learning the hard way that there are 55,000 reasons not to break a window with a Chinese-throwing star and a roommate who was sometimes lacking in one part of the mission of the Naval Academy.

In his pursuit of becoming the perfect mid, Paul filled all of the appropriate requirements - stars and stripes. Paul's classmates even gave him, "support" during his perfect mid trip to D.C and his subsequent acceptance into the elusive Rickover Federation.

Despite his best efforts, Paul had a few imperfect moments - such as a memorable ?? trip back from Notre Dame when he proved the addage "you are what you eat."

All things considered, Paul came as close as anyone in his dream of becoming the ideal mid. Now at the end of his stint at USNA, Paul is determined to begin a career as the perfect sub-MARINEr - but only after making sure his clothes are properly folded in his seabag.

Good luck, God Bless, and thanks for everything over the past four years.

TLS

Oliver G. Locher
Pooter
Hollywood, Florida
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Gregg is a nice guy. He showed up as a plebe with his own idea of what the future held. First he'd ace school, then be a Navy swimmer, and finally become a pilot and fly like a hawke. But the weather in Annapolis was too cold. He spent too much time in quest of the perfect power booster for his electric blanket.

Gregg loved the water, but found the swimming pool too confining, and the tow tank too risky. He preferred the open ocean, so he started sailing. This led him to the Bahamas each spring on wild drug runs. He was never caught, though, due to his thousands of experiences as a Ninja warrior and a bottler of fine brandywines.

Gregg has so much going for him. He has the neatest sister in the world who makes the best cookies in the world. And even though he would shake like a rattlesnake anywhere near the ledge, Gregg always had room up on the roof— even in the morning light. Gregg has done so well that many have tried to follow in his footsteps. He's a tough act to follow.

Richard G. Palladino
Rich
Montvale, New Jersey
History
Nuclear Power - Submarines

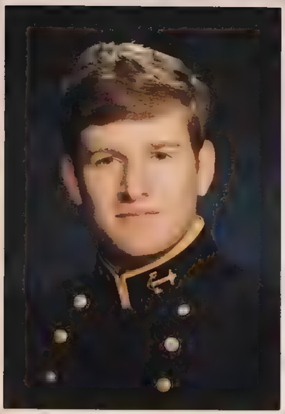
I would just like to thank my family and friends for helping me endure four years at the Naval Academy.

Robert W. Poor
Mr. Happy
Bensenville, Illinois
English
Intelligence

I've been sitting here trying to figure out how best to describe these last four years of my life. When I was in high school, I had a tendency to look on the dreary, West Point gray side of things. For example, if I found a $10 bill, I would probably be depressed that it wasn't a twenty. Now, if I get in trouble and have to do 10 days of restriction, I'm glad it isn't twenty. So I guess, to sum up my Navel career to this point, I've learned to enjoy and look forward to the little things in life.

I've also learned the importance of friends. There are so many people for whom I'd like to buy the alcoholic beverage of their choice: most of all, my roommates, Jim, Phil, Rick, Greg, Bill, and Al. Half of you made it. I also want to thank my family, the Reiff's, the Dowd's, Cully, my producer, and God. Let's see, oh yes, and Shaun, Ag, Jim, Susan, Stef, Dave, and those young Catholic girls who walk around Annapolis in their little, plaid skirts and knee socks. Hmmm. Who else . . . Well, everyone who's ever laughed while reading one of my articles or seen me in uniform and not laughed.

The Academy has been an odd and interesting experience and, although, I don't particularly want to do it again, I'm glad I did it once. If it didn't make me a better person, it probably didn't hurt me too much either.



Charles A. Rush
Chuck
Horse Shoe, North Carolina
Naval Architecture
Naval Aviation

Chuck was not a nice guy. Mr. Mellow spent a year at the Univ. of Michigan, M go Blue, prior to coming to navy. Why he gave up a R.O.T.C. scholarship at a real school we'll never know. His plebe year roommate C.C. Pipes told him "Chuck if you were any more laidback you wouldn't be breathing." Mellow never had trouble plebe year, in fact he wrote my grease. He and his drinking buddy, Mike Lewis (from West by God Virginia) were seen running out for liberty and in for taps many a night. How did that beer taste on the third time? Friday night poker saw many two fingers and paychecks change hands. When Bro Lew decided there was a better life on the outside, a decision that Navy helped with, Chuckles was bored. He tagged along with FJT and headed to Hood where he found some new drinking buddies who were better looking than Bro Lew. As the same Navy was helping Bro out, they thought Chuck might prefer a new place to live. SO upon return from summer leave he began first class year in 09th co. He followed the lead of another refugee from 27th co., the man with the thickest active conduct folder in the brigade. His sole job 1/c year was to contain this man, well you can't do everything right. Chuck was a sailor and as such he really loved those A.Y.C. free cocktail parties. Also the races to Oxford and St. Michael's, and if the launch stopped running before he stopped partying no problem. The Navy taught him to swim right? Take care of your wheels and fly well; you'll be protecting us surface boys. Good Luck . . . and try to relax some, eh!

Troy L. Smith
Tee-Roy
Knob Noster, Missouri
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Troy came to the Academy from the thriving metropolis of Knob Noster, Missouri. Plebe year proved to be relatively uneventful for Troy with the exception of the results of Troy's correspondance with *Soldier of Fortune*. Upon choosing a major he sought a course of study which would liberate him from his calculator and decided upon Political Science.

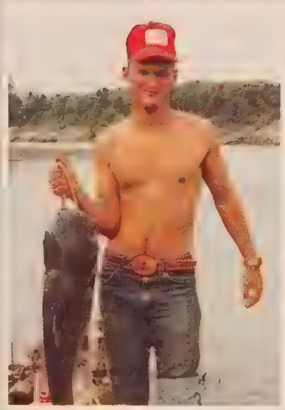
During his youngster year Troy discovered that being a "party animal" could lead to credits at the University of Arizona as well as trips to the Naval Station.

As second class year rolled around Troy truely distinguished himself by displaying his potential as a leader and a future member of the Corps. Troy's proudest possession is undoubtedly the "Troy-truck" which is particularly noted for surviving some of Troy's colorful trips to Baltimore.

During first class year Troy distinguished himself from the other 35 company commanders by forgetting his lessons from the past and making his second trip across the river to earn his "master's degree" after an act of desperation during the Battalion Mess Night which undoubtedly resulted in immense relief.

Throughout his four years here Troy has been a friend to us all and the stories of some his quests have kept his classmates smiling. With the "Duke" as his inspiration and Troy's own dedication he is certain to be successful in all his endeavors and a credit to the Marine Corps. We thank him for everything over the last four years and wish him the best now and always. God Bless.

PWL



William B. Thone
Bill
Oregon, Ohio
History
Surface Warfare

Bill's notion that he was going to have a lot of fun was destroyed in Plebe Year by the Ranger with his supporting cast of Donny, Diz, and J.C. After a great Christmas, he graduated to the God Squad and spent a semester in relative peace under Doug's helm. Youngster and Segundo Years saw continued hard work in school for Bill, although his grades did not reflect his work ethic. Bill then joined the exclusive Plebe Detail Trivial Pursuit Club, splitting time between the mungheads of '88, playing "trivial" at the Flights', and approaching brain death.

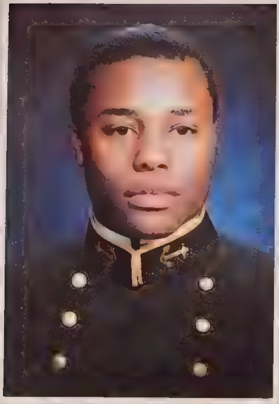
Thonan took USNA seriously for a longer time than most Mids, but he degenerated eventually, thanks in part to roommates like Phil, Bob, Paul, and Troy. He saw his share of Flight Lite Nites and missed being part of the Dirty Half-Dozen through no fault of his own (twenty feet away from thirty day's restriction and NASAP). He was also a great philosopher, expounding on the meaning of life to anyone in earshot and always trying to "figure people out". Still, he managed to keep everything in perspective and remained a nice guy and good friend through four strange years. I'm losing a great jogging partner, but the Navy is gaining a fine officer. God Bless.

JPF

Alexander R. Van Gorden
Admiral
Allentown, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Al had a real plebe year. His closest friend, Maury, liked him so much that he helped Al get another one. Al liked it here more than most because there were more rules to break than just about anyplace he knew, except home, of course. Al's first three years rushed by and so did the no. of roomies, P-boards, companies, and women that he kept. Having plenty of gravy for "senior" year, he set out to cure his eternal thirst for "the perfect night-time companion." First it was Ape, then Ali, then Deb (the one who almost ended his reign of terror), then Missy, Elly, and " . . . what's your name again?" Lettering in Soccer, Al worked very hard on his form . . . by doing 8 oz curls in H. House. Sure it was hers, we believe ya, really, trust me. He was so athletic minded that Al would jump "The Wall" to listen to music, see a girl, or just cause "it was there." Where is your hair and glasses now? In spare time Al would go drinking with Jim E. Leggs. That is until he got caught trying to qualify for Indy in his ZX just around the corner from one of these super cops. Next to the statues, no one has spent more time in Smoke Hall. So they finally retired your tile? When you're hot, you are really hot! Oh well, "that s—t happens." "I didn't, Cpt. Connelly, Al did." We love ya Al and wish you the best in life and love(s). Which one of you *is* in the picture? Is it Al No. 3 or No. 5?

MOOSE



### Eric K. Wallace
E
Hampton, Virginia
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps Aviation

Well E-Z "E" its been a good one. The fellas and I will find it tough to make it w/out you around here. We've all been through a lot together. It wasn't long ago when you, Nugget, & myself lined up to begin spring "Haig". You proved to be an inspiration; at the same time you managed to raise more sons than I've launched dirls. You were understandably bitter last season & your injuries proved costly. But you and I both know that it was 'rawer' than that. But the crow has got his coming. We kept your spirits up because 'that's what we're here for' You always played it, everything from your role to your ride. Malcom even gave you some pub in his songs, coining you with B-B-B-Brown Brown Brown-Veer-Brown-Veer! You deserve it cause its what you were about. Very few times were you in situations where you didn't get what you wanted, but some of us have it like that. Wherever you end up going we know you'll do your best because you're square, a little tender, & you're the boy You've HAGOed so far & we know you'll continue to in the Corps. We're gonna miss you, but wherever you are we'll check you & you'll be imped! One thing will never change: you'll always be our "little buddy"! - - - I'd like to send my most special love to Mom, Dad, Jay, Damon, Nita and all of my family., I couldn't have made it w/o your endless support, encouragement, & *love!* To all the boys: stick together, bust, get live, & remember "LINING-4WEAKMU's"! BFB, what can I say? I could never repay you. Wake your lazy but up Hiemlich, Dynasty tonight! Thanks a$$$ to the Fords, the Williams', Pop, Hank & Glo, Yo, li'l buddy, D-boy, KKK & anybody I forgot. Thank God that its finally over

### Gregory O. Watka
Troll
Bourne, Massachusetts
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Greg is a nice guy. He came to USNA as a Pillsberry Dough Boy, but soon he joined the elite vigillante group commonly known as the Ninja Nine Warriors. His plebe summer room was the meeting place for 9-1 and many glorious "cookie parties" were held there. Even though Greg is a nice guy, his roommate completion rate is only at 33%. The loss of Ralph and Angus saddened Greg but he was cheered up by the frequent female visitors to his newest roommate, Bob Poor. Greg had such a hard time controlling his manly desires he decided to change roommates—and that's how Alvin and Troll came to live together. What a pair they made. Who could ever forget the infamous sinking car, the raging bull, and the numerous Flight Light Nights, While Greg always seemed to be well-liked by his classmates, his teachers usually took out their frustrations on him. Second semester 2/c year Greg tried a new study approach— he stopped studying and started sleeping whenever possible. His grades shot up and Greg became an institution on the Company Officer's List. I won't say the good times outweighed the bad because they didn't. At least after June 8th you won't have to leave Annapolis for Boston on a regular weekend. (Best wishes from your best man to you and Jeannette.) But let's never forget the *Great* times we've experienced at Mardi Gras, Pasadena, and Philly. Greg we've all enjoyed having you with us. You are an exceptional leader and you greatest asset is caring about people. Your honesty, diligence, and courage will make you an asset to the Corps— even if the laundry service always cuts your drawstrings. Greg is a nice guy. Take care, keep in touch.

AJA

### James P. Winkler
Winks
St. Louis, Missouri
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Jim is a nice guy. He came to Navy with visions of becoming a scholar, varsity soccer player, brigade Cdr. etc After plebe year and a semester with Eric the professional he had to get new goals. Partying was it. 4 years experience saw Charlie's, Magic Bus, Wiedies, Numerous Champagne flights, and Army on videotape. Other accomplishments include a fully equipped kitchen on 5-4, second set detail without a form-2 and countless full Beer Cans leaving the car. He was also the original General Engineer. As he heads for Pensacola, his goals will remain the same. Party Party Party

Eric

To Alvin, Tex Vick, Greg you know what Groundstars theme song was. Wally, thanks for showing me the light. Slim and Yuk only Anheuser Busch products. Chuckles and Rick more fun in flight school.

### Chong M. Yi
Chong "man"
Baltimore, Maryland
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Imported from Korea, this naturalized American made the decision that the U.S. Naval Academy was closest to home, Balto. Little did C.M. Yi know that living one hour from home didn't mean that he would be living at home on the weekends. Until, of course, first-class year.

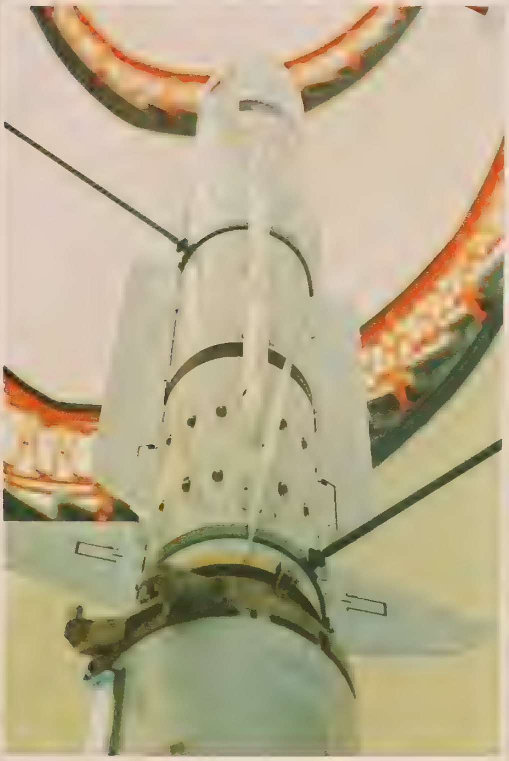
Chong decided that he would take the easy out and chose "EE" as his major. Youngster Year came and Chong found out that "EE" meant "no weekends." Well, he weathered the storm and went on to become the only surviving "EE" major in 9th Company.

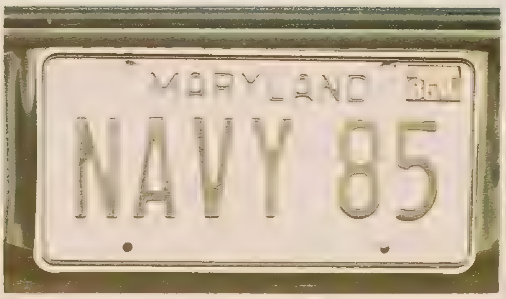
I think Chong enjoyed Navy and the Academy did a lot for him. At least it forced him to speak English 90% of the time (He dreams in Korean for the 10%.) I guess the terminology in "EE" is universal.

We all enjoyed Chong's personality and his own Korean flavor to handling matters. It was fun to be your roommate. I will miss you, Chongman. I wish you the best of luck in your P-3 career.

RNH

P.S. Say hello to that girl in Texas for me.




MARYLAND
NAVY 85

# Tenth Company

Lauren R. Blaise
Lou
Monsey, New York
Applied Science
U.S. Maine Corps

That cute blonde plebe, who no one could understand for 6 months, kept saying "Stop busting my chops!" She had a thick "New Yawk" accent. Lauren met many obstacles and frustrating situations; but most importantly men, men, men! Not from USNA of course, but from every other service academy: ie. WP, MMA, AFA. One could never say she was biased. Her self-proclaimed "Boring" social life always seemed to consist of 5 dates in a single weekend (all with different men.) Throughout the many trials and tribulations at the Academy, Lauren still maintained her sense of humor and always managed to find some fun. Youngster cruise was filled with men, dance, drink, dance, men and men! Spring break of that year, Lauren began her journies to various parts of the world and became familiar with the cultures of other people, "Das is Goot?" Second class summer she returned to Europe with 2 companions from fun one. She earned her prestigious acceptance into the 'P-CUBED". Lauren also learned some British slang, ("Hey I Love Your Box"). Her undertaking into exotic foods consisted of pizza & wine in Italy, as well as "Dos Equis" and Sangria in Spain. During her first class year, Lauren was faced with increased responsibility and freedom. With civilian clothes, a car and unlimited weekends, Lauren found true love. No not a mid nor a cadet, but an actual civilian (and what a cutie.) Good Luck in the future

TES & AMM

Richard J. Coombs
Cokeman
Miami Lakes, Florida
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Rich came to USNA from the sunny shores of south Florida.

Rich's grades were fairly good plebe year. That all lasted until the cookie fight right before the computer final. His grades were never the same after that. Rich liked to blame his grades on football. He was an Outland Trophy candidate until he started his first game junior year. He was supposed to start as a sophomore, but reported to training camp at 205 lbs. Where the weight was lost is still a mystery. Coaches said it was a "summer illness" but rumor has it that he was chasing a mujer linda around the Yuctan Pennisula.

To say something about Rich in one word is easy-performer. He was so impressed by surface line during 2/c summer that he took two YP cruises to Norfolk. Loving every minute of it, he also took summer school leaving him with only 8 days of leave. He used those days at home to study for the PCR.

First class year found Rich with a 280ZX. Well he got it along with the insurance rates. But drive it he did, right through NC at 90 mph. There he learned what a Southern gentleman in a smokey bear hat is like.

Rich, I know you'll go far in life. Take it easy and remember most of all- DON'T WORRY ABOUT IT.

GAF

Russell E. Dorrell III
Russ
Aurora, Colorado
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

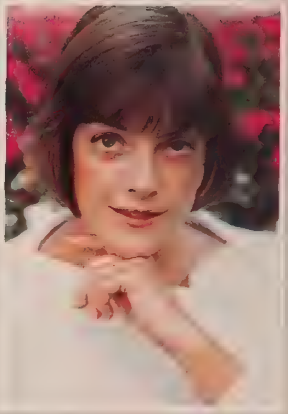
Russ came to USNA from the mile high city with the goal of becoming a submariner and a Navy Football player. Navy Football ended in a short career plebe year because of his size and speed, so Russ setted for battalion football. The rest of the year was spent rooming with the "Midget" and the "mad Texan". Youngester year found him busy with Navigators and WRNV. Of course like any other 3/C, he went to Dahlgren, but not to drink or pick-up girls. The girls would pick him up! This lead to the "Crazy Australian" that wouldn't leave him alone. These girls, Russ didn't worry about since he had a sweet thing waiting for him at home. The girls continued to pick Russ up at Dahlgren 2/C year. For example, one night a cute girl came over to the table and asked if she could kiss him. Russ started his 1/C year with a busy summer of sailing to Bermuda, summer school, and as a four striper on First Set Plebe Detail. It was this summer that changed Russ from the quiet guy to a party animal. It all started with Georgetown and the girls from Southern Maryland during Plebe Detail. First semester, during the week Russ could be found in the wardroom watching a movie, claiming the title of "Wardroom Rat". Then on the weekends at the O'club being picked-up by women, to the point he had so many after him, he was beating them off with a stick. Even when he went to D.C. the girls wouldn't leave him alone. These LaSalle girls he met in D.C. made for an interesting Army at Philly. Second semester, Russ was an unknown man at the Academy, but could be found at the University of Maryland. Was he really studying Nuclear Engineering or was he just enjoying life like a normal college student at the Vouz. Well roomie, you were a great inspiration and good luck at U of M and in Nuke Power.

RTN

Laura A. Dunbar
Mad Harriette
Mantoloking, New Jersey
English
General Unrestricted Line

Dunbar? We didn't even know she was in 10th company until her senior year. She took to the seas for the varsity sailing team until she lost her heart. Everyone loved Laura- she was a bubba to go out with to dance, get rid of the USNA blues. Who cares if she wore her uniform til 1/c Christmas, she was a partying animal anyway. If Mom only knew. Laura had promised her she wouldn't, but she did. Oh well. TV shows at 9 Acorn, meeting her fiance when he slammed her hand in Hosilda (the ultimate auto), secret ski trips, the great blizzard extravaganza, Baseball Fans in the other team's bleachers (beer in her hair), Mo, Bones and Grandpa all laughing to tears, Thanksgiving at Dunbar's Inn, the longest road trip with Madigan steering, Indian Head, Deb's wedding fun, I love you written in the sand of P-cola beaches. Airline stubs in her hand, Teddy by her side, she showed us her engagement ring in Bancroft after 2/c spring break. A Riverside buzz helped her and me and the Marines through the Huey Lewis concert. It was a party-packed 4 years, but the best was the last one. Little car made it back from P-cola after a summer of sun, Lex flight decks, and patio barbecues. Bruce Springsteen had her dancing in the Hampton Coliseum. Yes Bubba, we did have a lot of good times. Dancing at the O-Club and Georgetown. It was great to finally have a roommate my first class year. With you being a varsity sailor, I thought I was destined to have the room all for myself. Then you left the team and I finally realized how lonely it was without you. Wherever you and Mike get stationed, I know you'll be happy. Just remember things always have a way of working out, "So don't worry!" Best of luck Bubba (How did you get that name anyway?)

Roomie LRB



Glenn A. Floyd
Pink
Leland, North Carolina
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Glenn arrived at USNA a product of NAPS. He was head and shoulders above the rest of us when it came to all the military B.S. we had to experience plebe summer. Glenn was not your average red neck even though he sounded and looked like it. Unlike most people from N.C. he had some brains, but for some reason he never used them. Really, he always got a lot better grades than myself, but I always used the excuse that his major was easier.

Glenn and I started rooming together second semester plebe year and for some unknown reason we stuck out the remainder of our sentence at the N.A. together. There were some benefits to that. For one we never had to worry about exchanging clothes because his clothes would only fit half of me.

Plebe year ended uneventful. Glenn managed to keep his grades up through all the cookie and shaving cream fights we had, while I failed all of my final exams. Third class year began with Glenn having a bad case of youngster syndrome. Glenn lived for the weekends when his beloved Susan came up from N.C. to comfort him. When second class year started he began to play his silly civil war games every Friday night. Of course, he always took the Confederate side and lost. Finally we made it to our senior year and our hero was no where to be found As we all found out later his wife to be had moved into an apartment 20 feet outside of gate 3. A closer walk for him than any of the academic buildings. That was the last we heard from him

Glenn, I'm glad we roomed together. I wish you and Susan the best of luck and all the happiness in the world. God be with you! Your buddy always.

RJC

Joanne Goodwin
Jo
Whittier, California
Naval Architecture
Engineering Duty Officer

5259 J. Goodwin '85 10th Company the uniform for afternoon class is WUBA wear reefers and grey gloves elevator company commander good times ten wardroom the company officer is-will return at-fire extinguisher go Navy beat Army pull to sound alarm men's head weekend list USS New Jersey BB62 Exit Peps II Co. Color competition standings mail blood donors are lifesavers the mission of the United States Naval Academy recreation hall is closed to visitors restrooms pull for Navy push for Navy friends don't let friends drive drunk do not use these doors women's head fallout shelter King Hall the Bauer room for fire open then pull W.M. Sheedy '86 Big Bill battalion conference room for aluminum cans only sign list before Taps BOOW the perfect ten Janitor's room leadership essay contest win $1500 basketball schedule 1984-1985 miscellaneous gouge candy shop exact change only loading zone no parking USMC MOS night for the class of 1985 chemistry laboratories corridor D utility tunnel terminals are not to be moved room secured fire Bill gentlemen oceanography the major physics department mini-demos stairway US Naval Academy Honor Societies hazardous noise may cause hearing loss electrical engineering EE 332 Rickover Hall lab deck hybrid computer facility feeding time is Wednesday computer is up no smoking sub critical reactor lab American Bureau of Shipping prize do not use in case of fire caution radiation US is photo ERC library charge-a-call smoking permitted in smoking lounge only visitors please report to reference desk Rickover Hall not open for general visiting Division of Engineering and Weapons aegis shield of the fleet threat for tomorrow Naval architecture its all about going places on the water please leave this room unlocked R 123 tektronics shcp - - - like so many other things nobody reads all the biographies anyway!!!

Edward Lee Jaenichen
Lee
Brandenburg, Kentucky
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Lee is the 2nd member of his family to attend USNA. His brother was a 1/C our plebe year and his father is a retired LtCol. from that other school. Coming from such a dubious military background, we all expected him to be squared away Imagine our surprise plebe summer when we heard him yell "Go Tango Company, Sir" during a drill period. Lee was never one to let the rigid schedules of life at a military school rush him into anything. At times, it seemed that the cliche of the slow moving, laid back Southern boy was invented for him. Lee is also a nocturnal person. He has never been able to do any serious studying before midnight and plebe year not before his one o'clock showers. He always seems to find ways of spending study hour doing anything but studying, mainly writing letters and other non-constructive activities. Talking of letters, Lee has one of the few mailboxes that is never empty, not with a girl back home that writes just about every day. Many of us could see the writing on the wall back in youngster year and warned him that if he did not change his ways he would be engaged before graduation. For two years, he laughed it off claiming that his bachelorhood would last well after becoming an Ens But it did not last beyond 1/C summer. He returned to start his final year with a large debt to a jeweler back home. Oh well, Lee, we warned you. Now after 4 years and 4 changes of majors, he is finally ready to get to work. His dream of being a pilot was dashed by an eye chart but he still hopes to go on to work with NASA. I know that regardless of what you do or where you go in the future, you will do just fine. I wish you and Steph much happiness and all the best. You have added more to my life than you know. Thank you for everything and Good Luck

MGT

Warren R. Jones, Jr.
Waldo
Plainfield, New Jersey
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Waldo came to the boat school a boy genius from the country's biggest Academy supporting state. He was the youngest person in the company yet his big ideas and incredible analogies helped a lot of us through the first summer's struggle and then on to graduation. Warren also arrived with a steady relationship which for some odd reason hasn't helped his writing ability. Her name is Marcia Hampstead yet because Warren had bigger plans for her he referred to his "wife" as Hampy J. He lost the urge to pick up new and exciting women because of his ever increasing attachment to the C & P Telephone Co. Even at Dahlgren Hall Warren would only want to dance with the unwanted girls so that he would not be tempted. Because of his commitment, many of the girls from Ten opened up communication links with him. For awhile, our room situated next to all our class females became like a counseling office. Fortunately, he remained faithful through this slight ordeal.

Waldo, follows after his idle and look alike Oliver Wendell Jones from Bloom County. He owns a computer probably equal in size to IBM's largest personal computer. This Xerox computer contains an itemized listing of all his letters to the wife as well as notes from his counseling sessions to be entered in his memoirs at a later date.

Warren is off to the high seas. He is looking for a gas turbine ship which I'm sure he'll get. I hear he has put in for TAD as CO of the USS Ticonderoga to see what it is like. Anyways, thanks for all your positive support throughout the years as a good friend and roommate. Take care and good luck

JMU

Curtis S. Lindsay
Curt
Wallingford, Connecticut
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

The Academy was a very different life than Curt was used to in scenic downtown Wallingford but he managed to make the transition better than most of us. In order to alleviate the pressure of plebe year he applied himself to his studies and excelled by achieving a QPR of over 3.00. Granted it took many hundreds of dollars to pay off the . . . oh, I wasn't supposed to say that. Anyway, he did well. If he wasn't studying he was out on the river sailing for the offshore team. I think he joined for the chances to drink at illegal times but he says he was there for the professional experience. His dedication to the team went far enough to get his letter then he decided he had had enough. So much for the professional experience

Curt was a changed man at graduation than he was at I-day. He was a mild mannered New England high school student to start and was changed to a babbling alcoholic. Some say the change is for the better. Seriously folks, Curt is a good friend with a sense of humor that is as dry as the martini he drinks. He never lets things get to him and has a very patient temper. Be careful, though, for if you get on his bad side his is liable to tip over a desk on you or something. Curt, take it easy in Pensacola, don't fly those jets the same way that you drive or you'll never make it, and remember, never leave home without your Courageous Cat freeze gun.

VJR

Robert T. Nelson
Bobby
Yokosuka, Japan
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Bobby was probably the Midshipman to come the farthest distance to receive the training that he lived through. It all started with his dedication during Plebe Summer, especially to be the last one to be able to tell his left from his right, that got this determined, proud, and short person through the tough times here at the Academy. Of course, before he got here he was influenced to join the guys that are all that they can be, but he got wise and settled for the adventure instead. Times have not always been easy for this midget. We will never understand how somebody as wise as he is could jump out of a perfectly good airplane and always be the last to hit the ground. For somebody that studied as much as he did, you would think that he could teach here, but it is never that easy, as we can all remember. If there is an award for most hours studied, this man definitely should receive it. Another aspect of this man that few got to see was his outstanding and imaginative pranks that he created for every Army-Navy conflict, he had a sense of humor that was sometimes mystifying. Something else this little guy did that seemed a little masochistic was Crew, but it was not all it was cracked up to be. Surely he will be able to apply all of that time on the water to his service selection, he will be sure to look out for the little guys. Speaking about that, he never will get over not being able to measure up for the grunts or the flyboys, but the surface community is going to get one of the best and most impressionable little leaders that they have ever seen. Best of luck in the future, and keep searching the stars for your dreams. You have been an eternal influence on me and my life. I sure will miss you

RED III

Steve T. Knauer
Knave
San Antonio, Texas
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Steve was born to be a marine but with a little education overcame his plight only to end up as a blackshoe. What a letdown—especially after being told by his Blue and Gold Officer that he could get a waiver for his eyes and be a Navy pilot. The first year was an introduction to paper pushing—all those pretty multicolored forms to fill out. Steve lost his roommate after first semester plebe year (1 of 2) and picked up his first class "A" in offense in the process. Third class year brought the Q and a couple of despicable incidents that made Steve quite popular at the EMBC. Gaining entrance to this club was easily achieved by our young hero, the elevator wars at Army helped and some horse race fans and a juvenile delinquint roommate got him in again at the year's end which kept him there throughout the summer. Second class summer, the Knave was set to take command of the summer company, but that was just a rumor. Funny how rumors spread—his name even appeared on the orders (thanks Leaky). Second class year was another one of pure fun for our young hero. After being thrown into the Pacific in Pasadena his roommate nearly killed him with a beaner in a low rider At least he got to see Gold's Gym. This was also the year Steve made the move to General, met "Guido the Killer BOOW" and joined the NASAP brotherhood. As first class we saw the end of Q—and Steve. Q's parting shot was to send Steve to 10th Co. At Army the Knave returned to 23 and lived up to his nickname by picking up a "young lady" who did more than just sort his mail! He soon sobered up and moved on to better and more civil(ian) things—like Mary (complete with house and dog) Well big guy, it's sure been fun (almost). If we're lucky I'll see you in Pensacola—if not it'll be "haze grey and underway". Either way, best of luck!

GSS 23

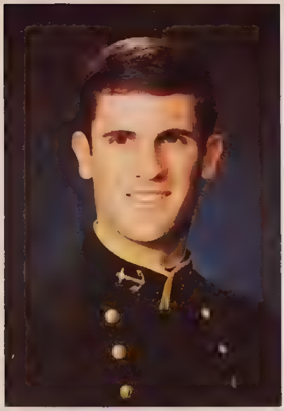
Stuart L. Price
Stu
Knoxville, Tennessee
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Some people have left leaving a lasting impression on the Academy, however Stu left having the Academy leave a lasting impression on him. Stu was a one woman, hard charging, All-American boy when he came to USNA and was transformed into a beer slugging, girl chasing degenerate. No, seriously Stu has changed a great deal during his four years here but all for the better. He has considered it an "experience". From the stomach twisting experiences of Plebe Summer, the recon raids to the Stadium youngster year, the Ac Boards of Second Class year, all the way to the car crashing experiences of First Class year Stu developed his obsessive, compulsive personality. Stu once told me plebe summer that Utopia was slurping a coke float in a bean bag chair while watching *Gilligan's Island*. He actually slept with a picture of his high school sweety plebe year. Now Spewy would rather have a foot on the accelerator and a beer in hand. The movie *Risky Business* is his saga. Yes, Spewy cashed in his bible for a seat at the bar.

Stu was the wit of the class. He was able to make you laugh at the situation at hand. But then again he would always admit, "laughs are cheap when you're at the Academy!" And there are other great Stuisms: "Good eveing ocifur," "Give it a break," "Don't stop now you're on a roll!" He was a roving peanut gallery.

Stu, I hope you find out what you are looking for. Don't make'em laugh too hard. Stu, don't worry she's out there somewhere.

THT



Daniel J. Richardson
D.J.
Honolulu, Hawaii
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Dan, trying to follow his father, somehow got into NAPS for an extra year of instruction which turned out to be a paid vacation. After making his debut at the Naval Academy the real work began and he was seldom seen in the Hall but instead lived in the bowels of Nimitz Library buried under books and feasting on chow packages.

Third Class cruise saw him on an attack submarine out of Norfolk which was pretty close to his first choice of a boomer out of Holy Lock. Dan got his first real roommates after his previous three were either separated or shipped to other companies. With them came nightly brawls which left splattered apple and Mountain Dew stains on the walls, matresses strewn about, and luckily a relief from the daily tensions of Academy life.

After an exciting Third Class year Dan went off to earn his jump wings and return from Second Class cruise ready to try once again to juggle the academic load with the potential at the area girl's schools. Spring Break found him diving in Key Largo and having a good time in Ft. Lauderdale

After turning down a Marine option cruise to Hawaii he finally got that boomer cruise out of Holy Loch and earned his Silver Dolphins to add to his collection. Seventy days underwater must have taken their toll because Dan came into First Class year still confused about service selection . . . he had tried everything once. An F-14 hop over Christmas finally "enlightened" him to Navy Air.

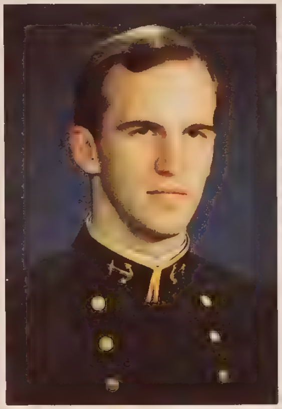
Good luck Dan. See you in Pensacola

JMU

Victor J. Richardson
Jim
Alexandria, Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Having a father and a brother who graduated from the Naval Academy, Jim was well prepared for life here at USNA. What Jim could never figure out though was where the tanning equipment and air conditioners which were supposed to be in everybody's rooms went to. Guess you were given some "Bum Gouge" there Jimbo, but no matter, Jim was quickly able to adjust and after tenth company bartered for him from twelfth, he became a member in good standing. Jim was a believer that personal property reflects personality, so it is no surprise that he purchased a vintage '65 Corvair Hey Jim, if you ever see Ralph Nader hitchhiking . pick him up. Jim was always full of surprises and one could never help wondering how he was able to academically accomplish what he did. Jim, by the way, did you ever find those holes in your eyelids that you kept saying you were looking for? One of the biggest surprises for us all and Jim for that matter came during second class year when he got an "A" on the PCR. "Bilge Ho" there buddy. Seriously though, Jim was a hard worker and proved himself in many areas. Artistically inclined, Jim often kept himself busy drawing company logos and the like. Athletically Jim also proved himself by being a member of the crew team his first two and a half years here. As a nuclear power student, Jim is bound to distinguish himself and press on to become an excellent naval officer Good luck, Jim and remember the ides of November

MJS



Deborah A. Shroyer
Deb
Big Spring, Texas
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

A music major from Texas Tech, Deb came to USNA after being captivated by Navy Lacrosse on ESPN Repeating, "All is for the best in the best of all possible worlds," Deb accepted USNA. Solemn in the hall plebe year, in the room her personality awakened. We well remember your brawl with the locker in the G.D. Memorial Room after a quiz plebe year. And Deb- What were the limes in the frig for?

Youngster year Deb's Olds was found and so, consequently, was Smoke Hall. This setback didn't stop our heroine, she only became more ingenious. (Omitting an excursion to Taco Bell and a run in with a Mexican lady.) Friday evening jogs always provided excitement . . . "Just dropping off a few things, including myself and this car." Deb's refined taste in bars took her to Rudy's, Fiddler's Green and Weem's Creek Tavern second class year. Fortunately her taste in men was preserved as "Walt" waltzed into her life. Ever true to her drinking friends, Deb saved time for Tequila, Cape Cod shots, Sunday morning champagne, and Stoplights. Wanting, perhaps, to erase her Ring Dance, inevitably blurred visions of toasts to Charles, noodles and dates performing *with* the band appear Cruise gave Debbie an "X"tr"O"dinary time and '84 an Army experience of fire extinguishers. It was your fault wasn't it?

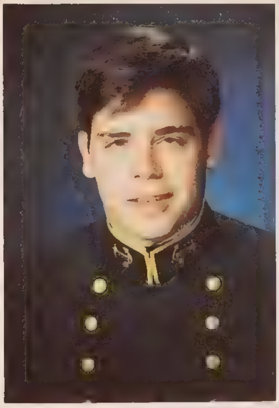
You're gonna be missed Deb. Together no more will we fumble for "W" juice change on Saturday mornings, suffer the Sinutab complex or evaluate men. A man in green once said, "Never trust a redhead," but he neglected to add that they change when they drink. "Why did I do that?" Deb repeats after a long night terrorizing the halls. No regrets Debbie, for it you are much loved! Ride the waves but always keep a close rein on the Sauce, Texas. Gig em' Aggies

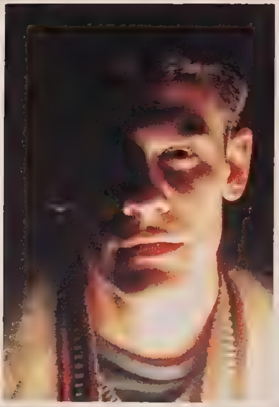
SMS

William L. Snight
Bill
Clinton, Maryland
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Bill was one of the few and the proud who were too stupid to get in to this fine institution on his first try so he attended NAPS with the rest of the elite. He immediately established himself as an academician by acheiving a whopping 2.02 grade point average. Not to be set back by such things, Bill continued in his academic success here at the Academy. You may think that with such a stunning performance in the classroom that he was not any fun to be with, such is not the case. Bill was an outstanding athelete and coach and proved it with his near perfect record of 11 losses and 1 win as the battalion and company lightweight football coach. But above all, Bill was never one to let money get in the way of getting what he wanted. When it came time for car loans, Bill bought a 1979 Corvette, kept it for a year and replaced it with a 1984 Firebird Rest assured it was not due to his shrewd manipulation of investments that gave him this money but rather it was an accident of birth. The government kept sending him checks for thousands of dollars a year for being an Indian. Life's rough for you native Americans, huh Bill. Oh well, I guess it's small compensation for selling all your land for a bunch of junk jewelry. Bill has been a great friend to everyone in this company when he was not busy verbally abusing them. Take it easy Bill, and remember, it is good that warriors such as we meet in struggle of life and death, it shall be life.

VJR





**Michael J. Sodeur**
Mike
Endwell, New York
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Mike joined Tenth Company and, for that matter, the class of 85, in the fall of 1983 We have not been the same since. The music that he listened to and his taste in graphic art made a visitor in his room look around to see if Rod Serling was going to step out of the background to explain the situation. Always searching for the secret of life, Mike read on subjects that would baffle the ordinary human being. More often that not he baffled himself as well but would never admit as much. In spite of all this, the Academy actually let him have a gun. He paid them back for their vote of confidence and became one of the best shooters on the Pistol team. He was, however, down to earth in many ways. Always a good friend, he could be counted on in a time of need to act like an ordinary person On top of all this, he bought a '65 Mercury Comet with his car loan and for weeks afterward went around singing how he was "crazy 'bout his Mercury." The only thing more important to him than his Mercury was Julie. The three of them were always together from that point on. This magical trio skipped from weekend to weekend through first class year in a headlong tumble straight through to graduation with minimum stops for school. Good luck in the fleet Mike, and don't be a stranger.

**Susan M. Spieth**
Sue
Spartanburg, South Carolina
English
Naval Aviation

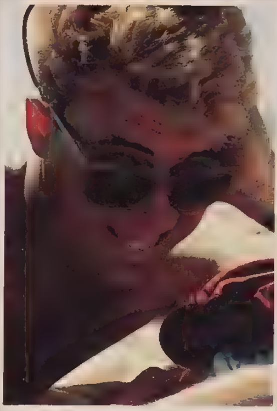
From the hub of the universe, the modern day Rome to which all roads lead, Spartanburg, South Carolina, Susan Monique Spieth, one of Spartanburg's most loyal citizens, set forth to experience the temperate climate of Annapolis. Following in a family tradition of military service, Susan scorned the party atmosphere of the University of Virginia, choosing instead the strict discipline and outstanding educational experience of the USNA Never regretting her decision for a minute, she soon recovered from the shock of plebe indoctrination and began to party with the best of them. From Army plebe year to the Ring Dance second class year, Susan's naval career could best be described as an "endless blur." She could always be found with a drink in her hand and with Rachel Ward's friends and various and assorted men at her side. It is rumored that on one memorable occasion, Susan managed to patronize every bar in Annapolis in a single afternoon.

Third class year, Susan found staying in on Friday night a bit stifling, and she was soon seen haunting numerable dives in nearby Crownsville. Despite her tendency towards non-compliance with regulations, Susan was always able to stay out of trouble with a combination of an angelic face, incredible good luck and an innate ability to talk her way out of anything

Susan also managed to set several USNA precedents, one of which was finding dates in every USNA class from '82 to '87. Lusted over by many, possessed by none, Susan will no doubt continue to break many hearts in the future

May you have the best of luck and get P.S. or R.B. as a flight instructor. You will always be remembered Fly the friendly skies, baby doll

DAS



**Timothy H. Tees**
Big Texas
Austin, Texas
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Tim "Big as Texas" Tees arrived at USNA a rompin' stompin, rootin' tootin' hell raiser from the A & M Corps of Cadets, where men are men and sheep are nervous. Despite being a seasoned veteran of service academy life, Tim lacked the common sense to keep himself out of trouble. Beginning plebe summer he would disappear for hours and report later that he had been "detained" by a firstie for various and sundry stupid reasons Later that year, this Don Juan of '85 took a wardroom worker to the movie in the yard and could not understand why he had been fried. What was the draw anyway, Tim? Drinking on watch, indecent exposure and many other related incidents led up to his acquiring over one hundred days of restriction during his tenure here at the USNA. His conduct file comes in three hand tooled leather bound volumes from Time Life Books for only $39.95

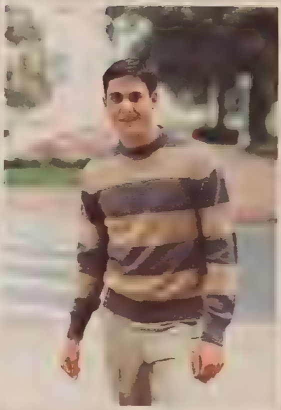
Seriously Tim was a good friend that could be counted on to do you a favor no matter what the sacrifice. His exemplary tenure as president of the scuba club brought that club from obscurity to one of the most productive clubs at the Academy, providing diving services for all qualified mids. He looks out for his buddies at great personal risk and his slapstick sense of humor can make even the most despondent situations funny. His academic performance heralds great things to come in Nuke school. The submarine force is fortunate to get such a hard charger. Remember Tim, after you push the button, it's Miller time

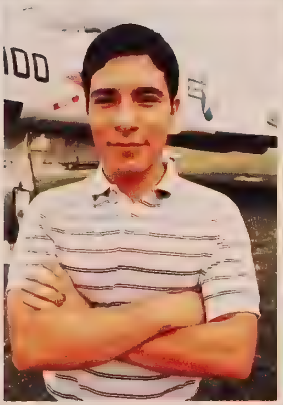
VJR SLP

**Wilbert E. Thomas**
Bert
Kingston, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps-Naval Flight Officer

Will came to the USNA after a year layover at NAPS. It was there that he learned the true definition of the word party and was eager to school his new classmates on the subject. During the week, Will could always be found with his books, but on the weekends he would exit Gate 1 to the nearest bar. After much consideration, he ended his baseball career at NAPS and became a 10th Co. living legend on the intramural field. Once 2nd class year arrived his tenacious thirst was replaced with something much more exciting, as well as rewarding. Will's search for excitement did not eliminate the police. Whether running from them in the East or being road-blocked in the West, Will managed to keep a good rapport. First Class year found Will ready. "WARM FOR MY FORM BABY" are usually the words that worked best. Fri. nights would start at the "O"-Club, where you could really stretch a $1. 11 drinks and a ½ pitcher usually wasn't a bad start. You might find Will fighting in the streets of Annapolis to enforce USNA regulations . . . somebody has to do it. On warm WE's Will and friends could be found floating down the Delaware with a few cold cases of beer. Will finished his illustrious career as a MIDN at the helm of the 10th Co. The Co. could not have a finer leader. Bert will always be remembered as a dedicated hardworking MIDN, with his belief "The Service is the Greatest" he will make a fine Marine. Friends always . . . .

GMW





Mario G. Trujillo
Mario
Wallingford, Connecticut
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Mario left home bound for USNA, the only college he ever wanted to attend. Plebe year transformed him from a quiet, timid civilian into a confident military man. This was mainly due to his roommate "Guppy's" guidance and prior experience. That year saw Mario excel in the triple S's (Studies, Sleep, and Stupor). His good grades allowed him to hit the rack early, an idea which later became only a dream. Throughout the year, he maintained his sense of humor, even through the belt buckle prank. After they turned him loose on weekends, Annapolis has never been the same. From his chow call in the Happy Buzzard, to trying to find the door to that theatre in Philly, and waking up at Fred Flintstone's in N.J. Youngster year saw Guppy lost to an ax board, and Mario deep in the studies of EE. Second class summer gave our hero a crack at his dream of Flying in Pensacola, yet he never let an opportunity pass without imbibing in the proper spirits. Academic year saw Mario change his major to General, and drowning his sorrows became an occasional pastime. Who else but us would douse the goat after a few half-yards at the Treaty of Paris. He became a member of the Wuba Gang, and had many fond memories of the "Dump". He coined his classic phrase, "WHAT!" during that Spring Break trip when a group of the boys tried to determine exactly how many empties the trunk of a rental car would hold. First class year saw Mario as sub commander, and accademics taking up most of his time. He did manage to make a few green alerts, and came to realize Southern Discomfort. Mario has been the greatest roommate one could have. He was someone you could trust and count on. Our friendship has meant a lot to me over the past four years. Good luck in life, and God Bless. See you at my wedding!!!!

ELJ

Jonathan M. Uhl
Tucker
Rantoul, Illinois
Applied Science
U.S. Air Force

Jon Uhl, the green bean from Rantoul, began his short lived Naval adventure as an Air Force brat lost in the bowels of fifth wing. Often clueless to the world, his major concern was saving his own life from the wrath of Joan Curry. But in short time, he had the world under control.

You think younsters are wild, well you must have known Jon. During the day he was a mild mannored computer scientist, but at night he was the TOOL OF VENGENCE. More powerful than a flying can of mountain dew, swifter than an apple splattering against the wall, no man did more to secure room 5247.

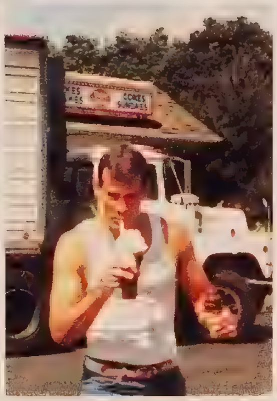
Jon was involved in many extra-curricular activities. For a long while it looked as if Jon would be the last Mid ever to win a chess game at the Academy again. Jon was in the Ping Pong Club, VTNA, he was class rep., honor rep . . . Jon did it all.

Jon generally had no problems dealing with the rigors of USNA, but for a while during second class year, it looked as Jon might be a beaten man. Stricken by a genetic spelling disorder, for months, the genes controlling the heredity of his children were spelled DeNA. Months later, having beaten the disease, Jon was again the pride and joy of the company.

For awhile, Jon was in turmoil deciding whether he should join the Blue Suiters or stay with the Navy Blue and Gold. That turmoil ended as soon as the Air Force decided to take him.

What more can be saide to a Zoomie than smooth flying and calm winds. Good Luck! Jon, I wish you well.

WJ



George M. Waidelich Jr.
Waids
Clark, New Jersey
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

Waids came to USNA with his sights set on a soccer career, but a Plebe Summer injury ended this and set him on a road to glory in company sports. Although his gains at USNA have been numerous, he has also suffered some losses, most notably being his hair and eyes. His once flourishing locks have diminished into something Kojak would be proud of. Always an advocate of "Work Hard, Play Hard", George is not one to turn down a good time and, thus used the trip to Pasadena to better acquaint himself with the L.A.P.D. The local Annapolis gendarme also got to see George in action, once in retreat and once in battle, and Phillys finest were not spared Waids' fleetness of foot. 1st class year really showcased George. His 3.6 GPA and strong sense of duty made him the perfect choice for Company Commander, and after a few showings on the drill field it was made known that "Marching 10" was here to stay. 1st class year saw his 0-club membership card being used as regularly as his VISA. Happy Hr. was made for George, he made sure he got his 3 hours worth in his few minutes there. Unfortunately, the bathroom became his 2nd preferred habitat, next to the bar. George has considerably stifled his polished art of lady-chasing. At one point during youngster year he was on top of the charts with 6 phillies on the line, but now he can be found bobbing down the Deleware, with the cold ones in tow, along with his Jersey lovely. His dedication and strong will has made George a member of Navy's elite force. The Surface Nukes are getting a great man . . . so Ruskies beware . . . Best of Luck, Buddies Forever . .

WET

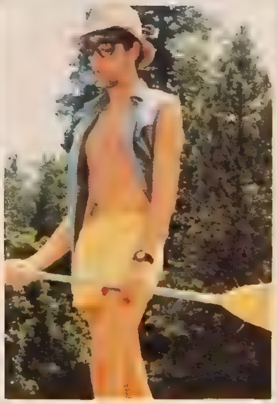
James M. Wray
Mike
Orinda, California
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Mike or "Lefty" as he is affectionately referred by many comes to us from the town of Orinda, California. A small suberb outside San Francisco, but worry not as Mike has on every available occassion gone out of his way to prove that he is normal. Correction "straight" is a more appropriate word. Mike is to say the least not normal but we will get back to that.

Mike attended a year of UCLA before resigning himself to the rigors of plebe year, and everything else that the Academy entails. Mike excelled at setting new standards of professionalism during his four year stay, and even found enough time to train an under classman in his skillful arts. Indeed Mike was and will always be remembered as a very skillful and cunning individual.

Mike will be moving on to bigger and better things as he plans to become a Naval Aviator and take up residence in sunny Pensacola, Florida. No one can say how long Mike will grace the Navy with his presence but knowing how Mike feels about the pride and professionalism of the Navy one could only guess that he will be career. Seriously, no laughs! Though Mike will be spending a few more years on the east coast (the best coastline this country has) he does have plans to return to the sunny weather and his friends of California. Also a word of congratulations to Mike's parents for enduring these past four years.

JKH



# Eleventh Company

Kevin J. Best
Kevin
Angola, Indiana
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Kevin came to USNA from the bustling metropolis of Angola Indiana (where?) via NAPS. Kevin was a real success at Angola but like many things, including his admission to the Academy, this was attributed to plain and simple hard work.

Kevin selected Political Science as a major and despite all of the written papers he submitted, current and world affairs soon became his love We would always kid him about his "eloquence" of speech; but really, could his commission simply be a spring-board to political office???

The Academy experience was something Kevin took very seriously. He spent many a late night studying with "just a pinch between his cheek and gum". He always tried to be professional and "do the right thing" which inevitably led to conflict with other Mids. 2/C year found Kevin the recipient of a plebe "birthday party" and, "I thought for sure I set the alarm Kevin". NAPS detail ushered in first class year with the Narragansett platoon swim. His red Pulsar allowed him to escape on many "cruising weekends.

Kevin will always be thought of as a loyal friend by me. I know I could count on him in any situation. Five years of hard work; and you've finally made it!!! The Marine Corps is fortunate to receive such an officer. Best of luck Kevin, with the Corps so small, we may very well serve together someday.

JDESAR

Kevin S. Brooks
Kevin
West Chester, Pennsylvania
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

The Whiteworks kid came to USNA from Westchester at a robust 205 lb. He spent much of the next 4 years losing and gaining weight at amazing rates as a member of the wrestling team. Plebe year saw Kevin frequent the parking garage, the Afterdeck, and Franny O's. He also made an excellent impression on his upperclass and company officer. At least they never found his stereo. The year culminated with getting to know a new Swedish friend he met at the International Ball.

Third class year brought on a new roommate who quickly became his favorite. He also managed to show a recruit what life here was really like. Army was absolutely delightful. After taps card games were a blast.

Second class year began with a nap that led to restriction in September. His mood was quickly improved by good times at Mums with the Hillrat. Kevin really came out of his shell second semester.

First class summer was truly an exciting one. A Fiat turned into a Carrera & three tickets. Somehow he ended up with his second MED-1 and became even more worldly. A sick leave was spent at the Bottle & Cork with the Delaware Destroyers. Academic year brought plenty of road trips: Notre Dame, Pitt, and 5cm in Dewey Beach. A clean slate program ended with the dark side of Army. A successful semester led to stars and two stripes.

Good luck, Kevin, in what is sure to be a bright future. See ya in '05.

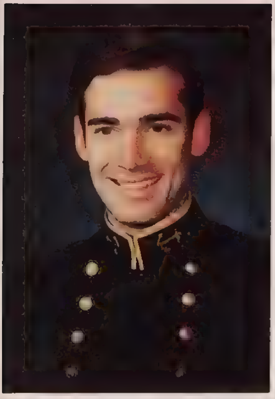
Robert M. Byron
Bob
Asheville, North Carolina
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Bob arrived here at USNA proud to be a Tarheel from NC even though they lost the war. Plebe year posed many challenges for Bob, although academics didn't seem to be as high on his priority list as his 12 hrs. of freedom each Saturday or even as high as the nightly BS sessions. Most of his liberty time was spent at the parking garage, behind the Hilton, at the Colonel's, or marching ED/restriction. 3/c year brought new opportunities for excitement and fun begining with welcoming one of his new roomies with an EI session that turned into a daily habit. From there the semester seemed to go from one Friday night ½ gal. card bash game of spades to the next until Army when Bob made his first attempt to add a little decor to JFK. Bob also learned 3/c Xmas that NYC is no place to get rich quick. 2/c year brought such new memories as the E-3's nose job, free drinks at Mum's, good times at the Zone, JFK "EARL" II, tequila sunrise at S.H., along with a little pink winging, a feat unmatched by the rest. After a summer that included the Hawaiian experience, 1/c year saw Bob leaving his rabbit in NC for a mustang and a new "Hood" ornament. After a Xmas of Bondage, Bob returned for his last semester deciding to end his injury-riddled baseball career leaving him free to travel with the boys to Lauderdale for his only Spring break. We will always look back at the great times and memories shared with Bob as one of the boys.

Good luck buddy, see you in '05

Scott F. Cramer
Scott
Eau Claire, Wisconsin
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Arriving from God's country (Wisconsin) Scott has oft pondered returning there permanently. In fact, he has a framed copy of resignation papers gracing his wall at home. This of course ended with 2 for 7 and Scott found his niche in the promotion of communication much to the joy of ATT and the US Postal Service. During plebe year wedding bells seemed to be tolling in the distance but since youngster cruise he has been in the perpetual search for the perfect young lady (From his tales he has already met a number of them). One of Scott's other pastimes is that strange exotic sport known as fastpitch softball. Fortunately for Scott it was an intramural sport since he was good for little else (just kidding). Actually Scott led 11th Co. to great success as the pitcher. He also took a session of summer school to be able to play for a local team. Schoolwork was never Scott's favorite activity and a weekend at Bob and Hope's was just the medicine to cure a heavy work load. Fortunately he managed to miss most of the Mech. Eng. big guns but a few kindly instructors were more than willing to extract their share of blood. Don't forget those pleasant roommate chats with Troll and subjecting Maggot to Engineer's hours. Remember the concert road trip to California, trips to Frederick, and the girls of Arnold always. Good luck and go for the gold wings in Pensacola.



Craig A. Crowe
Crow-Man
Fort Lauderdale, Florida
Chemistry
Surface Warfare

Craig made his way to the Naval Academy after spending a year in college. His great personality and personal demenor soon won him many friends and the respect of his peers. Craig tackled a difficult major in taking Chemistry, but he showed his persistance and character by sticking to it and coming out on top. Rooming together during 2/C year provided Craig with hours of headaches from Lucky Bag paperwork and meddling 1/C, "What are they mad about?". Always one to be mischievous, Craig soon came to enjoy the pleasure of "Power Stereo" playing before noon meal formation. Events like these soon led to decorating the room with 8 sets of lights and 30 feet of tinsel before Christmas leave

Craig met his true love at the Naval Academy during 3/C year and often appreciated her living just a few hallways away. He and Kelly soon became inseparable as well as a common fixture in steerage.

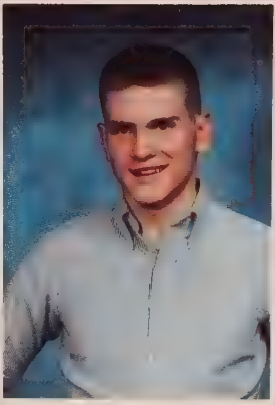
Craig will never be forgotten for his warm caring attitude toward others. His devotion and personal example are difficult footsteps to follow. His professional mannerism and leadership abilities will carry him to achieve any goal he desires. I'll miss our friendship always for good friends like you are a rare and special kind. Best wishes in your future in all that you do.

BIX

Robert P. Donohue
Bob
Staten Island, New York
Economics
Surface Warfare

Puke" as he was so affectionately called, was so nicknamed for his tremendous physical stature. Puke came from a little corner of God's earth called Staten Island. He left there with dreams of glory and prestige. His goal was to graduate from "the Naval Academy." Bob began his illustrious career as a midshipman in his own world as he spiritedly sounded off "Go Army, Beat Navy." Well, the years went by just like his majors and the Puke developed into a well rounded midshipman. His constant diet consisted of no breakfast, no main course, but a lot of dessert. Puke will never last without someone cleaning up for him. Many unsuccessful attempts were made at teaching Bob the fundamentals of working the broom, wiping the sink, and waxing the floor. Puke wasn't the most talkative person around but put a toothbrush in his mouth and away he went. Puke had his share of setbacks beginning with Statics and culminating with his lightweight football team, but he remained undaunted.He has now reached his goal and it now looks as though he will be floating around for a couple of years. The Puke will always be remembered as the guy with the smile who was continuously bubbling over with laughter. He also always had a twinkle in his eye for that person who interested him the most for four years, Kim. When not at school Bob could usually be found with her in Delaware. Bob we wish you the best of luck and happiness. You will be a success in life always. You always give life your best and you deserve the best in return. Take care.

FAS, SLP, HLM



John D. Edwards
John
Dana Point, California
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Coming from the golden region (So. Cal.). John was so determined to get into USNA that he choose to attend Mr. Holby's "Manual labor for admittance to USNA" Prep School. John had quite a bit of confidence plebe summer. Being the selfishless person that he is, John was quick to step in with a team spirit and help others. From helping memorize menus while chopping to lunch, to E.I. on the "Laws of the Navy".;

CAP served him well, especially at Newport. Imagine their thoughts as John led the platoon into the murky waters of the Narragansett. 2/C year he shared in the reputation of the "tool shed" requiring his boys to know the Code of Conduct.

John sets the pace for us all when it comes to disipline and dedication. He incorporates these ideals into all facets of his life. From running his first marathon in 3:04 to his unfailing devotion to God.

John is always there. When a person is down and out, he is first to pick him up and put him back on the road. Kind, compassionate, and understanding. My life has been touched by this man and I can feel the Lord's presence in him. All who come in contact with him will also feel his spirit.

We will miss you sorely, John. Hoping our paths will cross again.

KJBSAR

Brendan Fahy
NMN
East Rutherford, New Jersey
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

When Brendan came to us from the shadows of NYC in Northern N.J. we knew we had something special. His excellent attitude was immediately noted by the upper class especially the night there was some "doubt in his mind". The hidden stereo, Hard Days Night singalongs and BS sessions, drinking in the parking garage and behind the Hilton, shooting pool at Pete's, Navy Boxing, parties at the Colonel's, and many hours of E.D. on the 5th Wing Terrace rounded out plebe year. Youngster year brought us the always fasionable Grandpa, the Midget of G'Town, the Boat Trip, NYC's shell game and subsequent dependence on fine Scotch, a dud BMW (push starting up and down hills), Friday night high grain card bashes, cigarette burning tough guy contests, and invasions of the area girl's colleges. Eagerly anticipating 2/c year from an arresting summer in Virginia Beach, Bredan celebrated by getting fried and spending September and October on restriction. Thank God for free drinks at Mums, parties at the Zone, and more invasions of those institutions of "higher learning". With his car loan Brendan bought a CRX which curbed its way through the Great Lake state and is good for blowing a stereo or three. After living it up in Stoned Harbor for the summer and a WPacil, Brendan cruised into 1/c year with his pilot billet locked. He continued to get huge and have the babes go wild and wild they went especially one cold winter night in room 3152! Meeting RJ at Pitt turned out to be a unique experience unparalleled by even Stein. We'll never forget the memories and the major part Brendan played in them. Good Luck to you in your undoubtedly bright future, from all the boys of the C of C!

See You in '05!

Ronald N. Fry, Jr.
Ron
Reading, Pennsylvania
History
Naval Aviation

Ron, hailing from Reading, PA came to the Academy as a Seabee while we were all in high school. As a Seabee he helped set the Ben Moreell Memorial. Seeing the great life of a mid, Ronnie decided it was his calling in life. First came a year at NAPS to some Calc and Chem before returning to USNA. At NAPS Ron was also "well known" by his classmates, mainly due to his position as Battalion Commander

Ron's plebe year was one of hard study, but also one filled with Saturdays at Riordans; nights beginnig with hop watch and lasting until 1:30. I'm sure everyone remembers Ron as our class president during the Dark Ages of plebe year. Plebe year also saw Ron lose his Newport honey.

Third class year was Ron's big year of revelations First, after an Ac Board Ron switched to History, the best major here. Secondly, he found dating three girls (at least) at the same time to be unhealthy. And of course 3/C year saw Ron buy the Newport War Wagon. I must admit that it wasn't a pretty car, but it served us both well till he lent it out once too often

2/c summer will long be remembered for the good times had in P-Cola, Quantico and Newport. Ron and I had some great times, and Babette also entered Ron's life. It seems Ron had the hots for a middette. Remember those neck massages Ron? 2/c year went by fast, but Wed. afternoons at Mum's for beer and oysters helped make wires and weapons more endurable. Also, thanx for the the bagels in Ted's class. Wires and Weapons were hard, but with Len coming by for the gouge we survived. on any given night you could smell the sweet aroma of cigars and soothing country music coming from the room as they shot the breeze about money and love and his awesome '63 Vette. 1/C year brought a great NAPS detail and saw Ron finally tied down by a love named Mick.

Good luck to you and Micky.

Your buddy, LGM

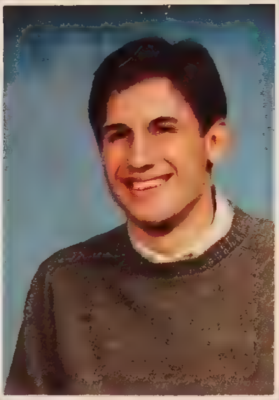
Brett J. Genoble
Brett
Montville, New Jersey
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Brett came to the Academy from the wastelands of North Jersey. He personifies every New Jersey stereotype ever imagined with his loud voice, tell-tale dialect and obnoxious laugh. His loud demeanor is matched by his deafening Toyota Corolla and his taste for such culinary delights as anchovies, onions and garlic which "Mr. Seasoning" always sees fit to eat

Brett always had a knack for not getting fried although his habit of annoying certain officers could have ended three years without a form-2. Plebe Detail saw Brett reach the height of his obnoxiousness as few plebes did not hear of him or from him. Plebe Detail also provided great memories with Rob, Rick, Tim and Rudy along with the god of paper Lt. Cain.

First Class year saw Brett reaping the rewards of numerous striper boards as Company Sub Commander and then MIR. However his busy electrical engineering schedule did not keep him from making many a road trip to North Carolina to see Krissy, Pitt and the Meadowlands to root for Navy and his home away from home in Alexandria. You've been a great friend and a helluva roommate. Good luck preventing meltdowns and flying underwater.

RCP/TPW



Brian M. Heaphy
Hafe-Dog
New Milford, Conneciticut
General Engineering
Special Warfare

Though it be broken—
Broken again — Still it's there,
The moon on the water.

—Chosu

Randy J. Hugenroth
Hugie
Pensacola, Florida
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Randy is one of the Class of '85 that didn't have what it takes to get into USNA the first time around (The Right Stuff). After a year at U. of Florida, Randy fooled them all by sneaking in Gate 1 on I-day and put his name on the '85 roster. Since then he's proved admissions all wrong moving his academic endeavors to Hopkins during first class year while hanging on to a meaningless regimental billet. But before first class year, Randy met someone very important to him in his life. No, not a girl, but Mr. VISA. He and Mr. VISA mingled with the maggotry in the bars of Annapolis while the wife was home changing the kids' diapers. Of course he was faithful all the time since he had good company to watch over him.

After second class year, Randy journied to Charleston for an adventurous first class cruise where he enjoyed himself both off and on the ship. It sppeared that he had his best time on ship though, where his best buddy was PQS. Liberty call came . . . and there he was PQS in hand.

For the next five years Randy will have to get his tan from a UV lamp since he'll never see the light of day from a sub. That won't stop his goofy style of humor and high-pitched laugh that we'll all miss.

Good luck Admiral.

MDR

Charles C. Hull
Clay
Tucson, Arizona
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Clay arrived at USNA from the hallowed halls of Choate Prep School where his parents stashed him when they escaped from Connecticut to Arizona. Clay is a lovable guy who always has a kind word for you or a smile if you're feeling low and he fits in well and gets along with everybody . well, maybe not. One of my first memories is from a Glee Club trip to Pa. on which Clay set a modern-day record by filling 8 beer cans. How he did it after only drinking a 6-pack, I'll never know. Clay is always very considerate after drinking heavily. He always pukes in the toilet or sink or someplace easy to clean, unlike some people. Isn't that right, Tim? I seem to remember a certain weekend in Huntsville, Alabama, when the 3 of us were attacked by a bunch of 3-foot martinis from Casa Gallardo. Why not? Speaking of H-ville, Clay thought he had found the love of his life at UAH. Unfortunately, after following us down to New Orleans, coming up for the Ring Dance *and* a visit over the summer, she decided that the feeling wasn't mutual. Clay was crushed, but soon his spirits were buoyed by a Korean cutie from Hood. They've been quite inseparable this year with Clay tormenting his 1966 Mustang (and his body) by driving to Frederick almost every weekend. Lest you think that Clay's only interests in life are booze and women, I feel obligated to inform the world that this Rhodes Scholar applicant is also starting on his master's degree at Georgetown while still carrying a heavy load at USNA. (hey, bowling's not easy, you know!) Clay also spent (misspent?) 4 years in the Glee Club, the Barbershop Quartet, and the Prot. Chapel Choir with 3 appearances in Glee Club musicals. To my best friend, I can only say, "Ich liebe dich wie einen Bruder!"

K.W.M.

Chester M. Kolley
Chet
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Hailing from the thriving metropolis of Harrisburg, Chet quickly established two goals for Plebe year: academic excellence and finding every watering hole a $60 budget would allow. His successes were evident as he became a member of the "Kehoe Youth" and the power failures began. Frequent visits to the parking garage, the Afterdeck, and Pete's led to a redecorated room and one-sided nocturnal boxing matches.

Youngster year saw Chet with new roommates and a few new pastimes. Spirited card games on Friday nights and wrestling El with Looney-Tunes took up hall time, while the invasion of local girls' colleges occupied weekends. There was also a brief fling with a certain admiral's daughter.

After starting second class year with a month of restriction with his two roommates, Chet was ready for the Romper Zone, and things were never quite the same. Frequent parties and small tabs at Mum's kept the good times rolling. Wednesday nights were useless thanks to oyster happy hours. We'll never forget his escapades in Stone Harbor, and neither will the locals.

Chet mellowed out a bit first class summer, but it was his Choice. This led to high gas bills academic year with 540 mile treks in his 2002 to the Iron City for a little TLC. Other fond memories of senior year Dewey Beach and Notre Dame road trips and an awesome Army weekend.

The C of C will always remember the master dawdler with the permacold and grades that were just plain too high. Good luck to you in your assuredly bright future

See you in '05!

Robert G. Lunifeld
Tunes
Penn Hills, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Bob rolled in to Annapolis from Western Pennsylvania with his mind set on graduating with honors . . . he just might have had he not encountered such obstacles as The Rocket, Wild Bill, and myself. Academics were not a problem with Bob, but he worked hard at it and was highly successful throughout the four years

A certain Bill back in the hall tried to mess up Bob's entire Plebe year, but by the time second semester rolled around he was well on his way to an eventful tour at the Academy. Not a weekend studier, a dull moment for Bob was hard to come by: on tour with the Glee Club, forgetting how to walk one night in Northern Wisconsin, visits to Hood and College Park, celebrating his roomie's pending resignation, dealing with Clay (his poor alarm clock!), Maggott, Troll, Chet, and the rest, the Yes concert, O.C., . . . he had no trouble with the ladies, either! He somehow stayed away from trouble . . .

"Tunes" set high standards for himself right away—a true connoisseur of quality stereo, fine music, and smooth imported beers.

Bob was a shoo-in for Nuke School; without a doubt the elite service is getting an elite man for the job. You've got it made, pal: outstanding ability and a super guy. Give 'em hell!

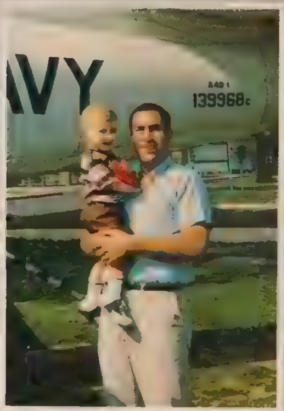
SFC

P.S. Thanks a ton, Bob. I couldn't have done it without you.

Stephen E. Mooradian
Moonshot
Williamsville, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Excuse me Sssteve, but did you finish the ssystems lab yet? I rewired the whole analog computer and it'ss all sscrewed up. I'm ssorry Ssteve. What would you do? Oh no! Not the Ex-police! What are you going to do thiss time? The coathook? The aluminum can recepticle? Breakdancing? More sstories about the dangers of carrier aviation? Am I a beer mug again? Gosh guys, the floors of Rickover are really dirty!" Without this kind of comic relief — all the time — the years at this joint would have been more like decades. Not to forget the "Sharkey's Machine" of HoHo, who couldn't fall asleep for two hours because, as he reported to the jimmy legs, "Two intruders, big guys in civies, came into my room and woke us up!" Mordy was also a social "don Juan." One example of his prowess was when Mary Pat came to MN(O) one weekend to surprise Steve, saw him and spread her arms wide to give him a big hug. Mordy's reaction? "Oh, I was expecting somebody else." Then there was the "hot" Boy George girl who had bleached her hair blonde but forgot about her eyebrows. Mordy was known to her as a "villain." This isn't a novel so I will have to move on. Steve spent much of his time studying or sleeping — hard to believe! Mordy often could be found in search of the "gouge." A famous Mordy saying — "If it takes two hours to get the gouge or one hour to study, I'll get the gouge." And I suppose there was always at least one thing that lingered in the back of his mind, although he didn't talk about it much. Should I say aviation, or F-14's, or just say that Mordy had more pilot sea stories than most pilots. But seriously, Steve will cruise through Pensacola because the "Big Man" is on his side and he will either be the only peacetime ace in history or be assigned as HoHo's wing and have to face the Russians, alone

TKS



**Charles R. Morgan**
Rick
Charleston, West Virginia
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Rick came to the Academy direct from the coal mines of West Virginia. Well actually Rick is from Charleston, WVA and a graduate of Stonehead, er I mean Stonewall Jackson High School. But he ain't no holler boy and proud of it. Rick doesn't remember much about Plebe Summer since he was asleep the full duration.

Plebe year was quite different as we took it upon ourselves to break in our roommate, the future brigade commander. Rick has fond memories of peanut butter on nametages, rearranging perfect blotters, and Stuart sandwiches. The best memory Rick has of Plebe year was the look on Stu baby's face when Nature called Rick one morning.

Probably the most forgettable experience was the day the fifth wing tequilla bar was discovered. The past years have been unique as Rick's roommate-Rudy's, Plebe Detail, and pulling you out of the ladies' room at Lazlo's are only a few of the good memories. Good luck in the future, Black Shoe Morgan.

TPW

**Terrance J. Mulich, Jr.**
TJ
Fairfield, California
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

TJ came to us from sunny California as a carefree, short tempered individual. His addition to the company (second class year it became a multiplication) has been noticed by all. His flaming red hair, short fuse and the occasional steam coming out of his ears could often be seen at formation when a bad day had passed his way. I feel sorry for TJ's men when he is a grunt platoon commander. TJ loves to run at odd hours for miles and miles at a rapid pace. Just what the Marine Corps ordered, TJ the flaming hot head running machine. When TJ isn't running he can usually be found at the officers club or at Rudy's insulting strange women. When that special girl comes along she will come second on his priority list after his CRX. TJ can often be seen after school just sitting in his car admiring it. Like his dad, TJ has his mind geared toward a military career. Sometime during it he will become Dr. T.J. Mulich professor of engineering. After retirement he will head back to sunny California with the wild women and big waves. I'll see you there. Later S ___ .

**Stuart B. Munsch**
JM
Oakes, North Dakota
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

How does a guy write about someone who who does everything so well? Rhodes Scholar. Brigade Commander. National Champion in Pistol. All-American. Team Captain. President of 2/c Mess Night. Vice President of the class. Member of the Antiphonal Choir.

Actually folks the answer is simple. Its easy to write about Stu because he is just like everyone else deep down. Stuart strolled into the institute that fateful day without claiming any desire but to gradute. We should have known this proclaimation to be the first Munsch understatement. A little shy as a plebe, he has opened up over time. Although, he still keeps a bit of it tucked away to this day.

Youngster year, we discovered on his desk an index card on which was drawn seven symbols: A cross, the outlines of N.D. and the British Isles, six vertical lines, five circles arranged something like the Olympic symbol, four stars, and someone's initials. Well . . . faith remained foremost in his life and he is forever tied to his roots. Stu made it to England twice - once on an exchange cruise and twice for Oxford. He served as our BC second set. The Olympics? Not yet but I'll be looking for him in the future. Of the stars and the initials - I'll leave that for the reader to figure out.

One might think that with all he has done he would become caught up in himself. The opposite has happened. While remaining confident, Stu has developed a sense of awareness that is rare. A real people person, Stuart always has the time to listen, quick to solicit the opinions of others, he consideres those opinions as seriously as his own.

Modesty and humility are his trademarks. Stu's answer 'alright' to the question 'How ya doin' can mean everything from acing a test to setting a national record. He's a best friend to many. And, when all is said and done, Stuart will be Stuart!

Your friend, Steve.

**Henry L. Murphy**
Hank
Huntington, New York
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Hank came to the Naval Academy after an arduous year at prep school where he spent much of his time building up his reputation. When Hank finally got to the academy he found plebe summer to be more than he bargained for. While an excellent runner, he just couldn't learn to march. Wild Bill helped to correct the situation. Academically Hank remains in the top 95% of our class and should graduate as a full-fledged scientist. To this day he continually changes roommates in his search for the perfect one. None of us has yet proved to be the savior (not even I). After breezing through his first two years at the academy Murf ran into his first bit of trouble as a second class when he decided to take some late night liberty and go on a road trip to Hood. It was an adventurous trip that ended with a trip to the Deputy and a black "N". After he recovered from this he found himself taking more and more challenging trips. Who could forget (or even remember) that trip to Scranton (God's country), or the infamous whitewater canoe trip. Second class spring break became the ultimate challenge. Hank kept us all laughing all the time we were there. Who else could be forced to "swim till I die!" That very same night Murf took his unfortunate roommate swimming. Senior year came and Hank was always looking for more adventures, earning him the nickname "fur, fish and game". As service selection approaches we know Hank has a pilot billet waiting for him. Good luck Hank in your future. Thanks for all the good times. Take care.

RPD

James N. Olmsted
Nick
Lyme, New Hampshire
Systems Engineering
Surface Warfare

Nick came to us from the thriving metropolis of Lyme NH; population 832 registered voters. He finished all the math that his school could offer him by 11th grade so he spent part of his high school days at Dartmouth.

Nick was a "hardcharger" throughout plebe summer. Medical problems disrupted his first academic year with trips to Bethesda, but after having already validated enough hours, the setback was minor and Nick had no problem keeping up. When he wasn't helping one of us with El in Diffy Q's or German he was shuffling off to drop in and say hi to just about everyone.

Always a spirited Navy supporter, Nick did his part on Navy's 150's. Even when he didn't make the traveling team for the little Army-Navy game in Pottsville, he made sure to ride up and cheer on his team from the stands with Ron. They took a trip together south for spring break, too; When everyone else went to Fort Lauderdale Ron and Nick took a hop to New Orleans for Mardi Gras. They had no room and little money, but after crashing on a couple of Tulaners they enjoyed a great week. Nick's journey's took him a bit farther when he joined the German Navy for a FOREX cruise.; It was a cruise and paid vacation he'll never forget.

Nick will be one of those last minute suprises when it comes to service selection night, but we all know he'll be a success and a credit to whatever community gets him. Best of luck and times.

R.N.F.

Maurice Perdomo
Mo
Riverside, California
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Mo came from the other part of California with hopes of being a member of the U.S. Marine Corps Drum and Bugle Corps upon commissioning. Well, the teachings of Compy, Smitty, and Bad Willie during Plebe Summer brought to him the revelation that fine members of the Academy don't and can't do such things. Thus, he resigned from the U.S. Naval Academy Drum and Bugle Corps, but, kept up his musical talents in the Pep Band, plus getting out of every Saturday march-over.

An attribute is his speechlessness. Mo is so quiet that it wasn't until youngster year we found out that he really does talk. He was barely able to use his speech on one Saturday night in Dahlgren due to his inebriated state. Somehow he was able to hold a conversation with a young woman named Susan and since then has held a very steady courtship. He must have spoken at least one more time to Susan to utter the words, "Will you marry me?" Their date was 25 May 85.

Another fine quality of Mo's is his faith in his mother. He used his second class loan to acquire an automobile. However, he let his lower California mom purchase a red (yuch), automatic (ha ha), CRX. Well, one out of three he can live with.

Mo will make a fine addition to the Corps.

So long, B

Robert C Perry
Rob
Alexandria, Vrignia
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

A Southern boy from Alexandria Va. Rob originally came to USNA intent on playing baseball, but found this pretty hard to do from the helm of an IOR yacht. He was a varsity sailor until first class year when he found it was quite impractical to skipper both a yacht and a company during parades. Regaining his land legs he marched the company to an amazing 9th place overall, a notable mark for the historically cellar (not stellar) dwelling marching 11.

Rob started his schooling as an Ocean Engineer, but soon took the common sense (General) route, due mainly to his love for those ever precious weekends The resulting high marks would allow him to follow his father's and brother's footsteps under the sea; however Rob decided that airplanes and fresh air were much more desireable than a sickly pallor, and headed to P-cola and the front seat of an F-14.

The noticeable sag in his lower lip is evidence of Rob's favorite hobby, dipping. With Rob's noxious drool and Brett's general overall disgust and bacteria laden desk drawer their room was in a constant state of ferment. When not off sailing on the Bay Rob was the best Fieldball goalie the Brigade ever saw and the only Southern boy saddled with a Big Apple Girl and a New Jersey refuse heap for a roommate. Perhaps as his roommate for three years I changed his opinion of New Jersey but certainly not of New Jersians. Good luck getting up in the morning at Pensacola and good luck to you always.

FLY NAVY!

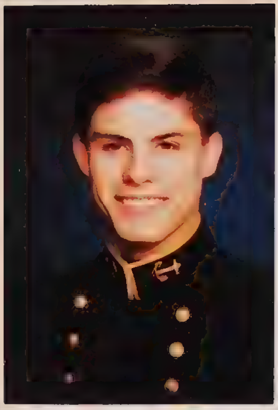
BJG/TPW

Stephen L. Powers
Stevie
Alexandria, Virginia
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Stevie came to the Academy with only two things in mind, playing hockey and flying jets. To Steve, hockey is the toughest and most physical sport around. Of course, it is played only by the coolest guys.

We all are glad that Steve did get his pilot billet. For awhile, the renown Bancroft medical gave us a scare. But his "family history" of perfect eyes proved them wrong. His wanting to be a fighter jock was easily seen with his pilot sunglasses, chewing gum, and streamlined car. He's tough all-right, even with a 102F fever he still wants the window open in the middle of winter. His James Bond type adventures probably put Stevie at the top of the brigade in number of times sneaking out. He never complained once about the Jimmy Legs just waving him in. "Who's gonna know? They won't tell." He used to tell us confidently. For a guy who loved beer, it didn't take much for him to lose count. His favorite is Bud but I think he liked "another large" more than anything else. They could be found at his home away from home, the Capital Center, (mainly on weeknights). Pizza was his favorite (only) food-even with bologna. Women, an interesting area for Steve. He had us all guessing and everything was a surprise. We guess it all added up in the end, because Steve did spend so much time at the Hartman's, with Liz. Yes, we are all proud of Steve along with his Zamboni hat, one pair of cords and jeans and his two flannel shirts. Steve is a "go-getter" He puts his mind to something and you can be sure it gets accomplished, without any P-factors thrown in. Now that Steve definitely will be going on to Pensacola to become a pilot, we know he'll be a certain success, whatever he flies. Best of luck in all you do.

FAS and RPD



### Stephen A. Racine

Steve
Cohasset, Massachusetts
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps - Naval Flight Officer

What a difficult task it is to write about someone who over four years has grown to be such a close friend, and whom you have experienced so much with. Someone whom you dread parting with at graduation

Steve is especially different from other people. Steve is one who commits himself to an objective and pursues it whole heartedly. There were many a long night when Steve unfailingly studied the books instead of sleeping. He worked very hard for his success but always had the time to give help to others. Steve believes in the Academy and did his best to make it better. He was concerned about people even if it meant giving them "a real plebe year".

Although it seemed impossible, Steve gazed at the granite structure known as Bancroft and decided to stick it out. He quickly learned the menu as he chopped down to formation and survived the laws of the navy. He continued to work hard, never slacking the pace.

Second class year we began to ask some questions about "Mr Clean" such as: Why the Nerd hat? and "snnirrrreefff". Fortunately, we asked, "Don't you think you'll need a car next year?" So Steve went and helped organize the car show and the car loan. That year Steve must have rented a room at Nimitz.

First class year found Steve as Batt Ops, putting together a first ever bat mess night. Second semester he moved back into the "real world" where the day began at 0730. With the influence of the Mage, Marine opt. cruise, and friends, Steve made the right choice—USMC

Steve's concern for others, openess, high ideals, and warmth will be missed by all who knew him. He has made a lasting impression that will not soon be forgotten. It's been a long four years. Your future looks great. Good Luck, Steve.

JDE KJB SBM

### Frank A. Simei Jr.

Francois
Williamstown, New Jersey
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

Frank came to the Naval Academy to become a . . . it changed weekly. Admittedly he had no true direction. Most of us thought he was a mafia hitman. Somehow he came up with an almost new 280ZX for almost nothing. One never knows . . . Franks always made friends easily. Because of this, many in his hometown (exit 2) came to know him as JOOW. While at school he didn't put too much time into his work and classes (those which he bothered to attend). Despite the fact that he has turned taking short cuts into a science, which he tells us is a part of his management major, he maintains a 3.0 average. At the Academy, Frank has turned into a good swimmer. In fact he spent most every free period "swimming" in the big blue pool. Frank really knows how to beat the system here, too bad his other "system" didn't work in A.C He's just a walking money making machine. Money was partly behind his decision to become a nuke. He was always a believer in "luxury" and parties. He threw some of the best at his house, where the punch was his special (Hawaiian). Always on the prowl for girls, Frank had trouble finding the right girl for the ring dance. With the kind help of his roommate he finally found her and has been with Karla ever since. What a big difference she has made in his life. They are made for each other Frank now spends all of his free time roadtripping with the Puke to Delaware. Thank goodness for first class year!

We would all like to wish Frank the best of luck in all he does. We know that what ever he puts his heart into succeeds beautifully

RPD and SLP

Thanks Karla for all the memories. FAS

### Cristopher J. Smith

C.J.
Indialantic, Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

C.J. came to the Naval Academy a tall, lanky surf bum from sunny Florida. Right away, he showed a better than decent ability to swim, managing to letter plebe year, and then moving on to become Navy's top sprinter over the next couple of years. At the same time, he managed to pull some pretty decent grades as a mechanical engineer, burning a lot of midnight (and later) oil to do so. But these late nights always caught up to him as witnessed by a long list of classes slept through (accompanied by a just as long list of corresponding conduct offenses).

During second-class year, C.J. became a bona fide member of the Black N Club C.J. (who didn't have a weekend) let his roommate (who did have a weekend) talk him into going up to Hood College after taps had been taken. Needless to say, 11th Company was picked for a bed-check that night. Oh well, what are roommates for anyhow?

Anyway, it looks like C.J. is going to make it as a Mech E and graduate (if he doesn't sleep through graduation day!) The best of luck to you on those nuke boats, and I really was sorry about busting your car window!

### James B. Stemple

Troll
Albion, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Troll was delivered unto the world from the bustling little town of Albion Pennsylvania. From the time he was a little tyke, he knew what he wanted from this life. His list of necessities included, hard rock music, monstrous motorcylces, and beer When old enough to make such decisions he decided on the one place where these needs could be fulfilled, the U.S. Naval Academy.

It was certainly our lucky day when the Troll passed through the gates to become a member of the class of '85. If for nothing else, his fame was quickly assured when his "scent" wafted throughout the halls of Bancroft. Just a couple of beers set off a chemical reaction that was unparralled in the known world, and sent dogs running for cover

Despite such drawbacks, Jim still manged to attract some beauty with his charm and wit. One such debutante was so grateful for having Jim, that she gave him a present to take with him throughout his travels.

Senior year brought with it the appearance of Jim on a new toy. With his leather jacket, black helmet, and monstercycle, he was ready to do some terrorizing. His first victim, a small defenseless dog was lucky enough to escape with his life. I myself felt the wrath of Jim and came up one window short in my car as a result.

I can only hope that the Marine Corp is ready for the appearance of a Troll within their ranks.

Good luck in the future Jim.

Patrick M. Sullivan
Pat
Crystal River, Florida
Electrical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Pat arrived from the Sunshine State with a can of Cope in his pocket and a calculator in his hand. The Duke of Copenhagen had a hard time slaying off the rack monster but with his ease at academics it wasn't hard for him to surrender.

Pat's perplexing ease in manipulating complex equations and even an occasional term paper leave for him a bright future. The little woman in his life will have a tough time tearing him away from his computer

Pat has always been generous in sharing his talents. He spent many late nights giving "E.I." sessions to confused classmates. He is well known for his gentle spirit and cheerful disposition. He has been a steady friend, always willing to share and discuss his thoughts.

Goodbye Pat, we'll miss you.

KJB & JDE

Timothy P. Winter
Tim
Luverne, Minnesota
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Tim entered the Academy through the little known Vietnam War Heroes Program. After his jaw healed and his plastic surgery was completed he was assigned to Annapolis. Tim, in his never ending quest to achieve manliness, first decided to become a daring, swashbuckling fencer but soon discovered the more manly sport of company fieldball.

Tim had an easy plebe year, but life's ups and downs soon caught up with him. Problems such as pouring coffee out of a thermos, charred pencil remains, and the horrible sin of sleeping through quarters, were all taken in stride. Tim has become the stimulant king and rarely is seen without a cigarette, dip, a soda, or a cup of coffee.

Tim has a definite aura about him. You may think it is primarily due to his great sense of humor, military bearing, leadership style or his personality but it is actually a physical aura due to overdoses of caffeine.

Tim's impersonation of a tank, M60, M16, and other weapons are well known, yet few have seen him as a deer. There is no one around that lech more then he does. It is impossible to watch a TV program without "I'm a machine" being mentioned.

Tim has been a great friend and I wish him and Lynn all the best in the future. Take it easy buddy and good luck in the Marines

CRM

# Twelfth Company

Gregory R. Brown
Brownie
Waban, Massachusetts
History
Naval Aviation

Ho-dee-doe. Moan'back. Nacho cheese. Schweenbag. Browndog sure left an impression on 12th Company, both in terms of vocabulary and other areas. Julie and Henry' s little redhead was overlooked by the Academy the first time around, so he spent a year at Wash. U. in St. Louis being a Beta brother, minding the nets for the soccer team, and marching the Air Force ROTC way The second try was the charm, and it has been Navy Air ever since. He was still intimately involved with marching however, because he spent his first 3 years complaining from within the ranks and then he ended up leading the company his senior year. CDR Casual adopted this wayward soul, even though he smells like a hockey goalie (co-captain) and he belches and farts A LOT. He developed some custom habits along the way, such as sleeping all the time (class included), throwing fruit as a weapon, and using a candle for purposes other than lighting the way. His uniform appearance was always impeccable.

When this history major makes his final landing and sheds his uniform, he is sure to gravitate to God's country, New England. More specifically, to Beantown, where Nellie and Helen await with open paws. How ya'din?

JHE and JCM

Brian T. Burke
Burkee
Newhall, California
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

ACT I: DISCOVERY

At the bronze door, near the foot of the grey mountain, the Man-cubs three search. Dave: Hey, Brian if I could only have . . . Brian: Hey, if only it were . . . Bill: Hey, Dave, if only I had a Gerber Blade. Bi: But how will those open the door? THE 3 MAN-CUBS LOCK HEADS. Br: . . . sorry guys, not working. Bill: Try the knob. Br: The knob? D: The Doorknob! SUDDENLY THE DOOR OPENS. ENTER MAN(?), HANDS DRAGGING ON THE GROUND WEARING "NEED A ROOMATE?" SHIRT. Missing Link: Go Navy, Thir! The Central Scrutinizer (narrator): Inside it is dark, dank, and surprisingly warm. D: Where's the @#!*& lights? ENTER RED HAIRED MAN WITH GASH ON HIS HEAD. Red: Need a light? BR: We could use a large candle? Red: (looking up says) Where's my candle? A CANDLE IS WITHDRAWN. Red: Thanks secret one. THE CANDLE IS LIT. C.S.: The Man-cubs press on. Bi: What we need is a guide. BR: Shwu, who smells? C.S.: A man appears, wrapped in towels and eating bran muffins. Muffin eater: I'll be your guide. C.S.: As Brian hands the candle to their nervous guide, M.E. drops the candle into a puddle at their feet. C.S.: M.E. picks up the candle and the journey continues.
To my desert princess, a panda. To Mom and Dad, hey I made it!

Edward T. Bush
Bush
Carpentersville, Illinois
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Ed, having grown up in the less than desirable parts of Chicago and having spent a year in the Navy at Great Lakes, arrived at the Naval Academy with a remarkable sense of self-assuredness. During his stay at the Academy this quality of his both pleased and displeased his friends, classmates, upperclass, and Company Officers to extremes. It was often not easy to be around Ed, much less live with him, but it was never dull. Ed's quick wit, sense of humor, amazing imagination, and musical abilities enabled him to make any situation that much more interesting. As we all did, Ed experienced many changes during his term at USNA. Some were obvious; some were subtle. During plebe year, Ed was convinced to quit the YP squadron and go out for Ltwt. crew. While he did not fall in love with rowing, he did become addicted to fitness. Fitness and his martial arts skills he pursued relentlessly. He transformed himself from a shapeless slug into a man to be reckoned with on anyone's terms. While this is a credit in itself, it is more an indication of his intense character and his dedication to those things he believes in. Of course there are things about Ed which will never change and things which will never change soon enough. At times Ed's career at USNA seemed to be a series of confrontations with walls, doors, roommates, and innocent bystanders. As long as he can keep his temper, his hands, and his feet under control, he will be allright. Ed, remember what G. Thorogood said about us hot-headed men. But most importantly, Ed proved to be a very strong and trustworthy friend who stood firm and close during all the good times and bad. Ed, whomever you are wingman to will be a lucky man indeed.

B.T.W.

William W. Clark
Woodie
Munford, Tennessee
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Woodie, or Woody like it says on his choo-choo train shirt, came to the Academy from that far off country known as Memphis. Woodie's come a long way since our plebe days. He had to struggle his way through studying plebe year because we, his roommates, constantly badgered him. He also took a lot of "Banzai" attacks from the upper rack by the little gambler from Las Vegas. Woodie took a lot of abuse from us throughout the years but pulled it out in the last semesters with great academic achievement. Who could of thought that Woodie could get stars being the plebe he was.

Woodie's goal is to work with the Space Shuttle program. Up in space, a perfect place for Woodie's ultimate backpacking trip. He loves those outdoors and has spent many weekends out on the open trails and the white slopes.

Woodie's athlete endeavors in high school proved helpful here. He led the company's sport teams to many victories despite his "other than calm" approach on the playing field.

Woodie and I had quite a few memorable times, like the one, with the two girls who collected mids' shoulder boards, and laughing our way through many study hours just by looking at each other.

Woodie's got it made, good grades, high-but-reachable ambitions, a fast car, and a sweet girlfriend. Have we left anything out? Oh yeah, the ability to be a good friend. GOOD LUCK WITH NASA.

Ronald R. Dalton
Ron
Deer Park, Texas
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

When Ron first arrived in room 5225 little did he realize this random room assignment was actually a four year roommate contract. Together we abused a NUMBER of transient roommates most notedly his BUDDY (a victim of penny assination) and THE WILDERNESS STOMPER (aka FISTS OF FURY). Both were year long sentencec. Annually Ron developed a Fraternal clique of friends including 1/c Bill "the anti-human", the "how high should I jump" 2/c, and finally the 3/c crapper. Academically, Ron started well but his Aero career quickly ran aground by Wild Bill. The inevitable switch to GE was really a blessing in disguise providing ample weekends for journeys to Marymount and Wilmington to visit the wife. Ron met Leanne at the DC Star concert not Disco Dahlgren (he repeatedly emphasises this discrete difference). These four years have brought two things to light, don't ever owe him money and fear Mexican Meal (particulary Burritos). Ron has always been a connoisseur of fine humor. His tastes ranged from velvet Jones to Floyd R. Turbo, to the Greaseman. A rich comic background provided hours of conversation. This affection for humor has even swelled into his service selection. An avowed pilot for 3 years Ron flirted with Nuke power, but finally opted for the Glamorous life of the Marine Corps supply officer. Good luck in the future and beware of Rufus.

JPM

Vincent E. Debban
Dirt
Greeley, Colorado
Mathematics
Cryptology

One day a skinny kid with lots of determination wandered into Annapolis seeking adventure. Instead he was inducted. At 125lb. Vince could handle anything the Academy handed him-except a .45. Academics came easy to someone who'd rather study than sleep. Vince raised his CQPR every semester but one, finally getting that elusive 4.0 senior year. Nobody knows why he never got stripes. Summer cruise was an education in itself. In Tijuana he discovered some very expensive under-the-table drinks, but Vince recouped his losses on first class cruise, an all-expense paid vacation to New Zealand. The Army-Navy game was always unusual. After fighting pneumonia plebe year, youngster year found him in a bathtub with Wille, Ralph and a used bottle of rum. Senior year brought Mr Spring. Junior year Vince was one of the elite sent to West Point. Despite being kidnapped & tarred and feathered, Vince found time for reconning the class ring, a 3.99 and Denise (a good way to get over Wendy-remember, look before you leap). Vince often considered leaping his plebe year but with the help of the Moored's and, later, some USMA brass, he learned to leap into things instead of out. Returning from West Point, he promptly got an F in Wires and D on the PCR. West Point wasn't so bad after all. Then an allergy test and his misaligned body NPQed him from everything but Restricted Line. "Supply Corps-hell no!" Vince took the lone Crypto billet, where he can use his legendary ability to gather dirt. More than one girl has fallen to his charms but as for Janeanne, it's her loss, not his (at least not yet). And so, after four years, 100 cases of Mountain Dew and as many all-nighters, Vince is taking his bulky 165 lb. body and a new set of uniforms to the Fleet. But can he still put both legs behind his head?

MWG

Karl T. Diederich
Karl
Troy, Michigan
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Karl joined the brigade coming from a large family in the midwest. He had to take care of himself. This showed up from the very first day as he hitchhiked his way to the academy. Karl's independence continued to shine as he was the only plebe to actually confirm his inventory of issued supplies. He didn't let one sock get away. This ability soon had him nicknamed the old miser. Karl dealt with roommates who spent so much time worrying about how much he had packed away that they didn't notice that they needed to get personalities for themselves.

This turned around, however. Having failed to carry enough water on two backpacking trips plebe year as a result of trying to conserve weight, he began to learn. When the bear came in search of his food, he saw the light. From that summer in the Sierras forward, he adopted a live and let live attitude. A good-hearted person emerged who really cared about people

Returning unscathed from a long trek into the northern Rockies, Karl managed to go astray again If he had known he was going to have to room with the guy who broke his wrist in plebe wrestling, perhaps he would not have moved to 5-0 first class year. But the quarters formations were great and Batt Conduct wasn't all that bad. Still, the academics got him. He must have set the record for most all-nighters in a semester. By my count he had over 15. The computer seemed to thwart his attempts at finishing and going to bed. But, with submarine selection behind him, he was able to return to his companymates and enjoy his final semester

Karl, we wish you luck in your future under the sea; give the "threat" hell, and God bless you.

WWC, JAF,
JHE, BTB.

John H. Edwards
Gougeman
Norfolk, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

John was still sweating when he arrived here from Norfolk in the Custom Comet — no, his father has nothing to do with the Navy. The sweating increased through plebe summer at an exponential (of course) rate. His sweat polished leather's high gloss matched the shine of his exponentially increasing forehead.

John's mole-like morning face could be seen groping for the sink as the ten minute chowcall sounded, the mind behind the face obviously already at full capacity. Usually it (that mind) was computing ways to reach the all important goal of CEC. His mind had little to do with his colorblindness, which was his ticket off the sea and onto the sewer systems of navy bases world wide. His class rank (6), his major (mech eng), and his GPA (3.95) cinched his aim. No big surprise — any goal once set, marathons, regimentalships, Britainnia exchangeships, ad infinitum.

John would do a favor for anybody. In fact, he even left part (of all) of his dinner in his roommate's shoes after a tough night on the Santa Monica beach. John will even do a favor for the Navy (he'll be a careerman) as evidenced by the crook in his coffee mug finger. Although his accomplishments are amazing to all, they are commonplace and the rule rather than the exception. And just because he is graduating doesn't mean he is all out of surprises . . . . He has more. Good luck.

GRB & JCM

Evan G. Evans, Jr.
Airborne
Corona, California
Mechanical Engineering,
Naval Flight Officer

After deciding not to major in botany or motorcycle repair in sunny Southern California, Evan chose Mech E at the Boat School as the next best thing. After the excitement of Plebe year wore off and Evan put his civillian clothes away, he decided to pursue the second best thing in life - skydiving. If not falling from perfectly good airplanes, he was studying land nav at Quantico or sinking at Navy Dive School. After these accomplishments and rumor of his insect diet, the men in green thought they had him for sure. But not one to take the easy way out, Evan saw the light and decided to go Navy Air. Evan also enjoyed the best things in life. If he wasn't juggling Patti, Amy, Brenda or Kathryn (he didn't try to juggle BECKY), he was out on his SR500, which like all real mids, he kept in the yard. Evan tried to start a "Retire the Rocket" club but no O-rep could be found. (Still scared guys?) He was later seen to be practicing on the range with a very large bore handgun. Watch out Read!

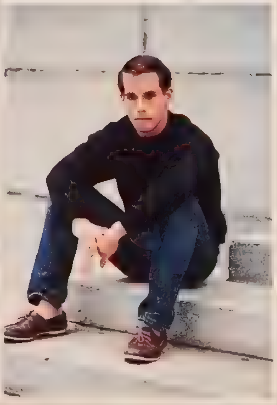
Best of luck and "Get P-3's"

John

David T. Fisher
Fishman
Northville, Michigan
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

ACT II: MID-JOURNEY

They travel on, noticing the ground is gravelly and almost crunchy. Bi: (glancing down, scratches and sniffs the cave wall) Look, chocolate love candies!! C.S.: A slushy voice is heard. Voice: Osh osh osh, those are mine, along with this pizza, side of beef, and large salami. C.S.: Wild screams are heard from behind and beyond. Br: Look! It's I B BAD and the Country Ballhog, one chained to the wall and the other one whipped. Voice: These are my dinner . . guests. D: What is their crime? V: Pencil-necking and cradle-robbing. Br: Oh well, bon appetit. THE MAN-CUBS CONTINUE. C.S.: Crossing a subterranean river they become lost in the deep dark chasm. Bi: I think we're lost! C.S.: An apparition appears. Br: My God! Look at those cheeks! He slashes at the grotesquely bloated face. C.S.: Oooh it was bad. Face: Wait! I have the gouge, but first a history lesson. D: No thanks, but there's a guy at the door who needs some help. C.S.: The Man-cubs sally forth away from bloatface, calling to them "Come back, I need a friend!" They never looked back. Suddenly they are at the foot of a rocky incline. Behind the rocks, a short stout maiden listens. The three are tired and dirty, but hungry for adventure. The maiden appears. Maiden: Hi, my name is Adventure. The man-cubs share an evil grin. D: Bill, start the fire. C.S.: They continue once again, exhausted and dirty . . . Br: This story has no Merritt. The man-cubs ascend the incline to find a mushroom forest. Tho they fight the vegetation, minutes later Dave trips on a stub and falls on a bush. Bush: You step on me I kill you. Bi: Since when do bushes talk? Br: All the time. Stub: I don't think that was the Wright thing to say. The man-cubs three leave a forest in flames. They climb carven stone steps to an ancient basketball court.



Franklin P. Fries
Jake
St. Petersburg, Florida
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

Frank came here with long hair and a cloudy brain-now he has a strong liver and many memories, of the things he can remember, anyway. He quickly found a spot on the sailing team and a spot on the bill of the Friday night fights, which took place everyday in his room. Luckily he won all the fights and was able to concentrate on more important things, like drinking & sailing. Both usually went together. 3/c year brought many famous sayings like "I have no morals". He took his act to Mary Wash, where he was forced to promise the police he'd never return. Back at school he helped open the bar and grill. Next came mess night and those moments on the balcony nobody ever knew about. He also became the only one of the boys to serve restriction, even if it was just 1 day. Another stripe came and the drunkathon summer began. The beer stayed cold in P-cola, but then even the AC froze. Then it was up North and the 4th of July croquet match. He didn't win, but he crawled his way to the finish anyway. More fun followed that fall, even as far as the west coast. He showed his skills while chasing down an escaping criminal and while changing drivers for relief. The great food and brew heist came that fall- compliments of our SWO buddies. MRT's started in the spring and led to many lasting memories, even if we don't know how we got back. A few too many braincells fell by the wayside and a trip to see Chuck followed. He didn't mind summer school too much since he got to see his little girl every night. Then he commited the Cuban Crime of Passion. His plea-I'm having fun! During Army week a chicken exploded. Soon Frank will be off to "the Real Navy." I hope it's ready for him! Just remember-You can't fall off the floor

Michael W. Gannon
Blinky
Lackawanna, New York
History
Surface Warfare

Mike came to Navy that July morning many years ago intelligent, motivated, spirited and awake. This changed quickly. There were a couple of lean academic semesters, but somehow he survived-history majors do. Steam was very very good to Mike- the second time. Few can boast going into Finals with F's in Chemistry, Physics, and Wires and coming out with C's. Project 21 was no new subject to Mike as he got quite comfortable as an elite charter member. Few knew that he aced the mile every semester or that he did in fact study. But our hero was a rock. We still wonder why he couldn't pass the underwater swim, especially when he was already on the bottom. Mike's love life gave us all a few laughs. Philadelphia '84 had its ups and downs as the real Mike Gannon SPRANG into action. After a year and a half fling with Donna-do-you-wanna, he was snubbed by an airborne soldier. Although many of us claim to be close friends to Mike, none was closer than his big blue rack. He can fall asleep anytime or anyplace, and this common fetal position was a detriment to us of studious nature not majoring in Trivial Pursuits. His strong leadership qualities, his personal appearance, his dedication, and performance rankings led him to the pinnacle of all leadership positions during his last semester- squad leader. The Green Team tried to get him, but he still chose surface, or in other words, his only other choice. Mike did well professionally and will make a good SWO, provided he qualifies gradually and doesn't blow it off like he did on his papers. The girl from NJ has been like the Dawn of a new day to Mike in more ways than one. Who will win the bet in 20 years? REM hasn't killed him yet. Don't turn into a John Valby. I LIKE MIKE- a true survivor of '85, . . . . The DIRT

### John Geier II
The Kid
Whittier, California
History
U.S. Marine Corps

John Geier: Marine first, Midshipman second Although this was not always the case, soon after a certain '82 grad grabbed hold of him (a Marine grad, that is) the role of leatherneck prevailed. Of course with jarheadism comes the bag-it history major, a subject at which John excelled. Even though John knew he would be buying leprechaun outfits come '85, to return the favors of his plebe year roommate (John acquired several bruises from flying shoes at 0200 — his roommate could not stand snoring that brought ceiling tiles down from their perch), he swiped a precious 3/c sub-cruise directly from under his soon ex-roommate's nose. Third class year plebe and youngster boxing proved our fearless jarhead to be a fisticuffs first fiddle. John felt his skills quite marketable; so he bought a fight with his newest soon-to-be-ex-roommate, causing quite a bru*haha* in both the company and the conduct office

Don't think John always fought with his roommate(s). The truth is, John was always willing to give help to those people less fortunate than him, especially the aqua and history rocks. He allowed too little of his sentimental side to show perhaps (Marine syndrome), but it was always there, just behind those round cheeks and tin rails, the latter causing John great pleasure and pain.

John's snore will echo in the corridors and attics of Mother B (and Sampson Hall) for eons, as will his excellent friendship and kindness. His trials are certainly not over, but it gets easier from here. He's moving into his natural habitat. Good luck big guy

### Elizabeth A. Gilstad
Eli
San Antonio, Texas
Oceanography
Medical Corps

Eli came to 12th company with prior military experience - one day in 5th company. After a string of beaus in black, Eli settled down to serious courtship. Plebe year study hour found her perched in the open doorway trying to catch the eye of 3/C Gee-rard across the hall. A late night glasses run, a Form-2 for "error in judment," $400 phone bills, a Porsche (the "family car") and three years later, they are ready to tie the knot.

Originally a physics major, youngster year Eli decided she had always wanted to be a doctor and switched to oceanography. The "Stars War" began with the arrival of her brother second class year. Eli's summers were spent sailing to Florida and Bermuda. (This was professional training!)

Resisting all attempts to make her a wardroom rat, this S.M.I.R.F. preferred to play her clarinet, sleep, "sing like a bird," listen to classical music and sleep. First class year found her on VTNA sub squad. After 15 flights she is still looking forward to her first solo. Eli juggled her myriad of ECA's enough to find at least half an hour a night to study. This persistence and hard work was rewarded with selection as a Batt striper first class year.

Well, Eli, when your patients get sick, just prescribe a few green M&M's (they always worked for you).

Good luck Dr. EBAR! *E*verything will *B*e *A*ll *R*ight!

GGO

### Emily D. Harman
Chicken Legs
Annandale, Virginia
Physical Science
Supply Corps

From the beginning we knew Emily might have trouble adjusting to the military life. She amused at least herself when she couldn't perform a simple about face at her first reveille, and when she decided it was easier to stay braced up all summer than learn the enlisted rates and ratings Do you know them yet, Emily? Things got better when she began her torrid romance. However, the Major wasn't too pleased when he walked into her hospital room after her first knee operation and found her and her loved one holding hands and gazing into each others' eyes over a dozen roses Was it worth it? It must have been at the time, at least, because we found ourselves in civilian clothes trying to parallel park an orange Buick outside Gate 3 so we could help Em set up a nice surprise for her beau's birthday. How Romantic! But we guess it wasn't meant to be. At least she doesn't have to be a Marine now Once her knee and her heart healed she bounced back to basketball and guys. Where are all the tall men?? Not in Georgia. Her real love in life, though, was and always will be Junk Food! Her stamina was great. It took a whole bag of Starburst, Sour Cream and Onion potato chips, and a Mountain Dew to finally make the TC fall and roll in agony on the court. Great practice, Huh? Did Coach know the real cause of the illness? Unfortunately, after two great seasons of B-ball she was set back by another matching knee injury. Nice pair of knees, Harman. But nothing could hold her back and determination pulled her through. The Captain got to play. We know that same determination and good spirits will always pull her through, what ever she does. Keep that wonderful smile on your face.

We love you!

-D & D

### Darlene R. Harter
Darlin'
Middletown, New York
History
General Unrestricted Line

Darlene began plebe summer fired up and ready to go. Heat stress and being SIR slowed her down a bit but did give her the time to sew together a sheet poster. Academic year brought even more physical hardships when she sprained her ankle in gymnastics. She was on crutches until she noticed that the clock in the bar said almost midnight. She was carried part way back in the strong arms of a (hunk) football player and then she sprinted down the center of the hall forgetting her ankle. It must have been painful! Thank goodness for those trusty crutches the next day. But her health soon returned and the song on the radio told the whole story. C.H. requested that WRNV play "Having my Baby", dedicated to Darlene. How nice! Both were quite surprised. Darlene moved on to bigger and better things. Those Spaniards sure can be impulsive. Maybe she'd better not go running with one. She didn't learn her lesson and got involved with another foreigner. This time she got engaged. But a month later she came to realize he wasn't THE ONE. Who is THE ONE? Second class year true love came along in the form of an underclassman. We hope she didn't corrupt him too much. There were some tough times but true love always wins. First class year we continued to put up with each other's different taste in music - Dianna Ross/Barbara Streisand/ Gino Vanelli? - Geez! Hey, by the way, are you pissed off or is that just determination on the way to the shower? Emily didn't really mean to mess up your routine. But determination is good and Darlene's certainly got it. Keep working hard - we know you'll prove that marriage and a Navy career can both work. Hello, Oregon!

Love, E & D

### James P. McNeilly
Jim
Stanhope, New Jersey
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Jim decided to give up a well-planned three month trip to Europe and an Ivy league education and came to USNA instead. Plebe Summer Jim was blessed with LOS and I as roommates and Tommy and Petey as squad leaders . . Plebe Summer was no more difficult than Philmont, and acyear was easier than high school. With high grades 1st sem. he took on the Systems Dept. and succeeded with ease. Jim never had trouble in any class and received A's in almost all but his elusive ES courses. His high grades guaranteed him a striper position so Maj. TJ made him 3/c company commander. Despite his so called "attitude problem" and the fact that 2/c Chip and John did not like the way he walked and passed food, he was appointed 1st Reg. Supply for 1st sem. 2/c year and as squad leader for 2nd sem. Jim decided that this was enough leadership training for any mid and decided on no more striper jobs—he could spend that time on academics. Jim also wanted to spend more time with Monique and managed to get a month in Ireland (where else?) and Europe during 1/c summer. He also went on a sub cruise and decided that being a *SUB*-marine officer was the life for him (good pay, not much sun, good pay, good crew, and good pay). During his career at the Academy Jim was known for his trendsetting wardrobe. It mainly consisted of flannel shirts, jeans, a down vest, and leather Nikes. In Pasadena he topped it off with his leathers. Don't forget-Gentlemen gouge; ready on the left; Mr. Wally writes my grease; Are you making that word up?; Dick Clark; Slut's de Boxcar; serge; the Norgeman; Taunting our roommates; SNL; Monty Python. All in all, the Nukes are getting a good officer who I'm proud to have lived with for 4 years.

RRD

### Kurt W. Menke
Smitty
Wheatland, Iowa
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Kurt was born independently wealthy in the bustling megalopolis of Wheatland Iowa. His good grades, in spite of his major, allowed him to remain active in Glee Club, sing in four musicals with one lead part, and serve as a company honor rep. He even pulled the wool over the administrations eyes, being awarded three stripes during detail. But the historical record must be set straight; there are many sides to Kurt. We first discovered Kurt's potential youngster year. Poor Barbara, like all of Kurt's dates she was such a *nice* girl! Kurt moved on to other women, meeting Debbie in LA at Army. Somehow he spent 3 entire nights out, only to get a kiss. She inspired him to learn "I Love You" in four languages. Que Tiermo, I'll bet! In attempt to shed his image, he reserved a double bed for ring dance. It's too bad his date left soon after seeing it. Glee Club took up most of his time, singing in Barbershop quartet and being elected president. It also led him astray. He helped stain hundreds of miles of highway from the busses. One New York morning he was ressurected from a drinking bout and spied an inocent looking glass of OJ. Too bad it was last night's screwdriver . . . Well, in the interests of brevity I'll have to skip some of the interesting stories. But Kurt, we won't forget your sincere friendship, great sense of humor, and subscription to *Forbes*. "Ich Liebe dich wie einen Bruder!"

CCH

### John S. Merritt
Scrogmaster
Ravenswood, West Virginia
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

John originally comes from the sunny beaches of Southern California. After a two year stint of building his family's log cabin in West-by-God-Virignia, he returned to the sea as a pleber on 3-2

There are two reasons John came to the Naval Academy. One was to sail, the other was to take that really good celestial course he had heard about. John sailed here for three years. As soon as he quit he destroyed his leg on the soccer field and ended up in a cast. He really does belong on a boat. His lifelong goal is to be sitting on his sailboat under a starry sky in the Marquesas with a bottle of rum in one hand and his girl in the other. As for celestial, he got lucky. His prof. was nice enough to piece John's midterm back together.

Everyone deserved to spend time in Smoke Hall and John was no exception. First he got a 4000 for missing taps when he didn't even rate liberty. Then who but John would go back out and get a 5000 for missing the bed check. It was a hot summer.

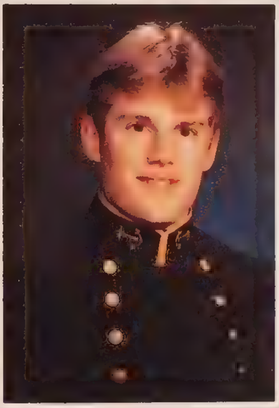
A save the whales no nuke pacifist at heart, who knows why John put in for a sub cruise first class summer. He and the nukes got along equally well; by the third day he decided he was going to be a P-3 NFO so he could blow the little #!@$% *¢s out of the water.

Although he has wandered off course more than once, he's still with his high school honey. Angie's quite a gal to have put up with John and his blueberries for so long. Fair winds and following seas to the newest crazy Navy flyer.

Sail away, Evan

### Victor A. Meyer Jr.
Rip Van Meyer
Fredricksburg, Virginia
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Vic had a choice between two schools, Navy or USNA-that's the way dad wanted it. He had a rough start though: quoting regs, pledgeing the floor, and being hissed at. Plebe year held other challenges, mainly surviving the four man room including the kid and his dad. After he was done playing a prank on the kid, it was off to Amigos for a few brews. The walks back were always fun, especially if a pitstop at the F-4 or a Durangodog at the sink, was in order. Summer found Vic in California enjoying the enlisted life with Melvin, his partner in crime. An officer would never be arrested for being drunk. Vic returned to USNA to be one of the founding members of the bar and grill. Vic holds the record for the f-burg to Philly course. Vic "The Road Warrior" Meyer began his almost weekly dragraces to see his little Bison. 2/c summer Vic made some financial breakthroughs by charging a vanload of beer on Dad's gas card. Nagshead will never be the same after Vic arrived with table-top pudding wrestling, and setting a world record in sleeping 21 hrs. Vic's SS Celebrity Fruit Diet made Nat. Enquirer and helped him lose 1 pound. He also set a summer-white outdoor track record by running from the stadium and a smoking chevelle to formation in 3 min. Conan Meyer's friends spent more time pushing his car than riding in it. 1/c cruise saw pirate Meyer sailing the Pac, and living his life like a song in the PI. Vic "Grand Prix" Meyer got a porsche his 1/c year and learned the true meaning of liberty. Mr. Vegas was crowned Mr. Philadelphia at Army. Vic also received the Eddie Doyle Award for outstanding navy lineman, what else could you do with a ceramic football. Who's your buddy?
Wake me up at the chow call!



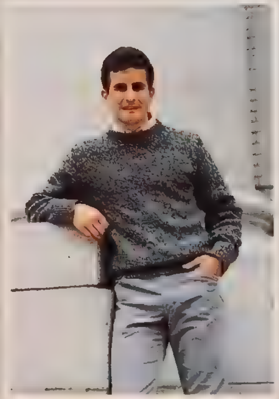
Brian Minzenmayer
Minz
Houston, Texas
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power - Surface

Brian, a fine young man, many an old friend would profess, had a vision four long years ago. He saw himself attending the finest school in the land, graduating honorable into a world he would somehow someday make better. But as is the case with most wishful thinking, his dream did not come true—Brian was accepted into the Naval Academy. If this wasn't bad enough, he stayed; some say he even liked it. Considered incapable of leading a normal life by the medical profession, Brian fit in perfectly at the boat school. The administration set him up with a baggit major, Naval Architecture, and pushed him into the Navy lightweight crew program, where they knew he couldn't hurt himself. When asked why he rows, Brian simply replies, "It's fun." Now that's Nuts! Brian, as a senior was chosen as the lightweight team captain. I guess that was to make sure all the other crazies didn't hurt themselves. Despite the Academy, Brian made it, and you know he really was a good student, a damn good athlete, and most importantly a hell of a friend. We'll meet again.

Michael W. Montesanti
Vinnie
Mt. Laurel, New Jersey
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Mike came to USNA via MMA (the Marine School). After a year's exposure, he decided that the Marine Corps was not for him. So what's he doing for service selection? Marine Corps. He arrived at this decision after considering NFO, Surface Line, and his class rank. Vinnie was one who usually snatched victory from the jaws of defeat. His grades during the semester would linger in the unsat range. According to the Deputy Dant, his performance was dismal. Then during the end, our hero would ace the finals to amaze his critics. The same would happen in batt. tennis with his partner, me. Those aces during the finals were the same aces that helped our team win the Brigade Championship 4 times. Vinnie loved to waste time. Sweatasanti spent more time thinking and worrying about what would have to be done rather than doing it. He was popular with the women, too. His shyness even led him to ask a few of them out. He even visited a woman's college his first class year! Seriously, Mike was a good friend that anyone could depend on. He would do anything for anyone except loan them his typewriter. Whatever he does in the future, whether it be in the military or the civilian world, Mike will succeed. Take care, buddy.

JMW



Jon C. Mullican
Stubby
Oklahoma City, Oklahoma
Chemistry
Nuclear Power - Surface

Stubby came from the flatlands of the Southwest to work a little Oklahoma voodoo for the Stiff, and did so well that he ended up being the captain of the baseball team his senior year. He was the kind of guy who could be counted on to do anything for anyone, including standing in his hole on Worden Field as a battalion commander (more than one person told him to stand up out there). He survived his share of problems along the way, from the laundry tags dangling from his plebe summer neckerchief to the chickenneck roommates he often lived with. He was always the stable one, and always had an ear open for other people's problems, including being the ringleader of the circus buddies out in Pasadena. Criminy, he even managed to hold on to his high school sweetheart Dana, who will eventually be Mrs. Stubby. Being a chem major, he would experiment with just about everything: test tubes on the window sill, drain cleaning, other people's minds, whatever. But through it all, he was everyone's favorite Stubby, and we wish him well wherever he ends up. What the freak? Who else deserves better?

GRB and JHE

Greer G. Olsen
Greer
Vienna, Virginia
Political Science
Intelligence

Greer graduated from Holton-Arms, an exclusive girls' school and came to the U.S. Naval Academy, an exclusive boys' school. It was an interesting transition to make. With her natural affinity for talking - what better degree could she graduate with than a B.S. in Political Science? Still, a 4.0 is a 4.0.

Plebe year Greer met a very special friend who loved M&M's and always had a kind word of encouragement. Volleyball (and a certain first class volleyball player) were the main weekend interests for Greer plebe year, but during youngster year, a rich, dashing blond midshipman almost stole her heart - almost. Second class year was more serious but knowing what you want counts, and Greer is still unattached.

The summers were definitely "hardship tours" - first sailing *Astral* to Florida and the Bahamas and then on to the first class European tour - London, Paris, Heidelberg, Mons, Brussels.

First class year was the year of the S.M.I.R.F.'s. You can tell them apart because one of them likes M*A*S*H, Hill Street Blues, St. Elsewhere and the Redskins. Greer spends the rest of her time furnishing her apartment-to-be, planning her "Love Boat" cruise and sleeping.

But all this is almost behind her now. After years of Ellery Queen and James Bond, Greer is now looking forward to the undercover life of intelligence. (Remember "The Spy Who Loved Me"?) I wonder if 007 drives a Firebird?

Good Luck!

Love, Eli

Debra L. Peck
Cruba
Severna Park, Maryland
General Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

Deb was ready for USNA. She came from a military family with precisely folded color coded T-shirts. Her determination was very evident when she studied her rates at night under the covers with a flashlight. When Ac year came there was trouble because her roommates couldn't fold their laundry the "right way". But it wasn't all bad. There were those nights when we spent all of study hour painting our legs for pep rallies. And speaking of legs what about the 6'6" 2/c down the hall? Deb overlooked the nose and went for the legs. Deb had her chances. What about the two sailors and the company commander? We couldn't understand why *some people* called her Helen Hang Around the Room All Day until we saw those bow legs. From then on no more crew so the weekends and holidays were free for hockey games and who knows what. Country music and a certain way of speaking soon became predominant in our room. So much for funk music and so much for her love life. Despite the fact that Deb changed from systems to general engineering she still got CEC as a service selection. She became the pride and joy of her family because she followed in her father's and brother's footsteps. Deb's determination is her best characteristic and it will get her what she wants. Good Luck in life and keeping your hair long.

Love- E and D.

Mark D. Rose
Rosie
Las Vegas, Nevada
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

Mark arrived to the Academy from Las Vegas for four years of party and fun. He soon found out, however, that the rigors of plebe summer and academics put a slight damper on some of his social activities. Even though he was slightly hampered by this he made many friends. One sticks out clearly from the rest, Mr. V. I can't even count the number of times Mr. V saved him while he was out in Annapolis bar hopping and mingling with the maggotry.

Mark faced every challenge with great zeal. Ops analysis required a lot of rest and he excelled in this endeavor, rest that is. He also attacked his physical tests with much enthusiasm. The mile runs especially did him up so much that he wouldn't run another inch without making an offering to the track god. Mark offered many meals to this beast.

There was never a boring moment with Mark around, for when things started to slow down a bit he was always there to liven up the day with his wit and humor. Mark can best be remembered for his "I B BAD" attitude and license plate and his ability to entertain the "young" ladies of Annapolis and Philly. The Academy will surely miss Mark but it's on to anywhere but the Marine Corps for him.

RJH

Lee O. Smith
Lee-O
Atlanta, Georgia
Physics
U.S. Marine Corps

WAR is an ugly thing, but not the ugliest of things; the decayed and degraded state of moral and patriotic feeling which thinks that nothing is worth war is much worse. A man who has nothing for which he is willing to fight; nothing he cares about more than his own personal safety; is a miserable creature who has no chance of being free, unless made and kept so by the exertions of better men than himself.

-Anonymous

For it's Tommy this, an' Tommy that, an' "Chuck him out, the brute!" But it's "Savior of 'is country" when the guns begin to shoot.

-Kipling

From the diaphragm, Lee could expound upon any subject from football to black holes on any given evening in the company wardroom. His "superior intellect" carried him through the rigors of the Physics major with only minimal effort on his part. The majority of Lee's spare time was devoted to experimental studies on the deformation of wardroom upholstery under ectomorphic body stress. Lee was always willing to lend a hand wherever necessary. We all wish Lee the best of luck in the Corps. Ooh-Rah Big Fella (did we do that right?).

-GRB, ETB

Michael G. Stepaniak
Spanky
Livonia, Michigan
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Spanky came to USNA from the land of strange Mids (KTD, Beemer, and Torres). After spending a year at NAPS (Naval Academy PRE-School) he finally made it to USNA where he learned the hard way that you don't want to be marching area tours when rooms for ac-year are being selected. He never really knew how lucky he was to have roommates who would constantly be demonstrating the finer points of boxing, judo, wrestling, and hand-to-hand before he had to actually learn then in PE. After 2 semesters with KTD, FF, and Blinky, the Spank-man decided new roommates were in order. Youngster year also brought out the Stepaniak Engineering Constant which proved very useful in Statics and Dynes. Mike had no trouble with academics and Systems was a breeze. Second class year Mike again got a new roommate by hitching up with the Bollard for a two year tour. As a segundo, Mike also found Nancy, the wife. In atheletics, Mike excelled to the position of goalie in both LAX and Fieldball, mainly because he only had to run about 3 feet in each direction (he didn't want to task his inert cardiovas ular system). Unfortunately, the Stepaniak Engineering Constant did not help in the mile run, so Mike became one of Heinz Lenz's boys. He ran many miles for Navy in order to reach the "miracle mile". Seeing (or rather the threat of not seeing) Nancy on the weekend provided enough motivation to pass. For service selection, Mike has chosen Nuke Subs for the challenge and the pay (don't forget the food also). Anyway, he will make a fine officer I'm proud to call my friend. Remember . . . strike three and you're out, Diederich (rhymes with Damien), who's your buddy, FW, Airforce 1983, Fran's, and Spring Break 1984.

RRD, MDR, & JPM

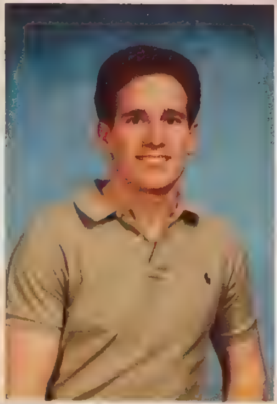
Edwin T. Strong III
Elwood
State College, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Since Penn State was all filled up in '81 Ed settled for the boat school. What the hell, it was the right price. "Elwood" spent most of his time studying, "Mr. Strong, you should have a 3.0", and sailing. It was Plebe yeat that he adopted the head under the pillow method. "Shut the ____ up." Four people in a three man room didn't make things uncomfortable, "Kid, just keep him in the box." Whenever Ed had a severe case of the cramps, he'd just head for the mountains. "Third squad muster." Youngster summer Ed set a precedent-he blew chunks from other than alcoholic causes, while sailing to Bermuda. Bahrain was hot, but nowhere near as hot as Filet a'la Burrito and ¼ pounders. "How come you guys are having burgers, we had them last week?", and "go to bed you geeks." Mess night was an alcoholic haze, and 2/c summer was home of the Pensacooler. "Turn up the A.C Frank, we can't get it all in the fridge." 2/c year was the debut of the war wagon and the big white coffin It got just about as far as the yacht club every weekend-who could pass up free booz. The Blues Brothers made their 1st MRT to the Fiddler's Green. Ed fell down a lot that year. He also lost his memory. 'How'd we get back from College Park. I'm sure glad you guys drove back." etc. Ed slept around a lot in his 4 years. He slept with every trashcan in the company. Ed also kindled an old flame that year 1st class year found Ed at the helm of a NASS yacht, and practicing the yacht club crawl. "Who made the mess on the steps. Did I do anything wrong last night." He also wrote "How to Have a Good Time in Georgetown On a Limited Budget "- "It's dark out and we're wearing sunglasses. Hit it."

Steven S. Vahsen
Vahs
Annapolis, Maryland
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

After high school, Steve decided he was tired of living at home so he packed up his bags and walked down the street to USNA. The confines of the Academy plebe year were no problem for Steve, for he soon learned how to get off the grounds as fast as he walked on them "I-Day." Plebe and 3/C years he decided the best way to avoid trouble was to keep a low profile, which our upperclass mistook as an attitude problem. Consequently he was habitually watched, and he dodged many a form-2 with good B. Sing and a lot of imaginitive thinking. But Steve couldn't be fried, for he never made a mistake. Correction, he did make 3 mistakes—he got 3 B's, but of course one wasn't his fault. But somehow, Steve managed to survive through all of the upperclass, academics, ski trips, Mexican games, the "cheesing" at one of his B-day parties, trunk rides in his Mom's car, the BUD Man, many trips to home, and Wendy; and he *still* managed to be ranked #2 in our class. How he did it I'll never know. But Steve, what ever you are doing—keep it up; you helped bring a little laughter to all of the insanity, and I know you'll go far. Knock-em out in the fleet.

BM



Peter L. Wilkens
Pete
San Jose, California
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Now here's a guy that had it all going for him; Tall, DARK, handsome, State champion Swimmer, wonderful parents, a resident of kool California, and the ability to go to any school he wished. Instead he decided to follow his dream of becoming a Blue Angel pilot which led him to the NAPSTAR institute of money, women, and a good time. Well, this didn't provide the contentment necessary to make it through plebe year. Instead he engaged in countless episodes of indulging in the spirits. Well, the lighter side saw a deep individual who had feelings only few knew of. He would never hesitate to help you out or lend you something Though many of them tried, none has succeeded in capturing this wild spirit and tying it down, though one is very close

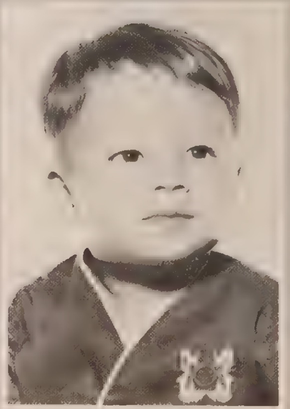
Pete also enjoyed his trip to Lauder-Dale with Scott & Dave. It was a small miracle he made it at all considering Pete tried to set a world's record by jumping over a certain wall only to receive a years worth of various awards such as a full time pass to the EMBC. Oh yeah Pete, when a cop passes you at 70 mph, you don't have to try and catch him. Is Dynamics really that interesting? It must be if you decided to take it again Senior year. Remember New Year's Eve with Scooter, Christine, and Karen? Should we have tried it? Pete has settled down recently going full time with the third leg of the tantalizing triad which included Leslie, Harriet and his very own Marybeth

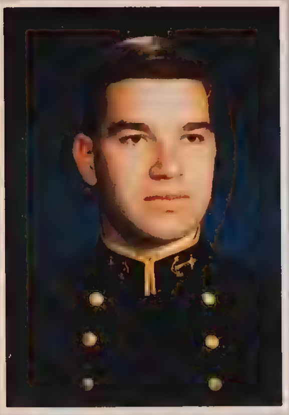
Good Luck in the Angels. One more special thanks goes to the landlords of the Olsen Inn, who supplied Pete with plenty of popcorn while Pete supplied us all a friend for life. Take Care . . . .

James M. Williams
Grit
Helena, Georgia
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Georgia Southern College was a big school, so after a year, Jim decided to go to a small, out of state school where he could get that more intimate feeling. Congratulations Jimbo! Was it really worth it? As the fried food junkie of twelfth company, he went without rival, although I finally managed to get him to eat yogurt during our final year. Hood College also saw a lot of Jim during our final year. In fact, Kristy (his Lady) probably saw him more than I did. Jim also became somewhat of a chameleon while at the Academy by changing from major to major. Finally he had to stop because first class year came around. This unchallenged experience led him into the billet of academics officer for the company. Despite his keen athletic ability which helped to lead second battalion to 4 Brigade Championships, he managed to sprain not one ankle, but both ankles in the same day. He spent the next day in a wheelchair; hence the name 'Wheels'. Jim has been a great roommate and friend, always ready to give of himself and to help others. He'll be a fine addition to the Marines Corps, and to Kristy's family.

MWM





Benjamin T. Wright
Ben
Old Lyme, Connecticut
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

*B*en came to us from his prep school Kent where he aquired his refined manners, punctilious courtesty and the nicest sense of personal honor. He came expecting physical tortures that would sicken the Nazis. Instead he found, much to his dismay, mental tortures not physical. Even so he trudged forward. Breezing through plebe summer, Ben would come to find that, in the succeeding years, the most challenging aspect of N.A. life would not be the difficult Mech. E major he chose, the horrors of crew training, or the restrictions imposed by the system, but rather it would be trying to survive his prior enlisted, Chicago bred roommate. It was a cultural exchange of unusual sorts that kept them together for four years. From Georgetown to Capt's row they fought together, played together, argued with each other, and ruled together. Ben's years at the Academy were to end on a respectable note as he assumed the position as 12th Co. commander. Here he ruled with an iron hand and a bullet head. Somewhere along the way he found out that the Marine Corps was looking for a few good men. Naturally he figured that his services were in great demand so he signed up. They could give him what he wanted; challenges, men to lead, and of course, the chance to hold back the Red Hoards. The Marine Corps will do well to have him and he will need no wish of luck to succeed

"Be cheerful while you are alive." See you in the JCS.

E.T.

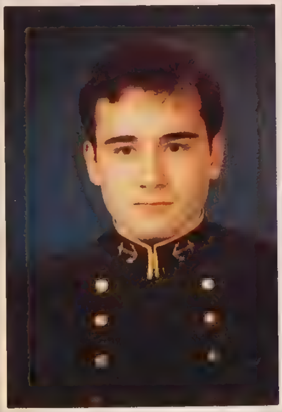
William R. Young
Bill-dog
Abington, Massachusetts
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

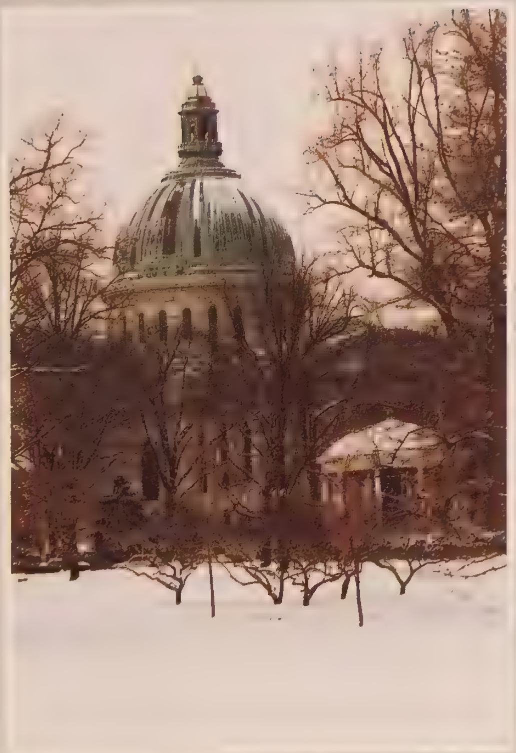
ACT III: The Knife

*A* game, 3 against I is in progress. C.S. The Budweiser Warwagon team was no match for the deadly eyes of the other. (It's hard to win a game when wasted by the National Bo team) As the one man team misses a buzz sounds, he says: Jeez I would've made that shot if the lights weren't blinking. The weiser Bud-man: Hey, ya weinie, the lights ain't blinkin, you are. As the man-cubs leave, they are confronted by an oriental Godknowswhat OGKW: Excuse me, gentleman, what is your view on non-standard modeling of sub-atomic particles? Bi: What's your view on human knife sheaths? Bill wipes his knife clean, discussion terminated. The man-cubs descend into the Flatlands. A man appears on one leg with the other about his head. They cure him of his problem. The three come upon the queen of the flatlands. Br: Fair Queen, at your service. D: I wonder if she melts? Bi: Where's the candle? As the Man-cubs reach their final obstacle, the great gaping precipice, a group of travellers approaches: a man with perfect hair, one of great girth, a tall woman carrying 2 basketballs, an off duty beanpole on a motorcycle, a sparsley furred brain, and the yet unnamed oriental. Tired of the gifted, they turn and cross the tattered rope bridge to the sea. The others follow. Dave notices a sign blown down by the wind. D: It says: Max capacity 6 morons. The man-cubs look at each other and yell "We need a roommate." A wolf-like figure escapes from the forest and joins the others on the bridge. Bi: 12 was not their lucky number. As the sun sets, the cubs make camp. Another uneventful day. The moral of the story: "the best way to up your class rank, kill those above you." Bill looking into the precipice gasps . . .

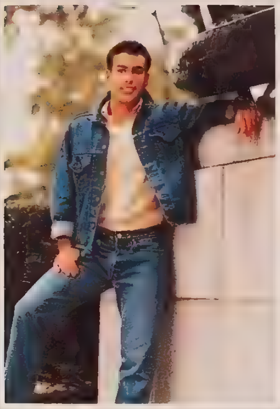
CREDITS: 4 for lack of foresight; 2 for lack of interest

THE END??





# Thirteenth Company



Richard A. Camacho
Rick
Fairfax, Virginia
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

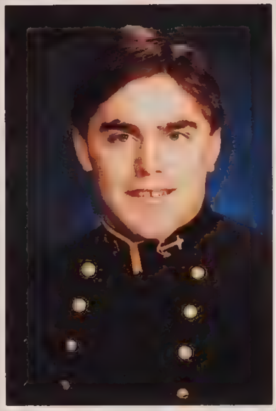
Rick finally arrived in Annapolis after a one year detour through scenic Newport, Rhode Island . . Although NAPS had given Rick a head-start in many respects he still made the mistake of declaring a Mech E major plebe year. Youngster year witnessed a dubious switch to a math major (good Rick!) as well as his election as Bachelor Club president. He had no trouble attracting the girls but did experience some difficulties escaping red roses, wedding rings, etc

If Lady Luck did help Rick with the women, she certainly was of no assistance when it came to drunken or wimpy lieutenants. Unfortunately, encounters with such people cost him almost two semesters of weekends. So what if Rick couldn't control his explosive temper when dealing with O'3s, he did make an admirable effort in dealing with Squat, despite Mark's efforts to collect his SGLI.

After rooming with Rick for four years (no one else could), I feel that one of his greatest achievements is the fact that he never pulled an allnighter. In fact, he was never awake past midnight unless Magnum P.I. was on late night TV.

Rick's forceful and vocal personality (just ask the Duck) brought him a lot of attention and helped make him a prominent member of the 13th company. For his influence and sense of humor we thank him. Best of Luck

M.J.F.

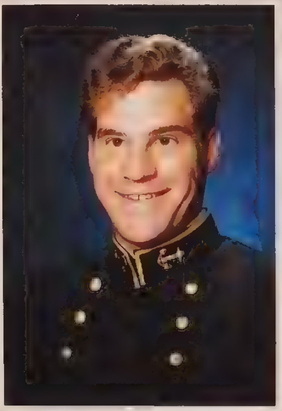


Richard L. Clouse
Psycho
Alexandria, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Great job Navy, you turned out a great guy.

Charles S. Collins
Chuckles
Livonia, Michigan
Economics
Intelligence

Charlie was the only guy not physically qualified to be alive. This fact didn't stop him from abusing his body in many more ways, such as smoking, dipping, and, on occasion, drinking. Only his participation in the Todd Squad held these evils at bay. Charlie had a couple of passions in life while at USNA. Sitting at Timmy's, talking over a pizza and a few pitchers of beer was an early pleasure. Later, the bar was Pete's. Charlie could always be counted on as a companion when liberty finally arrived. Although he's been all over the town of Annapolis and points west, he still doesn't know his way around. Really Charlie, a Road Atlas doesn't cost that much. Chuckles loved USNA so much that he rarely spent time here. Instead, he seemed to enjoy road trips to Boston. Thank God for three day weekends and I-95. Within the Academy walls, Charlie drank gallons of coffee, kept well advised of the current economics situation, and, when he could tear himself away from his duties as First Lieutenant, he even landed himself a scholarship for graduate work. This will finally let him live out his dream of going to a real school. Charlie has been a wonderful friend to us all and we wish him the best of luck in all he undertakes



Steven F. Dupuis
Doops
Newport News, Virginia
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Steve came to Navy from Hargrave Military Academy. After helping us all learn to shine shoes, buckles etc., he became one of the BOYS. We all loved to go out with Steve because after he'd leave us and get lost, we all wondered if he'd get back alive this time. Although he always managed to get back, it's a good thing he went to church because somebody was watching after him.

Most people have wondered why Steve wore a tie everywhere. Well, I'm here to say that it was to hide those terrible "hickies". You can't fool us Steve. Another trademark of Steve's was his car. That little red Porsche was like a child of divorced parents . . . He had it on the weekends, and the mechanics got it during the week. Seriously, though, Steve and I sure did live through some tough times. Not only did we live with Norman Bates for a semester, but we also had to live with Dr. Spock and Chesty Puller. Finally, we got a room of our own, and that's when the real excitement started. I'll never forget the community soap, cups, toothbrush, shoe etc. . Before I let you graduate, I'm going to buy you an alarm with a foghorn on it. I believe you'd sleep through general quarters if I weren't there to nudge you.

One final thing I have to mention, Steve. Remember going to bed in Fredericksburg and waking up in New York City? Steve, you were a good friend, to us all, and especially yours truly. We'll all miss you. Best of luck in the future.

P.L.M.

Kevin L. Ellis
Grandpa
Sacramento, California
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

There are very few people in this world who can run a mile in under four minutes, swim the English Channel, and lift a small truck. Grandpa was never one of these. However, he was athletic in other ways-he's the Jean-Claude Killy of the company, as well as another Jacques Cousteau. Gramps was also a champ in another area-double E. The night before an exam in EE the gouge line outside of Kevin's door was longer than the line at Steerage (which was where Kevin was usually at). Gramps was also an accomplished beach fighter-he protected his buddy D.J. using the skills he learned in plebe boxing.

Some people say Grandpa was a complainer However, anyone who had to go to a NARF tour has a right to complain. With a smooth voice like Grandpa's it's hard to notice anyway. Also, his job on burger runs made up for any character flaws.

Grandpa has become much less noticeable after he got his RX-7. He can usually be found at either 1) Georgetown, or 2) the Pines, (trying to find the bathroom. Although Kevin lost his pilot qualification, he started eating carrots until he was able to con the doctors into letting him fly, A long as the planes aren't colored, Gramps should be the next ace with a Bing Crosby voice

Benito L. Espe, Jr.
Ben
San Diego, California
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

To say that Ben had the gouge before he came to the Academy is an understatement. He had Reef Points down cold before I-Day and knew all the other rates we would have to memorize as well. As it turns out, Ben is the second of three sons in his family to take on USNA. At any rate, he got ranked second for plebe summer, while his two roommates, Chuck and I, got the bottom two slots.

This kind of performance carried over into youngster year when he averaged a 3.70 for both semesters and still kept his grades high during a tough second-class year. Pretty good for a Mech-E, huh?

The real revelations came about first-class year when Ben finally discovered women. Seems like Ben turns into a smooth-talking, fast-moving guy after a couple of beers—something else he discovered during first-class year too. Ben did not have one girl at the time, not even two, but three!

To lighten the load, he finally decided to call it quits with his old lady of three and a half years. It was really a bad scene. Ever read a letter written on the outside of an envelope? Ask Ben about it and the not-so-pleasant messages that were visible for all to read from his brand new X. He sure makes an everlasting impression with the ladies

Ben didn't want to be a Joe-Swo to begin with. The Nukes really screwed up when they didn't offer Ben a billet. Ben has a no-nonsense approach to his responsibilties that makes him a real asset when you need something done. The Nukes' loss will undoubtedly be Surface Line's gain.

Ben's career at USNA can be summed up as follows: Ben, the Mouse that roared. Good Luck in the fleet roomie.

Ernie

Michael J. Fitzpatrick
Fitz
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Fitz came to us from the Steel City via a short stay at the exclusive boarding school on the Narragansett. From the beginning, he was never very excited about military custom and therefore did all he could to be as much of a civilian as possible in this bastion of discipline (nice haircut Fitz!). His determination and dedication to the cause was finally rewarded his last semester when he was allowed to transfer to the University of Maryland. No more commuting to Penn State for this guy.

Fitz's computer-like brain was not limited to academics however. He was also our resident financial wizard. One of his best tricks was making a four-digit VISA bill appear in the blink of an eye. Too bad he never learned how to make it disappear. Still, we thank him for the hours of entertainment that he provided.

On a personal note, I'd just like to say that my bunky of four years is really a sweetheart. Shame on those who mistook his congenial manner for arrogance. I can honestly say that in those few hours that he was awake, he was one of the BOYS. Good luck, Fitz, and Happy Tailwinds.

R.A.C.

Ernest D. Hernandez
Ernie
Bronx, New York
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

They say you can take the boy out of city, but you can't take the city out of the boy. This holds true in the case of Ernie. One word can sum up Ernie's stay at the Academy — abuse — and like the city he came from Ernie took it in stride and rose above it in his own unique way.

Maybe it all started during Plebe Year when he said to his squad leader, "Sweating is a bad habit of mine." From then on Ernie was open game. The profs even took a shot at him when he tried to sign up as an aero and Prof. Rogers flamed on him. It was a good thing Ernie wised up and went Poly Sci.

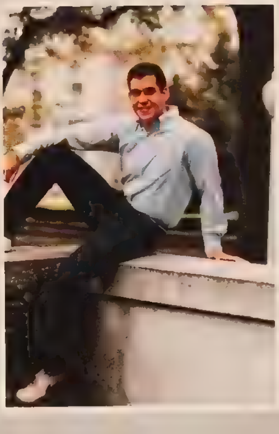
Everyone had a good time with Ernie, from his roommate commenting on his unique aroma to his classmate making fun of his lips. But through it all, Ernie kept a stiff upper lip and a loose lower one.

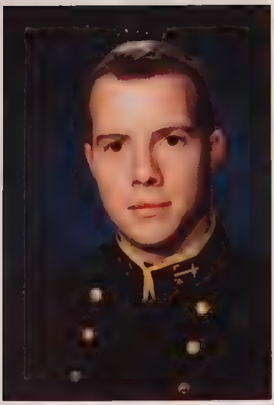
Ernie always kept cool. His coolness really came out in his ability to completely ignore a certain someone in the company during the week and then become stary-eyed attached to this someone on weekend D&B trips. See Lucky Bag '86 for further reference. ICJSY!!

As a member of the Todd Squad 6:20 Club, Ernie learned that dedication and hard work pay off. He proved this by showing that a simple boy from the Bronx can rise to be the D&B announcer and be heard by thousands.

I wish the best for my roomy. Watch out for screaming Amazons in P.-Cola.

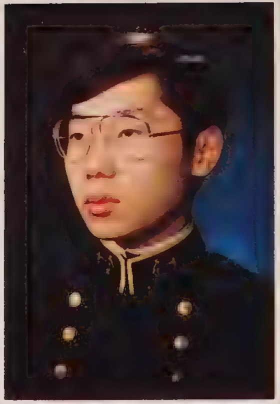
B.E.





Andrew L. Jones
Drew
Acworth, Georgia
Marine Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps - Naval
Flight Officer

Drew never got in much trouble while at USNA. That's probably because of the incredible low-profile he maintained. Some people in Michigan know particularly well how low profile Drew can be. Mail any letters lately, bud? Drew's ongoing passions are antique and contemporary firearms, mission impossible, Rusty Nails, the Vouz, and, most importantly, the Corps. Being a Marine will allow Drew to indulge in one of his favorite pastimes: blowing things up. To his classmates, Drew was a humorous, good natured person who could always be counted on, as long as you didn't need a ride from Georgetown. He could also be counted to go out and have a good time, provided drinking wasn't involved. Sometimes he would even stay in and have fun, like that warm evening during ACTRAMID when he took a dip in the Michelson-Chauvenet fountain with some classmates. All good times must finally end, and so must all Academy experiences. Good luck with everything, Drew; you've been a true friend to us all.



Dal Ho Kim
Kim
Providence, Rhode Island
Chemistry
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Dalho came to 13 from the tiny, tiny, tiny state of Rhode Island. Dal wanted to leave his mark on USNA from the start. He began by trying to make an impression of his knee on the 5-2 deck as he plummeted from the upper bunk at 0400 on the third day of Plebe summer. It was also at this time that we got our first hint of the love affair between Dal and the Bancroft medical which would blossom and grow into one of the largest medical files in naval history. Dalho showed his true navy colors the very first time he boarded MSL. Rumor has it that he spent the entire journy hanging over the rail taking a second look at breakfast. With school year came many revelations about the Kimmer. The strangest of these came in the area of academics where it became painstakingly obvious that unlike the rest of us, DH was actually here to learn something. He chose a real major with hard courses. He took electives with strange sounding names (Inorganic Biological Neutronic Chemistry?): and best (or worst) of all, he aced them. Dalho's idea of a gouge course was one which included a minimum of 3 term papers, 5 projects, 17 textbooks & enough independent research to keep any mere mortal awake 26 hours a day. Although Dalho's heritage is Korean, it is firmly believed that there is a little Transylvanian tossed in somewhere for good measure. Dalho chose to sleep during most people's waking hours, and rise when most people went to bed. We still don't know what he did during the wee hours of the morning all alone in the Batt Cave (or was he alone? Maureen?) But seriously, the trio of Kim, Long, & Matza lived together for all 4 years starting with plebe summer. We shared many fantastic times together. As Dalho leaves USNA to pursue a career somewhere under the seven seas (subs don't roll), we wish him all the luck and success the world has to offer

Joe & Mark

Gary D. Klein
Skyeeman
Marietta, Georgia
Aerospace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Gary came to the Academy from Marietta, GA. a spindly kid out of high school expecting a real challenge. Plebe year he discovered partying in the form of his squad leader's homemade beer at Roy and Rita's. The parties there usually ended in racing back to 7th wing with Gary's head hanging out the window of Roy's truck. Later, he spent many weekends at Timmy's and other local establishments looking for the "Perfect" girl. He kept finding her but she kept blowing him off. Gary managed to survive Youngster and Second Class years of Dahlgren and local girls schools without catching the "brick". However, First Class year caught up with him when he recieved "not only the brick but the entire wall." He earned the award on a tipsy (no excuse) night at the O-club with a fellow (female) inhabitant of Mother B.

Being the son of a career Marine, Gary made up his mind on service selection early. He was not only a gung-ho mid but a top performer as well. Gary earned his gold jump wings, kept an immaculate military appearance, aced most of the PE tests and maintained a good CQPR throughout his tenure at USNA. Sometimes a legend in his own mind, "humbly" asking, "I only did 439 pull-ups, how about you?" But while success went much unappreciated by most, his personal growth did get noticed. Gary grew physically (3" and 30 lbs) and more importantly, matured significantly in his dealings with people. The government made a sound investment in this young man which will pay off nicely as he serves his country as a Marine Pilot.

Arthur D. Larson
Dave
Germantown, Tennessee
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

"Party Hearty Arty" didn't party too much plebe year. Keeping a low profile, Dave was content to write his girl back home. When in an exceptionally rowdy mood he would even slip out to the library to listen to some tunes. After a cruise to San Juan and Freeport, Dave emerged from his shell and decided that a social life could be fun. Dave roomed with Emil and Joey O youngster year. After getting a shot in the eye during a penthouse tennis ball fight he tried to improve his vision with goggles at Dahlgren, and "Party Hearty" was born. Dave started touring with the Glee Club and discovered that there *were* girls outside of Memphis. After his money "disappeared" during Actramid, Dave made it through 2/c sumemr on a $30 loan and still had a good time . . . despite losing another $15 to the Marines in Quantico for supplies. 2/c year brought with it the Pasadena trip, and Dave left a week early with the Glee Club. Doing his best to blend in with the California scene, Dave tried to sing underwater in a jacuzzi, and spent the rest of the night recovering in a cold tub. The Glee Club, Orienteering, and the rigors of Mech-E kept Dave busy, but he was still able to establish himself as a regular at the Ram's Head. Dave left his Ring Dance date at midnight to leave for a Med cruise that brought him a ribbon and his "web seat quals". He then came back for plebe detail and got his hot box quals. 1/c year Dave became President of the Orienteering Club and roomed with Arctic. There was never much doubt that Dave was born to be a surface liner despite his 20/20 vision. With his sense of integrity and winning smile, he should be a fine one.

**Mark R. Long**
Schlong
Philipsburg, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Mark was a small town kid who came to us from the mountains of Central Pa. with a knowledge of hunting, fishing, and football few could match. Mark was by far the biggest and youngest member of 13 that summer. Being unaccustomed to the humid Annapolis weather, Mark proceeded to drop nearly 25 pounds in the first 3 weeks, a feat which sent the entire medical clinic into a state of advanced panic. Mark's easy-going nature made him a favorite with everyone. Mark surprised everyone when he chose a math major. Even his advisor told him that football players couldn't do math That issue is still debatable, but one thing is for sure, football players can get the gouge and Mark was an All- Star! Youngster year brought about the discovery of the U of M. Mark contemplated switching his major to Vous 100 and Grill 205. Second Class year held another successful football season, a win over Army, and true love. Mark found Mary Washington. He proved himself to be a true gentleman as he tactfully ignored his best girl for the 3 months following the Ring Dance and then wondered why she lost interest in him. First class year, Mark distinguished himself as a truely great football player winning first team ECAC and All East honors. With just 2 weeks left until service selection, Mark remains true to form as he has yet to decide what he will do. It really doesn't matter though, because we are sure that whatever this gentle giant chooses, he will meet with the greatest success. Happy hunting Schlong!

Joe and Dalho

**Mark C. Lysaght**
Squat
North Street, Michigan
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Mark came to the academy from "the great white North" of Michigan. His first big challenge was his I-day haircut with Mr Tracy. He survived although his hair didn't recover for a year. (Nice ID picture, Uncle Fester) Plebe summer passed as well as could be expected and Mark spent his first academic year as a member of the unsat room club. He saw the light youngster year and changed his major to Phy-sci and by first class year he was an academic stud. Around the company, Squat was known as Mr Rumor Control. Not a day passed that Mark hadn't "heard" a new rumor. (Emil's engaged! Seriously Mags, we flew to Pennsylvania this weekend.) or found someone to abuse. (Nice brick, Gramps!) Mark was always scoping out a potential date and ended up with some interesting ones. There was the high schooler, the Trinity neandrathal woman, the sweatshirt girl, and, of course, the wife in Pensacola to name a few. Most weekends, though, Squat teamed up with me, his roommate for all four years, and terrorized the area girl's colleges, the Vous, or Georgetown as we showed our acting talents and became a variety of characters such as premed students, Bob and Doug Mckenzie, Abbey and Roads, and as the famed abuse brothers. Well pal you were a great roommate (you still have the consecutive record) and you're a super friend. I, and all your company buddies, know you'll do great down in P-cola and everything else you do in the future.

D.J.M

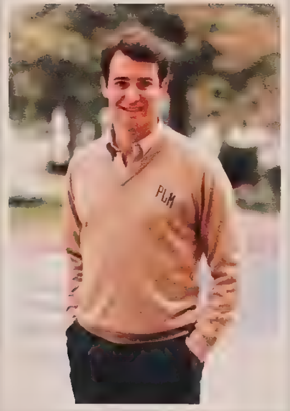
**David A Magnoni**
Mags
Lombard, Illinois
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Lombard lost a great liquor store employee when Mags came to USNA. We all knew that Dave was not an ordinary plebe from the very beginning on I-Day. His squad leaders had fun watching him rant about the most insignificant things. Nobody sweats the details like D. A. Magnoni. Dave quickly gained the nickname "wheels" younster year when caught driving within the 7-mile limit by his favorite female 5-striper. Dave used his lost weekends to excel in the Systems Engineering major. It became apparent to all of us that Dave was the one to see about computer related problems. When talking to Dave about computers, we would often hear, "It's real easy, you should have no problem with this." Right Dave, as we all failed our computer programming classes. Although Dave spent a great deal of time studying, he always managed to loosen up on the weekends. Remember Notre Dame, Dave? During second class year, Mags was given the new nickname of "Dr. Intensity" by the youngsters. He also got his very own computer so that he didn't have to waste precious minutes walking over to Ward hall. Dave earned a new nickname first class year. While he finally achieved his goals of being a 3-striper and owning his own car, he still managed to become quite familiar with the bus schedules. Really Dave, Georgetown and Mary Washington aren't that far away. Thus "trailways" became the company mass trans-portation officer. Dave will be a fine addition to the fleet and will always be a true friend.

**Joseph D. Matza**
Joe Momma
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Joe came to Canoe U. from the great city of Philadelphia. To hear Joe describe Philly you would think God himself was born and raised on the North-side. Plebe year was pretty much along the norm for Joe, except that we noted his infatuation with a football. He took it almost everywhere with him, including to bed. Besides his love for his football, Joe's next passion was his love of food. His pursuit of food was going well until he came upon a stray roast beef sandwich in the company wardroom's frig on 2 for 7 night. Because of Joe's condition at the time, he didn't notice the green hue of the beef on the sandwich. This would soon bring him to his knees praying for death. After plebe year Joe began to excel with his academics especially in the field of electrical engineering. He became known to us all as Dr. Ohm. Joe would be willing to offer E.I. in wires to anyone who would darken his doorstep. Bird also had another love besides EE . . . his love of computers. You could find him at the terminals at all hours, but sometimes he would just get lazy and seek help from his friends. What a semester that turned out to be, making Joe a record holder for the EMBC! We still have fond memories of waking to the sound of an early morning brush off. Joe Momma also became known as one of the leading fashion trend setters for the company. Weekly trips to the Chess King outfitted Joe from head to toe in black leather with even an earring to match. (We're sorry we let it go that far Mr. Matza . . .) Joe will be heading for the Corps after graduation. We, his roommates of four fun and 'never a dull moment years", wish him the best of luck and remember . . . Keep the spirit of the Stooges alive!!!

Mark and Dal ho



**Paul L. McElroy III**
Mac
Winston Salem, North Carolina
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Mac hails from our nation's southern region referred to as "Dixie." His stories about the year at N.C. State and his Sigma Chi adventures, before he arrived at the Academy, set many of us wondering why he came here at all. Paul came to be known as our resident specialist on General Robert E. Lee and various other noble warriors who partook in the imfamous engagement he so readily identifies as the "War of Northern Aggression." Paul's second love was football. His knowledge of the game sometimes surpassed his academic endeavors. His studies made him eligible for a couple of special meetings of the upper echelon of officers here at the Academy. Paul's numerous visits to the Ac-board began rumors that he was actually a voting member. But let no one imply Paul didn't work. Between study sessions he did manage some excursions. I even witnessed him hurdle many obstacles on his way to and from a certain local women's college on the weekends. Well, my elderly roommate made it and that is what is important. In the time he spent at the Academy he was one of the boys and the southern gentleman who became a friend to us all.

**Patrick D. McPherson**
Mac
Bradley Beach, New Jersey
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Pat is one of the few(?), the proud(?), the elite to come from that great(?) state of New Jersey. He is a very unique person and only his closest friend know what he is all about, or can understand what he is saying. Pat is truly is a leader, a leader with many followers. His only drawback is that he always tries to lead everyone in the wrong direction. He was always available for people to come to him with their problems and they could always be sure that it would be kept confidential. Stories only spread as fast as he could run. And for those weekends when nobody would confess their less than respectable deeds, Pat could always be counted on to start the rumors flying.

As for his own nightlife, Pat's never had anyone to tie him down. Everyone else can't control their feelings for women but he seems well in control. Yet, we could never figure out those Friday afternoons when the only thing left in the parking lot was a thousand miles worth of tire tread. He put more miles on his car in three months than most people put on in a year. He did, however, slow down to 50 mph in order to make it through the tollbooths. It must be those sunny Jersey beaches!!

Besides all the rumors, discussions, blackmail, etc., Pat does have other hobbies. He loves the Russian dance, watching reruns of Howdy Doody, and admiring photos of Ronald Reagan. He loves serious conversations, giving Seamus advice, and waking up Joe in Pensacola

Well, Patrick, Good Luck, good riddance, good night. High winds and head seas cause it really doesn't matter, does it?

**Bernard F. Mimms**
Bernie
Richmond, Virginia
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

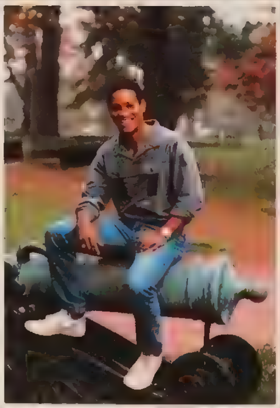
Bernie "Sharper Image" Mimms has had more ups and downs in his 4(½) years at the Academy than a Marine trying to sit during a formal parade. He went from track star to cancer patient to company commander to 85½ during his sentence. But through it all, he always managed to make everyone feel guilty about not getting him something to eat at Steerage

He had a little help getting through here from his "gadgets". A James Bond study-penlight; a George Jetson silver warmup-spacesuit; a Charles Atlas waist slimming energy belt; and 42 parts of tennis shoes (high top, low top, reflective heels, spiked, laced, with velcro, with geiger counters), all with LCD readout- some examples of the devices that gave him his secret strength to overcome the adversities that Prodev, the academic board, and the medical board threw at him.

The Doc also had a magical way with women (especially if their names are Susanne). He worked hard to maintain a bachelor status by living in Bancroft Hall year long. However, his strategy failed because Richmond (and Lori) are only 3 hours away when you have a smoking Sunbird to get you down I-95.

Yep, old Bernie could complain about almost anything, but deep down we all knew it was just an act. Somebody who complains about this place yet spends three entire summers (and one extra semester) must have some affection for his alma mater. And somebody who complains about his smoking, low energy state, hoosier roommate yet still lives with him for 3 years must secretly emulate his lifestyle

No matter what happens in the next 20 years one thing is certain- our Marine Corps -astronaut-dietician-weightlifter-haircut consultant will be at the top of the heap.



**David J. Moeller, Jr.**
Moles
Redding, California
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Moles began his Academy career like the rest of us, in a fog, but he soon found his place as the squad Academy tour guide. He could tell you the names, dates and safety factor of every building and bridge on the grounds. He had to give up his summer job though and became a member of the academic unsat club. We had a great time through our four years partying, all beginning with youngster year at Army . . . "Isn't he kind of young to be the Dant?" "You, in the back of the bus, shut the window!" As we toured the area colleges, we met many pretty ladies some even in our English class. Never admitting we were mids, we came from U of M, Notre Dame and the University of Alaska holding various degrees in physical education, nuclear engineering or medical. Our greatest feat though was being the clockwise midwest tetherball champions. After our popularity had outgrown us we changed our identity to Bob and Doug Mackenzie . . . "Take off you hoser" . . . "Two turtlenecks and a beer in a tree." Even that didn't work so we changed identies again to Abbey Lysaght and Roads Moeller. First class year brought his 300 ZX and also his first Academy ECA, "The Millersville Chain Gang." It's been a long four years but they also brought many great memories. I hope the years after graduation bring you the best. Take off hosehead!!!!!

SQUAT

Seamus M. O'Brien
Seemore
Buffalo, New York
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Seemore is the most remarkable person we've ever met. We've known him for four years and not one day has gone by without complete amazement. Between those early wake-ups and his terrific roommates he couldn't tell if it was night or day, so he went and asked Charlie.

Moop is one of those independent type guys who can always carry on a conversation and is never easily influenced by anyone. He makes friends in an instant and his impressions last forever. He's the only guy capable of talking for ten minutes and then have no idea what he was talking about. The only guy capable of getting himself out of trouble by explaining "exactly" what happened, and then add an extra word, a quick turn here, around the bush, and he was a free man— incredible!!

Mortimer is, by far, the nicest guy of thirteenth company. He has more friends than artifacts, and the more you get to know him, the more fun you have. We used to love to see him and Major Noto sit by the window together and watch the Blue Angels, they were a great pair! He always had a thing for officers and enjoyed talking with them, but he sometimes had trouble getting the words past his shoe!

Shamoop, in his four years here, has grown to love a lot of things. He loves Buffalo, their chicken wings, their O and whatever football team. He enjoys amusement parks, Annapolis in the summer, College Park in the winter, and tuna fish in the back of the head. He loves swimming, dancing, Mary Poppins and Ford Motor Company. But most of all, he loves to go over the wall, we mean he likes to go over the wall but he never did, he just knows a lot of guys who did! Great Shame!!

Although 4 years flew by, Seamus will never be forgotten. God Bless his next C.O.

Bradley L. Olds
Brad
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Surface

Brad was the young kid in the company - He just began shaving first class year (once a week only, of course)! But when it came to studying, he was an old man - probably because he stayed up all night studying. It paid off in the long run, with Brad getting more stars in four years than we learned in celestial nav. I guess if you had to come up with a one word description of Brad and studying, it would be sweat.

Brad was a real womanizer his first two years, an inspiration to bachelors everywhere. He lost his membership in the club second class year and spent more time waiting for phone calls than he did on Double E. Second class year is also the year that Brad decided to become a friend of all of the fourth classmen. The class of '87 liked D.D. so much that they often invited him out to the tennis courts for a late night match. How come no one ever brought any rackets? Once he got away from school, Dr. Intensity became Mr. Smiles - especially after a little birthday celebrating with some tequilla during first class cruise. All things considered, Brad was very friendly and we wish him luck in the Nuclear Navy.

Joseph M. Papetti
Spaghetti
Edgewater, Maryland
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Joe came to USNA from the great megatropolis of Edgewater, with a football in one hand, a lacrosse stick in the other and a pan of his mom's brownies in both. Plebe Summer caused Joe to be quiet, nervous, scared, etc. (his roommates never had it so good) and it wasn't until one of his roommates almost broke his neck getting out of bed that Joe finally broke a smile (or laughed histerically) and hasn't been the same since.

Joe's great sense of humor kept the whole company laughing. Not to say he didn't get along with everyone, but Joe was responsible for giving most of the guys their nicknames, just ask Ermbabeeba, Huey or Fathead.

Spaghetti was what you call an over-achiever, whether it was on the sports fields, the dance floor, or the dinner table, if he would just "dance seriously". Unlike most jocks, Shlick took academics seriously and thus was voted "most likely to wipe down". In addition to all this, he was also a great roommate. Always concerned with the neatness of the room, he once helped Seemore wash his books in the shower. To return the favor, Seemore decorated seventh wing parking lot with Joe's books.

Thru 4 years of work, fun, pain, and more pain, we leave Joe with a few sincere thoughts about him; rude, obnoxious, offensive, cranky, etc. Seriously to one helluva guy we wish you and your family all the luck in the future.

Timothy C. Pedersen
Timmy
Ridgefield, Connecticut
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

"Do you have a room here?"

"I'll find out, Sir - No excuse, Sir - Third base, Sir." Timmy came to Annapolis multiply cheesy and with stinky feet, and left cheesier and unshaven (Maj. Noto said so, Sir). But seriously, he was neatly groomed at all times and was an inspiration to anyone who has ever taken a PCR Slowwww death - have some more peanut butter, Timmy. Tim taught us how to be cool while under attack by Marines armed with deadly cigarette lighters. But then he carried a secret weapon of his own: a moo-cow horn ("Pardon me, miss did you know we have a cow under our hood?") Ohhh, this always happens to us in Georgetown.

When Timmy wasn't pumping iron and sweating, he was out at Britches making his weekly contribution. Good, Tim. Do you think you could spend a little more money? At least he has an easy choice for service selection - USMC or Surface Line - if he can learn how to work a whiz wheel (or drive a ship at 20 knots at all times). We have two supplies of peanut butter in our company - one for Timmy, and one for the other 120 people in our company, but Hank should do great wherever he goes as long as he has a room there. Fair winds and following seas

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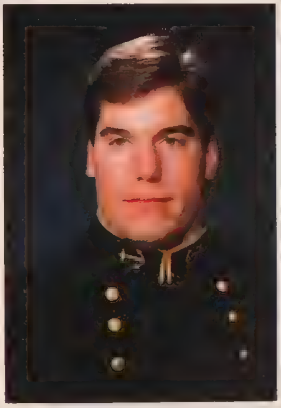


**Emil T. Petruncio**
E.T.
Oaklyn, New Jersey
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Emil followed a long line of Jersey folks to USNA (he thought he was in line for Dead tickets). He spent plebe year with Joey O, Gramps, and a master lock with a mind of its own. He got a jump on academics, skipping his Chem 4-weeker to shine his shoes. Returning from Christmas leave a bit under the weather, he tried to pass off some old skivvies on a 1/c but Buzzy saw the alpha code and clued Em in as to who the rightful owner was. Em got his fill of sun, dolphins, and running aground on Sailtramid 82. 3/c year meant a move with O and Arty to the Penthouse, where Em could play his album of wolf howls for the whole 7th wing. His time was taken up by a struggle to survive Boats with the Walrus, orienteering meets (lured on by the cooler and Swedish girls at the finish), and ice skating with the likes of Shabby Tabby. Em spent Protramid with Yuk and Squat, and still maintains he wanted to check out the local "stuff" in P-cola. 2/c year he got recognition in fencing, lettering and being chosen 84-85 Epee capt. He still had some weekends to load up the Nova for trips to the 'vous (Mark, roll down that back window!). After a Pacific cruise it was time for Plebe Detail and the Hot Box. Em was such a terrifying squad leader (a lot!) that his plebes came up with a special song about him ("How's that sir?"). 1/c year he was the token Ukrainian on the James Watt Minority Batt Staff and could sleep through formals (revenge for never having been chosen color man). He always tried to make the best of things, like the time he met a nice blonde while taking duty for Brad. He talked to her so much that C & P threatened to confiscate his Nuke bonus. Emil will always be remembered for his warm friendly manner and his crazy taste in music. We wish him luck as a Surface Liner

**Michael V. Prosperi**
Yuk-Yuk
St. Louis, Missiouri
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Little Yuk came to us here bound and determined to prove that he was, after all, the King Of Beers. He started his illustrious wrestling career flat on his back at the plebe summer wresting smoker-and even before we could unroll his sheet poster. From there, Mookie hung up the wrestling shoes and dedicated his life to the pursuit of large women and the comsumption of mass quantities of brew. His favorite pastime, he once confessed, was "slamming Ernie in the mouth" of helpless firstie's relatives. We can't forget the pretty "little" gal from Dogpen. He slept in the hall after that one. Then came second class year and the numerous road trips in his baby-his BMW. And then there was Little Huey's 21st birthday at the Dockside when he - ahem-slipped on some ice coming out of the door (Ha-Lot!). We knew that we had finally lost our baby Huey this last year when we found that he lost sleep searching for the answer to that unanswerable question: "Vous or Cellar or maybe the Pines?" No more Maryland for his car though-Steve wanted to play used car salesman again and just "take her for a test drive". We will never lose that soft spot in our hearts (or that twinkle in our eyes) for our little Huey, where-ever he (and the Marine Corps-oops) may go. The best, buddy-Bern.

**Jeffrey M. Reese**
Jeff
Brookhaven, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Engineering Duty Officer

Known to all as "Wingnut," Jeff jumped into the system feet first. Unfortunately, his feet had the wrong socks on at chow calls and Plebe year became a continuous battle with the Bruce Gang. Jeff managed to survive, and even developed a new method of cleaning his feet. He discovered a quick flush in the toilet of summer white shoes will do the trick - of course one must be wearing the shoes at the time. Wetting his appetite for travel on cruise, Jeff set out to find his roots in Russia, although, as we can attest, the search might have been more successful in Isreal. If the Boat School offered a major in finance management, Jeff would have been right at home as he was the only one in the company able to make change for a penny, Jeff can be persuaded to be generous, at the right interest rate, but he was finally coerced into giving to charity which earned him a new nickname, Miser. The Navy was a perfect choice for Jeff since he is so highly organized. His daily To Do lists ensure nothing slips by - now, if he could only find his wallet and comb, especially his comb so he can fluff that 'fro that no USNA barber would dare to touch. A sharp dresser, Jeff always stands out in a crowd. He believes being dressed like a neon sign will attract members of the opposite sex, and considering the trail of broken hearts he has left behind him, maybe he's right. Jeff's success is assured. He can talk his way out of any situation, he can always manage to get the gouge and hide it, and no one takes better care of himself than Jeff. If his weekly paychecks from home continue, he's got it made. Jeff, you have been a terrific friend, roommate, and confidant. EDO or SUBS, whichever you decide, may success and happiness be yours

**William V. Ridings**
Bilbo
Powhatan, Virginia
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Bill showed up July 7, 1981 confused and not quite sure of himself; after all, he had been in charge of his metropolitan high school and then, "poof", he was just another bald head. He adapted quickly, though, and became nautical enough to be familiar with the more mundane aspects of the Naval Service like "the 11th Law of the Navy". Youngster year Bill came out of seclusion and established several annoying habits. First, he liked to post Star Trek material around the room and watch reruns of it on TV. Next was the radio. He dicovered Greaseman and insisted on wasting cassettes on that nonsense. He also loved to listen to Orioles games on AM during prime listening time—the evening. Finally, he had a most displeasing habit of playing cards with the dregs of the company. While doing any of the above he could be seen eating potato chips. When not doing any of the above he could be found in his rack under his electric blanket. First class year came with Bill as 13th Co. Admin. Officer. In this capacity he was one of the few people to sweat more than Mags and GM combined. It didn't get you Company Commander, Bill, but you performed a valuable function for the company . . . most of the time. There is so much more—his physical prowess, high military standards, love of debate, fondness of hard rock, friendly personality— that hasn't been mentioned. Bill is a giving person (especially on Christmas Eve) and will always be remembered for his smile.

Roger W. Roland
Rog
Rio Hondo, Texas
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Roger was by far the most unique individual in 13th Co. if not the entire brigade. A product of the Marine Military Academy, Rog was never shy about expressing his opinions about anything. His love of weapons is best illustrated by the fact that his truck was listed in Jane's as an armored personnel carrier. When not hunting illegal immigrants at the Texas border, Roger's favorite pastimes include scuba, airborne training, rappelling, and dental technicians. One night, he swam the Severn for a late night checkup. Roger also participated in brigade boxing, but was forced to quit because of severe rope burns on his back. Academically, Rog was a firm believer in 2.0 and go, which once lead his CO to say "You must really be a masochist." His idea of a well-spent study hour consisted of arranging and rearranging the items in his room without using anything. However with the support of two ac boards, Roger is on his way to rid the world of Communism and John Lennon albums.

Michael R. Stahlman
Mikey
Chevy Chase, Maryland
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Mike came to USNA after 4 years at the Marine Mental Asylum in Texas. This explains why he was so squared away plebe year and nearly drove his roommates crazy with "war stories". What is it now? Four hundred and fifty seven. Too bad nobody listened. Anyhow, Stalhead quickly got into the lifestyle at school. He took the phrase "Well rested, well tested" to heart. Rarely did he miss his ten-thirty bedtime or afternoon nap. It was later discovered that Mike did most of his studying in the offices of his instructors. But seriously, Mike was a faithful person and a good leader - why he once lead 3 people over the Key Bridge in Georgetown claiming that it was a shortcut to the car! Thanks Mike - remember that the Marines only want a *few* good men.

Mike follows in the footsteps of his dad and is an accomplished diplomat. His silver tongue not only worked on professors and company officers, but also on the women (the under 18 type). Who is it this week? Dawn, Susan, Liz, Terry, Lisa, Sandy, Kitty, Janet, Terese . . . ? Perhaps the most memorable stunt of Mike's lovelife was his impression of James Bond. when he spied on his girlfriend all night. Unfortunately he got caught - way to go 007.

Without doubt, our golden boy has been one of the most colorful characters in 13. We will always remember the flex sessions and the "eau de Stahlman." What is the Marine Corps' gain is the Navy's loss - just don't try to convince anyone that you fell asleep in the head and missed taps when the rest of us know the true story. All kidding aside, you have been a fantastic friend, roommate, and company commander. Best wishes.

Troy A. Stoner
T-roy
Hanover, Indiana
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Waaah-Haaah. T-roy A. Stoner could probably be described accurately in two words: country bumpkin. P-ding. T-roy had his own philosophy on the way things should be done. P-ding. He proved himself morally, mentally, and physically capable of sleeping four years straight. P-ding. The lurp dog enjoyed spending his waking hours up in the abba skyrack concentrating on classic literature. P-ding. He was a Brigade boxer whose workouts will always inspire those who have known him (look sharp, feel sharp, be sharp). P-ding. His diet of butts and burritos helped to sharpen and define that manly physique. P-ding. He took out a car(?) loan and has invested his money in liquid assets so far. P-ding.

T-roy also had his own philosophy about women, one that helped him pick up multiple gorgeous plain-janes: "Light my cigarette, b - - - - ". P-ding. From Susan to Maureen to Jane to Jennifer to Bonnie Mae, T-roy kept himself busy in the phone room for a few hours every night. P-ding. Dr. Stoner managed to use his special prescription a few times in four years. P-ding.

Even though he didn't use his car(?) loan for a car, T-roy did pick up the city-slicker habit of road tripping; although he had the curious habit of throwing full cans of beer out the window whenever he got 'bored'. P-ding. And once he got wherever he was going, T-roy upheld his high standards of personal bearing and demeanor ("That ain't nothin', check this out"). P-ding.

Now T-roy is headed for San Diego where he can wear his chicken hat and abba-flashdance sweatshirt nonstop. P-ding. In the words of T-roy himself: "T-roy, if you're down by the river, drop in- and if we don't see ya afore it rains, peees on ya". (or, Fair winds and Following Seas)

Forest D. Thola
Arctic
Cecil Lake, British Columbia
Systems Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps - Naval Flight
Office

"Arctic" Thola came to us from the Great White North where his closest neighbor was 25 miles away by dogsled. After adapting to the climate he tried fencing, crew, and basketball before he found his home on the pistol team where he ranked Nationally every year including 3rd place in '84. He also won the Marlin Perkins look alike contest in his pistol gear. -40 blizzard conditions almost kept him home after plebe Christmas, but Forest managed to sneak back his stereo so that he could listen to Radio Moscow again. On youngster cruise, Forest got to sunny Hawaii, but he couldn't wait to get home for moose season. He offered $100 to anyone who could trade 2/c cruises with him so he could go moose hunting, but he had to miss the '84 season for pistol detail. At least he was able to see his Honey that he met at the International Ball (she was from Md.). Forest was the first to pop the question in 13, but with a three year engagement he could be the last to tie the knot. Forest's effort as Co. Training officer (7 extensive PCR review exams) proved his ability and he soon outdid us all with 4 stripes on Brigade Staff. He was well known for the hardware store he kept in his closet and his favorite saying "think PCR". For some reason Forest didn't enjoy the heat and ticks at Quantico second class summer, but he still went Marine Corps NFO. He should make an outstanding officer, we wish him luck.

Richard Von Wohld
Blinky
Longbarn, California
English
Naval Flight Officer

Rick came to the Academy from Longbarn with a rapidly receding hairline and three years as a Corpsman. He had the misfortune of being placed in a room with two teenagers fresh from the halls of high school at the beginning of plebe summer and managed to bare with their growing pains for four years thereafter. As the senior member of 13's class of '85, he religiously devoted his free time to the D & B corps in the illustrious "mellow" phone section.

During plebe year, Rick had the favorite weekend passtime of making the upperclass look like a bunch of adolescents as Al Smith and Lee Young can attest to. One memorable Saturday night, Rick was served the hard stuff in clear view of Al who had just been turned down for being too young and Lee asked Rick who the young lady was with him, too bad she just happened to be Rick's sponsor and an officer to boot, nice salute Lee

Born with a coffee mug in hand, Rick could always find some reason to pull all-nighters. He was also the only member of 13 who could wake up his roommates in the morning by blinking, way to go "blinky." It's amazing how Rick never realized why he never got enough sleep as an English major, maybe he should have checked to see if Computers and Engine Math were electives instead of required courses.

As far as extracurricular activities, Rick believed they were all-night parties and necessary for his professional development. Those Sunday hangovers will live long in Rick's memory, as well as the long wait for the weekend, is it Friday yet? For the future, Rick will surely be an asset to the Naval Air Community as an organizer, especially of parties Rick will always be remembered for the Army Run of '85, as the author of the Familygram and for that beautiful 14 year old in Brazil, look out Pensacola

# Fourteenth Company

Christopher C. Adams
Whitey
Manhasset, New York
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

From the beginning on July 7 1981 until graduation, the Naval Academy has been a challenge. From life in Bancroft Hall to academics in the classroom it has been anything but easy. Somehow I made it. I would like to thank the faculty, my classmates, and especially my family. These people were always willing to help and listen. During this four year struggle, I have developed morally, mentally, and physically, but I have also made some great friendships; people who I will never forget and always appreciate.

Graduation from the Naval Academy is more than just the conclusion of a four year education, it is the greatest achievement of my life. I leave the Naval Academy with fond memories and a fantastic future.

Joseph J. Beel
Joe
St. Louis, Missouri
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Joe came to USNA from St. Louis believing that the Cards were the best in baseball, the Steamers were the best in soccer, nothing beats a fighter at mach 2 and that above all, he knew more than anyone else. Plebe summer proved Joe to be correct as he easiley conquered PEP, marching and even sailing, one of the more grueling of plebe summer activities. However, later plebe year Joe made the grave error of choosing to be a mechanical engineer. Thus, youngster year was spent studying and Joe showed 'em by getting a 3.5.

Second class year found Joe on the mellow side (we all wished), as he deeply regretted 14's perfect 8-0 record with the plebe girls. As punishment, Joe decided he would not have any fun at the Army-Navy game in Ca. Well, so much for that decision. Anyway, Joe returned with a smile and the phone number of Cathy C (the second Cathy). After a few letters, phone calls, and a summer in Europe (Munich!) and Hawaii, Joe finally discovered that he had the wrong Cathy. Joe then went back to the Gateway Arch and made the former Cathy (Cathy K) the future Cathy B. Hey Joe, you're right - she is the right one! You do know more than anyone else; don't you? Take care and thanks for a great first class year. - RJH

Thanks to all the guys and the Kauffmans. - Joe

Peter P. Biship, Jr.
Bish
Worcester, Massachusetts
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Surface

Bish came to the USNA from the state of Massachusettes, fortunately we had something in common since I was from the same homeland. Between Worcester and Cape Cod Pete's life seemed complete but then he joined the Navy. I think he figured it was a way of working on the ocean so he could catch a few waves and maybe "HANG TEN". Pete is the definition of a beach boy with his incredible enthusiasm for surfing, swimming or any sport that requires water- he should have come from California instead of New England.

Pete's activity wasn't always on the beach as in our trip to Ft. Lauderdale for Sring Break, which has become an annual vacation. Bish proved that he could party with the best of them. Remember the Winnebago, what happened to our deposit?

Being one of the more popular members of the Brigade, Pete left his mark with Navy Hockey. His career contributed to many memories including the "Roundtable". Not only was Pete good at hockey but he also seemed to have mastered the academics here as well.

Since Bish made a drastic change from pilot to Nuke Surface, a two week decision, training in Orlando will be convenient. After Nuke school Bish is headed for San Diego, where else but the beach? Good Luck in the surface navy, you've been a good roommate and above all friend.

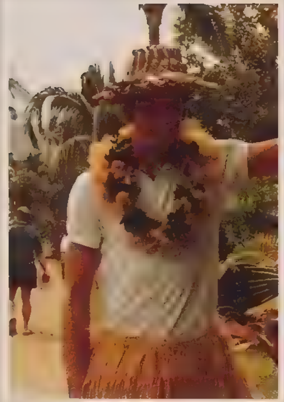
JDW

Roger N. Brown
RNB
Rockwall, Texas
Physics
Surface Warfare

Neil came to the Boat School from the state where everything is bigger. It is not surprising that this leader in his own community had little difficulty with his new life. He is the only person I know who won at a Regimental come around plebe summer. He never ate candy in the hall again. Anyway, the ups and downs of the first year ended and Neil attacked the rest of his academy career in the guise of a Physics major and excelled, despite an ongoing love affair . . . with his rack. A devoted blower of brass instruments, R.N. spent much of his free time jamming with the D & B or the Pep Band. In fact, his ability as a musician is only surpassed by his devtion to God and the state of Texas. Someday, it is hoped, the devout Texan will learn that there are nice girls in the world who live outside the Lone Star State, even if they're only ex-Texans. He is improving; his '82 Trans Am is a native of Maryland. With graduation, Neil will leave this place for the fleet. There, the Texan is sure to bring law and order to the world.

In whatever he does, he will succeed. It is his nature. When the skyline of the Academy receeds in his rear view mirror for the last time, Neil can say he came, he saw, he conquered. All in all, Neil is a good Christian, an outstanding Naval Officer and a great friend. Good Luck and see you in the fleet

FEX



Shawn M. Callahan
Dirty Harry
Ludlow, Massachusetts
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Dirty Harry came to USNA from Springfield, MA (a town little larger than Rockville known only for its Almanac), with one major goal in mind - preserve a lifetime hobby starting with birth to be late for everything. Harry started out well Plebe Summer becoming one of the firsties' favorites with everyone up to Brigade staff wanting to see him. Every formation delayed as the cry "Callahan . . . " resounded through the wing. Academic year arrived and Shawn with it - late, of course. "Youngster syndrome" was an artform to Shawn. Getting up to shower at the 5 minute call became his trademark. Little excited him - except perhaps L.C. Besides bowling and rafting, Shawn spent most of his time taping records with J.J.B. Second class summer found him commanding yet another Greyhound and testing his landnav skills as a self-appointed one man fireteam (while we waited) But during the year, events conspired against him. After taking Fourteen to Brigade Champions, a SnowBowl injury nearly had Härry considering Swedish surgeons. He donated four teeth to Bancroft's interns and came down with Chickenpox (late) with which he repaid PRODEV for the PCR. While spending many late nights getting the drop on EE with other's calculators, he determined that computers were eclipsed and drifted to Ops Analysis. As a firstie, Shawn's skill for eloquent arrivals spread to his roommates as did their love of T.V entice him. The combined stereo ("has the f.m seen this?!) grew ever larger as he digitalized and the good times rolled as darts and Nerf hoop replaced studying. Maybe some day he'll install front speakers, actually tape his albums, finish his SCUBA qual, or arrive on time - but then that wouldn't be Shawn . . . Good luck!

Echo

Lisa Marie Caputo
Lisa
Rockville, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

From all the way on the other side of the beltway, Lisa came to USNA and got her 1st introduction to the military way of life. One of Lisa's best traits was discovered at the very beginning. It only took her 1 hour to find the way up to her room after the Oath of Office, with the help of some friendly 1/c tour guides. Even to this day, Lisa has retained her incredible sense of direction. Lisa also impressed her plebe summer squad with her expertise in making her rack. Waiting patiently in the hall at present-arms, they were always glad to see her return, announcing that she, too, had completed the task. Of course, everyone knew that Lisa's favorite days were the ones when we got shots.

While many of her classmates had to go to such unexciting areas as the Med and West Pacific for 3/c cruise, Lisa was lucky enough to get the most elite of the noncombattants-a YP, destined for adventures at the finest ports along the east coast. Then she decided it was time to see the rest of the world. She took advantage of one of the military's good deals; unfortunately, space-A travel didn't exactly live up to her initial expectations ("What's a troop seat?"). She eventually learned the system, however, and even managed to spend a week in Hawaii and three weeks in France and Germany

With an early interest in flight and aspirations to be an astronaut, Lisa was drawn toward the Aero major. 2/c & 1/c yr. were quite busy-but they also led to many close friendships and fun times . "Aschenette" . . after the Sat. night gasdynes final . Aero trips, with indications of good things to come

2/c summer was Lisa's introduction to Pensacola, and she liked it so much, she returned for 1/c cruise on the Lexington. Seems like she's going back again to get some wings of gold-and then? Lisa, keep flying high and aiming for the stars!

Jacquelyn B. Carey
JC
Florence, South Carolina
Chemistry
General Unrestricted Line

Jackie came to good ole USNA from the world of beach music and sea shells (if you go east to the beach) - Florence, S.C. Beach music is party music and partying has been one of Jackie's specialities for the last four years. Fortunately, she only got in trouble for it once - plebe year.

Everyone who knows Jackie remembers her for many things - plebe year Early Morning Breakfast Club, poison ivy on youngster cruise, second class year wearing a diamond ring which is now not there and first class year as company commander and discovering the sport of football (#42 in particular). Jackie is mostly remembered by all who know her for her warmth, sincerety and good humor. She always looked for the good side of everyone and everything. If there was any way for her to help a friend in trouble, she would do it.

Jackie, the last four years have been terrific. I carry with me many fond and cherished memories, as do all of your friends. May only the best of everything come your way in whatever you endeavor to do. May God keep you in His Blessing and may you find that slice of happiness in life. It won't be the same without my wacky best friend around every day.

Love,

SLK

Christopher S. Chambers
Chambro
Yorktown Heights, New York
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Chris arrived at USNA prepared by the rigors of NAPS to blend in with his surroundings. Anonymity came easily as he had a talent for seeming amazingly normal, except of course to the firstie that labeled Chris and his roommates "the Disgusting Vermin Three." Academic year introduced him to his one and only love, his matress; they were rarely parted throughout his four years at Annapolis. Chris never sweated academics as long as he was the first to leave an exam. His few waking hours were spent in pursuit of happiness through tormenting those around him. As a Plebe his activities included mentally and physically torturing his roommate "Hymen Benoit Trajardo" and making his 2/c burst a blood vessel at every come around. Chambro amused himself by sending "Forum" secret-admirer letters to Sob, and chuckling to himself, while Scott worried if his virtue was safe. Youngster year brought our boy new freedom and a new roommate, both of which he thoroughly abused the priveledge of for the next three years. Chambro was our organizer. The "Pie Wagon" was a Chambers production and not surprisingly a great success. Public showering on the Strip was a pastime new to most of our cadre, but Chris demonstrated it to us (and most of Ft. Lauderdale) with great showmanship. The next year Chris wowed the crowds with his rendition of "the Rooster" (how many times did Serge encore you?). With his ready wit and love of a good time Chris is a natural for Navy Air. Look out Trader Jon's! Throughout the years ahead Chambro will always be a brother to me. A better friend couldn't be found. We were quite a team. Even the Cretin brothers couldn't stop us. Good luck and keep screaming with the eagles Chris.

LFC

### Robert C. Cissel
Ciss
Potomac, Maryland
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Rob didn't have far to come to join the ranks of the fourteenth company. Rob's desire was to become a Naval Aviator like his father, but nature had other ideas and his eyes didn't hold out. This setback did not flinch him at all however, and he decided to join the Corps and become one of the not so few, but proud

The Fetish-man spent most of his time playing soccer and was captain of the team in his last season leading NAVY to its best record in the four years that he lettered. The rest of his time wasn't to be spent hitting the books either, but rather inventing new devices to make life easier and more enjoyable around the room

Not wanting his grade point to get too far above 2.00, the Ciss-man spent countless hours of study time doing everything but study. A few fetishes that will never be forgotten were the "GO NAVY" thumb hanger and the ever present homemade trashcan next to his desk so he wouldn't have to walk all the way over to the door to throw away his futile attempts at homework

Who will ever forget the time that Rob spent staring out of the window just thinking of new fetishes or making big plans that very rarely ever panned out. Or the bus for the ring dance that never showed up leaving us all stranded at the dance for hours after it was over. How about all of the time spent practicing room basketball on his own homemade hoop? All to no avail because he could never win a game of PIG. No one will ever forget the dreaded rubberband ball. Good luck in whatever you do Rob, we all know that you will succeed, no matter how hard you try.

DAN

### Layton F. Clay
Lee
Severna Park, Maryland
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Lee traveled great distances to get to the Academy, all the way from Severna Park. He got off to a great start by choosing the Texas Chainsaw murderer haircut. Plebe Summer he seemed to be the only one actually enjoying the marching and singing. By the time Academic year rolled around and Lee's artistic abilities were uncovered he became the sheet poster artist, sheet posters are more important than calculus anyway, right? It was also discovered just how close Severna Park really is and every Saturday afternoon the Battlewagon could be seen leaving fully laden with hungy plebes destined for the Clay household. Youngster year Lee was blessed with a new roommate who soon found out the true meaning of Mexican Meal. Also along with youngster year came weekends which allowed him to demonstrate his driving abilities to his classmates, anywhere in Maryland or D.C. By now his hair had grown back and once again his true love, the Spitfire, could be driven topless. Spring Breaks Lee was Ft. Lauderdale bound either in the Pie Wagon or to Bell's Motel where he demonstrated the proper use of Beer Goggles. Lee could always be counted on to help his classmates, whether it was chumming for his friends while they fished or giving them a ride somewhere. The son of a Nuke Sub Captain, he seemed destined to run silent and deep, however his head has always been slightly in the clouds so it was only natural that he would pursue the Wings of Gold. Seriously, Lee has been a great friend to all and could always be counted on by his classmates. Best of luck in the future. You can fly my wing any day.

"I don't know, we'll see."

CSC

### Kevin D. Clinch
Kev-Bud
Helena, Montana
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Kevin came to USNA with a lifetime of stored energy and enthusiasm. Looking for a way to expand his energy, he first tried Brigade Boxing. Kevin soon switched to rowing for the lightweight crew team, however, as he didn't have to see anything and needed much less coordination. Kevin loved the long, grueling practices and the early morning workouts, and he did very well. Athletics were not enough, however. For an academic challenge Kevin tried Systems Engineering. In this he excelled as well. He loved the late nights studying and the time consuming assignments. Kevin wasn't selfish either. He would help anyone at anytime with anything-whether they needed it or not. He also attended jump school and became very involved in the Airborne Training Unit. This kept him busy until he met the one and only girl for him. After finding Gail, Kevin was never around on weekends. He also learned the meaning of phone bills, as Gail's number was long distance. A die-hard Marine NFO, Kevin applied for the Nuclear Power Program and immediately sold out the corps upon acceptance to the program. Kevin carries with him his enthusiasm and desire to work hard and will continue to excell. Lots of luck Kevin. We will all miss you. Thanks for your positive, hard working, enthusiastic example

JWJ

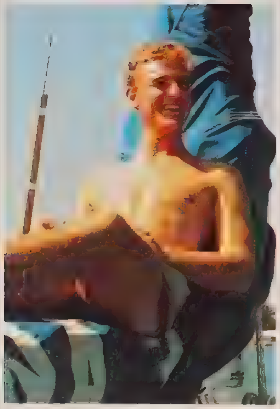
### Laura A. Falkenbach
Flakenchicken
Woodbridge, Virginia
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Laura has been everyone's favorite recipient of the old line "You're a really nice girl, BUT . . ." Ahh, the dreaded BUT. Yet through them all she showed us an undying spirit and always a sense of humor. As the ideals of plebe year rapidly faded, the "liberties" of youngster year took control. (nice pink sweater!)

Our years together have been interesting to say the least. (A special thanks to Magnum and Garfie for watching over us.) The good times shine through and will always be held dear to the heart. Sunday evening entertainment may never be the same though. (Nice weekend? You'll never believe what happened . . . ) Our multitalented representative of California, Virginia, or whichever other state IRS eventually links her to, gives one of the best burials at sea we've ever seen. (Why can't goldfish clean their own bowls?)

Through rain, sleet, dark or night, and even the blizzard of '84, we'd love to have a dollar for each of the miles she's put on her feet. You'll never find a stronger will or more drive toward fitness in anyone. Her determination has been somewhat contagious. (Thanks for rubbing off.) Her future is shadowed by a tint of green and we all know she'll be a fine Marine. (If she ever gets the OOH-RAH down) Laura fits my definition of a very good friend, and I hope she knows that I'll always be there for her. Our friendship is something I cherish.

KW



Stephen D. Grace
Gracemod
Sanford, Florida
Physical Science
Supply Corps

The Gracemod came to USNA from a town in Central Florida known only for Amtrak's Autotrain's southern terminal. His easy-going manner kept him out of trouble Plebe Summer as an illustrious member of the Disgusting Vermin Three. Steve's relaxed attitude cost him when Academic year hit and he needed to actually S-T-U-D-Y . . . Avoiding this fate, he escaped Plebe year with B-ball and Mr. Walkman. Leaving Plebe year behind with a 2.0000 QPR, Steve left the court to pursue women and the wanton ways of Dahlgren. Only Steve's relentless burning battles with the elusive "blue-monster" overshadowed an infamous trip to the Yukon. As Youngster year faded, Steve's time at Dahlgren paid off with Miss. L. Unfortunately, it was not to be and, with much "nursing" he buckled down to Wires with a unique interpretation of study hour. Tecumseh's heir cheated the Ax once again. Returning to his former passion, Steve led Fourteen to Brigade Champions. Of course, he carefully tempered work with pleasure. Hot tubs, wet nights, and warm hearts in California and an unforgetable road trip South replete with tales of mangroves, lazy canoes on still streams, and high adventure along the Orange Blossom Trail forged an unbreakable friendship. First class year placed the King "Rat" across from his domain. Except for leading the team to Brigades again, washing B., and building an awesome sound system, Steve remained unchanged - listening to delightful native music while perusing the works of classic literature's near greats. The best to the Truly Amazing Grace.

The Inert

Michael R. Gregory
Greg-sow
Winfield, Kansas
Economics
Nuclear Power - Surface

When I walked into my room plebe summer, there stood a farm-boy pulled straight from the fields of Kansas. At first Mike comes across as corny, ("shuckey-darns and slop the chickens") but once you get to know him you find just how sincere he is. He spent his first two years starring on the debate team - he could make a Republican believe he was a Democrat. One thing I learned was that he was always right; just ask him. Mike eventually gave up debate to pursue more important goals like maximum R.E.M. Mike slept more than anyone else, anytime, anywhere. We knew he was chronic when he came back from class and jumped in the rack with fifteen minutes before noon meal formation. Somewhere along the way Mike began thinking about his future. He decided to go Nuke and his grades jumped tremendously. He still slept a lot too! Maybe he'll have to give up a little of his rack time in Orlando. His sports claim to fame was being a part of the Brigade Basketball Champs and playing first base on the softball team. Mike also broke his farm-boy ways and became quite a partier despite one distraction that came, and went, and is now back again. Ask him about the Maryland-Virginia football game sometime. Thank God for Hefties!

Mike's a terrific friend (my mom even likes him better than me). Thanks for all the good times, and good luck in the future.

JJB & RAI

Richard J. Hale
Halestone
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Rich was the entertainer of our company. When things got boring you could always count on Rich to be there and liven things up, ("Halestone's in the ghetto!"). He was the object of many cheeses and wedgies, and yet always kept his sense of humor. Plebe year he had his heart set on playing Navy football, becoming a pilot, and growing hair, but none of these ever came true. The vast wasteland just kept getting bigger. Everyone was aware that Rich had become a conscientious student after leaving the football field, but what they didn't know was that all of those weekends in the hall were spent "studying" graphics. However, Rich always found time to party with the boys and his friend "Jack in Black." The stories from Fort Lauderdale and elsewhere will always be in everyone's memory. But Academy life was not without its setbacks. Rich searched for three years without success to try and find love. Neither the Stickwoman nor the "Twilight Zone" in Pasadena could raise his hopes. Then came a little help from a classmate and happiness was his. After Ringdance, Rich was a changed person, (What was that noise in the shower?). Well not completely changed. He still had a phobia for wearing clothes as Laura and Kathleen and those around the elevators could confirm.

Seriously though, a better guy in the world could not be found. If you ever needed help or advice Rich was there. His sense of humor, friendliness, and happy-go-lucky attitude will be missed by all. I will always cherish his friendship and I wish him all the luck in the world. God bless you Rich.

MRG

Kimberly J. Horine
Kim
Myersville, Maryland
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

Kim came to Annapolis from Myersville, Maryland (a town so small that she lives on a dirt road). Although she had lived only two hours from USNA all her life, she had no idea what was in store for her. Kim tackled plebe summer and plebe year with her usual cheerfulness and diligence, emerging as one of the most squared away, yet fun, mids in the Brigade. Because of her love of music, she joined Antiphonal Choir and Women's Glee Club, visiting cities such as New York, New Orleans, and Chicago. On two occasions, she has sung for the President on national television. She also enjoyed performing in *Pirates of Penzance* and *The Mikado*. In addition to her time-consuming ECA's, Kim has managed to maintain excellent grades, hold high-ranking positions (President of the Mess for NL303 and Brigade Operations), remain near the top of her class, and still be a fun person. The high standards and pride of the Marine Corps has attracted Kim to become a Second Lieutenant upon graduation. I have always been flattered to be her twin (everyone from a lowly plebe to my own brother has mixed us up). I wish her the best of luck!

Love,

Tammy

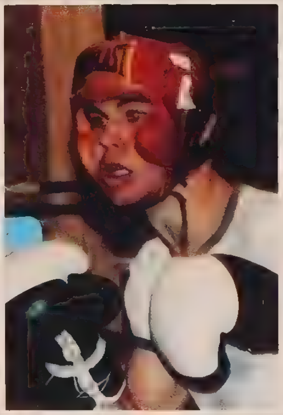
Rudolf A. Ing
Starfinder
San Diego, California
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Rudy came to the Naval Academy from sunny San Diego with two years of college already under his belt. Undaunted, Rudy sped through plebe year and into Youngster year and the world of Mechanical Engineering. Youngster year also found Rudy engaged (finally) to Kellie, his girlfriend of four years.

First semester, second class year, was spent in Connecticut at the US Coast Guard Academy, of all places. Rudy made friends fast, including many of the upperclass woman. This was reflected in his outstanding evaluations and a multitude of demerits. Come on Rudy, everyone knows you have to restock the blank ammunition while on watch!

First Class year brought Kellie to Annapolis. Rudy still managed to conquer the Theorem of Castigliano, however. He has a fool-proof way to clear a party - what a way with words. Rudy was always the master of the late night of studying, but always got the results he wanted. Rudy is lucky, too. He never misplaced anything he really needed, but he is still looking for his briefcase. He claims to do everything the hard way, but I think he has done a great job at everything he did. The Nuclear Navy selected the right person in the Starfinder. You have been a great friend this past year, Rudy, and I wish You and Kellie the best of luck always. See you in Orlando!

DTN JJB



Jeffrey W. Johnston
Jeff
Martinsville, Virginia
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Jeff came to the Naval Academy from Hargrave Military Academy. One would think that after attending a military high school, Jeff would be one of the more serious midshipmen. This was not the case. He gave up a promising career as a standup comedian and pun master in order to serve his country. His departure from showbusiness made room for the rise of Eddie Murphy. Jeff, of course, takes full credit for Eddie's fame and fortune.

Jeff has often been likened to a minature Arnold Schwarzenegger. (He made me write this). Besides physical fitness, Jeff advocates superior self defense capabilities. This is why he works out up to three times a day only to be abused in the yearly Brigade Boxing Tournament. Chuck Norris, Bruce Lee, Jeffrey Wayne Johnston. These names go together like peanut butter and sardines. Yes, Jeff is also a karate enthusiast. He skips evening meal all semester only to become second best in yet another sport. "Academics" You say . . . "No comment", quickly responds Jeff. He is a Marine after all, and Marines don't need to be intelligent just fleet of foot.

All jokes aside, Jeff is my best friend. Good luck Jeff in your Marine Corps career and throughout your life.

M.S.M.

"That which does not kill us makes us stronger"
Frederich Nietzsche

Steven A. Kelly
Kel
Dallas, Texas
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

"Kel's a great guy, just ask him. One day Kel is going to give me carryon. Only one of us is going to leave this place with a stripe on his shoulder. You may be smooth Mr. Kelly, but you're not smooth enough." (The Upper Class, Plebe year)

Steve came from the big D ready to take on the world. He met the upper class. After plebe year Steve again returned ready, now that the upper class had gone, to again take the place by storm He met Major Bungard, and became a Computer Science major. Second class year he came into his own, computers were his thing. First class year finds Kel doing what he does best, computers, and helping those who don't do computer best. Steve was never too busy to go out of his way for anyone who needed help. He could always be counted on to lend a hand.

Well Kel, its just about done, the stereo looks none the worse for wear after the settlement. Stroud was right, more right than he possibly could have expected. Neither of you got stripes, you both got bars. You were smooth enough, maybe too smooth. Bill still needs carryon. Speaking of Bill he was right about one thing; you are a great guy, just ask anyone.

D.R.W.

Sandra L. Kirby
Sandi
Beaumont, Texas
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

Sandra arrived at USNA from the fantastic, fabulous, famous state of Texas- just ask her. Plebe year was a challenging one- never a dull moment with Sandra around. This was the year that she began her Navy athletic career as a "crewba" and chose to become a NARC. Well, neither crew or NARC lasted through first semester youngster year, and Sandi chose oceanography and dedicated her life to the USMC. Second class year Sandra made an important scientific discovery- how a 5' 1" girl can produce 100W of audio power and flames six feet high as her contribution to the plebe indoctrination system. As a first class, Sandra earned the title of "squad mama" and ended her athletic career as a S.W. She also came to the realization that the Marines weren't ready for her so she decided on the Navy.

There are many memories about Sandra that I will never forget:

Texas, coffee, & Pepsi fettishes; "You're never gonna believe what happened this weekend"; 2/C CDO; a certain 'sailor' and Marine; wrestling with L.; late night cheeses; 1001 excuses why not to get up and study; our third roommates; and the many excuses we created why not to go to class.

Sandra has been a mom, a sister, a great roommate, and most of all the best friend I could ask for She's been patient, understanding, sympathetic, and has even been able to give me a "slap in the face" when I needed it. She's a friend to all who know her and can put a smile on anyone's face. Thanks for everything- I couldn't have made it without you! Best of luck and may God bless you wherever you go. (But you'd better be back here in '87)

Love,

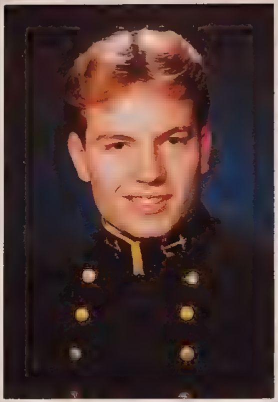
JC

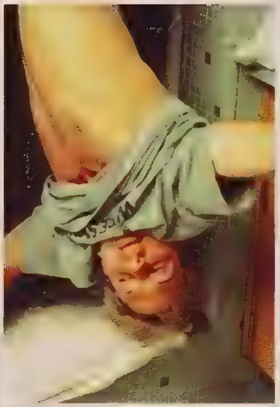
John F. X. McCord
Fex
Urbana, Illinois
History
Surface Warfare

"The Fex" came to Crabtown from the bustling city of Urbana as Illinois' only known export. From 7 July 1981 until 22 May 1985, Fex proved that a diploma could be earned by 100% pure BULL. History is not just a major, it's a way of life to this guy. But on weekends, he tries to see how many more miles he can put on the '84 Camaro, we call the Fexmobile, before he finds another killer pothole. As a firm believer in deficit spending, Fex has ammassed a credit card bill equal to that of the national debt. Fex can be found in many places, anywhere from the bottom of a cheese to his mysterious mud puddle. But he freqently has to ask for directions to Nimitz Library the day before his term papers are due. As a member of the elite Pep Band, Fexter jams a mean clarinet equaled only in his ability to maximize rack time anytime anywhere. His four years have seen many ups and downs, especially the day his eyes decided to go surface line. Fex is an all around great guy and good friend, it's too bad we didn't room together, he roomed with everybody else it seems. Really though, he is a great person and is sure to be an outstanding officer. Good luck in the fleet. "Pass me a loaf of bread."

RNB

Had anyone told me in my junior year in high school that I would attend the Naval Academy, I would have told them to have their head examined. I have accomplished more than I thought I could, but less than I probably could have. Thanks to those who helped me. Down with engineering majors!





Daniel D. Mellecker
Dan
Boulder, Colorado
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

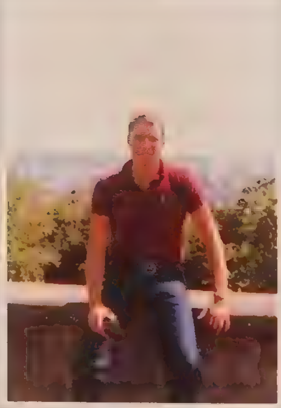
Dan hails from the home of the "Orange Crush" and the Rocky Mountain Oysters. Having never been to Annapolis, plebe summer shocked Dan right out of his pro keds. Nevertheless, once Dan analyzed how to get through this place, it was no problem. His four years at USNA were structured around intense determination and hard work- that is, determined to meet those highly sought after Maryland women, and hard work to get results. For Mells, numbers was the game. Dan played this game very well- well enough to handle the math major and maintain around a 3.0- all this despite the fact that if study hours per week were concerned, Dan would be President of the square root club. Dan's not only a contender in academics, but in sports as well. After leading various company teams to world championships, Dan's final goal was to earn a varsity letter, which he did as a receiver for the 150's team. The ultimate dream has yet to come for Dan, but lies just a few months ahead. Being a Navy pilot has been the number one priority for Dan while at the Academy. With this ahead of you Dan, I wish you Good Luck and safe flying. It has been an experience I will never forget. Take care Fulton, my friend

RCC

Michael S. Melton
Scott
Lawrenceville, Georgia
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Kind. Considerate. Patient. Loving. None of these words describe Scott. Oh, he always had a word of some kind for everyone that he met. He always had some free advice, no matter what the subject, and he gave it no matter where he was—the office of a superior or a movie theater in East Port, for example. Scott believed in being the best, and he definitely thought that he was. He was a firm believer in giving his best effort. "Anything worth doing is worth doing right." Scott followed his philosophy in many things. He was an expert on Science Fiction, a master at sleeping anytime or anywhere, and a connoisseur of fine women. Growing up in the Fort Lauderdale area, he supposedly developed vast skills in this last area. Personally, I never saw evidence to support this. Scott was never one to ignore a pretty girl passing by. Of course, he was inconspicuous; he never stared for more than an hour. And how can we forget about Scott's experience in the physical fitness realm. Plebe year fencing was fun but it didn't provide that "Arnold" physique. His program of "total fitness on a rope" led to special development of a single leg for several months. Then came running/jogging—is there a name for that pace? Scott finally found his notch with pushups. That sticks with his philosophy of keeping things simple. Scott will carry his experiences and logical reasoning to the fleet where he will be an outstanding officer. Thanks for everything and best of luck Scott. I will always treasure our times together

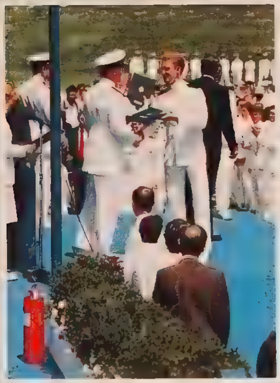
JWJ



Dale T. Newhart
Newbaum
Highland, New York
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Dale came to the Naval Academy from the apple orchards of Highland, New York. He managed to make himself a lot of friends during plebe year (mostly First Class), and kept everyone laughing. Youngster year came around and Dale was devastated by the loss of his beloved plebe year roommate who decided bigger football opportunities awaited him at U of M. Nevertheless, Dale kept on smiling and managed to slip away to New Jersey and New York on Saturday mornings utilizing various blood sign-ins (and never getting caught). Second Class year was a new experience for us all with the formation of the infamous "Naked Room". Dale also became famous during this year because of his research and development of new and better "whaling" techniques. All good things must come to an end and the next semester the Naked Room split leaving Dale with such intense phrases as "Hurray" and "What does that mean?" Dale surprised us all when he applied for the Nuclear Navy and was accepted. After spending his check on important items such as beer and bus trips to Trinity, Dale still kept his sense of humor and bought a car(?) with the remaining cash. Dale should make a fine officer as he is truly one of the most friendly and generous persons ever to step foot inside Bancroft Hall. He has made the last four years bearable for many of us by keeping us laughing even in the darkest of times. Dale showed us the meaning of the word "friend" and would help anyone if he asked. Best of luck in the future; be good (so your Mom doesn't get mad), and remember - Walk Tall, Or Baby Don't Walk At All.

STS



Michael J. Ottinger
Goat
Mobile, Alabama
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Well gents, three and a half years in the blink of an eye (right!). Not long till graduation- it hardly seems real yet. It has been quite an experience these few years together. The memories you all have provided will last a lifetime. Who can forget. Dirty Harry, the Fex, Gracemod, Cis, R & B (and beef jerky), Whity, Gregsow, Electric Boat, Gregsow, the Sob, Hoodsie, Kellsow, Clutch, Grandma, Bishsow, Melsweat, Whales, Chambro, Newbaum, the Meltones, Steak (yes you Jeff), Old Eder* * *, L-O-L-A Lola, that great quarterback Dan Dakota, "BUST", Oingo Boingo, rolled tacos with extra taco sauce, James Webb, Project Zero, Crab Feast, tuner, "sooner or later you'll go general", the Buddha, Sluggo, Johnny P, Janicke and the Roamers' Table, the last real Black Sunday, Mexican Meal, ". . . just because some watery tart throws a sword at you . . .", " . . . somebodies gonna hafta go back and git a !#*# load of dimes . . .", Scott Melton's rope climb, "Hit hard, hit fast, hit often . . General Eisenhower (I had to Pete), and " . . . we don't want to go with you Brother Bluto, we might get in trouble . . . ". Thanks again guys; I owe so much to all of you. Special thanks to Scott Melton, Mike Gregory, Scott Sobka, Dave Whalen, the Paulsen family, Vicki, and of course my parents and brother. Fair winds and all that stuff.

Smooches,

Mike O.

Eric B. Smith
E.B.
Rockville, Maryland
History
U.S. Marine Corps

E.B. arrived at USNA straight from Geneva. He later moved to nearby Rockville only to find out it was, in fact, smaller than Springfield Plebe Summer proved to be one of the greatest times of his life, only to be surpassed by SERE school. Eric joined the sailing team mainly to avoid marching, but wound up lettering, as he assumed his first command- a BW. Among Eric's fabulous array of talents was his ability to remain underwater for long periods of time, the Scuba club quickly took notice of this unique feat. As the year progressed Eric decided a double major was for him. Youngster year found E.B. mastering the finer points of Statics and Calc III. It was at this point he chose to concentrate his brilliance on history. As paper deadlines approached, Eric took a historic retreat from the academic life. One week later he emerged, paper in hand. Wanting to experience all aspects of midn. life, Eric volunteered to go to an axe board and into the rotating knives . . . Did you say knives? Eric's visit to sunny L.A. revealed his true nature by his boozing, wenching and hot tubbing it up. As a firstie Eric discovered his true love, but alas his Jeep Cherokee was purely mechanical.

Echo Bravo, Electric Boat, friend, buddy, pal, four-wheeler, late night studier of EE, owner of the cracked calculator, monster stereo man, can I borrow your Magic marker? . . . Run Away! . . . Beautiful Plumage! I hear Patty M. might be available, hope you get her someday. Good Luck, take it easy and watch out for those Marines.

D.H.C.

Scott T. Sobka
SOB
Union, New Jersey
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Scott came to this fine institution expecting to be whipped into better shape. Soon to be disappointed, he made it through plebe summer battling with his tiny pets from Harvard. Plebe year brought JV football or "Stand here and let Eddie run over you." Scott made friends fast with the upper class because of his New Jersey speech impediment. He even had assassination plans drawn up for his favorite second class. Scott also learned of his aversion to apples by blocking a sink between chow calls with a half-digested one.

Youngster year found Scott learning Hebrew and his true love — Rugby. Whitewater rafting and dirty blankets will not be forgotten, as many Saturday nights at Timmy's will not be remembered.

Scott's professionalism began to shine second class year as a major contributor to 14th Company's perfect 8-0 record for women. This professionalism awarded Scott with a squad leader position second semester. The Naked Room was a lot of fun, including all of the 'tricks'. The 'Steam Table trick' and the 'Shaving Cream on Franz trick" are but a few examples. The best trick of all had to be the 'Princeton (High School) trick'. Spring Break was a blast with RJH, JD times 3, and the Shrew. Moving up to B-side, Scott earned a well-deserved letter in Rugby

First class year brought the Rig, Springsteen, He-Man, and such phrases like "Don't make me do it!" and "Oh no, it happened to me again!". After finding himself as Vice-President of everything, Scott felt that Company Commander had a nice ring to it. It couldn't be all that bad, he did not have a tough act to follow

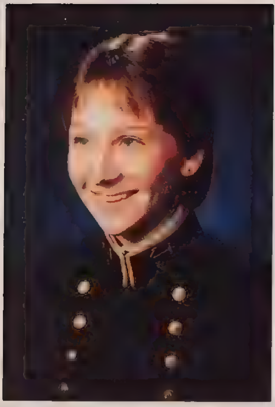
The Corps is getting one fine individual in The Great Sobini. Good luck, Scott, and thanks, your friendship and sense of humor have made the last 4 years bearable.

DTN

Franz K. Wagner
Wags
Lansdale, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

"Far better it is to dare mighty things, to win glorious triumphs, even though checked with failure, than to rank with those poor spirits who neither enjoy much nor suffer much, because they live in the gray twilight that knows not victory nor defeat."

T. Roosevelt



Kathleen Weist
Weistie
Bridgeton, New Jersey
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

Kathleen came to Annapolis from good ole New Jersey. Don't bother asking what exit because it (Bridgeton) barely makes it on the map. July 7, 1981 is a day we'll never forget. Walking around wearing a silly looking dixie cup wondering what the heck we had gotten ourselves into.

Life as a plebe was one joy after another, but with roommates like Lola and Marcie, how could you go wrong? If you ever need instructions on how to clean your teeth with a bayonet, just ask Kathleen- she is somewhat of an expert

Once through the summer she ventured into the cruel world of academics. For the next four years, she would pull not only herself through but her rockhead roommate as well. Kathleen is the sort of friend that you only hope to make. I am so lucky to have shared very special times with her. We will never forget all out running to make taps, baseball fields, Taco Tuesdays, romance, upsidedown patches, donuts and beer, and countless other unforgetable times. Kathleen has endured some unfair hardships but she has survived and emerged a stronger person and an inspiration to all who know her. We always said that something very special was down the road for Kathleen, and she will find it on June 8, 1985

I wish her all the happiness in the world- God will bless her for the rest of her life for putting up with the likes of me. We've made it through bud- I will miss you. July 7 we'll never forget but May 22, 1985 is an even more memorable date cuz it's gonna be a miracle.

LAF

John D. Whalen
Dave
Needham, Massachusetts
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

Dave came to us from the suburbs of Boston, and from day one he made sure that everybody knew that he lived his last 18 years in the best city on earth. He kept his Boston accent all four years being careful not to prononunce any r's. He made bets on the Red Sox, Bruins, B.C. and other Boston teams, and collected a sweet profit.

Whales played soccer his plebe year and made his way up to varsity about halfway through the season. But when springtime rolled around and plebe year restrictions were lessened, Whales decided he could make better use of his time if he did not have soccer to tie him down. Whales' extra time was not only enjoyed by himself, but by his friends as well as Dave was always up for a good time. Whatever the occasion Whales could be counted on to bring along his favorite 12 to 16 ounce buddies

Whales was also a leading force in the "Ft. Lauderdale or Bust Winnibego" package deal. On the trip Whales broadened our horizons with phrases like "It's gonna be a horrer show", "Everyone kick in a ten spot", and "Biff me a brew". Lets face it, Spring Break was an educational trip.

With Service Selection Night just around the corner, it looks like Dave will get an NFO billet. Although he is no longer qualified to be a pilot, Whales can still get into P-3's as an NFO.

Well, Dave, you are a good friend. Good luck in the future. We all hope you get a good job and base, but whatever the case we hope your future jobs will still allow you to be in bed by 12.

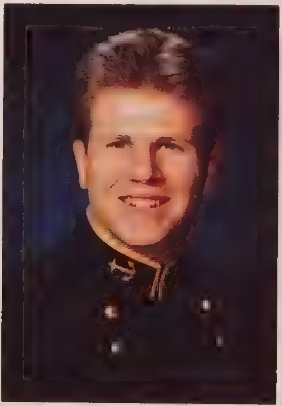
David R. Woods
Woodsy
Robbinsville, New Jersey
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

A graduate of the Marine Military Academy in Harlingen, Texas, Dave came to the Naval Academy with high expectations and goals for himself. As plebe company commander, Dave found himself in charge of several operations in which he was coordinator, financier, and prime worker. Dave was always ready to help his classmates with everything from rates to polishing leathers, just keep him away from the Windex. As an economics major, Dave found a field in which he could excel and pursue a possible law career in the Marine Corps.

Dave always had a keen eye for the finer things in life, as demonstrated by the car he drove, a '65 Thunderbird, his stereo, Bose and Technics, and a fine set of photos of various "acquaintances" he's managed to meet over the last several years.

While at MMA, Dave injured himself playing football and underwent an operation to fix his knee during youngster year. Laid up for almost six months in a cast from the thigh down, Dave immediately started a training program in the pool to get back into shape and then looked for a sport which could accomodate his condition. In his usual "I'll try anything once" attitude, Dave gave cheerleading a shot. Dave was made captain of the squad this year when grades forced the ex-captain to relinquish command.

Dave will go in the Marines to lead men and motivate them and himself to be the "Few and the Proud."



# Fifteenth Company

Philip S. Albert
Phyzz
Jeannette, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Phil Albert—the man, the myth, the medicine cabinet. Where else could an impoverished roommate find Sea Breezettes at 2 a.m., or hope to locate a pen with green ink ten minutes before a Weapons project was due? Ah, Phil, if only the Ramsden Beast could see you now. Many of his classmates will remember Phil's willingness to forgive the Beast for rampant, stupidity, just as they will remember his fanatical support of the Redskins. Well, maybe not. Plebe year showed me that Phil could put up with anything, from the Beast to Colbs and Gungy. After he left the D & B, he never looked back, deciding instead to become an integral member of our winning lightweight football and slow-pitch softball teams. These are the areas where he found his true calling; despite occasional breaks for class, Phil could usually be found out on Farragut, tossing some sort of ball with Garce and Bead. But it's the Phil we saw during Spring Break Second Class year who will stick in everyone's mind, especially that poor old woman at the rest stop. Young Philip always found time for women in his life, though. Who can forget his first kiss? I hear that Billy Joel's wife still has fond memories of the cute little plebe with the cover . . . , Phil, you and I have been through just about all of it together; all the best and, as they used to say back in ollld Mexico City . .

SPDLN

Mark J. Andreas
Pedro
Delano, California
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

When looking up the word "Beach Boy" in Webster's dictionary one will find a picture of this California native. Pedro got his name out of a need for individuality in 15 and from a strong latin-oriented cultural influence. Mark came to this institution for one sole reason: to fly, and fly he did Mark, don't you think that a runway in an F-14 is more appropriate than I-40 West in a 280ZX? Pedro's major contribution to humanity was Army in California. The party was great in the main part of the house and we all thank you for that great time. Mark you'll be a great pilot in the fine Andreas tradition. I'll miss you Mark, we've really grown together. Good luck and God Bless.

Q

David R. Atkinson
Dave
Boston, Massachusetts
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

I first met Dave in the summer of '81. I first thought he was just a quiet tennis player from an obscure town in Mass. But the more I got to know him, the more I began to realize that he was not an ordinary midshipman but an outstanding individual. While integrating and differentiating were not his forte, Dave more than made up for it by nothing less than unrelentless determination, unshakeable resolve, and plenty of hard work. To the best of my knowledge, I can never recall a single instance where Dave gave up or did something less than a hundred percent. This wholeheartedness permeated every aspect of his life. I can still remember the day that Dave started track. Coach had to drag him off the track because he hurt his legs trying to keep up with the studs. Most times the killer workouts were not enough for him because after practice, he would come up to the room, drink some Tang, and then go out to his "office" for another perimeter.

It would seem like a man with all this drive would be hard to get along with, but Dave became a master at "leader-member relations." He applied the same energy to people as he did with everything else. I never met a more considerate man in my life. While I sought to learn Philippians 2:4, "Look not every man on his own things but everyman also on the things of others," Dave lived it.

Dave, I hope you do well; I'm sure you will. I can't ever thank you enough for the two years that we've shared as roommates. Take care, and keep smiling!

DWM

Mark S. Boehle
Bales
Washington, Illinois
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

A Boehle (that's Bailey in English) is quite a rare, and hopefully , soon-to-be-extinct species. Often referred to as sub-human, Bales was one of the few individuals ever to rise to the position of D & B Commander, go to MIT for graduate school, be a Trident Scholar, and (seriously) run a two minute O-course. Mark, who will forget all those road trips in the Fiat station wagon? (Pedro really is sorry for leaving your muffler in N.C. on our way to Charleston.) How about Spring Break in the Party Van! Didn't you forget something at Tulane? Oh well, I'm sure it was nothing to lose your hair about. We've been through a lot together "Barfin' Bales" and I thank you for that. You've always been there when I needed you. Good luck. Be the best!

Q

Dan J. Boelsche
Dan
Austin, Texas
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Dan came to the Naval Academy with one goal in mind-becoming a Naval Aviator.

From the first day we met him, we knew that the slow Texas drawl that eminated from him was more than just hot air. He carried about him that certain aura, image, and personality of the born white scarf pilot that loved telling about his victories more than anything else, be it on the football field, the air or the women from leave.

Women, one of Dan's favorite topics-they only get in the way of being a successful fighter pilot. Soon was he to realize, though, that they can be more fun than just someone to cause a headache.

Copenhagen, of course, is the other love of his life. If someone wasn't in our room to bum a dip, they were there to get the gouge from the files he so accurately kept. If it wasn't that, it was to talk about how the Longhorn Football team was doing. Too bad that some of his best arguments about Texas were with a Dawg from Missoora-our early departed roomie.

Through it all, he has been a trustworthy and true friend and confidant, and a damn good guy to have around at any time. We will sorely miss him, although I am certain he can be found at TPS or Astronaut school in the near future

Best of Luck, Boelsch' and God Speed!!

CRM JR

Richard A. Brown
Brownie
Lowell, Massachusetts
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Brownie found his way to the Naval Academy from Lowell, Massachusetts and has been trying to find his way out ever since. Recruited for track as a sprinter, he felt that the Plebe summer "All-Comers" Track Meet was enough work for him for four years. He hasn't seen "Al" since. When he's awake, "Turbo Brown" excels on the Lightweight Football Gridiron, at a certain D.C. apartment or on the Battlefield of the Annapolis taverns. He can usually be found somewhere at the end of the SHAFT smiling, joking or moaning behind a thick cloud of smoke; which will probably remain there for years to come. Who said you never left your mark on the Academy? Rich chose Surface Line which has become somewhat of a tradition in his family. What hasn't, though? The Navy and Erin are getting one heckuva Shoe. It's been great Rich, Good Luck

Q

Michael M. Casey
Caseman
Alexandria, Virginia
English
Nuclear Power - Submarines

On 7 July 81, Mike arrived at USNA, as green as the rest of us (and whiter than most), but ready for Navy. Four years later, Mike's still white and the Navy has no choice but to get ready for "Tiny Bubbles" Casey.

On paper, this Conduct Case(man)'s career at USNA ended as it had begun: tri-colored. Between these run-ins with the regs, Mike took three years off for good behavior. During these years, Mike showed himself to be a true professional. He had no time for patsies (or Jans either). He asked only for your best, and accepted nothing less. This quality so impressed one of Mike's plebes, that she credited Mr. Casey with being the company's biggest "asset." Equally reknowned was his literary genius. Classmates lined up outside our room to borrow Michael's mind. He proofread more of our papers, without complaint, than he wrote of his own (as an English major that's not easy). During his Academy years, Mike did more educating than did Rickover Hall. First semester 1/c year was spent teaching plebes to speak English (every other semester was spent trying to teach engineers to do the same). Michael first heard his calling to teach while giving two Chicagoans some pointers about the English life style. While doing all this teaching, Mike also devoted time to learning. He spent much time and effort learning the finer points of Backgammon and Acey-Deucy from Bead, and, like the rest of us, learning all about everything from Plof.

Mike, teaching or learning, you've been a great roommate and a true friend. Bubblehead or not, the Fleet is fortunate to be getting you. Fair winds and following seas, my friend. God bless you till next our courses meet.

PSA

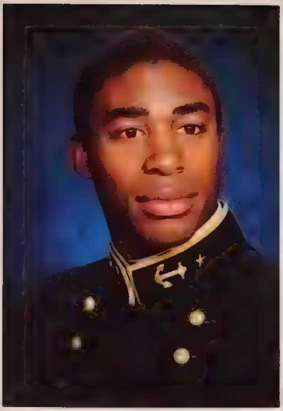
Mark D. Colby
Colbs
Sandusky, Michigan
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Surface

Colbs came to the Academy in the summer of '81 with a stereo in one arm and a football in the other. Of course, he didn't rate a stereo at the time, but regulations have never stopped him before. With the football, Mark was the famous (Oh, no, not Colby) Navy punter for three years. He distinguished himself against Syracuse last year by getting his picture on the front page of the Washington Post. (Why didn't you chase him down)

Mark has distinguished himself in other areas as well, such as partying, his car and stereo, his awesome array of adjectives and building up a solid credit by buying anything in sight. They love him in the stereo shop at the Midstore. (But it was for sale!)

Also a member of the elite society, the swillers, Colbs has braved every weather known to man in search of the ever elusive cold one. Highly successful in these endeavers, along with Hence, Tails and the rest of the glitterarty, four years have passed by as a series of weekends seperated by 5 days of classes to recover in.

Senior year found Mark well on his way to becoming a family man. His upcoming wedding with Lynn and his career as a nuke swo offer new challenges and a bright future. Kickin', huh!?



### Austin H. Coleman II
A.C.
Minneapolis, Minnesota
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

Austin H. Coleman II, better known as A.C. entered Navy as a starry-eyed, naive boy from the state of Minnesota. During that ridiculous experience we called plebe summer/year (in which he and the most famous flamer in the company got along entirely too well), he managed to survive both Gungy and Pete. With a little help from his boys, A.C. grew into an outstanding mid as well as quite a manipulator of the ladies (or so he thought). Oh, and could he party! Known to a few of his boys as Morris, A.C. really showed them what he was made of when he did the bird at the pep rally. A.C. knew how to play the role yet maintain his. (3rd Batt. Track team capt.) A.C. can be characterized as a goal setting, fun loving, strong willed individual who always seemed to be smiling. I hope he stays that way, seeing he's going nuk surface (he's trying to play a new role). A.C. has definitely grown into one of the elite members of 85. As they say "da boy is Aus-um." - Mom and Dad thanks for your ever loving support. Celeste and Laurie, you were always there for me. L.T. and Carolyn, thanks for the meals I'll wash dishes next time. E.W., Chuck, Joe E, Ed, and all "da boys", you made Navy bearable. I'm going to miss you

### Timothy W. Croy
The Boy
Kalamazoo, Michigan
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The guys from 15th company didn't know what to expect when this clean-cut "Boy" from K-zoo strutted in on I-Day. Tim was the most squared-away Mid around. He singlehandedly kept the Spiffy Co. stock rising with his one spiffy a week appetite. Tim always looked good in his uniform-his dirty uniforms looked better than most grease ones

Tim occupied his time with running and lifting. His social life didn't suffer, however. He went from a Redskins cheerleader to a Cherry Blossom Festival Queen. That poor Firebird never expected so many miles to Kansas and back.

As a firstie, Tim led the guys from 15 as the company commander. The entrance of a new Marine company officer led to many sticky situations which Tim was forced to solve.

Garce, Grits, and Tim-Boy had a lot of good times together. The experience was great with you, Tim. The sub force is getting the cream of the crop in this guy. We will all miss you. Good luck out there

Grits

P.S. Just paint those barges grey and deploy

### H. Daniel Derbes II
Derbdog
Baton Rouge, Louisiana
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Danny came to us as a fresh young sprout of about 42 from Ole Miss, where he learned the importance of professionalism, self-respect, and wild, incessant partying. What can you say about a man who, during plebe year, tried to get a special request chit to attend the Mardi Gras Ball in D.C.? Talk about a tried-and-true Coonass . . . During youngster year, though, he encouraged some of us to head south with him, into a part of the country where we all thought indoor plumbing was a rarity. What we saw surprised us: a huge, friendly family full of good-looking cousins, enough crayfish to make us all feel like true bayou types, and Henri who was really in his element. Oh, yes, indoor plumbing too, at no extra charge. Second class year saw a change of major, a continuation of his mystifying sailing career (just because Dad owns a boat, right, Dan?), and yet *another* trip south. This one, though, showed thirteen of us how really dedicated young Dan-O is to the principle of *laissez les bon temps roulez*, especially at Mardi Gras. None of us will forget Dan's succession of women; when he finally tied the knot with a woman in blue, few of his classmates and admirers were surprised. We're sure that Aggie and Sandy were just warm-ups to the main event . . . Still, anyone in 15 who's talked to Dan knows him as a man of wit, compassion, and style. No matter where he ends up, in the Navy or taking care of business in Baton Rouge, we know he'll make his mark. Dan, we wish you and Anne the best. *Bonne chance!*

### Patrick Dunn
Doc
Fords, New Jersey
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

If there was a word that could describe Pat, it would be "intense". This little leprechaun comes to us from, of all places, the sunshine state of New Jersey. As long as I have known him, he has done nothing halfway; from posing as a tree at a non-costume party to emulating the priesthood for five years of college, Dunnster has disproved the idea that short people got no reason to live.

Dr. Dunn earned his medical degree as the varsity hockey trainer as well as from his unique talent to write (or mix) any known prescription at a given party. Girls have never been a problem for Spanky; with a nickname like Doc, you know he can operate. For Pat, life at the Academy has been one struggle after another, but Doc has gotten by with a simple but effective plan of attack which has helped him in such endeavors as dodging wardroom workers wearing covers. On weekends, Pat just goes to parties, he gets really drunk, and he passes out - no problem.

Good luck Black Shoe.

Q

Thanks to Rocky and Mom. Love, Pat

Gregory A. Garcia
Garce
Alamogordo, New Mexico
Systems Engineering
Surface Warfare

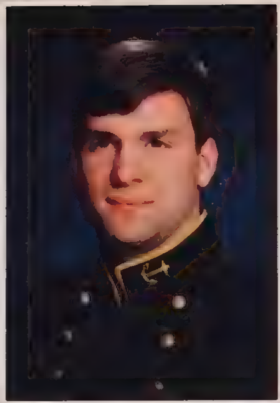
Greg entered the Naval Academy as a veteran of the service, having spent a year of hard labor at the Naval Academy Pre(p) School. His leadership potential was soon evident, and the familiar cadence "Lef, Ri, Lef" became a hallmark of sorts. By the end of plebe summer, though, we all realized that Greg has innumerable talents, most of which are non-military related.

The one that used to come to mind first was his adeptness at juggling girlfriends. I say "was", because he is presently a contender for YMS status. Who could forget that second class year, though? Between Colleen I and Colleen II, then Colleen II and Julie, and then just Julie, Greg sure had his hands full, not to mention his weekends. There were others, too - the twins, a zoomette, Hawaii, and youngster summer (was it five or six, Greg!) - but they were just passing whims.

Garce was quite the stellar athlete as well. In addition to brief stints with JV hoops and 150's, he starred on the company basketball and softball teams. He then found his true calling—lightweights. Garce quarterbacked the company "varsity" football team for two years, leading us into playoff contention both times. Those "chicken legs" could sure move!

Above all of these accomplishments, though, Greg is a true friend. He is always smiling and good-natured, and would go out of his way to help anyone. We've had some fun times together, Garce, who could ever forget the "Foreign National Room" with you, me, and Fooj; or those choir trips? The fleet is surely getting a good man in Garce, and we wish him all of the good luck and success he deserves.

TPH



Todd A. Gardner
Todd
Duncansville, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Women of the Annapolis area will be able to sleep easier now that Todd no longer inhabits 5-1. More than a few hearts have been cracked by Bruiser. He was an equal opportunity companion and showed no prejudice when it came to girls. His three stripes were the best deal he ever got, more than a few of his study hours were occupied with liberty. The Third Battalion Football team could have done worse than have Todd as their coach. Todd coached the team through a 3-2 season. The company's heavy-weight team also used his talents as quarterback. Todd's knees and leg muscles will hopefull recover now that he is out of the Boat School but his ships' sports team will not be a stranger to him. Whoever has to live with him will learn how closely his stomach is related to his emotions. Keep him full and you will keep him happy. Hurry up and find someone to take care of you, you will never be able to take care of yourself. Good luck Todd, enjoy China

James M. Grimson
Grits
Glenview, Illinois
Systems Engineering
Naval Aviation

Grits is the classic example of the All-American guy. He entered the Academy after excelling in high school, and immediately picked up where he left off. He was nearly flawless plebe summer; while the rest of us were having trouble just tying our shoes, Jim was busy both helping us and reciting the Laws of the Navy.

Needless to say, Grits had few problems with academics, here, despite the efforts of Maury Hall to the contrary. (Will that plane actually fly?) He virtually owned the Supe's List; the only time he didn't wear stars was first semester plebe year, and that was only because they didn't give them out for plebe summer.

Jim excelled in sports and music as well. He was a vital part of the 'domination squad' on the company lightweight "varsity" football team for two years, and played company softball as well. Jim was the only person I knew who could sqeeze a workout and racktime into the same afternoon. Musically speaking, Grits has mastered seemingly all of the harmonies to every Chicago song, and can probably play most of them on his "bone", too, reminicent of his "Motel 6" days.

Jim did not exclude himself from the social scene, either. Though his ties to a certain Wisco woman temporarily held him down, he eventually saw the light, winning his bet with Garce and Tim, and enjoying his return to the good life.

Grits, after four years we're finally P-cola bound. It was a long wait, but it will be worth it. Don't ever stop being the best My hat's off to you, buddy!

TPH

Jeffrey P. Hamman
Pacer
Garden City, Kansas
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

Jeff, Ham & Eggs, emerged from the rough Kansas plains. Actually he was a mistake that hindered his parents from retiring when they had planned. His days of delinquency and nights in handcuffs and police stations ended on that fateful day in '81. He proved himself well as a gymnast by lettering his plebe year and eventually becoming team captain. His technique for mounting the horse helped break his falls for the 'Greek'. He still admits nothing happened that night he was snuck in to the Girls' dorm at ND. (who are we to believe?) His antics with the team were also notable. As in the time 30 people crowded into his hotel room and he talked his way out of it. Oh, we mustn't forget the wheel he lost. Tighten those lugs Jeff!! He never was a cubehead, and the shaft ways took a firm hold on him. Well, we will miss you Jeff, you always had a nice thing to say. I hope your future as an NFO is prosperous. Thanks for the memories and please return my underwear P.S. I know you will join the YMS soon . . . AMF (Adios my friend)

DJP

### Jeffrey A. Henson
Jeff
Orlando, Florida
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Jeff, like all of us, came to the Academy to get a good education (Poly-Sci Ha!), learn how to lead men (Mardi Gras or bust), and excel in athletics (Navy baseball and heavyweight football). Unlike most of the survivors of our class, "Hence" was successful on all counts. Equally important however, Jeff has remained a fine friend and roommate.

Over the past four years, Jeff's interests have become evident to all who know him. As an avid and boisterous fan of the Cowboys, he hasn't produced a Super Bowl, but he has nothing but the best of the rest. Jeff's wardrobe has turned into more of a hassle than an asset. That is, too many people ask to borrow them. I'd like to thank the Big "H" and Mom for that. On the weekends, Jeff likes to dress up, get in his Daytona and . . . what? chase women you ask . . . no, Jeff is devoted to his lovely girlfriend Karen. (That broke a lot of hearts) What a guy . . . Springsteen, weekends, Budweiser, 70mph tickets, fun in the sun, partying, overland speed records from College Park, dancing, the "park", and friendship. What else is there? Jeff has learned them all from me. Ha! Ha!

With graduation impending, Jeff plans on joining the ranks of the mighty surface warriors, Coffee mug in one hand and belly in the other, just kidding (I'm one too). The future will find Jeff both successful in his career and his life with Karen. I wish you the best of luck in both, you deserve it.

MDC

### Thomas P. Hobbib
Bead
Mountainside, New Jersey
Systems Engineering
Naval Aviation

Tom came to us from the vast Industrial paradise around Exit 135 on July 7, 1981. Like all varieties of life from areas like Jersey, though, he has baffled modern science by evading classification. First, there was the Bead we all came to know plebe year; he remained low-key, aside from asking Novo an occasional rate, and chose his major in honor of Simba, his role model. Just when we thought we had him pegged as your run-of-the-mill mid, though, Tom realized there was something missing from his life. (There was something else missing from his life, too, but he finally left the Madonna Fan Club first class year.) Only when Bead discovered the Supe's List did he realize his true calling: in fact, he's had stars and stripes his entire career here.

But Tom couldn't be classified as a geek, either; his stumpy little physique could always be seen out playing hoops, lightweights or Batt tennis, depending on the season. First class year saw Bead reaping the rewards of these years of toil; after returning from a Japanese FOREX, he was a Regimental striper, a starter on lightweights, and a permanent fixture on the Supe's List.

Then, of course, there was the Bead who appeared only on liberty. Who could forget those Catholic Choir trips, so full of highly spiritual encounters? Or that trip to Mardi Gras, when we found out how badly poor old Bumble needed Comforting. Whether in the high society clubs of Chicago or the seamiest bars of New Orleans, Tom always managed to be right at home.

Whatever he is, though, Tom is bound to be a success out in the Fleet and the World. It's said that only the fittest survive in a tough environment; Tom is one of those rare breeds that thrives in one. Good luck, old buddy, now and forever.

MMC

### Christopher J. Hodges
Hodge-mo
Baldwin, New York
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

It started in July '81. All he needed was a bed, blue-rimmed t-shirts, and a chow-call station— that's all. And his index cards. That's all. This arm-wrestling champion from Long Island came to Annapolis wanting to play football and expecting to flunk out. However, when he found out the football team didn't wear magenta socks, his sense of superstition led him to the 3rd Batt team; and, when he found out he wasn't going to an ac-board, his personal academic drive led him to the rack. HOOTER! (a forehead slap is heard echoing in the halls) LIZ-ANNE! (no more needs to be said) Chris learned a lot. He learned to drink coffee, to get up in the morning, and to put the fan in the shower. Despite these successes, he was never too proud to rally around the tripod. IBM! Honda Civic! MEMORABILIA FILE! Seriously, it's time for a Change of Pace. Chris is a natural leader. He led Sweetie, Marty, and Stump to Motown and then he led a platoon. How about those two-striper lib dinners at Wendy's? Always one to set fashion trends, Hodgemo's civvies never were matched (nor worn) first semester first class year as he was too busy listening to Louie Armstrong and his classical music tapes to change. Bound for the Frigate Navy and an East Coast port and the altar in October, Chris leaves behind a legacy of laughs, love, and fond memories. The Black Shoe force never got a better soul. (GAG!) Good luck Chris, you'll always be in the front row. and THAT'S ALL!

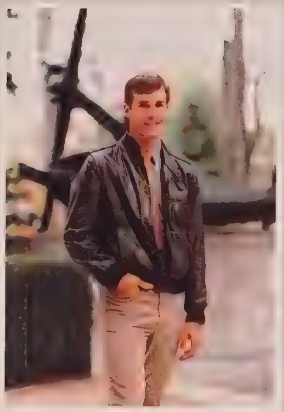
TKP

Mom and Dad, Thanks for your support and love, Chris.

### Glen C. Langford
Ace
Brookfield, Connecticut
Aerospace Engineering
Surface Warfare

Yhettis often hunt for solitary ski poles but always run in single file teams. An original member of Team Yhetti, Ace was often involved in many an organized debauchery, and more often than not led the way. Ace spent some time over in Dirty Thirty and was then picked up for the last two years in the free agent draft by Fifteen, he was a very nice boy - he used to cut the grass. The tale is still being told, by 0-6's mostly, of the time Ace and Dozer went to Duke. Ace was not a person to be phased by a note on his desk saying, "SEE CONDUCT OFFICER ASAP". Rang-tang-ding-dong I am the Japanese sandman-take eight. They stormed Bermuda, Florida Baltimore, D.C., Georgetown, and the Vous, and the Vous, and the Vous, punished themselves at Gene's and Armando's, but the riddle was solved when the piston shot through the side of the car and the hole that Audry's trip doll fell into was finally discovered. All the mice have spacesuits and know what's going on, and Ace always had the gouge. Following a dispute over bennies, probably involving a young lady with a taste for the bizzare, Ace went on to help form Team Damien, and while playing hackysack, programmed his units. Quickly tiring of his success, Ace turned his many talents to passing the NAMI eye test (see service selection). Remember, "always avoid TRI-SAD and achieve permabliss through obnesion." See you at Pete's! Timothy Leary's dead

ICABOD



Gregory T. Maxwell
M. Pads
Ephrata, Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Greg (M. Pads) Maxwell, Duke of Ephrata and pride of the Maxwell family, came to the Academy destined to be a striper D. He was born a navy brat, traveled worldwide and finally settled down on USNA for his higher education. After a semi-tough Plebe year putting up with tobacco spitting Yogi, the next three years were a time for Max to excel in performance, athletic, academic, and most important of all, girls.

Having little trouble maintaining a 3.0 in Ocean E., playing water polo and mechanized death, and maintaining a very squared-away image without scraping his knees or dirtying his nose, Max always finds time to frolic with the girls of the US?na?

Second class year, tired of East Coast girls, Max involved himself in a wild romance with a latin looptiloo at the Army-Navy Game in Pasadena. The events of the night in the partymobile will never be forgotten. First class year, Max had everything a girl could want: a brand new, red Camaro, three stripes, and a nice fat nuke bonus. It took little time for Max to hook up with a nice Catholic blond who thought that his car was indestructable

I will remind the reader that there are other sides to Greg Maxwell, his excellent party-supporting family for example, however, I can not write a book. The Nuclear Surface Navy is getting a good investment in lifer Max for the next twenty years. And do not worry Max, the girls will still flock to your tuckas even if you lose your hair and glow an amber shade of green. Good luck to you and your entire family and God Bless the USS California!

FUJ

David W. Meeks
Dave
Fremont, California
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Dave came to Annapolis by way of Northern Cal. Actually, what happened was that Dave said good-bye to his parents and then boarded a bus to go to Cal-Berkeley summer school. While he was on the bus enjoying the scenic California country side, he fell asleep. When we woke up, something was rotten in Podunk. What was originally scheduled to be a short ride to Berkely, turned out to be a long ride across the U.S.A. He looked out the window and observed the sign which read "Annapolis City Lmits, Naval Academy 2 Miles." Poor Dave got on the wrong bus. He had to stay at USNA until he could save enough money to return to the West Coast

"If you believe that story, I'll tell you another one!" Seriously folks! Dave came to USNA to prepare himself to become an officer in the Navy. My being his roommate for the last two years has enabled me to improve while watching him develop mentally, morally, and physically

He performed well academically. Whenever I saw his grade card, it was like observing a heat wave. "The temperature averaged into the 90's." The Ocean Engineering department had their hands full

Besides academics, his involvement with the Navigators has been a rewarding experience for both him and the mids he has come in contact with. He has placed Jesus Christ above all; and he has lived his life acordingly

Dave will do well in the Navy. One can see God, duty, honor, country by just looking into his eyes

Charles R. Merritt, Jr.
Chuck
Liverpool, New York
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Chuck came to us from the up periscope end of New York State. His journey brought him through UR and their NROTC, so he started out a year older and wiser than the rest of us. He put that year to good use as he used it to get the jump academically and as a second class, to pile up a heck of a lot of weekends to spend with Debbie. Chuck was a graduate from the Scarface School of Elementary Success-"First you get the power, then you get the money, then the woman," and he did, in that order. A charter member of the YMS, Chuck fell easily.

But Chuck's better half is not all that can be said for him. If he wasn't with her, he was gone on another Glee Club M.O. Chuck put the B in Bubblehead through the Dolphin Club. Woe be the soul who bad mouths the Silent Service, and woe be the plebe who doesn't know the operational characteristics of the BQQ-5, or the PROPER klaxon signal for diving. Chuck was a pro when no one else would let him be.

It's been a good four years, Chuck. Those of us closest to you know how good the years ahead of you will be. Remember the Dawg, and always remember that Eleanor Tyler told us big rivers usually turn east

DJB

Phong Nguyen
Fuji
Hayward, California
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

The little one came to this prestigious insitution from 'Nam by way of Hayward, California. During plebe year he escaped much harassment mainly because he was so small that nobody noticed him and he spent a lot of time in laundry bags. He started out at the Academy as an intelligent, talented, and quiet young man who played an excellent violin. This small musical youth transformed into one studly brigade boxer. His natural athletic ability enabled him to play all sports superbly despite his height disadvantage which prevented him from going into the Corps and reaching the top shelf of his locker. Youngster year, Dr. Wu became the Brigade Champ in boxing. He also became infamous for his "red-face" and drinking antics, especially at the Army-Navy game in Phila. He was adopted by 15 CO. and became its welfare case by wearing everyone's clothes and eating their food. Along came Second Class year and Fuj emerged as a red-hot flamer and having a much improved alcohol tolerance . . . he could handle two brews without getting red-faced. Even with the difficulties of academics, the slope managed to breeze through EE. His final year at USNA brought tough battles with VISA, Dsmoke, service selection, and a broken down Spitfire in Tuscon.

Phong's pleasant, care-free and no sweat personality will certainly be missed at a pressure-cooker like the Academy, but he will never look back at the Boat School. He was a great friend to all, and I'm sure someday we will find him leading the fight for his homeland. Good luck with everything!

GTM

David J. Peterson
Buddha
Mesa, Arizona
General Engineering
U.S. Air Force

Conceived at the start of an unbearably long Minnesota winter, Dave, known to his only friend as "Spaz", was the final addition to a family searching for perfection. Both parents vowed to stop experimenting after the crushing disappointment of the sixth child. Despite their unhappiness, they continued to feed and nourish Dave, only to have him grow in height as well as girth. At arrival at the Academy he showed promise as a world-class swimmer (if we are to believe a fraction of his over-exaggerated stories of how good he used to be). Instead he opted rather to begin a downhill slide from handball to HW football to ultimate frisbee manager to breathing. Many times he showed his high holiday spirit in strange ways. One of his favorite quotes, "Let's go get them" first originated when he attended the Portland Rose Festival during youngster cruise and authorities trying to apprehend him shouted it after witnessing him in an extremely compromising position. His last year at TFS (This Fine School) has been one of classic Peterson style. Starting with complete freedom and ending with a three foot leash being placed around his neck. (sorry Karen) A word should be said about the poor, well meaning girl who made the mistake of showing kindness for the first time to Cocoa. She has been rewarded for this action by being dragged to the east coast to babysit the company weekend party house and withstand countless stories of what D.J. did while she wasn't around. In all seriousness, good luck in the Air Farce, Dave. They can have you

AMF J.P.H.

Thomas K. Plofchan, Jr.
Bobo
Detroit, Michigan
English
CIVLANT

When I first met Tom Plofchan on July 7, 1981, I asked myself, how did this guy get to the Naval Academy? What did your Senator do, lose a bet? But Bobo turned out to be gentle as a bear His sleeping habits ("Kashu, kashu, kashu"), and the time King Aerobic Platoon Commander stayed the night under a certain tree in the yard provided a fine example for the company.

He was a "shack" dwelling, sledding, *Candy Man* playing and playing piano man. He was worshipped by the female plebes and by Jenny M., who "wasn't quite his type," in other words, she didn't laugh at his jokes. (Tom, by the way, is still single). Tom was a champagne connoisseur; too bad you sprayed it on Case. Plof was an Olympic miler, an expert of column rights and lefts, a sports car enthusiast (the mean green Renault Encore machine) and a darn good Democrat. Traitor!

On the more cereal side, Tom had his idols - Lee I., Navy men, and Eugene O'Neil (was he a socialist?) Plof had his bulkification jacket to go "offenpoffin", a strange hot water drinking habit, and a thinking problem ". . . And then I thought about . " "Shut up Tom!" I still say we should've gone to Salt Lake via Las Vegas

Bobes was an outstanding navigator on the sailing team and his skills led him to taking pictures of port-o-potties with his secondhand female friend, with his tripod, no less! Being completely syrupy, though, Teach, you're a top ten-percenter in our hearts. If only you had beaten me on that number one - for now, GO METS!, and so is he, at what, I don't know. It's certainly not recorder playing, perhaps lamp physics

All the luck and love in the world, Tom, keep on laughing (tone it down a little, though), and change that pace

CJH

Eric M. Quinn
Q
Daytona Beach, Florida
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

Being a Fighting Crab from Seabreeze High Eric should have felt right at home coming to Crabtown, but somehow the Annapolis winter wasn't the same as that in Daytona Beach. So Q cruised through school with thoughts of Florida sunshine and sandy beaches to make life at the Academy bearable. From the Corps trips of plebe year to the UAV at Army-Navy '83, Eric truly was a party animal.

In addition to his Annapolis conquests, Old SCAR was truly a man of the world. From Sweden to California to the P.I., Old Pilot Eyes had a woman in every port- - - -or usually found one. However Eric always had his closest relationships with the women of the South which is where Q's heart will always be. A southern gentleman in every way, Eric's hospitality couldn't be beaten as he opened his home to the 85 FLEET for spring break.

You've been a great roommate and my best friend. From the Golden State boy to the Sunshine State kid, God Bless You Always

Charles M. Smith
Charlie
Camden, Arkansas
Marine Engineering
Surface Warfare

Upon arival at the corner of Chesapeake and Severn, Charlie found a strange new environment. No longer did thoughts of the farm fill his mind. He turned his thoughts toward something completely novel- the world of academia. But now it's time to depart and Bancroft Hall will greatly miss his loving remarks and off-the-cuff compliments. Charlie was well known among his company mates especially since he roomed with just about everyone. One of Charlie's toughest decisions was service selection. After he told the Submarine Community he was no longer interested, they were crushed. Oh well, their loss. Of the more colorful of his charades include his ability to come up with interesting thumper signs (sniff). Mile 18 of the Marine Corps Marathon was a very sobering experience for him. Good luck Charlie, see you at SWOS.

RESCUE
INTAKE

### Mike G. Taylor
Tails
Marietta, Georgia
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Surface

Tails is one kickin' dude. With his southern accent and relaxed outlook on life, he breezed through plebe year unfazed, despite incredibly tough squad leaders (Taylor, it's that time of day again) and interrogations by the roving patrol. Youngster year was the beginning of Mike's extremely successful academic career. Mike firmly believed in doing more by studying less. Of course, it didn't hurt to have incredible luck in getting gouge prof's. (Keep typing in those 0's)

Being a math major, Tails was renouned for his formulation of Taylor's constant, which was invaluable at the Dogpen every Saturday night. On the athletic scene, Mike became a brigade boxer, displaying such skill that advanced him to the brigade semi-finals. His unyielding devotion to training and fitness fortunately did not stop Tails from earning his swiller quals in the blizzard of '83. Mike will always be remembered as one of the party leaders of 15th company. Whether he was at the Annapolis playground, the Spring Break party van, or downing party packs in Pasadena, there was never a boring moment with the King of the ''Hairy Redeyes'' around.

So, what's next for our fearless company subdaddy? Well, being a nuke surface jock, Tails will be heading to do Orlando for 6 months, New York for 6 months and the like; after which, he will join the wardroom on the USS South Carolina. Somewhere in between schools, Beth will put the ball and chain on him.

It has been a pleasure to room with Mike and be his friend even though he did chip Lynn's tooth (GRRR!!!). Good luck and good riddance, just kidding. We love you. (Ha Ha)

### John R. Walters
Ergo
Portland, Oregon
Aerospace Engineering
Surface Warfare

ERGO: The life and fast times of John Walters.

I was one of the close circle of friends that witnessed John's horrifying rise and fall. This is his story. He started as a nice kid from a nice family in Oregon, but when he entered the Academy, he fell in with a bad crowd, some people called them ''The Nuts'' or others ''The Fools''. They referred to themselves as ''Crew Jocks''. This group's influence quickly had an effect on John. John submitted to peer pressure and tried a few workouts. After two he was hooked. He started with small stuff, running and calisthenics, but quickly moved up into the hard stuff. Soon he was lifting, rowing ergos, and doing the occasional hill or two. By Spring he was fully addicted, and flirting with the idea of the ultimate-RACING. Once was enough, and after the first one he couldn't hold back. Pretty soon he was doing massive calories, secreting food in his room and sneaking snacks, just to fuel his habit. Performance was everything and nothing could deter him. As you can expect, this all took its toll and John soon found himself with the gnarliest, hard corps group of the Crew Jocks, the First Boat. About this time John found out about Aerospace Engineering and started taking all kinds of Dynes. A few years of this kind of punishment and John took the big fall- he was made Captain of the crew team. Pathetic isn't it? A nice guy turning into a brutal athlete/scholar. I'm just glad I've been on the periphery of his, shall we say ''problem''. Imagine how his parents feel- their son a 3-striper team captain with a 3.4 in AERO. It happened, I know, I was there, and I know it is a vicious cycle and I know it won't stop. Keep it going forever John.

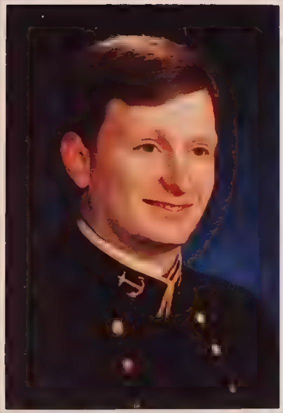
-BRT

### Mark E. Weber
Webs
Cumming, Georgia
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Mark was a good ole' boy from down South. His prior service before coming to USNA was very productive. He always had an excuse to go to Orlando and his parents almost forgot who he was. Webs was known for his uncanny ability to match white works and WUB''A'' into an appropriate fashion for our nights out on the town. No obstacle was too great for him as he proved by finally getting over the wall after months of conditioning. He was a Mech E all the way and along with it became a black shoe in this man's Navy. If you were ever lonely on a weekend he was there to keep you company. Mark's tastes were incredible, no one else would eat Alpo at Judy's party. Oh yeah, you still owe her a basket for the one you crushed. Most of us took a car loan and went conservative, not Webie-Pooh. He splurged for a Trans-Am with an H.O. package only to have it entered in a demolition derby which he definitely lost. We will always remember Weber as the 'Granpa' of our company who never wanted to leave the sanctity of the shaft. Will you ever forgive us for throwing you out in the laundry cart that cold dark weeknight? It has been a good four years Mark. Thanks for putting up with me and good luck in the Fleet. You can have my black socks and gold-rimmed shorts so we will be able to find you easily at our reunions. Don't give up the ship . .

DJP

# Sixteenth Company



Kenneth M. Adams
Strips
Warwick, Rhode Island
Physics
Surface Warfare

Coming from the sheltered home waters of the Narragansett Bay. Ken soon learned how to stand on his own two feet (Not, of course, without a little help from Dwayne, Boom-Boom, and the lovely Sarah!). Actually we never really determined if it was him or his laundry which was standing on two feet. Finally, with the trials of plebe year behind him Ken settled down to concentrate on his physics grades and his physique, namely how to decrease one whilst increasing the other. Things were made none to easy for our hero during youngster and second class years thanks to a certain nameless Viet Cong. This villian did not dampen Ken's spirit and we all cruised through many a weekend in the Death Ride (aka the mighty Green Hornet). The Death Ride was eventually replaced by the Scirocco, which looks a shade prettier but was never as dependable. One night, I immediately recognized this modern day Enzo Ferrari driving on the shoulder of the N.J. Turnpike by the distinct abscence of tail lights. A new company officer ended the dark years of tyrrany for Ken, and he finally proved what I always knew about him. First class year showed us that he will really be a fine Naval Officer. I know it wasn't easy, but thanks for putting up with Jimi, Bob Marley, and Sid Vicious. Now its time for both of us to go grey, start smoking, and achieve the perfect gut! Good Luck! Stay in touch.

ATP

James D. Anderson
Jimbo
Mt. Laurel, New Jersey
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

When Jimbo was born all of the women of the world rejoiced, or so he thought. His hairy chest and not so hairy scalp enabled him to charm the fair members of the opposite sex. Lately though Jim has tamed down. His latest flame could have taught him grade school, but instead he learned from her the benefits of a late night jog. Always one to take advantage of a good opportunity, J.D. almost made it through the Academy without ever setting foot on a grey ship. As a repeat performance, he chose to sail his way to Bermuda for first class cruise, but he rode through some heavy storms with the Commander. Jimbo was all set for Navy Air but those last couple of letters seemed a little fuzzy. Jim, I hope you don't get seasick earning those SWO wings. Best of luck, Pete.

Eugene S. Benvenutti, Jr.
Ben
Gulf Breeze, Florida
Aerospace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Coming to USNA was probably one of Ben's biggest mistakes. Ben had it all; a full ROTC scholarship at Hokie U., a sweet thang he met there from NOVA and a Porsche. What more could a college freshman ask for? Ben knew his priorities, he wanted to become a ring knocker, a fraternity bigger than the both of them. He and his Porsche that is. That sweet thang from NOVA will be Mrs. Benvenutti shortly after graduation. So he went for the five year plan and ran into numerous obstacles. Plebe summer saw him almost drummed for insubordination when a morning greeting meant for Hoot was intercepted by his squad leader. During Plebe year he felt the wrath of Dwayne who chewed on his back side day and night, from which he has yet to recover. He still has no backside His arrival in 16th co. was of great benefit to all of us. His four annual BEN BASHES capped off each one of four memorable years. And who will ever forget the quote fit for reef points: "Fry me you @*# and his other lovely greetings at morning quarters. Yes, Ben was a defiant and sometimes obnoxious cus and has been known to take on a Thrilla twice his size, yet we all grew to love him for his unusual disposition. 3/c year saw the start of numerous Tech Treks. It was during one of these delayed by a big snow storm, that our Ben started a new trend. He got engaged. 2/c year started with a night on the head in New London and a mosseltouf in O.C. 1/c year saw us lose our Ben to his two fiances, that sweet thang in NOVA and the USMC. Fair winds and following seas, Ben. May you find your place with the green elite group as you did with us.

JTB

Jeffrey T. Bernardi
BZ
Strongsville, Ohio
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Jeff came to us from Cleveland, which isn't surprising to anyone who's been there. Plebe summer found Jeff battling his roommate as well as the 1/c. Watching him and Soltesz reminded me of Frazier-Ali "Thriller in Manila." Whether he was brain-damaged during these bouts and couldn't think or whether he didn't have his glasses and couldn't see we never determined, but Jeff earned his nickname when he ran through the W course wall. BZ was never one to pass up a good time. He impressed us at Army plebe year when he spent the night with a goddess, a white porcelain one, and again in O.C. Billy Idol was in the crowd and was inspired to write "Dancing With Myself." Youngster year BZ found a girl that wouldn't run from him. The Beast came to Annapolis and the days of the Tech Trek began. It was this year that BZ took up the sport of jumping into moving trucks in civvies by Gate 3 to get back for taps. BZ used 2/c summer as a learning experience. In P-cola he started BeerTraMid by learning not to forget the twist-tie of an airsickness bag. The next week showed him the bugs of the USMC (they do get in the damndest places.), and New London taught him that money is everything. 2/c year found BZ undergoing a major change. He became a sweat. The Mech E department did it to him and I'll never forgive them. He has been in state of fear and depression ever since, though he did break through that shell 1/c Army Week when he, as the Dept Dant, doused the bonfire. It's been a fun 4 years. I'll miss you.

Ben

Robert E. Conway
T.D.
Catonsville, Maryland
Naval Architecture
Naval Aviation

"I'm perched here in Eisenhower Hall" Throwin Down Throbbage is a unique piece of human flesh in his own right. He emerged from nowhere 2nd Class Year as the company comedian, always willing to take the first step. Leroy was truly a great bird until his rude removal by C.J. Thrab served as a wardroom worker one night and fit right in since he had bumps. The "V" was a staple in his listening diet and he jammed to Prince before most white people heard of him. "Q-dog" was a known flasher and accomplice to T.M.C. He always wanted to be a P-3 pilot, and it looks like the former FOTW will do it. Known to hang for Star Trek, Thrabby Thrab also became a member of the Supreme Team. Three seasons of fast pitch softball were fabulous, and Thrab was often breakin' or poppin' in center field. Kathy Kath, makin lips, playing nerf hoops. How about a $50 nite- P.O.H., is that good? From my first impression of Thrab pulling down his drawers by the Pepsi machine on 7-1 to Pensacola, Thrab has been a real treat to know Hey Throb-let's have another bash at your crib better yet, you gotta a taste for the Inner Harbor? God bless you rascal.

Cheese

Robert W. Dill
Big Bob
Kansas City, Missouri
Applied Science
Supply Corps

A product of Park Hill HS, Big Bob came to Navy at a thin 236lbs and soon ballooned to a whopping 280. By grad this May, he will be back down, for awhile anyway, to his slim figure, but he will also be Big Dilla to us all. Big Bob did not waste his "gift" but enrolled in the Gary T. school of death. Long snapping for 3 years, Thrilla gave us all good memories with visions of the Mighty Gut protruding from the #74 jersey. Thanks for the wins over Army and South Carolina.

Some of the better times caught Bob with booze on his breath and women on his mind — and usually mind only. He did get to express that toothy grin at the Goucher College once or twice, but has saved most of himself for Michelle. The nights of the Army games were always ones not to be remembered as well as those of Fred's Bash. Never one to turn down a drink, Big Bob made history many times with his good friend, So Co. May you always be forced to drink Lite beer.

A few things to jog the memory: One "hard up" weapons exam, "stick it through the hole", floating shrimp in the shower, "good morning, Miss Coe", Dill's Chinese laundry service, and mys horse in Rawhide. The last four years have been great and I wish that they could go on forever. I will never be able to replace you as a Samoan brother or perhaps a chainsaw at night. Thanks for putting up with my cue ball head for so long and call me if you need some Redbone or to get you out of hot water. Good luck in the fleet and remember Waterhead, Nag, Polack, Juan, Hoss, Nasty, Ribs, Thrabbage, Cheese, D-White, Tiny, and all the BOYS.

Semper Fi, BONE

Chris A. Drenter
Chris
Bettendorf, Iowa
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

After a typical plebe summer, Ac-year saw Chris settle into the nice, comfortable, easy major of Mech E, whereupon he disappeared from sight for about a year. He did well though, the combined QPR's of the three in his room added up to more than the rest of our class combined.

Determined to fill the void of romance in his life Chris made his turnaround Spring Break youngster year as he slid behind the wheel of a '79 Trans Am with a gas guzzling fire breathing monster of an engine. Cruising the "ones" back home will never be the same again, especially after a little vixen pulls up, "Wanna get drunk?" Cupid had struck and Chris suddenly had to buy a new book of stamps every other week.

The playboy image grew upon returning, as did the number of girls Chris was seen with. Unfortunately he couldn't keep his hands off the wheel of his toy, to the point of driving into the yard in uniform past our company commander. Everyone agreed that you should have run over the MOOW harder so you wouldn't have been caught.

Steady girlfriends and roadtrips occupied most of 2/c year, as Chris developed the theory that beer makes a great love potion. He did maintain a professional attitude though, especially after seeing Chuck Yeager in "The Right Stuff," which got him to start chewing gum so he could be a better pilot. As Mech E pulled its final punches even a Rocket exam couldn't stop Chris from going over the wall during study hour or participating in extracurricular activities while on a duty weekend.

Now he is in full afterburner heading for the sunny shores and clear blue skies of P-cola. Best of luck to you, Bud, you'll be a hell of a pilot, see you out in the real world!

-Fieldsie

aving
y of
olis

David Lee Fields
Fieldsie
Toms River, New Jersey
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

If there was ever a natural at USNA - a person who fit the midshipman image so well that you just couldn't see him anywhere else- Fieldsie was the person who he was farthest from. Dragging him off the Jersey beaches for Plebe Summer to the land of no Budweiser, no Camaros, no girls, and ESPECIALLY no Bruce was like taking a fish out of water. I saw no one, though, adapt more easily than Dave, who I am sure would feel perfectly comfortable anywhere. He made the transition easier by making quick friends with Pete, who had a popular place on Main Street. This was to become a lasting relationship as Dave tries to make the Hall of Fame.

From friends through youngster year to fellow partiers second class year to roommates the Final year, we saw our best and worst. I don't think a day went by without some mention of who had the harder major, faster (or better) car, the most luck with girls or anything else we could think of to "better" the other. Also any mention of Ft. Lauderdale and Spring Break, the beach in general, drinking or cars and you had better be prepared to listen for awhile- Fieldsie always had a story, even if you had heard it a couple of times before.

Over the last four years, it was rare to see Dave down about anything for long. Restriction, cars, and grades had their effect, but he wasn't one to moan for long. And even as he watched his fighters turn into submarines and then destroyers, he simply didn't worry about it, concentrating more on weekends and the Vette. Dave will be a hard-partying beach bum for a long time, but he'll make a good officer. See ya in the fleet, Fieldsie.

- CAD

Jon A. Franke
Juan
Midland, Texas
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

"Juan" rolled into USNA from the great plains of Midland, Texas. He soon traded in his rattlesnake skin boots for a pair of shiny shiny black corframs and his Texas six shooter for an HP calculator. Juan was a bit of an unknown to us at first, but it didn't take Juan long to figure out that one night at Frannie O's was worth two at Nimitz. An occasional dunk-fest didn't stop Juan from becoming the satisfaction for the quest for Mech E gouge in the 1st regiment; the only problem was that Juan had that great gift of doing his best work at 4 a.m the night before the exam.

Among Juan's many triumphs while at the Academy would have to include his 1st class cruise with the Canadian Navy or more specifically, an array of Canadian nurses, stewardesses, etc., which he romanced under the guise of a cultural exchange.

As most of the class of '85 trade in their text books for flight manuals and M-16's, Juan continues academia in quest of a Mech E masters at the University of Maryland. After grad school, his destination in the Fleet may still be in question while the Navy tries to reinvent a cure for the common headache.

Juan's days at grad school should be fun while he chases co-eds at the "Vu" and rides around in his convertible Fiat. Hopefully, he'll have learned by then that red means "stop" and green means "go".

Don't forget the fellas and always keep cold beer in your frig . . . you never know when one of us will drop by to take your place. Best of luck, Juan. Go Terps!!

Andrew M. Gibb
The Gibber
Parker, Colorado
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Andy Gibb made his singing debut during plebe summer by leading a stirring rendition of "The Goat is Old and Gnarly." It's been an uphill struggle to regain face ever since. Andy's plebe year was highlighted by a spring break drunken interlude to Key Largo, which almost left him walking back. Youngster year found Gibber spending many Saturday nights upstairs in Dahlgren with Janet. It must have been the ritual playing of "The Kid is Hot Tonight" that did it to him. Well, Janet found a mid with a letter sweater, so Andy decided to join the Batt swim team. When he saw his coach Laurie in a swimsuit, it was love at first sight. Gibber had a great summer in Hawaii, tanning his body by day and evading bouncers by night. Well, second class year came and Laurie finally got her rightful place on the 16th Company taps boards. Andy struggled through another year of Electrical Engineering, confirming his suspicion that he should have been a poli sci. After enjoying another ring dance, Andy headed off to WESPAC on a sub where he remained "Hopelessly Devoted." He spent the rest of the summer MACing around with Laurie in Europe. The general mellowness of first class towards plebes didn't dampen the wrath of Gibber. Little did Gibber know when he warned Hooter of an impending attack that he was the first alternate of the plebes' "hit list." Since Hoot was remarkably not to be found, Gibber ended up tied to the Supe's porch where he met the main man and his daughter. What an impression! Andy's dream came true when he was accepted for nuke power, and he has been known as "death from below" ever since.

Michael R. Graham
Nag
Camden, New Jersey
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

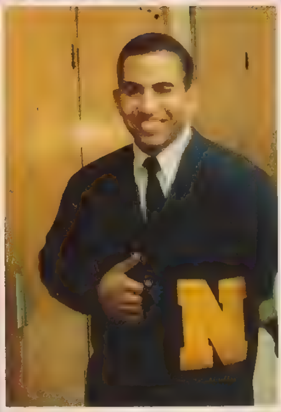
A product of the "streets", Nag became our urban survival rep during Army/Navy in Phila. Although from the big city, Nag lived the clean life at U.S.N.A., but even the best stray at times. After tipping a few too many one evening, Nag was convinced that the "Dockside" had mobile floors, and who could forget his actions with his blind-date of the evening. He explained in detail exactly what her looks would do to a moving train. From this point on Nag tried to abstain from the evils of females. Then came the trip to N.C. with Redbone. It is at this point in Nag's life that he learned exactly what a dollar could do in a house of ill repute. The big question now is, "Will Nag wed the fair and illiterate Tiwaney upon grad?"

The follies of Nagroll continued in the Bahamas where he amazed his race by getting atrociously sunburnt and the peeling. It's just not supposed to happen!

Academics were Nag's strong suit. Especially the course of sleeping at will. Nag consistently converted 4-n mornings into 0-n mornings. This may explain his candidacy for anchor-man.

Onto more serious matters, Nag's low-key demeanor provided relief for all of his classmates when it was needed most. Nag made life for his country roommate much more bearable and will be missed by the same very much! Sorry I had to break up the "crib" Nag but what's a white guy to do? Take care Nag and good luck in P-Cola or wherever the Navy takes you.

Waterhead



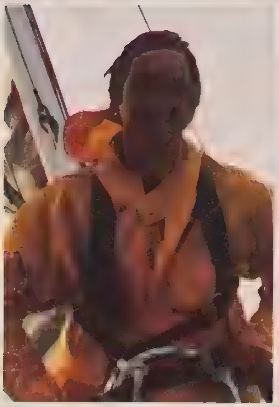
William K. Groover II
Bill
Henderson, Nevada
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Bill and I came to know one another during second class year. Since we thought alike about almost everything, we naturally became best friends. In fact, we were considered a single item before the end of the year. During that spring semester we sliced our flesh and mixed blood - - - we had become Brothers (Lee found out the hard way that the end product was greater than the sum of the components). That summer Michelle arrived only to see me get him thrown in prison. Finally, it was off to subs, sun, and Savannah.

First class year came quickly, and Bill had his fun, even though C.J. hassled him a lot. He admittedly got in relatively little trouble considering all that he had done. All in all, he fared well, but I still think the lowest thing he did was betting $100 with me. Since he hasn't made up his mind about service selection, there's no telling where he will end up, but I know I can always count on him to help me kill the Enemy.

When I think of Bill, I will always remember UMBC, .44's vs. .45's, shotguns and high-powered rifles, beer in the basement, magnesium and potassium permanganate, rapelling from the window, the chapel dome, weekend jobs, G. Gordon Liddy, missing class, freefall, fried rice, hot tea, and infinitum

Roger W. Roland



Billy T. Harris, Jr.
Dwite
Kissee Mills, Missouri
History
Naval Aviation

A Roll Call of memories-plebehood-pumpkin & Jay, "Adams!", Rubik's cube, freezebox, FB1, Plebe park, alarm clock, LT Foster, Taco Bell Eileen & a rude letter, YP Squadron, Waddy's car, All right that's it, rattling blinds & nites on the floor. 3/C-Hawaii, TV, harshness with wine in youngster park (and every half hour the next day), Bubble gum rock, Trip to WDW spring break, 4000 for getting nabbed in plebe park (while on duty), with you Mizo & Dogpen, caving with Big Joe. "I was sooo blown away". 2/C-summer-C. Strips car, Fran's. Hitchin to Hood (I-270 and toss age), Brew Crew, Mary Wash, Wires w/ Homer J Rood Plof Moge Lerch Miss Johnson & blown up diodes, 3 AM call to Stephanie, rm. 7244, the Chevvy, Gin Rummy, Wiggles, affinity for BFM, Screamage of Forrestals, A-N sheet poster, the inquisition of "E", sailing with Kris (Garfield) & Tater Head. 1/C-Dewey & the Eastern Shore, love for the jungle beat The Mighty Truck, Sailing with Oz, JD, Capt. B, mark, landfish, and of course running his vessel aground as navigator, Jr. nerf hoops with Rubes, visits by Magui & Snokey, latent flaming (briefly) Burke & Maglin, Caroling at General Johnny's with Figs (subsequent partying in 7244-6 grand ain't that bad), two sets of pull-ups (gulp!), joined the deviant group, sailing vs. grades (I know who won), and Nuke subs to Surface to Navy Air after the NAMI scare. The past four years with Dwite as his roommate has been grand, to say the least. He's always been the man to count on in the room, and will enjoy life in P-cola with the Daigle girls, Suzan, the corporal Priscilla, or whatever. Hopefully, he will pay the IRS someday, too. God bless

Cheese

Jeffrey D. Hull
J. D.
Longview, Texas
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Jeff sauntered in from Longview on July 7 and nobody knew who he was until youngster year. That's when he became Mr. Kung Fu. The belts he laid in the hall to dry seemed to change color every couple months. The OOD's knew Jeff earlier. With a 45 day stint on the E.M.B.C. for protecting his friends during summer cruise, and having a good laugh at the expense of plebes. I'm sure the plebes would have had the last laugh if they were not all wet. Speaking of youngster year, that was when Jeff went home for Christmas and decided to improve his culture by dating Miss Texas. Well she would have been. He says he learned the meaning of the term "teacher's pet." That year he also met the tough girl from UMBC. After a five month romance, he even went to New Jersey to visit her family, he decided to pick up something better; her roommate. Jeff and Kathy should be raising crumb crunchers a couple years after graduation. If Jeff learned anything from plebe detail it was how to handle and train kids. Good Luck Jeff and Kathy, I hope you have a great life together. Have fun in your Fast Attack, Jeff. See you in Orlando.

TBL

Eric F. Isaminger
Wheeser C. Cheese
Owego, New York
History
Naval Aviation

After home and NAPS, the trad. continued-Doc, Jethro . . . 4/c summer "Adams-Wooten" Jay Coleen, Dwayne-almost getting kicked out . . . P yr-1st wkd in town, a kitchen and a fat lip, FB and the lamp, Old Kate***, she likes to eat cheese-liz, Jill. Our moody r-mate who never was, the Angels-Ashley, Allison, BB Lori, Crutchfield. Kraft and Army Week. The Worm-Happy B-day MF! the Boys. 3/c yr. cruise, Gumby and the new attitude, Katie P. battle of the stereo, B. Jones & crew, Army "You're too drunk to drive" & "That's my son," Ratzi, European sports car, Lib. Bell at 3 am, thumbing to York Pa, FB II & the big heads, being told to leave a certain house, dice, high stakes w/ATP and Throb, S.B. '83 w/ Jimi and Maggie, Clapper's room. 2/c yr Frans before YP cruise and the day after, Strip's mobile, wild train ride to Bama w/ Al & Yance, white works, 4/c to 18th co. nerf hoops, 2/c Christmas party, Bum Red, Love them Hogs, late nite visits abroad w/ Throb & the look on the Boms face, Eva, Capt Mags, the mighty gut, that stupid USMC brief that cost 6 hrs, entertainment for man and horse, what P-rade for 2nd & 3rd batts, "E" screaming classes & lights, Mitscher door, Inner Harbor, Rooster's Bash & the leaky rm Rummy, C & S at Chic and Ruths, June Week usher. 1/c yr-Norfolk cruise, Nancy-Nance, calls to Mog & Brig staff, Vanagon, $100 bet after getting doubly sick w/ Nance, Supreme team-Tarnex, Raheem, & Sharnell The Boys-no more . . . It's all Cheese's fault, home to De & the beach one afternoon-Navy vs. S. Carolina? Gen Johnny, Figs and the 6k on 22DEC84, NAMI scare, EOOW qual, collect call fm Ted, boxcars & a romp, HO triple crown. 16 will never be the same w/O the cheese- Best of luck w/ Nance and P-3sDWITE

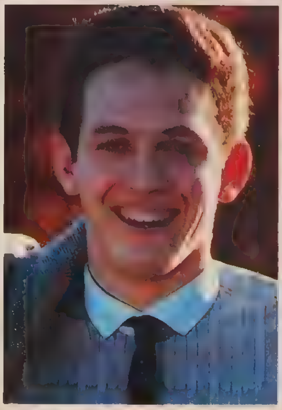
Mark R. Libonate
Ribs
Picayune, Mississippi
Naval Architecture
Civil Engineering Corps

Ribs arrived at USNA in the summer of 1981, sporting an Orioles shirt, and a string of Mardi Gras beads. The first class soon informed him that he truly was a prisoner of this fine institution, and would conform to regulations. Ribs would have none of this. Using his ability to make friends easily, Ribs found a home in "Little Italy" with Ben and B.Z., where he could be found when he wasn't down at medical, or filling prescriptions for the boys.

His 2nd summer Ribs took a little vacation to the "big island" where he coined one of his best lines: " . . . 30 dollars for all 4 of us is my final offer." Returning to USNA Ribs found life as an upperclass too busy, so he cut out those time-consuming annoinances such as classes, formations, and taps When Ray questioned his record-setting number of absences, Ribs claimed a bad memory- -then asked if he had 20 cents to loan.

Ribs' charm with the ladies spans both the young and old . . . especially the young and old. His charm didn't win the heart of his Ring Dance date, but going to her Senior Prom did. Ribs finished at the Academy with a fling (almost a stay) in the Phillipines, and a decision to go CEC. Either in the Navy or out, I know Ribs will be a big success at whatever he chooses. You've been a great friend pizon, and I wish you the best of luck. Keep in touch. God Bless . . .

HOSS



Todd B. Logan
Ghost
Tulsa, Oklahoma
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Todd came to the Academy from (ahem) the beautiful town of Tulsa, Oklahoma (only two things come from Oklahoma . . . ) It may not be the Promised Land, but being a next door neighbor it can't be all bad. Todd's intention was to conquer Plebe Summer. In search of a sport Todd joined the fencing team. After a few weeks, though, he discovered that he was so good that he quit to avoid embarrassing the varsity men (it's the honest truth-just ask him). Summer sail cruise brought out the latent crazy man while in Bermuda (just how well do rum and mopeds mix?) For all that sun though he still couldn't get a tan. And of course there was the love of his life who he intended to marry. She intended to marry, too, but unfortunately it was to someone else. Not one to let it get him down, he became a Dahlgrenite for a short time until that fatal night when he went on a blind date set up by yours truly I know she was nice, Todd, but did you have to wake me up so early Sunday to talk about it? Todd is a man of convictions, but certainly no saint. There was one historic event which resulted in his swearing off Southern Comfort, getting expelled from the human race by his sponsor, seeing his life flash before his eyes (and not caring). After being hooked by Ann, Todd settled down, somewhat. Always quick with a story (50% bull, but entertaining nonetheless) I'm glad to call him my friend. Best of luck with Ann, your boomer, and your megabuck job in the Real World.

Scott J. Mack
Waterhead
Severna Park, Maryland
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Waterhead stepped out of the woods of Maryland into the cozy surroundings of USNA armed only with a bow, flatbottom boat and a can of chew. After overcoming a nasty case of "IHTFP", he gave into the calling to be a Midshipman. Waterhead was never one to miss a party, he believed in spreading the wealth and epitomized the phrase "Love em" and Leave em'" during his four year weekend at the Academy. After boxing lessons Youngster year, our friend was ready to venture into the unknown realm of girl's colleges and experiment with his new found skill. Not being the selfish type, some of Waterhead's spawning trips took him as far upriver as New Jersey, California, and Tennessee, even the Bahama Islands weren't sacred anymore. I never thought that Waterhead ever was the religious type, but he must have had some connections up there, the miracle of him becoming Battalion Commander could well have surpassed Moses parting the Red Sea. I always knew that the odd couple would finally have to go on their merry way. I'll sure miss seeing your Waterhead around, but not as much as Claudia, Julie, Jayne, Robin, Jill and Sister, Diane, Janet and best friend Sharon, Louise, Sue, Jeanine, Tary, Kathy, Lisa, Cynthia, Parker, Tammy, Susan, Joanne, Wendy, Carol, Belinda, Paula, Julie the Colonel's daughter, and Diane for her good service

Good Luck in the Corps,

NOGROLL

Patrick K. Mayer
Hoss N. Feffer
Kansas City, Missouri
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

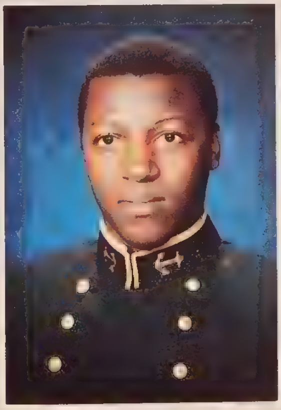
Hoss, the youngster of the "fellas" (as he liked to call us), stumbled to USNA from the great sheep-grazing country of Kansas City. He came with a quick tongue and the stubborness of a concrete wall. Hoss and the Academy style of life didn't exactly make the perfect match. This could have had something to do with the fact that Hoss's idea of a hard night of study included a drink or two out in town, a poker game with the guys, and a $1.99 breakfast at Denny's. After coming close to visiting Notre Dame at the end of youngster year, Hoss found an easier life by smooing out into the ever popular General Engineering field. A moody Irishman, Hoss would probably fit in well with his hero John Wayne back in the Old West. Unlike John Wayne however, Hoss would have had a hard time gambling without his VISA card. Hoss, being one to find pleasure in the trivial things in life, was an avid K.C. Royals fan. He also had an unending fascination for busses, whether he was driving a porcelain one after someone else's birthday party or just playing between school busses with a friend. After finding out that he would be company commander first semester 1/c year, Hoss did the only smart thing and found Rosie, whose good friend was the Batt. Officer's daughter. Hoss will always be remembered by his closest friends for bringing us Fred and the many Fred's Bashes. Through thick and thin, H.O.'s and fries, Hoss and I have stuck together, though I still think Notre Dame would have been more fun. Well, Hoss, as you travel off to P-cola, may God bless you. Keep in touch and be sure to look Masterful Matt up while your on the Coast.

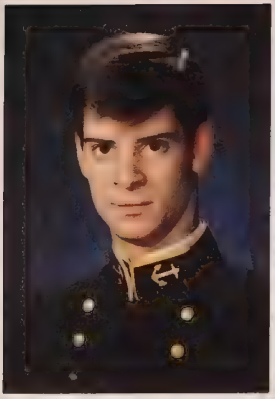
RIBS

Barry S. Melvin
Bear
Elizabethtown, North Carolina
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Bear reigns from a small town in North Carolina where he wooed women and hooped his way through high school. Unlike most of the boys in 16, who waltzed into this "wonderful" place from nice, comfortable high schools, Bear took the scenic route by way of a two year stretch in the enlisted ranks. Upon entering the Academy, Bear felt he was ahead of most of his bosom buddies, the typical man of the world, but he quickly realized that they were all in the same boat. After having a so-so plebe year while enjoying a season with Navy basketball, Bear decided that he should revert back to his old love - - - women!! In no time at all he became the biggest man on campus to many of the area girls colleges. He became so popular that soon legends began to spring up and it became hard to tell whether it was fact or fiction. But there were many who knew the real story . . . but names will not be used to protect the innocent. Even though there were many in his repertoire over his few years at the Academy, there soon became one very special woman. May he and this beautiful lady have a wonderful life together. Fair winds and following seas to the biggest Nasty of them all . . .

C.M.





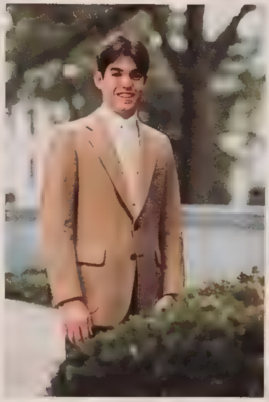
Alan P. Misiaszek
Pallock
Manville, Rhode Island
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Al left his long hair and motorcycle behind with Doll and Josh as he ventured into a whole new world of fun. He chose a challenging major and used one of his personnal theories, "I'd rather be lucky than good", to get by. (And how lucky he was!). Pallock was the only person I knew that could read eight chapters of Heat Transfer and "guess" correctly at the only three problems on the exam. His lucky streak was not limited to academics. Al mastered the technique of unintentionally redesigning the shape of his multi-colored Camaro through various types of impact. In his final project, he not only redesigned his car for the last time but he found out how expensive it would be to purchase a traffic signal pole from the state of Maryland. The female judge in traffic court gave Al the perfect opportunity to try out his ALL-American Boy image and smooth talking ability to get his driving career back on the road. His charm always won the girls hearts in the past (even if they were a little young) and believe it or not it worked in traffic court too. AL I still can't understand why I'm the one getting married first!

Financially Al was the best. He could stretch his Visa limit to the max, balance a car loan and bank statements and still have money for an occassional date or two. (Al, I don't think you will need any luck "dying in debt" because your well on your way!)

Seriously, Al, you have been a great influence and a great friend over the years. You've worked hard and played hard and you deserve nothing less than the best. Lots of luck in the future . . . . .

JRY



Andrew T. Paul
Andy
Westfield, New Jersey
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

Andy began his illustrious military career on somewhat of a downbeat; he went to NAPS. He spent most his time there spending his money on booze and loose women but managed to learn enough to make it to USNA. His carefree life style was ill suited for life here at the Academy but he tried his best not to let the MHP get in the way of a good time. He was hung with horseshoes, though, as he always managed to escape unscathed. He was the type of guy who always had a girl when he needed one but he always seemed to be about fifty bucks short of cash at these same times. True to his nature he bought a TR-6 with his car loan and treated it like it was his firstborn. It was about this time that he also met Barb and I never saw him again.

On the serious side . . . wait, he doesn't have a serious side . . . anyway, he is someone whom you could count on to cut to the root of the matter with his priceless, sarcastic wit. It gets him in trouble sometimes but more often than not it is a welcome bit of humor. He defends New Jersey to the death for God knows what reason and has been known to sever limbs of those poor unfortunates who happen to touch his car in the wrong places. Take it easy you clown, have fun in the fleet and keep in touch.

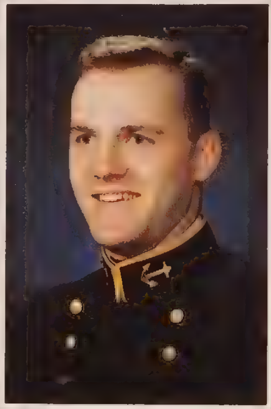
VJR

Patrick L. Redmon
Reds
Kokomo, Indiana
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Bone came to USNA via MMA. He flew through plebe year known as the king of kap. Bone always had the right words to say or a story to tell even if he didn't know what he was talking about. But, in the middle of his second class year Bone became king kappie when he joined the group of people to date other mids. Redbone was always able to talk his way out of any situation, like when the car broke down in Phili. After telling the brass everything they didn't want to hear he was assigned the duties as B.C. youngster year, but since then his duties have slowly decreased to platoon commander. It could have something to due with a friendly argument with Ned in his second class year. Redbone did have a stint as the 150 lb. football team captain, being Fireball's right hand man. Bone earned many honors in his three year career and he earned all of them through his intense style of play and his strong competitivness. Redbone came to the Naval Academy knowing he wanted to be a ground pounder. Knowing this, Bone also knew he would not need a high QPR or a great major so he picked History. After many rides on the midnight express he lasted. Not once was there a rough draft for a paper and many book bindings went unbroken

Best of luck in the Corp.

Big Bob



Joseph P. Rist
Joe
East Lansing, Michigan
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

When I came to the Academy I wasn't exactly sure what I was getting myself into. Well, its been almost four years and I'm still here. There's been a lot of good times and a few bad times mixed in. Overall its been an intersting experience but now I'm ready to move on. Good luck and we'll see ya 'round Eugene and 'Nardo.

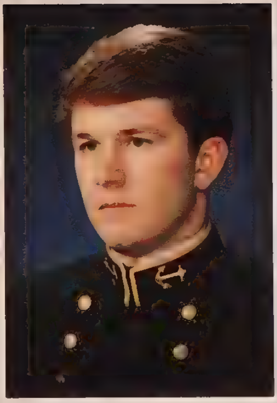
Glenn S. Rosen
Herschel
Memphis, Tennessee
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

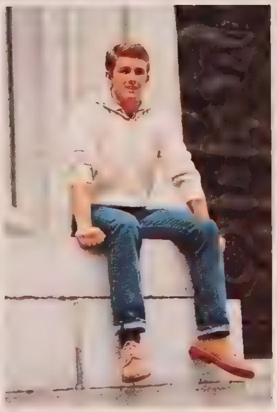
Glenn came to the academy in the summer of '81 filled with the ideals and virtues fit for a model midshipman. He hit the deck plates running plebe year joining the crew team and studying at every moment available. He thus surprised no one when he gave up part of his summer leave to play airborne with our arch-enemy, the Army

Going on the well known fact that "you have to go aero to fly", Herschel entered his major youngster year and set out playing with various balsa wood model airplanes. He showed such great skill at this, the Navy sent him on a five month vacation out west his first semester of second class year. Some Pentagon officials clad in blue refer to this place as the Air Force Academy. While his classmates were struggling through their most difficult academic semester to date. Herschel was well on his way to a perfect grade card. He was so busy in Colorado, he barely had time for his parachuting, soaring and other activities. Also that same year, Glenn discovered the opposite sex. At first, he indiscriminately ravaged the local bars and colleges. However, after maturing, he decided "NJ's" were not kosher and set out searching for the ideal girl.

First class year found Herschel on Batt staff. He quickly became known for having the longest "Reeeeport" in Navy history. On weekends, Glenn was no stranger to a good party. However, his recollection of such good times is very limited. Glenn should be officially recognized for having never gone to a party and not fallen asleep or fallen unconscious before its conclusion. Glenn will graduate an "aero" and be commissioned in the Navy. He hopes to probe the last frontier some day and we all wish him well in his quest for the stars

A.M.G.





Robert J. Smith
Smif
Avon, Ohio
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Bob entered the Naval Academy with a Norman Rockwell smile and a stubborn determination to not let the military ruin his college life Political science proved a natural as he learned to talk his way out of any regulation or love affair. His cross country experience helped him keep his various fans from surrounding girl's schools from catching up to him; until he found Deb, who apparently had the endurance to keep up. When he wasn't chasing girls, working on NAFAC, looking for a bar fight, or lifting weights, he was reorganizing Midshipman Regs. When he finally leaves the boat school he will leave behind him a new four stripper lib policy (two each semester) and a revolutionary work-study program. Remember these few things Smif: The NAFAC secretary, the Goucher gang, Ghostbusting in Georgetown, the company officer's desk, early Monday mornings, learning to cook, and "If you have a hair on . . . ". Take care my man, you carry a lifetime of friendship with you to Pensacola. Thumbs up and a cloudless sky.

Juan

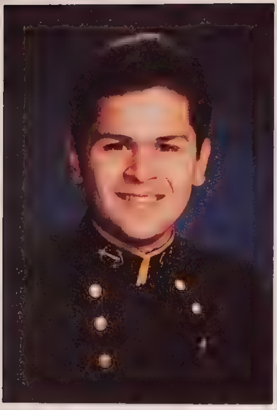
Peter J. Soltesz
Hooter
Unionville, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power-Surface

Hooter comes from one of the above listed towns as his bilged classmastes found out Plebe Summer, but we think we've narrowed it to Unionville. Fresh out of high school this lad was subject to many new experiences. He saw the movie Yellow Rain starring Juan Franke and Thrab Conway and participated in a knife throwing act performed by Switzer the Magnificent. Hooter has always been a ladies man so suave and debonaire. I recall a midsummer's trip to Towson, A brief stay in kindergarten, and the big chill. The list goes on and on. The tears shed are enough to fill the "river". Hoot's stay at U.S.N.A. did strange things to his concept of time. Many a night near 2 or 3 a.m. he would tell his wearied roommate that he would retire in 5 minutes. Those minutes turned into hours Hoot and Ward Hall became very intimate in his endeavor to obtain his own Dijisim. Army was fine with his bianual bashes which we'll never forget . . or remember. Decisiveness is not a trait of Hooter's in major decisions. In his search for a career for the next five years he went the full gamut. Nuke one day, NFO the next. He's still deciding. The end of 2nd Class year brought more turmoil . . .what kind of car? He swore he had made the right choice twenty times. Hooter has the tendency to perspire greatly at these times. But this sweat was once dried by a warm breeze blowing from his burning house. Back to women; Hoot says he has finally found the right one, Carolyn. but look at the cars and service selection. Good luck if you figure out what you'll do. Wipe down. Where's your typewriter?

Thrab

William D. Stone
Stoner
Holt, Michigan
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

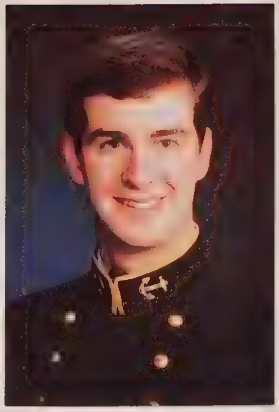
Bill "Stoner" Stone is best remembered as the guy who'as always "out running". Stoner ran his way into the Academy as the Michigan high school mile champion and he didn't disappoint anyone with his achievements at USNA. Whether Bill was running in the NCAA Cross Country Championship or taking one of Wild Bill Lee's exams, he always met the challenge. Bill thought of himself as USNA's version of Tom Sellick; you would often see him running around the hall with his Tigers hat donned in typical Sellick fashion. The only thing Bill enjoyed more than running at the Academy was dessert. He was one of those wardroom vultures who would canvas the leftovers to find that one extra piece of mud pie or scoop of ice cream. Stoner leaves USNA enroute to P-cola, cold beers, women, and those coveted wings of gold. Go get 'em Stonehead . . . oh yeah, watch those wild elbows of yours.



Reuben Villar
Reubs
Daly City, California
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Club (Mix) Reubs, known to his FRIENDS as Raheem, comes to us from the east side of Daly City (doesn't everybody?). After a brief stint at NAPS w/Tucker Dog & Mr. Stem, he arrived here w/2 turntables & a mike, basically. 4/c year, after getting out of a Groove, he fell into his own Groove, despite some Controversy over whether he went moose hunting in Nov.. He spent most of that year either wired in his room or at Plebe park w/Cheese & the Jack. 3/c year activities moved inside w/ several private parties. During 2/c summer there were many adventures w/little cash money, along w/a week on a YP as an E2 (hey you missed a spot). He began the year on the right foot (the one in the fountain-2 for 7) by hitting the books (hah!), but soon was hit by backgammon fever. This fever was soon overtaken by mixing fever. Word spread in the clubs that 2 new DJ's had arrived from Ca. (ranked 3rd in the US) but these were only rumours It was the Supreme team & their Fri. night get togethers that will go down in history. 2/c year ended w/I-dots 1st trip, Ring dance (maybe) & a Fresh trip to Frantic City. Many lips were made 1/c year along w/some I'd be p-d if you didn'ts: double secret probation broken to see The Minneapolis Story in all His Glory, watching A & N game long distance & then topped them all w/a hotdog at Candlestick. WORD is out on your Bro' w/the trick knee. When he wasn't showing his ability as a QB or mouthing off about the 49ers, he was open field tackling at gators. Reubs, whether you end up in Long Beach or Eqypt, Eqypt, take care. You've been a real friend. MAY U 2 LIVE 2 SEE THE DAWN

Tarnex Alexander Nevermind



John R. Yancigay
Yance
West Islip, New York
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

When Yance left the beaches of Long Island he gave up his homelife to join the boys of sixteen. In order to make the transition as smooth as possible Yance took along a few things to remind him of those glorious high school days. He brought those gun-boat size Converse high-tops to do a little hoopin', that unmistakable Long Island accent, and of course the "wife". Yes he brought that high school sweetheart and put her as close to the hallowed halls of Mother B. as possible without actually dragging her up to 7-1 in his duffle bag. Although he thought about that a few times. Needless to say we knew where Yance spent the weekends and as many days during the week as possible. While within the walls of USNA Johnny hit the books pretty hard. Although I think he spent more time figuring out his grades and the lowest grade he could get on the next test and still pass than he did actually studying. The other half of his time was spent trying to decide whether the port was more important or the type of ship. He said he would like to go to San Diego because it is a nice place to live. Could there be another reason? Let's see . . . tall, brunette, . . . (just kidding Lisa). But Yance don't forget, be careful when you feed the squirrels. Good Luck Pal.

APM

# Seventeenth Company

James Berdeguez
Jimbo
Daytona Beach, Florida
Physical Science
Oceanography

Jimbo came to USNA in July, 1981, giving up the sun and sand of Daytona Beach. Tearfully, on I-Day, Jim stepped out of shorts, threw on a shirt for the first time, donning white works instead. Starting out as an Aero, he got "the Bung" first semester of Second Class Year, and decided to broaden his horizons, becoming a scientist instead. Youngster Year was an interesting one for James. After breaking off with a girl of questionable sexual preference, he started spending a lot of time in Wilmington, Delaware. Have you ever read the book, *Thy Brother's Wife?* His goal was to have "A girl in every port". He even started lifting weights. Then came spring break. Going back to Daytona Beach, there he met Liz. He totally gave up the "girl in every port" idea, and became a one-woman man. Now that Liz is out of school, Jim will be setting records just about every weekend. The day after graduation Jim will be trading the chains of USNA for the chains of matrimony. Jimbo is one of the few guys to have his "wings", and yet is not going air. We all wish you the best of everything, and look forward to seeing little Jimbos running around soon.

The Mole

Michael G. Brown
Lovebucket
Seattle, Washington
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Mikey left his mother's arms to come to USNA from Seattle, Washington. Fully equipped with a golden flute, he knew how to play it with precision on the parade field as well as in the shower. Plebe year Mikey learned bilges were not just located on ships.

Mikey gained the reputation of being the "Seattle Lovebucket" when a local group of hometown teenyboppers attempted to lure him into their grips with pictures of their scantily clad bodies lying in the the sunlight. Despite this onslaught, Mrs. Brown won his love by sending him chow packages and checks at least once a week

Youngster year saw a pronounced change for Mikey as he made strong commitment to academic and professional development. Mikey also found "Baachus" in the sands of Daytona during Spring Break, and brought his friend back to USNA, where his influential presence became apparent, especially during company dining-ins. Baachus helped Mikey find the words to let Lt. Aggie know Mikey didn't appreciate dirtballs. That same night after flooding 7-2, Mikey realized that it is better to sleep in "thy rack rather than in thy shower."

First Class sailing cruise made a new acquaintance, Lt. Intramurals. She would on occasion invite Mikey over for some BLT in return for shooting lessons. Mikey later discovered his new love was just around the corner, too bad her heart was in P-cola. All the best Mikey, Good luck in Nuke school!

Tiberius, Cowboy, & Figs

Scott R. Bryan
Raoule
Newhebron, Mississippi
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Raoule mosied on up to Crabtown from the thriving metropolis of Newhebron, Mississippi (where? you say!). Having had enough J.D., Southern Belles, and country music during his year at Mississippi State, Scott decided to leave the land of Dixie to become a Naval Officer.

Scott distinguished himself from the beginning. Plebe year he was recognized as an expert shot with both the .45 cal pistol and a bucket of water. Scott handled Plebe year relatively well, maintaining his position deep in the woodwork while "Hogpen" and "The General" made 7243 a favorite, and much frequented, spot for the underclass.

We who carouse all night with Raoule wonder if he missed his calling and should have become another John Denver. But then we sober up!! "The Piano Man" is Scott's favorite-so now we all know the words. Scott spent Third class year either recovering from Georgetown or planning his next sortie to George and Syd's. That year he proved his athletic abilities showing great stamina doing 12 oz. curls and painlessly participating in area "Fun" runs. 2/c year found Scott still at war with his liver. Raoule worked as hard as he played, however, and never really had trouble with academics. Scott's strange diet of roses and cheezy "stuff" probably speeded his recovery from long, hard weekends at G-town and UVA in time for study hours on Sundays.

Scott's one and only is named Cindy Lou. Poor guy took a lot for being a one woman man, but then who got the last laugh-eh, buddy! First class year has been a blast in your Camaro and for once you owe me money! Scott will always be remembered as the blunt, good-natured Southern gentleman by all in 17. Without him some of us would never have made it-Thanks and smooth sailing.

General George

Christopher K. Burke
Cowboy
Des Moines, Iowa
General Engineer
Nuclear Power - Surface

Chris came to USNA from the upper wilderness of Iowa, from a place commonly known as "Cowboy's Territory." Chris entered plebe year with one goal in mind, to meet plenty of young ladies. Well, if this was a requirement for graduation, then Chris would probably end up as a member of the class of 1999. Anyway, Chris sailed through plebe year without any major problems, except for an occasional pain from a "small" wound inflicted by a hometown girl whose grip was deadlier than her bite.

Plebe year also brought to Chris and Jim, Nasty Lips Pierce, whom Chris got along with until one too many renditions in the early morning of "Super Freak."

Youngster year Chris developed an ear for good speakers. He loves those Celestions so much that he was willing to lose $150 over them. Chris also developed the need to be set up by Ajax for a "hairy experience" at Howard during March. After this experience, Chris was 1.5 times the man he used to be.

Second Class year Chris got his wires crossed and found himself living the legend "sooner or later, you'll go General." Also during this time, Chris' lady Dawn entered the picture as just a friend, but Chris soon learned that "There are just some things friends cannot do." He then decided to throw away the black book and take on a steady. Chris also developed a taste for adventure, so he went Airborne, got his SCUBA qual, boxed for the Brigade, and tried flying in VTNA. (Chris, I thought you already earned your wings!). Good luck and all the best!

Fig, Tiberius, Dr.T

Tom G. Cates
Scates
East Meadow, New York
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Tom "Scates" along with about one thousand others came to Annapolis, Maryland from the fifty first state of the Union, Long Island. He arrived as a proud and distinguished graduate of the "Old School". His diploma simply said, "And whatsoever ye do, do it heartily and make darn sure you have a good time doing it." Consequently Tom was ruthless and relentless in his quest for fun. The "Great Party Organizer" knew of more methods and of more occasions to exercise his talent than anyone else. The most successful mobile party in the history of mankind, The Magic Bus, stands as his greatest feat. Others include numerous Super Bowl Parties, Beer Ball Games, Mr. Jack Nights and the infamous skiing trips to up-state New York

Tom was a recruited lacrosse player and successfully captained the J.V. lacrosse team plebe year. A sudden coaching change along with some circumstances beyond his control cut his lacrosse career short. A nagging shoulder injury and a bad ankle coupled with the first of three Black N's did not help Tom to impress his new coach. As a result Tom retired from lacrosse to further pursue his academic studies and a more active social life. Well, more so the latter than the former. Somehow planning out the weekend, getting a good night's sleep and having a few cold ones before bed always took precedence over studies. The academic motto, "Do enough to scate through", always applied

Graduation is so close and of course the Annapolis social life will feel the loss of Tom Cates But look out World because here he comes. Tom, as always "We're Having A Party" and remember to invite me.

MRA

Ellen Coyne
Ellie
Rochester, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Aviation Maintanence Officer

When she first came to the Naval Academy, after spending four years at an all-girls Catholic high school in Rochester, N.Y., Ellen received quite a shock. Adjusting to the rigors of Plebe Summer, the "dessert woman" lost twenty-five pounds and, by Parents' Weekend, was transformed into the "French model" that we all know and love Ellen survived Plebe year in one piece although her coffee mug, which she dashed into the shower after a close encounter of the worst kind with two second class, was not so fortunate. When she wasn't throwing mugs in the shower, Ellen was thrashing opponents with a foil as a member of the fencing team. Youngster summer she sailed to Bermuda, visited Europe, and came back ready to tackle youngster year as company commander. Always willing to help out a classmate, El must have the record for the most CMOD watches. As a Mechanical Engineer, Ellen has pulled many late nights of studying. Fortunately, she is one of the few people I know who can stay up until three in the morning and have no dark circles under her eyes. She is also one of the few people I know to attend two Ring Dances)—with the same person no less. She and Gary, her Ring Dance beau, were constant companions throughout third and second class years, sharing many a daiquiri at our sponsor's house First class year brought trials and tribulations — she endured Battalion Operations and "Wild Bill Lee" in the same semester and still managed to write book-length letters to Gary. El, I wish you the best of luck in the coming years and remember, "Don't let the turkeys get you down . . . "

TLK

Gerald D. Figgins
Figs
Lebanon Tennessee
Marine Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Figs came to Annapolis via NAPS in the scorching summer of '81 with a smile on his face and no hair on his head. He was a veritable one-woman man from a one-horse burg called Lebanon, Tennessee (We luv ya Ernie!). Plebe year saw Figs making his bid for the WBC title in a bout with then roommate, Chubby. Not a man to let the value of a dollar go unrealized, Figs was well known for his ability to get what he n-e-e-e-e-ded for his hard earned money at some of the thriftier "markets" of Washington, D.C. intersections. Having a total disregard for the law of diminishing returns, Figs indulged frequently in the art of racking, and discovered the more he slept, the better he liked it.

Youngster year saw the birth of "Bullethead." Also, being the dominant personality that he is, Figs naturally told Pigman who was going to sleep in the top rack. Piggy subsequently presented Fig with a gift from above one night after a Saturday evening boozing session.

Second class summer Figs used his naturally good looks and his alias as James the Flyer to rock-and-sock unsuspecting babes in P-cola. The ensuing school year saw Figs making an increased commitment to academics as he was seldom seen without a book in his hands. After the Ring Dance, Figs decided he needed to make a different kind of commitment and Figs could be seen Hip-hopping to the tone of wedding bells.

First class year saw the Mad Tuna heading down the home-stretch with his last laps in LeJeune. Fig also found time to discover a new love- the USMC Fare well my friend, it is truly the Nukes' loss and the Corps' gain. See you in Green!

Cowboy

Maureen P. Ford
Moe Foe
Doraville, Georgia
Physical Science
Aviation Maintenance Officer

Moe came to us as a naive, Irish Catholic lass from the deep south. Being thus cut from the apron strings, her spiritual upbringing was placed in the hands of veteran derelicts. Witness the results in the pictures.

Moe impersonated a swimmer with such polished skill that even the coach fell for it and gave her three stripes. This enabled her to pursue a lifestyle virtually free of responsibility and accountability.

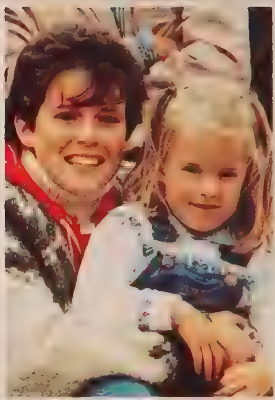
Moe's academic pursuits have been long and fruitless. However, by the grace of NAAA, she will graduate with the class that she came in with.

Girls claim that sailors have a girl in every port, but we know that Moe had a guy in every class; '82 to '84 (and still has one in '85), and like typical brothers we've disapproved of the lot, including the present.

As for Moe's drinking habits, we don't remember much, fortunately, neither does she. The one thing we do remember is that she has an affinity for Tequilla, a fifth at a shot, now she can't even breath the stuff.

Moe, we love your high pitched voice, your hairy legs, your free spirit, your party hats, your shuffling walk, but not your boyfriend!

The Boys



### Holly A. Graf
Mohammad - Olly
Simsbury, Connecticut
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Holly emerged from somewhere in Conn.-Simsbury, I think; no one could ever remember. Actually, it really didn't matter because you would never forget her "GO NAVY, SIR!" and infamous "WATT-WATT-WATT." Plebe year, the flame under her feet was a well remembered FLEX 2/c. His attention to professionalism had his MISS GRAF completely confused. I guess it was this state of confusion that led her to wildman a lemon merinque pie on a 1/c. Holly had no problem out-running Crutch.

Holly was always running; if not to swim practice for three years or to crew practice her senior year, then just to have fun. (Her marathon mom can still out-run her.)

Plebe year gave way to a memorable 3/c year. Her nights of all study and no sleep soon changed this systems engineer to gen'l.

After a tiring two months of 2/c Navy stuff, the THREE of us took off to Europe. Don't worry Holly - I didn't mind chaperoning, but next time can I bring along my own life size teddy bear, too?

How 'bout that random mood generator? Puerto Rico is unforgettable; so is the sun burn! A car loan bought most people a new car - Holly settled for Karman, a little, red, ''69 Karman Ghia that loves to be pushed around. Why should she need a car since her Dan has a rolling video arcade.

It's been a BLAST! Good luck on those grey ships; hopefully someday we'll once again be roommates in the real Navy

(By the way, How are you going to afford to fly from SWOS to Nuke school, every weekend??)

ROOMIE

### Robert C. Hadley, Jr.
Madddog
Kingsville, Texas
Chemistry
Surface Warfare

From the day Robert set foot on Academy grounds, things have just not been the same. To live with him was to live in the constant danger of being caught in the middle of the crossfire. Robert never lost his flare for the new undiscovered realm of Form-2's. All Youngster Year, he just could not seem to figure out a way to make it back on time from leave. Who will ever forget his music? Did you say The Dead Kennedys is a group? Quickly picking up the nickname, Maddog, Robert lullabied the Brigade to his tunes from WRNV, the censored radio station. When he wasn't on the air. He liked to read a lot of comic books and, especially, study the back of his eyelids. He just could not seem to take academics seriously here at USNA. He preferred, instead, to make the plebes' life, shall I say, a little more interesting. How about that Lion's Den? E.T. has probably still not recovered from the shock of seeing Harry's two little beady eyes staring at him when he opened the con locker. Harry was Maddog's pet rat. How many tours did you get for that one Robert? First Class Year brought a change in Robert, however. He decided to make the effort to use some of that potential that we all knew he had. Robert earned Stars! Robert, we love ya. Now, Get out of here!

JRD

### Marcus A. Hitchcock
Hitch
Salt Lake City, Utah
Ocean Engineering
Naval Aviation

Hitch . . . the final frontier. His four-year missions have been numerous, as follows:

1. Women. Hitch has boldly dared to go where no man would dare have gone before Melissa, Jean, Kirsten, and Linda have all shared meaningful relationships with Hitch and dumped him.

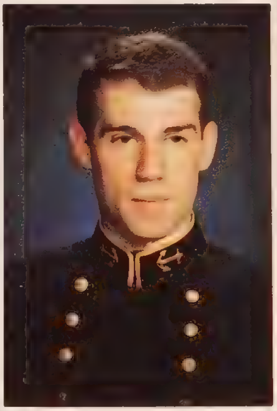
2. Driving. The skills of Hitch behind the wheel will live on in legend and song long after he has left us. The people of Odenton have come to know Hitch as an old friend, after numerous unintended visits. It seems that wherever Hitch starts out, that's where he always winds up. Either there or some other destination for which he had no intention.

3. Various and sundry vices. Too numerous to list here, for fear of a worldwide paper shortage that may result.

### Carl T. Hogsten, Jr.
Tom
Brecksville, Ohio
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Leaving behind his carefree and funfilled fraternity days with DKE at the University of Michigan, Hoggy arrived completely unaware of the multitudinous trials which lay before him. Tom welcomed the opportunity to join the sailing team. Enjoying yacht club parties, eating on team tables, skipping drill and generally viewing sailing as a relief from the strains of plebe life, Tom was soon to find that high winds and heavy seas could be found on 7-2 as well as the Bay.

Hoggy was always looking for an excuse not to study, so the creative juices flowed and so were born 17th Company brunches, the more noteworthy mess nights, and countless memories to warm our hearts and color Tom's face. Always the organizer, 2/c year found Tom as head manager of Navy's wrestling team and company honor rep, two more welcome distractions from the ever present threat of an open textbook. The spring of 2/c year found Tom recovering from the Easterns and perhaps one too many victory toasts . . . in Bethesda This little vacation prompted the Admiral to have a chat with Tom at the green table and persuaded Tom that his real academic interests lay in the physical sciences. A boomer patrol and a second go at plebe summer ensured that Tom hit the deckplates running at the beginning of 1/c year. Wanting to finish up his Academy days in style, Tom can now be found in his red Porsche making emergency calls to the local Brooks Brothers or to the Deke Clubhouse in NYC. Tom's service selection has run the full gammit, but we always knew that Tom was a carrier flyboy at heart, and we send our best wishes along with Tom on his road to Pensacola and in the days which follow.



Timothy E. Hunt
Doctor T
Lick Creek, Kentucky
English
Surface Warfare

Our acquaintance with Dr. T began youngster year following a plebe year over in Second Regiment which he would definitely like to forget. Tim immediately gained notoriety within the company for having such refined taste in determining who was compatible as a roommate. At about the same time the Good Doctor met his Peruvian one and only, Patty, while defending her honor against the onslaught of a drunkenly aggressive zoomie. It was love at first sight and Tim, always one to take time to make slow, careful decisions, waited a full three months before deciding to get engaged.

Tim's second love was D & D. He gained fame as the Dragon Master, spending more time in the dungeon than on his academics. Grades took their toll, landing Tim at an advisory board and his cohorts under the Ax. The Board convinced Tim to shut the dungeon down and Tim spent his new found hours diligently studying his blue folder when he wasn't trying to get the gouge for Screws or Wires.

During his remaining two years at USNA, "T" could be found either road-tripping to St. Mary's to see Patty, or letting it flow thick and rich into the wee hours of the night working on English papers expounding on . . . everything. A walking encyclopedia, Tim always wanted you to "Look" at his point of view. We will always remember you for your "worldly knowledge." The maxim to remember on this point was "if Jolly doesn't know Tim will; and if Jolly's brother doesn't know it, it doesn't exist." Good luck Tim, all the best to you and Patty. We'll miss "*&$¢@(?" with you!

Tiberius, Figs, & Cowboy

Tammy L. King
Jams
Goose Creek, South Carolina
Mathematics
General Unrestricted Line

Tammy came to USNA from the "foggiest place in the world," (Newfoundland, Canada) after spending a year at St. Mary's College waiting to become old enough to enter. To take her mind off Plebe Year, she rowed on the crew team, and joined the group which was to become her main love—Antiphonal Choir. Her singing has taken her to New Orleans, New York City, and California, and has included performances on national television and in front of the President. Her love for singing and performing next led her to audition for the glee club musical second class year. Although she lacked experience (except for playing Lucy once in a Peanuts school play) she got one of the leading parts in *The Mikado*. First class year eased her identity crisis with Kim, but several people still couldn't tell them apart. Tammy visited my family for the first time Army weekend Plebe year. My parents met us at the door, and Tammy never even said "Hello." Her first question was "Where's the TV? The game's on." My family adopted her anyway and she became the sister I never had. Best of luck in your naval career, whether it be five years of thirty.

Love,
K.

Kismine M. Martin
Kim
Claremont, California
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Kim arrived at the Academy prepared for the regimentation, but her naivete left her vulnerable to the realities of life at USNA. Plebe Summer brought several injuries, including putting her hand through a window while doing intervals which earned her three stitches and us the rest of the night off. After catching up on her sleep Parents' Weekend, Kim moved into Academic Year-losing more sleep between early morning crew practice and afternoon sailing, and sweating marathon come-arounds with her squad leader, Wilbur. She found time to relax on the weekends. We're not sure she can remember those days too clearly, but her roommates remember putting her to bed each Saturday night. Youngster cruise continued the drinking tradition as she sailed to Bermuda and onto Charleston. Youngster year Kim exchanged her oars for Shields sails and could be found on any given weekend racing on the Bay and then afterwards telling of her victories over celebratory cocktails. Needless to say, academics were left to themselves and second semester found Kim with a new major. Second semester also saw Kim come down with an unlucky case of mono. During her two month illness, Kim came to know her corpsman fairly well, so well in fact that Jerry (now a civilian) and Kim are engaged. Second class year came and went, with Kim maintaining a highly professional relationship with the plebes, resulting in frequent visits to fountains and mud puddles near seventh wing, compliments of '87. First class year saw her with eased standards and drier clothing. While her service selection plans are uncertain, we all know Kim will find success in the years ahead. We will always remember her for her sincerity but she is not now and will never be a morning person.

Karen A. Miller
Grandma
Edmonds, Washington
Oceanography
Oceanography

Karen came down the road from Bethesda, Maryland, wearing a second-class crow on her shoulder, but claiming home as "the other Washington." Upon arrival, she was put in the standard USNA PE shirt, to only look back at the two years of enlisted service with fond memories as she struggled through first semester academics and PE. Second semester found the grades better but the PE battle continued- for the next three years Majoring in oceanography, she kept trying to convince the Academy she wasn't an engineer. A first class cruise on an oceanographic ship from Singapore to Darwin, Australia finalized the decision to go Geophysics-Oceanography. Karen's spirit occasionally faltered but one could usually get a smile passing her in the hall as she carried her never-empty cup of coffee. A quiet person, she wasn't seen around much, it was sometimes questioned whether she was still here or had managed to slip out unnoticed. But faithfully, every night before bed, she'd pull out her Bible, read a chapter or two, and pray for God's strength to make it through the next day- one day at a time. Karen managed to survive- and even bought the pick-up truck she swore she would when no one could imagine her in it. Yes, Karen finally made it- good luck.

May the road rise up to meet you,
May the wind be always at your back,
May the sun shine warm upon your face,
The rain fall soft upon your fields,
And until we meet again
May God hold you in the hollow of His hand

mazDa
LL 7035

### Jack S. Noel II
Jackson
Schaumburg, Illinois
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Coming soon to your neighborhood, Jack Noel Health Spas featuring nerf basketball and herbal milkshakes. Guaranteed to help you drop five imaginary pounds. How much would you pay in a club like this?

But wait, that's not all. Act now and receive free family membership in Jack Noels' Tours-by-Thumb Ltd. The budget way to see the good old U.S. of A.

Now how much would you pay?

If this isn't enough, Jack has prepared to offer you on a first come, first serve basis trial membership in DDAM, Drunk Drivers against Mothers. You must have a green Toyota station wagon loaded with empties to cash in on this offer.

Don't touch that dial yet!

Special to Jack's faithful readers, a free chromozome testing kit for that heavy date and guaranteed by Troy Stoner.

Are you tempted yet?

How about a free application to the Jack Noel International University of interesting courses? Why have a good QPR?

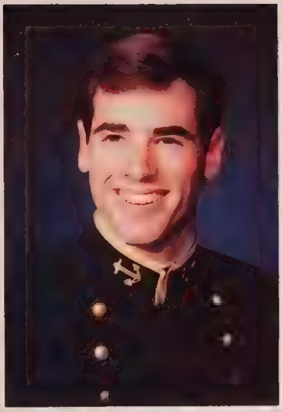
Or how about spot at the Jack Noel Culinary Institute of useless cook books?

As a free bonus because you are listening now, Jack is prepared to send you a case of Turtle wax and a Spiegel catalog when you join his Bank of Creative Debt Management. What a bargain!

Finally, we have in stock now, Jack's just released book, "how to pick up engaged women." Now in Harlequin paperback

To cash in on this once in a lifetime offer, just write San Diego and say Attn: Jack.

The Boys



### Sean F. Patton
General
Springfield, Virginia
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Coming from a Navy background, after endless wanderings through prep school, our refugee finally made it to USNA. Plebe year was pretty rough for the General. Despite his reputation as "Mr. Clean", the upperclass did not think too highly of the new shine on the bottom of their shoes, during the formal room inspections. This normally biennial affair was turned into a daily event for the boys of Room 7243. Prep school did not help Sean too much first semester of Plebe Year, but, after an Ac-Board, he finally caught on. After Herndon, Sean and his roommate took on many varied activities, including him taking a dip in Spa Creek in SDB's while Raoule cheered him on from the shore. "Ol' Moneybags" was not one of Sean's many nicknames . . . SEAN, JUST HOW MUCH ARE YOU PAYING IN CHILD SUPPORT?? Youngster Year saw Sean and Scott spending money and time in Georgetown, with many inebriated walks back to George and Syd's. During Second Class Year, trips to Georgetown changed to trips to UVA, and many memorable nights spent with "the wenches". The wild parties soon took a serious turn, and our die-hard bachelor is now engaged to Janet, one of the illustrious Wahoo wenches, via a two week sabbatical in Japan. First Class Year found Sean spending endless hours studying interior decorating, with his repainting of the LT.'s bathroom. He was not alone in this endeavor, however, since many of his classmates helped him worship the porcelain god. By second semester, General Patton finally cleaned up his act, as well as the LT.'s bathroom, and was ready to handle the job as Company Commander. Looking at three stripes and a 3.0, Sean's current thoughts are of commissioning and his wedding day, hopefully in that order. Sean Patton will be a fine addition to the Surface Line

Raoule and the Mole

### Michael C. Randolph
Rudy
Rockville, Maryland
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

It was a sad day in Rockville when Chuck Yeager got grounded, because he couldn't figure out the depth perception test. He came to us after a personality conflict with Capt. Cubscout and instantly became Satchmo's pet (project).

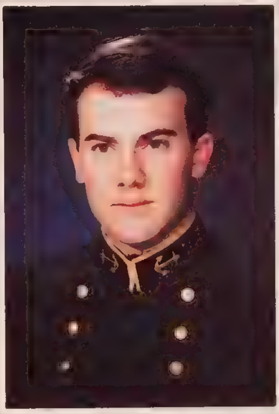
Due to his ineptitude at connecting bat with ball, he had another personality conflict with Coach Duff, and his baseball career was cut short. From there he went to intramural sports, Where he did a fashion spread for the *Lucky Bag*.

Enough for organized sports. Let's talk about the real Wuby. Rudy is an Equal Oppurtunity Lover Race, creed, national origin, marital status, and personal hygiene were mere variables in rudy's sexual equation. Even military affiliation did not deter him. Witness Hairy Carrie. However, mating habits do change. Promiscuity has become promise me, as a hometown cutie has captured his heart.

Rudy's had a rough life. One time he had to even buy his own Pepsi which necessitated a call to his father for a raise in his allowance. Rudy even has a gold card for the rickett's visitor's center which has enabled him to round out his wardrobe with a smashing Naval Academy collection.

At the time of this writing, no one knows of Rudy's true service selection, but we are sure he will make a sound decision within the next week.

Good Luck,
The Boys



### John C. Rosner
Jolly
Port Jefferson, New York
Ocean Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

The most impressive thing about Jolly is the long list of celebrities with whom he is intimately familiar. Jolly not only knows everybody, he knows everything about anything: documented facts not withstanding. Don't bother to ask him, he will gladly share his wealth of knowledge at no charge. All that is required is your infinite patience, understanding, and willingness to abandon the truth.

Jolly's sports expertise first became evident when he tripped over a one foot high wire in a valiant effort to reach Charlie's on a Saturday night. This lead to a brief stint as a coxswain on the crew team, where he spent most of his afternoon's sleeping in Hubbard Hall, and most of his evening's signing-in. Then he enrolled in windsurfing, but who cares. He didn't. Thus, began Jolly's intramural career, of which there is a 12 second highlight film available, showing both of his career fieldball goals. None of this should subtract from his expertise on the ski slopes.

Being declared NPQ, Jolly gladly took a land job building things he undoubtedly already knows about and will be equally glad to argue with you about.

Jolly's sex life can be most aptly described as a group effort. Need we say more?

When will we see Jolly again, only he knows, so don't bother arguing.

The Boys

Richard D. Russell, Jr.
Dick
DeKalb, Illinois
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

Dick came from his mother's womb. He is still in his mother's womb. Nevertheless, he will always be in his mother's womb. Interestingly enough, Mom has been in DeKalb for the last four years. Some may say that our "Dear Baby Huey" spent his last four years in bed, you'll get no argument from us on that point.

During those rare moments that Dick is not in the rack he is in hot pursuit of the daily fecal matter that plagues the Brigade. Scoop Russell has often been labeled the UPI of USNA. Aside from all of the above attributes, Dick and his sticky fingered roommate constitute what is affectionately known as the blackhole. Things just seem to disappear into their room with no trace and no return.

As a management major, Dick managed to do absolutely nothing and still graduate near the top of his class. With the management major comes SI304 with one of those inscrutable foriegn speaking profs, "give a D Chi." Dick's inability to appropriately write and name programs landed him on the carpet and bought him a front row seat on the restriction squad

Dick takes after his dad Coach, in his method of fluid replacement. Except for the I.V., Dick is unparalleld in his gusto

All in all, Dick's an alright guy but this biography was due four weeks ago and we've gotta close SEE YA

The Boys

Joel W. Strieter
The Mole
Maumee, Ohio
Aerospace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps Aviation

Joel came to us from the banks of the Maumee, near Toledo, Ohio. He immediately acquired the nickname "Popeye" due to his pronounced facial features. When asked to lead the 17th Platoon in a song, he was always eager to break into a rousing rendition of "Chesty Puller." As a former crew jock, Joel earned the new nickname "Spanky" because of his quick stroke.

After plebe year, Joel discovered he had a problem keeping roommates. Capt. Jack left with marital problems which ended up in divorce and now trying to become a New York cop. On the other hand, Rock faced the Ac-Board an unprecedented number of times and went out with a "blow." After a $307.60 bill at the Thrift and a few tears shed, Rock was gone.

Joel then decided to change his image, so he got a high-n-tight, started a winning streak which once again changed his nickname (this time to "The Mole"), and traded in his porn collection for Joe Weider's *Muscle and Fitness.*

Second class year, Joel lit the burner and as a result some plebes may never sit again. Also during second class year, Joel started a relationship with an Italian girl named Maria (with the Kung-Fu grip). I'm sure Joel will never see sunsets quite as pretty as those from the roof of his sponsor's apartment on Perry Circle

First class summer Joel opted for a Marine Corps cruise and quickly learned what gas-warfare is all about. On the drill field during plebe summer, Joel realized why plebes memorize chow-calls. Entering First Class year, Joel was high man on the totum pole. Good job buddy, but I fear the Virgin Guns in T-court will blow when you pass by after graduation. Really though, all the best Joel, we know you'll make it past the "ripe old age" of 30 in the Corps.

Tiberius

Robert M. Vance
Pig
Daytona Beach, Florida
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Pig is short. He will always be short. Nevertheless, he has always been short. However, he has never been short on words, especially when they are not required. Thus, seldom does one have a conversation with Pig without beginning with the words Shut Up.

On the subject of maggotry, seldom does the day dawn when one does not hear his/her roommate yell from the shower, "Pig's got the #&¢$#, #$%&¢ soap/shampoo/shaving cream/ razor/toothbrush and/or paste/Q-Tips/most recent issue of Playboy/assorted clothing/remainder of my paycheck/last cigarette and/or beer/or telephone credit card. It should be noted that this is only a partial list due to the fact that Pig took the last piece of typing paper

Despite 'round the clock maggotry efforts Pig found time to be tough on the rugby team. Of this machismo, he never missed an oppurtunity to remind anyone in a 50 mile radius.

Off the record, Pig is tolerable. Furthermore, we have all profited from his company, while has has been asleep. Just as he has profited from our wages at Pete's. To end it all, we would love to give pig a compliment, but he took the last one.

The Boys

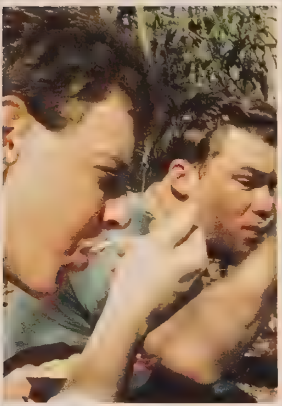
Tracy J. Wiggs
Trace
Vienna, Virginia
Applied Science
Supply Corps

Tracy came to USNA from the parties of Vienna at the coaxing of a more than enthusiastic mother. She came with dreams of a major in aerospace engineering and a career in nuclear submarines. Her 2/c Whoop quickly set her straight about the subs while EN 100, the second time around, convinced her that engineering wasn't the only way to go. Tracy saw the light and settled into the dying breed of the Management Fraternity and the excitement? of the Supply Corps. Then came the endless doctors and hospitals diagnosing her hip as everything from appendicitis to goodness knows what. Competing was out of the question, but there was always managing gymnastics or was she just a mother for 12 girls?

What can you say about someone who marks half of her laundry with her alpha code and the other half with her telephone number? Eventually, though, she adopted a more military way of life. 1/c cruise brought the ultimate change from civilian to military. I hope she's found a permanent "running mate" in David!

Tracy, thanks for being the best roommate anyone could have. Life was not only bearable, but even fun. We may not have studied much, but those trips to Peurto Rico, Europe, cruise . . . Those were wild times, and I'll never forget them. Good Luck pork chop and I'm sure *you'll* afford those weekly trips to Newport from Georgia!

ROOMIE



Joseph T. Wright
Jumper
Holyoke, Masschusetts
English
Surface Warfare

At the Academy, I plan to contribute in the areas of music, sports, and government to the best of my ability, and upon Graduation, enter the U.S. Marine Corps."

J.T. Wright
Plebe Summer 1981

Joe came to the Academy with good intentions, but as they say, "The best laid plans of mice and men." His academic interests lie in English, which is evident in the vocabulary he uses to confound unsuspecting strangers and impress his worshiping roommate. However, he knew his weaknesses and found time to devote energy to a second semester in both chemistry and Boats. Joey was an entertainer at heart, whether it be entertaining the 4/c regiment as the M.C. of the talent show, a cameo performance in Masqueradors or playing his greatest role as a blind man in the Seville Quarter in P-Cola, he was always guaranteed to make someone laugh. As for Joe's good intentions that he started his life as a midshipman with SWO, Joe did participate in D & B during Plebe Summer, took numerous shots to the heads in Fieldball and played an acceptable second base in softball. However, we have never heard him sing a musical note, and the closest he ever got to Gov't was driving by the Capital on his way to Georgetown with a case of empties in the back seat. We couldn't close this without mentioning Joe's car deal of the century. His '65 fastback Mustang looks great, has $1100 worth of stereo, and is great for cruising out to Pete's as long as a tow truck is in front of it. Maybe someday Joe will own a car that he controls. Good Luck!

The Boys

# Eighteenth Company

Andrew J. Andow
A.J.
Newark, California
Economics
Naval Aviation

Plebe year brought us a lad from San Francisco's Bay Area who to some seemed pretty pitiful. But he soon turned onto the Mike Macro, or is it Mac Micro, Econ at any rate, path and had good times with Ernie, Reed, and Ray Jean. Youngster Year culminated with dabblings into Asian delights and bouts with barstool back on WPAC. Second class year he definitely earned the handle Quaffer which G.A. can attest to. Quaff became infamous for his sense of humor; like when Habel opened his geekbox at E.I. only to find a pair of crusties inside. Or when Ying and Noles let themselves get talked into hiding in a closet, only to have A.J. lock it. First class Marine Op cruise taught Quaff to hate the ground and lock onto Navy Air. Thr further from terra firma the better. First class cruise also taught Andy not to mess with O-club ladies. Quaff did enjoy tipping at social clubs, like the night he was seen to give a $50 tip. All he got were brick votes, though. A.J. was also observed frequenting Disco Dahlgren a not too few number of times. Must have enjoyed the music. Andrew "Ask Me A Question" Andow was often Queried but could only inform the unwary that it was available at the midstore. But what can you expect from the Shell Answer Man? I quess we'll miss Quaff's unique sense of humor but the memories will keep us wondering about him and what happened on nights like the time he wall-hopped with Gieser after local females or events like Williamsburg with Larry Bird and Yak Brightwell. Good luck and FLY NAVY.

Jeffrey J. Brightwell
J.J.
Springfield, Missouri
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Jeff entered the hallowed walls from "Middletown," U.S.A. His accent, and mannerisms proved that primitive tribes exist even today in the midst of a civilized country.

His plebe year was generally uneventful. Like many other plebes, Jeff received his baptism of fire. During those days the halls were filled with "Where's my sweetpea Brightwell?" J.J. was tasked with finding the names of a second-class pet plant, and Hannibal's lead elephant. He was officially indoctrinated into 18 with his meager involvement in the "Dirty Thirty" - he was too good to strip his own classmate, but photographs were a different story.

As a youngster, Jeff became the next best thing to wallpaper. We became fully aware of his mental problems as Jeff furthered his academic career in physics. As J.J.'s mind expanded, his room standards decayed. The "Grode-Brothers" proved truly inspirational

As a segundo, Jeff developed a reputation of being dangerously unpredictable - at one moment he was quiet, and helpful; but he was signing deuces the next. However, his plebes survived, and unfortunatly so did he; although he was nearly wiped out at Williamsburg, and became a victim of 2 near-fatal kamikaze attacks in New Orleans, and Annapolis

J.J. has chosen a career below a point where even worms won't crawl. Jeff, may your torpedoes forever swim straight!

David W. Deist
Dave
New Castle, Delaware
Aerospace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps-Naval Flight Officer

The story of Dave is a tough one to tell. I mean how do you write about an ultra dedicated professional who stops, elevators between floors? I guess it all began about 22 years ago when Mr. and Mrs. Deist decided to give the world something to remember them by. Well it worked. I'll never forget his peculiar morning habit or youngster year out with Angus, were we ever on time for taps? His style of leadership was developing fine until he met Burns and frustration. I'll also remember fear as we cruised along at warp-9 in the rocket he calls a car. Just as commuters began to breathe easy he bought a bike with its garage by the Hilton. I guess that led to the Bamf clan, what does it mean anyway? Well mom and dad you did a good job because Dave's a true friend, a person who will go far, but he's still a kid at heart. Dave what else should I say? There's so much, anyway just remember: skiing in N.H., jams, rappelling down Bancroft, recons, sweeping your side, P-Cola, the Hurricane off Cape May, Tamman and the Bean, Pasadena, and most of all the Boyz

Well Vicki he's all yours, good luck, just make sure when he walks down the aisle he doesn't have a tuck in his Service Dress Whites.

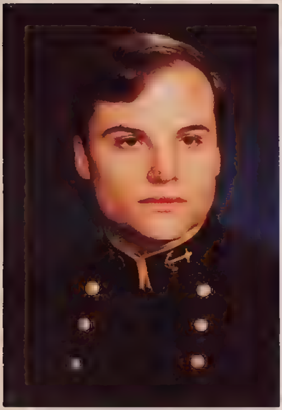
Aw-River
Blimey

P.S. Ain't no thing!

Randall J. Geis
RJ
Brookville, Indiana
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

R.J. Geis is a man who lives his life on the edge. He is a veteran of more Big Brother's self help programs than he cares to remember, including one particular involuntary eight day sabbatical when R.J. almost fell off his edge. He came to us a barefoot kid from the cornfields of Brookville, IN. The essence of innocence, Jimmy passed a relatively uneventful plebe year with the Cleavers, and come youngster year, he was ready for a burst of freedom. Next semester brought our hero the mastery of fast women and hard drinking. But alas the evils of alcohol caught up with him and caused him to do battle with a truck. He lost. NASAP and AA meetings ensued. Although never a varsity athlete, R.J. did manage to earn a letter in his own "special" way. Despite Jimmy's tribulations, a soft willing female was never far. In addition to the 'girl back home', there was the L.A. woman and countless Hood enchantresses. 1/c year brought "The Chili" into the ranks of rock 'n rollers. His rippin' bass lines powered the east coast sensation "The Smack". His alarmingly low Aero to party ratio resulted in a nonlinearity in his career. But our man for all seasons bounced back a pilot qualified general engineer. Jimmy's done it all. He's been reincarnated in 1985. He's survived the completed academy experience. His sphincter flaps in the wind. R.J. has grown and matured over the years and we all wish you a favorable tailwind as you streak across the heavens in your "super high tech jet fighter". Remember there ain't no pigs at 30000'.

LM



Frank L. Gunsallus III
Gonzo
Easton, Maryland
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

I, Frank L. Gunsallus III, barely being of sound mind and body, do on this date, May 22, 1985, state my last will and testament at U.S.N.A. . . Yea Buddy!!!!!!!!!

To my roommates Greg and Rich I leave the memory of a great relationship. Without you I don't think I would have made it through this place. I'll never forget the stories we shared, our cruises together, and the practical jokes we played on each other.

To my friend Eric I leave a thought. "Throughout life there will always be friends, but there is nothing like a true friend." You are that true friend. Though we may not see one another for years, the friendship we have built will always remain.

To my classmates of the 18th company I leave congratulations for succeeding here at the Academy and the best of luck in the years ahead. We were and always will be a team.

To my wife Jamie who led me through the last year at Annapolis I leave a promise. "I promise you my love without any limits. To accept the things you believe in and to always try to understand you. To be near you whenever you need my presence. To do my best to show you how much I love you, for you have become my world, my heart, and my life . . The future is ours, always."

In conclusion I must say these past four years have been an experience to remember. From time to time I'll stop and think about them. But for now "It's Martini time . . . . !!"

FLG

Gregg T. Habel
Habelhead
Kinsman, Ohio
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Ah, . . . where should I start? Habelhead came to Whatzamatta U. from the liberal state of Ohio . . .yo, dude! Plebe year highlights include bagging out of evening meal comearounds on the Greyhounds of the Severn and a small room inspection that characterized our nickname "The Grod Brothers".

Gregg readily took advantage of his dragging privileges youngster year. Those big blue eyes were irresistable. Gregg was so polite to the ladies that he let one "kee-yah!" him to defeat in his only karate match. Karate wasn't his only specialty, though. I would have never guessed that G.T. was such a talented golfer, yet he proved to everyone that he was the Arnold Palmer of the Boat School when he got a hole in one on the 17th green.

If there is one of G.T.'s femmes that sticks out in my mind, it has to be Melissa. At first I just thought she was playing hard to get, but obviously Gregg was not using the right moves. No one sends their loved one a photo of herself and her .45 pistol. That would have turned me off a little too, Gregg.

It was not until second class year that Admiral Habel became General Habel. Boy, what a great time Gregg had with second class academics. Wires was his forte, with Steam and Megagraham a close second. There's nothing a few allnighters can't solve though.

First class year Gregg could always be found in the Wardroom making "cheeseable" comments. The most notable being his great idea for our class picture in a graveyard, (more or less). Gregg will, without a doubt, make a fine green officer and I wish him the best of luck in everything.

Oh, and Gregg, let's take a strain, . . . next semester.

Laurence M. Hickey
LM
San Francisco, California
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

LM left San Francisco looking forward to 4 years of normal college life. The night before I-day, Mn(0), someone in a white uniform said "Hickey: 18th Co!!" Everyone else in the office laughed derisively. Soon LM understood why. Plebe Summer wasn't too bad, although a "scratching" incident introduced him to the wrath of Lefon. (He still claims it wasn't him.) Then Ac year he met Wick. HICKEEE!! Enough said. Youngster year saw LM come into his own. His first experience with Systems left him swearing that it had to get better. Yeah right! He rejected 12 years of religious schooling and announced the "LM DOW JONES DISCOUNT HOUSE OF WORSHIP" Ah, the almighty $. That summer GA and T introduced him to the evils of alcohol. They say he liked the nickel beer night, he says he liked the taste. 2/c year brought more all-nighters and the realization that Systems created a massive low pressure system. Deciding to follow his idol, The King, into R & R history, he bought a guitar and The Smack was formed. His first gig was to be a pep rally, but his dream of filling the Silverdome collapsed when they were preempted by D & B. After selling his soul to rock-n-roll, he reacquired it and sold it to Adm. McKee. 2nd sem 1/c year, ALS picked him to be sub-cdr, and with it the collateral duty of Safe Driving Rep. What!! Are you kidding me?! Also, 1/c year, LM was the central figure in rumours of proxy fights and corporate mergers. Unfortunately, he is going to have to wait to get all his tickets punched before he mounts his main assault on Wall St. and his ultimate rise to the top. Wee LM, we've come a long way in 16 years and I'm glad to have you as a close friend. Good luck in nuke power, may the $ be strong, the President Republican, and the Market bullish.

JM

William B. Higgins
Boothe
West Chester, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

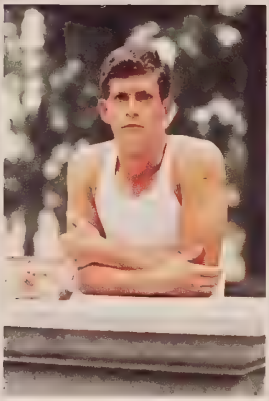
Boothe found his way to USNA from West Chester, a small town on the outskirts of the city of brotherly love. Plebe year proved uneventful in spite of the best efforts of '82. Boothe finally got the chance to strut his stuff during his youngster cruise aboard "Astral" where he excelled in all areas. Youngster year went by without a hitch as Boothe overloaded both semesters and racked up a grade point average that would give most people a nosebleed. Still inundated with free time, he solved the problem by taking up a hobby or two. Radio-controlled models, a ham radio set, and occasional visits to Jennifer at Yale helped to fill in the gaps. Second class summer sparked a love for flying but pointed him towards nuclear submarines as his choice for service selection. Overloading with Mech E courses during the first semester of second class year, Boothe still found himself overwhelmed with spare time. He alleviated the situation by making more frequent trips to Yale; planning and building a radio-controlled blimp as an army project; training for and running the first of his two marathons; and flying on the weekends to earn his pilot's license. Second semester second class year brought the whole picture into focus. VGEP became a reality, Jennifer became his bride-to-be, L.M. scored a new car cheap, and Boothe scored a new car not so cheap. First semester first class year, Boothe's performance was finally recognized as he was charged with the highly visible and weighty responsibility of Brigade First Lieutenant. Somehow, however, he did manage to make use of those 3-striper libs and occasionally sneak away to visit Jennifer. G.B. Shaw said that there are some men who see things; and they say, "Why?" but there are still other men who dream of things that never were; and they say, "Why not?" Boothe has shown us all that he is of the latter variety. He has been a good friend to us all and we wish him the best at grad school, in his marriage, and in his career.

GVM

### Simon S. Hillman
Blimey
Scituate, Massachusetts
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Ejected from Britain for beating up little kids, Simon came to the U.S. in search of citizenship. He joined the Navy and volunteered for submarine duty. He knew that for the big bucks he'd have to go nuke-so he took the long way: USNA. Simon's dreams were undaunted even though his 1st Academy experience was rooming with a psychopathic homo. He solved that problem by offering to hold the window while his roommate . . . took a giant leap for mankind. Rugby replaced beating up little kids as Blimey "prop-ed" the team to many a victory. He says he played for the thrill of the win, but we know that it was really the infamous rugby parties. Simon never offended anyone-but only because we couldn't understand him. One thing we did understand was his age-25 at graduation. Good luck with Gramps and Freddie, Jennifer. Always the soul of tact (BO at Army) your diplomacy was evident when you foolishly agreed to help Mudshark sail his tub through a hurricane-bagger sport, huh? For cruise you bagged out of a "dry" Navy for a very "wet" Danish one. Daytimes underway unrepping Lowenbrau and nightly parties completed this five fortnight in a foreign land. A social zero, Blime once spent a Sat. nite trying to tunnel into the closed library. Another weekend was devoted to freezing his arse off on a bleak mountain in VA. Go motor T. When we began our stay at USNA Simon was chosen as Co. Cdr. His ability evident, 1/c year he got 3 stripes for real. Ahhh, the stories we could tell-but the fat lady is warming up. Simon, a better friend I couldn't ask for, a better Naval officer no one could find. Jennifer, you have a fine man. Good luck and Godspeed, brother

Andrew & G.A.



### Michael D. Huggins
Doc
Satellite Beach, Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

Reared among Marshallese tribesmen on the island of Kwajalein, Mike enlisted in the Navy as an alternative to washing dishes. His brilliant performance at Nuke school and prototype earned him a trip to USNA, on the condition that he "never come near a reactor again." Sadly, Mike spent his plebe year listening to Bobo's stories about life in Michigan. He did not make his mark until youngster cruise, when he took 2nd place in a hotdog-eating contest.

Overwhelmed by alcohol and the urge to reproduce, Mike blossomed into the amorous Doctor Love. Armed with lines such as "I want to get naked all over your body," his conquests numbered well into the single digits. Women in uniform and young girls of all ages found him hard to get rid of.

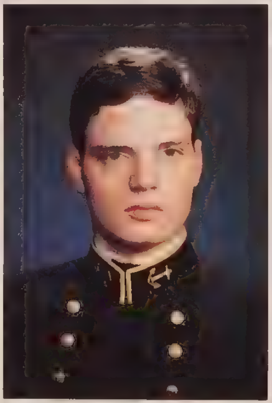
Although less intelligent than he looks, Doc amazed us all with his mastery of the Mech. E. major. His technical abilities have been sharpened by maintenance on his car, renowned as the most expensive '67 Triumph on the road today. NPQ because of a broken heart, Doc bravely accepted the permanent shore duty of a CEC officer. He has wisely followed his Mama's advice to be a simple kind of man, and we will never forget his humanity and dedication.

JBW

### William C. Johnson
Bill
Menlo Park, California
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Bill came to the boat school from the rather exclusive Menlo Park community, a small, posh town on the outskirts of Silicon Valley. Plebe year was an enlightening experience for Bill. The laid-back California boy quickly fell into the regimentation and discipline of the academy. Bill enjoyed a particular gift which none of us seemed to possess. God saw fit to bless Mr. Johnson with a high decibel trip device built right into his larynx which works to this day. With his voice still intact, Bill was ready to tackle third class year. Youngster year went by quickly and quietly for Bill as he seemed to have little strength with which to resist the field emanating from the blue magnet. After the completion of youngster year hibernation, Wildcat set out on the joys of second class summer and his life began anew as New London introduced him to the wonderful world of nuclear submarines. With a gleam in his eye and a new goal to shoot for, Blow attacked second class year with renewed vigor and managed to stay awake more than 50% of the time. Second class year again proved the value of the high decibel trip device as Blow was required to raise his voice on more than one occasion in order to correct a wayward plebe. First class summer allowed International to justify his nickname as he drank his way through the beer halls of Germany courtesy of Uncle Sam and spent two months "experiencing" the more exotic parts of the Philippines like roast dog, San Miguel beer, and lots of rice. First class year brought about the fateful and long-awaited meeting of Wildcat and Admiral McKee which would bag him that nuclear power billet. Bill really took nuke power onboard (or was that overboard.) Gotta love that poopy suit! But seriously, Bill was a good friend to everybody regardless of race, creed, sex, or national origin. We wish him well in the nuclear navy and beyond.

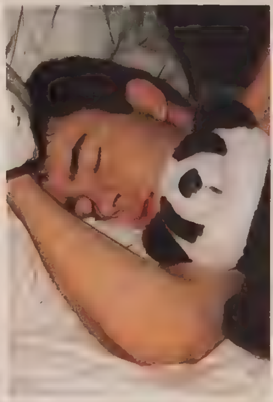
GVM



### Thomas Malick
Dozer
Hornell, New York
Chemistry
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Tom embarked upon his caffeine powered naval career by validating plebe summer with the only bayonette wound in the regiment. His exploits continued with singing vator rides and vocal outbursts about Echo Company's diet. Plebe year intensified his neurotic housekeeping habits. The plethora of activities Youngster year such as midnight massages from the girl upstairs as well as double-dating at zero-three and moonlighting as a cardshark on Fridays made up for the restrictions of plebe year. The Duke University fire-fighting exhibition provided Tom with the chance to meet some of the more senior officers at USNA. But T, firefighting school is in Philly! Duty driver in Virginia Beach gave him the opportunity to make an extra pick-up to relieve his tension headache. Tom's strongest bonds were formed in the chemistry lab, where no one dared upset his delicate technique lest they experience his explosive wrath. Tom's good judgement was questioned only when it came to the Blue Beast: Spring Break '84, L.M., and Atlantic City. Back from A.C. with 9¢, T assured us that his wheel of fortune system required only a little fine-tuning. Don't forget Vodka, the porcelain throne, and Amazon's bald cat that highlighted second class Spring Break. In the end, we know T will finally win, beat the odds and perhaps love life. Just remember Tom, "know everything"

GA & ALS



Thomas B. Marshall
Tom
McMurray, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Tom arrived at USNA as a highly intelligent and gifted ALL-American swimmer from a residential area southwest of Pittsburgh. At first perception, Tom seemed like a well-mannered, easy going, ideal midshipman. But doubts soon arose as Tom's roommates rapidly departed for the illustrious civilian community (both gone by the end of Jan). The "Wrath of Tom" continued youngster year as one more roommate left for Arizona—permanently. One roommate remained to tell the untold story of Tom Marshall.

I am that lucky survivor. The truth is, the Academy provided Tom with little challenge. He handled aerospace with extreme ease. And after a short period of discouragement with a certain water sport, Tom found a home on the waterpolo team. Having never played waterpolo, Tom quickly accepted the challenge and lettered midway through 2/c year. Tom would have remained on the team 1/c year had not another "attractive" sport named Lynne gained his attention.

Tom's most outstanding quality was his ability to enjoy life even when times were not so enjoyable. Rarely did Tom get upset with the numerous "good deals" handed down by our fatherlike officers. Even when his dream of becoming a Navy flyer was shattered by poor eyesight (remember-aero eng), Tom focused his efforts elsewhere.

The surface nukes are very lucky to have gained Tom as one of their shipmates. I am proud to have had him as such an outstanding friend and wish him success in all he does

Gregory J. McGiffney
Giff
East Brunswick, New Jersey
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Greg arrived at U.S.N.A. with his Doors tapes, pictures of the boss (not Bruce Springsteen), and his weight belt. Much to his shock and horror Greg was quickly informed that he would not hear Jim's voice that summer. Unable to score an ounce of "Mojo", he went into withdrawal and during a drill session became schizoid and stabbed his classmate in the leg with a bayonnette. Youngster year was the most comical in Greg's time here. He became a part time employee of F & R body painting and also created the fad of tree dancing at a Frat party during Army.

During Second Class year he followed in Nino's footsteps by becoming a proud, bold, and bulky man. He not only succeeded in physical conditioning but also in the field of academics, proving that he was an expert in setting priorities and organization. His number one priority was his love life and in the spring of 1984 he became engaged to the very lovely Mary Beth Rosta, making him the first to ask the million dollar question. On First class cruise, his excellent naval training allowed him to successfully describe the eroticism involved during the mating of a bowramp and causeway. Plebe detail showed Greg's professionalism as he eagerly stood Iron Maiden watch on 5-4 every night

Good luck living under water with the fish. But most importantly good luck during life where ever it may take you. Thanks for being a great friend.

FLG
RTN

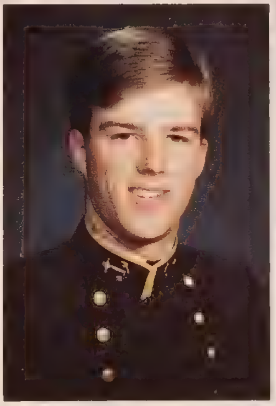
John Miley
JM
San Francisco, California
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

John came to Canoe U. with visions of jet fighters dancing in his eyes. Four years later he's leaving; older, wiser, unbraced, and with the same dream intact. I guess that's called success.

John hails from San Francisco, the other city by the bay. He has certainly taken his share of heat for his "progressive" hometown, a.k.a. the gay bay. And no, San Francisco did not become less gay with John's departure. This aspiring airedale's early choice of a major just didn't sit well with his "system." So he turned his attention to the management of resources. It never seemed to take John more than an hour a night to manage his resources. Of course, he was quick to to explain that his academic "efficiency," which the casual observer might have misread as a proclivity towards "bagging it," was actually part of his carefully orchestrated masterplan to preserve his sacred eyes. You see, John didn't want to fly. He had to fly. Hara-kiri was his second choice for service selection. Despite his low investment in study hours, John reaped bountious academic dividends, and chaffed many an engineer in the process. During his senior year, while sub-commanding our fair company, John earned stars. Ironically, this was the same semester the Academy lost a pair of stars. They say one man's loss is another man's gain. How true.

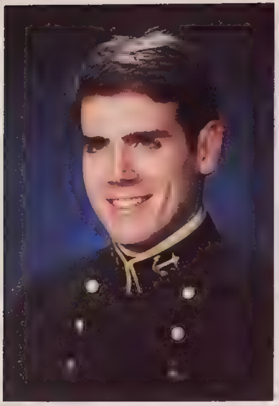
I've known John since the first grade. I've seen him grow from a small child into a big child. Seriously though, he is a popular, likeable fellow beneath his veneer of "waah." His popularity is manifest each Sunday night when he is a perennial contender for our beloved brick award. If he'd only learn to stay away from Hood. In the final analysis, I'm proud to have had John as a roommate over the last four years and as a friend over the last fifteen They say if you can dream it, you can become it. I guess John's living proof of that. Fly on proud bird.

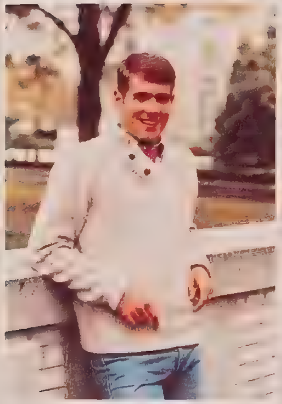
LMH



Gene V. Milowicki
Milo
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Milo came to the Academy to work hard. To his amazement he found that not everyone wanted to work as hard. As soon as he was sure that it was the toughest major, he opted to take the Aero track despite warnings that "you don't need Aero to fly" which became "you can't always fly with Aero." No pain, no gain! Youngster summer he aced the Army's Airborne school and spent the rest of his time collecting exotic weapons. He always respected Dirty Harry's way of handling things. Ac year, it didn't take Geno long to realize that Aero was neither fun nor exciting. But he pushed on. All youngster year he ran ahead of the pack, studied a few hours longer and sacrificed a little more liberty He figured that it must pay off. Second class year he continued his spartan lifestyle. After his first marathon he immediately began to train for his next. Once again academics got the better of him For all of his effort Gene developed into an individualist. First class year he even started to have fun His social life moved from reading the feature article in Runner Magazine to being shown a good time by the boys. He even had an uncanny interest in women's basketball. For all of his misery Gene fared well. Despite an ac board he survived Aero. Despite Aero he found time to train for two marathons. Despite his running he found time to have fun and despite that he convinced Adm. McKee that he could succeed in nuke power. Gene is the hardest working individual that I have had the pleasure of knowing. All of us in Serene Eighteen wish you the best of luck in the fleet.





Bradley R. More
Jr
Hyde Park, New York
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

In his early years here, Brad went through a number of roommates before settling down with Chuck and Dave. That trio started at the end of 1st semester youngster year when a large group of classmates gathered to discuss next semester's room situation. After much discussion, C & D decided that our subject had great potential and we were bound and determined to join forces and bring it to the surface. Once or twice we "casually" remarked how the money to do so wasn't worth it and to this day he may not know if we were serious. (So why kill the suspense now?) Lest you wonder, we've since even dubbed him Jr., to join the Capt. and Dr. From buying his Nighthawk a week after Dave, to choosing his service selection, have about earned him the reins of the "wagon". Not that his roommates always minded. The rope he bought after being shown the joys of repelling off of Mother B's roof has been useful on a number of occasions and almost brought C & D 2 weeks leave and a 4.0.

Women are another of Brad's loves. His "swavay and deboner" aura (borrowed from "T"oo "C"ool) have brought him his share. They're tough for him to catch after a drink or two when he tends to crash though. Despite a close encounter with one "not far from home", I think he'll always have a place for A. Aside from all these "good" points, Brad has always been sincere and loyal. More importantly, though, he's been a true friend

— the Capt.

David C. Morris
DCM
Vienna, Virginia
English
Surface Warfare

A Navy brat from all over, David Morris continued the tradition of Naval Academy graduates. With his dad a Navy Captain and a High School Salutatorian under his belt, he looked forward to a bright future after I-day. Plebe year academics were bearable even though his long nights at the library frequently left him sleeping on his books. His first choice of majors, Mech. E., at first seemed study until we realized that his real reason lie in wanting to be the only person in his class to change his major from Mech. E. to English all in one jump. His dedication to academics, especially his first class year, permitted him to spend most of his study hour in the rack.

While not sleeping, his performance on the athletic field helped him to attain a memorable impression as a starter in Co. lightweight football. He also was president of the Baptist Student Union and an active member of the glee club which sent him all over the states.

Then there was all of David's steady girlfriends whom he kept in constant unrest over whom he would date next. After a rough love life second class year, he joined the BTR club and continues to be a faithful member. With this devotion to the Lord, David will bring new life into the surface community and be an encouragement to all christians who sevre with him. Good luck buddy and keep the Navy squared away.

BWS

William J. Nolan
Nols
Ayer, Massachusetts
Mathematics
Naval Flight Officer

Nols came to the government funded yacht club with a baseball bat in one hand, a swiller (that's beer for those of you who don't come from some obscure little town in Mass.), in the other, and his high school jacket on his back. Adjustment to the military way of life was not easy for Bill; laundry hated him, the baseball coach told him "Why don't you try squash son", and his squad leaders weren't understanding to his problems. Bill quickly learned that "Elephants never forget" and avoided further "Pretty piss poor performances". Room standards were a problem as Bill became half of "The Grode Brothers". We helped all our classmates learn about classmate loyalty by giving them the opportunity to help rebuild our demolished room after formals. Being something less than a historian Bill realized he might have to take a real major, but instead he learned about a highly kept secret at the Academy. There is a major called Math that requires an indepth understanding of the T.V. Guide and a minimum of 40 wardroom hours a week. He quickly earned the nickname Billy "kiss me anywhere" Nolan. 2/c year Bill avoided the realities of wires with softball games at Hood, where he got to use his bat. Always one to uphold traditions, Bill blew off the ring dance and instead dipped his ring in seven different kinds of beer. 1/c year Bill learned that the Navy goes to sea, for alas, youngster cruise he had gotten a good Navy deal and become one of the few, the proud, the YP Jocks! Service Selection is still a coin toss, but whatever he does, they'll be lucky to get him. I couldn't ask for a better roommate or friend. Good luck Billy-boy and . . . Getoutahere!

GTH

Richard T. Nowak
Wakker
South Burlington, Vermont
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Rich rolled into Annapolis at a svelte 175 pounds and planned on leaving two days later. Only Hockey and Chaplain Ross convinced him to stay. He started out as a massive fecal absorber, but became the company hero by being the starting goalie and then skated his way through plebe year. Upon returning for youngster year only regs kept him from wearing a mohawk and spiked leather bracelets. He put aside his Styx & Air Supply albums and replaced them with the Dead Kennedys and Black Flag. Rich began with 20/20 vision, but his strange study habit of reading in the dark confinements of stall no. 3 in the men's head for hours caused his eyes to deteriorate along with his chances for pilot. During 2nd class year Rich surfaced as one of the most outstanding leaders in the brigade. Given 4 stripes along with his busy workdays, Rich said, "I'm tired" and employed two secretaries to do his work for him. His great leadership abilities led him to become plebe summer company commander and Cdr. Minderlein's "special project". Rich had a social life beyond belief. Cruising in the Sheba and wearing his fedora hat, two of his 1000 sweaters, lime green pants, Frye boots, and a surplus WWII Army overcoat, he was USNA's contribution to G.Q. Hanging out in Dahlgren, his reputation as a lover grew (among other things), and he always felt he had to prove his manhood even if it meant that "faking it" was the answer. First class year saw a new Rich. A new car, wardrobe, and roommate changed his outlook on life. He convinced himself that he would not join Air Force ROTC and become a pilot after spending 5 years as a Navy NFO. In the thick of it all he put away his desire for Little Smokies, 8 month old fudge and girls named KIM. Though Dr. Destruction will live forever, Rich is going to make a damn fine officer and NFO. Good Luck.

FLG & GJM

Todd D. Olson
Todd
Salem, Ohio
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Todd came to the Academy from a small town in Ohio. The same state that is known for such athletic greats as Johnny Bench, Jim Brown, Pete Rose and Tony Cola. Todd did not fit this mold being more of a academic stud than an athletic one.

From the first moments of Plebe Summer, I knew that Todd was someone special. When Plebe Summer proved not enough for him, Todd created his own challenges such as betting a squad leader that he could solve Rubik's Cube in a specified sequence in less than ten minutes. It was fine that he wanted the extra challenge, but did he have to involve the rest of the platoon? The rest of plebe year proved to be routine except for the mistake of greeting Mr. Kessler - I mean Mr. Stein. A faux pas that will surely go down in history

It was not until youngster year that Todd showed me what he was really made of. He laid a great academic foundation by earning two 4.0s while living, competing and arguing with his "friend" Bobo. This accomplishment is even more outstanding in light of the fact that Todd found something at the first Dahlgren which would occupy a lot of his time. time.

Todd was not seen around the company area much his last couple of years. During the week he could be found studying in Luce or the Mech E lab and on the weekends he could be seen heading north to Glen Burnie

First Class summer proved to be a most important period in Todd's life. He met his bride to be and found out that subs weren't for him, much to the pleasure of the surface community

It has been a great pleasure, except during the semesterly wrestling matches, having Todd as such a good close friend. God bless and God speed.

-TBM-

Brian W. Saxman
Saxs
Round Rock, Texas
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Only Suzi called him "stud," but from the moment he volunteered to do the decathlon plebe summer, we all knew Brian was a born athlete. Whether he was rowing plebe crew, swimming on the batt team, or boxing for the brigade, he put his whole heart into it. Not challenged enough after validating four years of swimming, he ran in the Marine Corps Marathon twice and then began training for his first triathlon. Always active, he earned his scuba quals as a youngster, his soaring pin with Todd "Zoom" Raines, and a place on the EP square dancing team. Judging from his SAT scores, we concluded that he had come with an academic waiver, so it was no surprise when he chose a baggit major like Mech E. Adopted into a very rich family, Brian spent most of his weekends at the mansion—Maranatha Mansion. His strong dedication to the Lord and his contribution to OCF will leave a strong impression on the academy. A stalwart member of the BTR club for three years, he was excommunicated from this elite organization when Suzi strolled into his life. He chased her until she caught him, though she swore she was just after his Porsche 280Z. Actually, the first time he asked her out she said, "Brian who?" During most vacations, he could be found on the slopes of Colorado. The rest of the time, he stayed home in the Lone Star state where his girl from home and southern belle attended UT, but Simon and I never will forgive him for letting Terri go out with someone from another company during June Week. As his roommate and close friend for two and a half years, I know about all his road trips to U of Maryland, why he was late for taps after the Kappa Delta dance, and how often he washed those maroon sweat pants. "See you there or in the air."

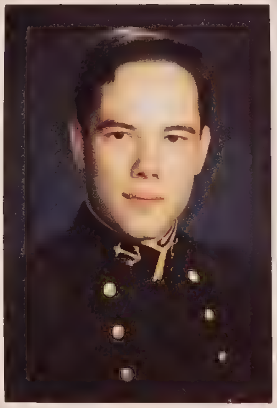
Charles W. Smith, Jr.
Captain B.A.M.F.
Lambertville, New Jersey
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Chuck came to us from No-Where-ville (Lambertville?) New Jersey as, what else, a pilot-extrodinaire. As with most of us here at good ole' USNA, his aviation career was cut short with an eye chart and the strike of a pen. Now, other plans have been made and Chuckie is going to be a gruntoid. He's still determined to be a pilot, no matter how many years it takes. In the interim, we expect Chuck to be permanantly wasted away in Margaritaville. We're not sure how Chuck's fiance to be, Alison, feels about all of this, but no one here is brave enough to ask her

Actually, Charles should fit well into the Marine Corps Brainwashing program. As the undisputed master of nocturnal activities, he has already mastered the fine art of aquiring various objects of interest about the yard, rapelling and sneaking around in general. Besides, he looks like a baby-killer anyway, with no hair and fangs to boot.

We wish Chuck -n- Al all the best and hope he eventually gets his very own shiny gold aviator wings; as those of us on the ground will be much better off for it

BRM



Gregory A. Smith
G.A.
Ormond Beach, Florida
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

When G.A. registered for his fourth semester at U of F, he didn't realize there was an Annapolis campus. I-Day saw his sun bleached "fro" fall to the ground as his memories of Pippi faded like his tan. The presence of his goregeous siblings on Parents Weekend provided him with more friends than he thought he had. Mary Jo's microletters brought Florida sunshine and pictures for his countdown calendars. The Toad, the Toad, the Toad! What more can we say? It didn't take G.A. long to start a J. Buffett cult, culminating with a cheeseburger in Paradise. Fortunately the lyrics were learned before the tapes were melted or his truck was broken into. Always trying to maximize his experiences, G.A. accepted a tour at GTMO for 3/c cruise and completed 4 PQS books on 1/c cruise. Majoring in rack and minoring in business, G.A. easily compiled more racktime than his two roommates combined. Rackburn's only mistake at USNA was betting his roommates that he'd be the last to get "Mary-ed." Their relationship progressed smoothly but became questionable when Mrs. "C" discovered Navy issue undergarments in Mary's laundry. To correct this discrepancy, G.A. became a housepainter. His efforts were successful as he will soon have another tax deduction. We are sure that G.A.'s bowed legs and Mary's pigeon toes will result in straightlegged kids. Wherever G.A. might go, his ready smile and quick wit will endear him to superiors and subordinates alike. Best wishes and good luck

T & Cowboy

Andrew L. Solgere
Cowboy
Rancho Palos Verde, California
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Andrew Louis (L'Amour) Solgere sought an appointment to USNA as a means of obtaining his final merit badge. Plebe year brought out many hidden talents. This was evidenced by his penchant for Navy Football (thanks to his idol, T.C.) and his ability to find a place on the sailing team His potential to become a social butterfly was thwarted by a night out at Timmy's with the Boyz followed by his contributions to the green bucket. However, always rough and ready, Cowboy was still able to distinguish between blondes and brunettes. His affinity for blondes was firmly established when Joan and Rhonda came into his life (I'm blushing, are you?)

After much debate between Math and EE, Andy settled on History as a major. Nevertheless, he did try to triple major by taking 3 semesters of EE and six semesters of math. John Wayne would have been proud. First class year brought skepticism as to his service selection but cub scouts, airborne, and his math background have adequately prepared him for the Marine Corps. Three striper liberty will give him the opportunity to go over the wall legitimately and the return of America's Cup will afford him the chance to command if Lebanon, El Salvador, or Nicaragua do not. His Light-hearted attitude and quick smile that complement his leadership ability will one day make him a four-star if Charlie doesn't get him. Andy is the living definition of All - *American*. We'll miss him but we'll all be able to sleep better knowing that he's on patrol. Airborne. May your M-16 never jam

T. & G.A.

Jeffrey B. Walker
J.B.
Spokane, Washington
History
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Jeffrey floated in on cloud nine from Spokane, Wash. after deciding that the Navy was for him. Growing up as an Air Force junior didn't thrill Jeff like the idea of Y.P. cruises down the Severn and 70 day sub cruises.

Jeff, infamously dubbed "J.B." by his classmates, fought off bad grades and "Bobo" type personalities to endure plebe year. He had it so tough that some thought he wouldn't make it. After a 70 day disappearance during youngster cruise we were worried that J.B. had bit the big one. He had actually bitten off the big one; he decided to make Navy Subs his career choice.

After a one night stand as a Homecoming gigolo, J.B. decided that girls were not for him. They kept getting in the way. He now decided that he had better buckle down on his grades.

Soon, good grades became boring and J.B. decided that it was time for a change. He purchased the muscle car which he always dreamed of. Hood College soon became a way of life for Jeff and after his two visits decided that he was bored of that too.

He decided to go to American Univ. and work on a master's degree because USNA had run out of things for him to do. He is still there today and we hope he spreads some of his exhuberant personality around there as he did here

Fair waves and following currents for we will miss you much. AMF!!

MDH

Dakota L. Wood
Dak
Claremore, Oklahoma
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Why Dak gave up the comfort and security of barren flatlands, silos, dust, cricket pumps and Karla I'll never know. Everyone at home knew that he would leave his mark on the Academy, but even he never suspected that he would also leave a white one on a Plebe Summer squad leader. Dak changed majors quickly and no wonder. He was constantly pressed for time, doing pro reports on the army boot and ale and who could forget sailing bag-out? J.J. and A.J. can attest to that especially when room formals came around. Youngster cruise and the ensuing school year vividly showed the consistency, or lack thereof, in Daklee's love life. The sinusoid was surely at maximum amplitude one fall evening at Harry's; so much so that "Ft. Meade" still brings a S.E. grin to his face. However, things weren't always that rosy. Somewhere around 2/c summer Dak acquired a distaste for the game of tennis. A definite lowpoint, but being the gentleman that he is, "The Dude" bounced back and took out his frustrations by nearly bouncing a full frozen O.J. can off of Yang's skull. The year also included a Xmas trip to Europe with Francois and The Locust, Jake, fishhead soup and fun times in Rome and the Alps. In the spring, Dak's operatives, working undercover at a hometown bank, brought a new interest into his life. Sherri was just what the Dakster ordered. His parents were happy too because now Dak had a reason to go home. Living with Dak for the past four years has been more than a pleasure. It's been an inconvience. Whether it was a gouge night at Woodland Hills, eating pizza in W. Va., sorting out vicious rumors or even study hour there was never a dull moment. Be patient buddy and you'll get Sheena, Rachel, the Woman in Red *and* your Valley Girl all wrapped up in one. Best of luck to you.

Mark L. Yniguez
Ying Yang
La Mirada, California
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Mark waltzed into Disneyland East from sunny southern Cal with one question on his mind: "Just whose idea is this anyway?" Mark's chance of hiding during plebe year were laid waste by upperclass continually trying to pronounce his name. A state of desperation set in and Ying Yang he became.

Yang's early leaning toward systems engineering was washed away by a wave of rational thought, and behold: a management major was born. This freed Ying (when he wasn't diligently studying academics, of course) to pursue his favorite educational pastime: T.V. research. Yang's body impression on the first couch in the wardroom attests to his tireless effort to bring T.V. research to an art form.

Ying's social escapades began early plebe year. His covert relationship with a certain psychopath netted him 100 dollars in albums, and a close up look at mental disease in the eighties. Disillusioned, but not defeated, Yang turned to Hood College during youngster summer and soon gained an appreciation for the looser things in life. Then, a totally unexpected event occured during youngster cruise when Yang met someone more interesting then the third rerun of "Mork and Mindy". Love blossomed, and Teresa replaced T.V.

Yes, it's been an interesting four years for Ying From getting chewed out with T.M. by Patch and becoming a charter member of Dirty Thirty, to sloshing around the D's basement in a stupor with Tim and fighting J.J. off every night.

May the Surface Force be with you, Yang, and may Teresa keep the SWO gut away.

# Nineteenth Company

Kim K. Anderson
Kim
Birmingham, Alabama
Ocean Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

When Kim arrived on the Academy scene in the summer of 1981 sporting what seemed to be a perpetual tan, sun-bleached blonde hair and a Rolex watch, we knew she was somebody! Plebe year she took some of us out to dinner with her American Express "GOLD" card. We knew then & there Kim was going places.

Plebe and youngster year saw Kim spending most of her weekends with the D & B flag line. Her leadership and dedication landed her staff positions in the Corps both semesters of first class year.

Second class year was an especially memorable year for Kim. There was also fun to be had 2/c year, and Kim went after it. Do the words "Leadership Mess Night" mean anything to you, Kim?

First class year was definitely Kim's year. After the tsunami lab, Kim's priorities shifted from academics to recreation. Speaking of recreation, I wish I had had a surfboard during that lab! Luckily for Kim, the Professor lived. In any case, certain things were a "must" for Kim Breakfast without Cocoa Crispies was like a day without sunshine. Speaking of which, I still think we should have gotten a Hibachi for our green beach. And as for a Thursday night without Magnum P.I. and Cheers, well, I shudder to think of the consequences.

Here's to your bright future, Kim! May it be filled with Jimmy Buffett tunes and sunshine. I'll miss you.

LMB

Jane E. R. Bailey
Jerb
Winter Haven, Florida
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Our first fond memory of Jane came a few days into plebe summer, when she attempted to sort her laundry. Sitting in the center of the room, surrounded by piles of dirty clothing, Jane yelled out, "I don't know how to do this, I've never done laundry before!"

Beginning with plebe summer, Jane was strickened with mono and proved through her four years that that was just the beginning, as Jane managed to catch everything that came trhough the hall.

Youngster year is when Jane's personality really emerged. Her room began to look like a tornado hit, and the threat of academic boards became imminent. It was quite often that the company heard Jane complain of an academic board, and quite often that her grades emerged above a 3.0

Catholicism opened its doors to Jane during second class year, and she managed to spend more time in the chapel than she did in class. It was also the year that Jane increased her worrying about her Marine Corps billet. At one point, Jane was convinced that there were only going to be two billets, and every girl in the class of '85 wanted one of them!

Jane was always a good friend. Good luck, Jane, in all you do. Hit Quantico running, and *please* stop worrying! The world is not nearly as bad as you think it is!

ASG & SKW

Dennis J. Barham
The Old Man
Knightdale, North Carolina
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps Aviation

Dennis Barham, better known as the "Old Man," came to USNA via NAPS after serving 3 years in enlisted service as an electrician in the nuclear navy. While at NAPS Dennis became famous for his platoon's rendition of "Attack from planet Salve," and along with "Little Red" ventured places where others had never gone before, or were not able to because they didn't have a car of their own. Plebe year he found out that he was older than many of the firstles, but that didn't stop some of them from trying to befriend him (Good thing Chimmey was around). As a 4/c he became Brigade Honor Chairman and thus was the beginning of his 4-year reign as the "Grim Reaper." 3/c year Dennis did a "good job" and invested money in diamonds. He met "Mumbles" and began a short career as an E.E. After a lot of barefoot skiing 2/c summer, he came back and started "ac" year as a keeper of the goat. After being disengaged from his previous ideas, he switched from EE to General. He then took "Little Red" on momentous road trips and developed an interest in disbursing and finances. But later that year an invite for lasagne at the house of an old friend superceeded his interest in economics and led to an engagement to a sweet southern belle named Renay. Second semester 1/c year began with a reuniting of Dennis with his plebe summer roommate. A depth perception scare 12 days before service selection almost put a damper on flight school, but a final eye test ended all doubts. He is destined to be one of the Marine Corps.' finest pilots, a man who we will always look up to and respect. Good Luck and God Bless.

. . . SJP . . .

Walter J. Bell
Walt
Hendersonville, Tennessee
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

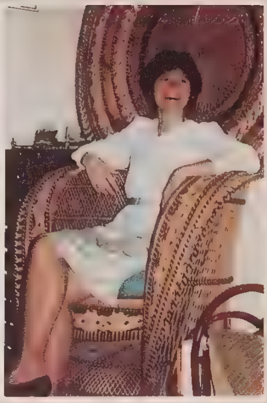
Did Walt ever meet anyone who did not like him? We all doubt it, his down home charm and sensitivity was at many times very stabilizing in the unstable, crazy world of U.S.N.A. "We're plebes, that's why!" was his reply to complaining during the trials of Plebe Year. Walt also had certain qualities which were undeniably characteristic Who else would go absolutely bananas if his roommates were not in the rack right at taps? Although up until graduation Walt only needed to shave at most twice a week, his "concept of duty" Plebe year compelled him to shave once a day (It was rumored that he started his commissioning mustache during Plebe Summer Detail-although there was never any evidence to support it!) There were also a few very lucky women in Walt's life. The "older woman", Peggy, and Donna were all just a few who had fallen for Walt's disarming savoirfaire (Walt, stay away from the youngster woopettes in New York, huh?!) In addition, Walt was also a very trusting fellow-especially when it came to letting plebes test drive his car and see how many times they could roll it. Now his destiny leads him to the surface forces. Best of luck, Walt. You are a true professional but, best of all, a true friend who will be sorely missed. May you continue to touch the lives of everyone that you meet as you have touched ours, but beware- there is a distinct possibility that although the odds are astronomically against it, there might, just might, be someone in the world who does not instantaneously like you . . . but after a minute or two???-never!!!

S.A.B. & C.R.B.

Christopher R. Betton
Amos
New York City, New York
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Chris was well known through 19th Platoon on the very first day of Plebe Summer . . . "Where's Mr. Betton?" Chris' determination, quick wit and ingenuity helped him through Plebe Year. Necessity is the mother of invention, and "Betton Lights" and "bird baths" were Chris' creations. Few problems every really bothered him. Occasionally he would run out of "crop duster," find another rip in his "forty-fours," or need to take a shower at the five minute chow call; but his relaxed manner always pulled him through such crises. When Youngster Year came around, so did the stereo, and Chris cultured his roommates with Stevie Wonderful, Michael Jackson, and Bob Marley. Youngster Year also found Chris in the streets of great Annapolis pedaling ahead of the USNA bicycle club. Chris was always very physically active . . . even after he had given blood. On one such occasion he lifted weights, cycled for about an hour, and proceeded to pass out in 18th Company. Fortunately he was saved by the mate who responded to his weak utterances of "sugar". For these past four years Chris has been looking for a companion: from "the secret admirer's" center of affection to his cycling companion to others. We have faith that you will find the perfect woman soon, Chris. For who could ever forget your face? We will be reminded of you every time we see a bag of Famous Amos cookies

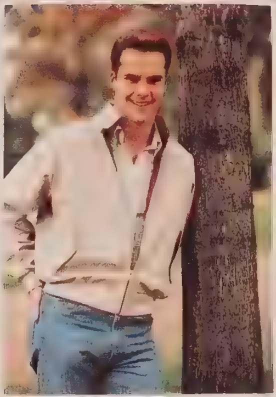
WJB & SAB



Lynne M. Bever
Lynne
Orlando, Florida
Ocean Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

Lynne came to USNA via the Fleet and a CT rating and immediately impressed the upperclass with her professionalism. Soon thereafter, she realized that there was more to life at USNA than squaring corners and she re-directed some of her "gunginess" to Navy Crew. Since that time, she has become an expert coxwain and this year is Captain of the women's team. Good luck with MOOW! As far as academics go, it took Lynne a little longer to see the light. But halfway through youngster year, (after much consideration and persuasion from me), she decided that SYSTEMS was not the way to fame and glory and became one of the elite, the Ocean Engineers. Ocean E. is one of the smallest majors at USNA, but that never bothered Lynne. She has always appreciated the smaller things in life. This includes everything from her VW beetle, to her goldfish, Killer, to Michelangelo (Nice poster, Lynne!). I may have brought Lynne into Ocean E., but 2/c summer brought her into the Civil Engineer Corps. From the day she heard their sales pitch, she knew that CEC was for her. Since then she has done more recruiting for them than their own officers. I know, because I'm one of her recruits. 1/c summer was not as good for Lynne, as she spent the better part of it off the Coast of Alaska on of all things, a Coast Guard Cutter. However, leave was better and she headed directly to Europe. Ever since, she has been in love with Italy and will spend at least one tour of duty there. Lynne, the road has been long and rough, but we've come so far, and it has definately been worthwhile. Looking back, we've had one hell of a good time! We laughed together, we cried together. No friend could ever have been better. Thanks for the memories, and here is to Port Heuneme!

Love Kim



Steven A. Bongardt
Boing
Bel Air, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Steve came to us from Bel Air Maryland, and then returned home every weekend while the rest of us were stuck here at USNA. He came here knowing exactly what he wanted and immediately set out to get it. His secret of success is to sweat. Steve sweated every detail but we can't say it hurt him. He constantly worried about how poorly he did on exams. But we soon learned what poor meant (a 90% at worst).

Steve kept a steady social life going. He didn't party heavily all the time . . . but when he did (Steve, make sure you have two people handy to carry you back from dining ins)! How he managed to stay out of trouble with women is astonishing. He seemed to attract them everywhere he went. He was especially skillful at Dahlgren, where he would run into at least three of Kathy's friends. Is it that G.Q. look that turns them on, Steve? We threatened to blackmail him with a photo of his collage of women under his blotter.

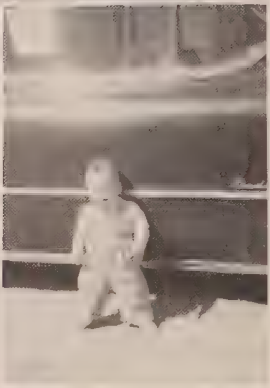
Steve's fondness of music was evident from the beginning. Plebe year, when we weren't allowed to have stereos, Steve performed constantly in an effort to make up for it. When we got stereos, his was constantly on the station that became known as Bongardt-104. Steve studded out on everything he did, from being the star quarterback of Heavies (Have you guys finally scored a point?), to being part of the brigade striper organization. Steve pushed himself in the past four years and is consequently graduating in the top 5% of our class. He is going into flight school after graduation, and I have no doubt that Steve will someday command a space shuttle, his life ambition. We will look for you among the stars. Good Luck!

WJB and CRB

James E. Budway
Butch
Brewer, Maine
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Butch was our Maine addition to the Key Member club. Arriving from the backwoods of Maine via Naps, Butch found much to like and dislike at USNA. Never one to really hide his feelings, he soon imparted his disdain for Plebe Summer upon his squad leader, much to our amusement. Plebe Summer rapidly passed into Plebe year finding Butch embroiled in academics, midnight antics and dust and gotcha-last wars. Youngster year we discovered another side of the real Budway at Moxie's house as alcoholic inflamed passions got the better of him. Beer became the ultimate aphrodisiac for him as inhibitions and morals dropped by the wayside. Second class year, Butch returned to the Academy armed with the Manly Handbook and ready to battle another year of nebulous math courses. This year was memorable in the annals of Budway, as he discovered the Thrift Inn and the real joys of jogging. First class cruise was a torchlight in the dark as far as Service Selection was concerned. Maybe there was something in the Marine Corps after all. First class year, Butch returned to assume the position of Company Sub-God. Striking fear into lethargic youngsters, highway drag racing, Copenhagen and the Greaseman all became part of the standard Budway repertoire. On January 22, Jim got his head reluctantly shaved and became one of the few and the proud. I roomed with Jim for 3½ years of nonsensical games, inter-room rivalry in the weight room and other forms of unadulterated fun, but it will be 3½ years that I will long remember. Thanks Jim plus the best of luck.

T.Y.S.



Wade C. Burchell, Jr.
W.D.
Norwalk, California
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

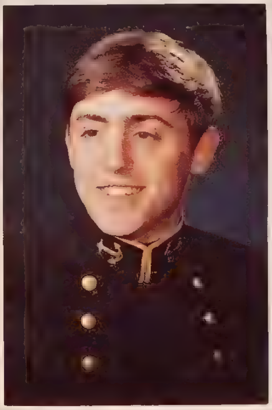
Wade arrived at Navy via Naps, where he played cornerback on the Varsity Football team. During Plebe summer Wade was undefeated in boxing and had numerous knockouts to his credit. Wade also made it known Plebe year that he was one of the premier Riflemen in the country, winning a varsity letter and being ranked in the top 40 nationally. Youngster summer, Wade went home and worked construction, returning to USNA with a devastating right jab and left hook. Very few people wanted to enter the ring a second time with the fiesty little guy from California. Wade earned another varsity letter and recognition in rifle. While dating and breaking half the hearts in Annapolis, Wade met a girl named Rebecca and started going steady. It marked the end of his notorious escapades around Annapolis. Second class year, Wade lost his heart to Rebecca and got engaged. The majority of his time was spent with Rebecca at Goucher from then on. Wade did take the time though to win his third varsity letter and national ranking. First class year saw Wade sit back and enjoy his brand new Z-28, making numerous trips to Laurel to see his Lady Love. If Wade has as much luck in the fleet as he did here at USNA, he'll make Admiral in twenty years. Good luck buddy, and take care. Scott and I will always be there

Love, Byron and Scott

Douglas R. Burton
Burt
Mansfield, Ohio
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Doug, one of the key members, came to the Academy from Mansfield Ohio via NAPS. Doug had this place wired as a plebe. He had a girlfriend in town, played JV Baseball and got away with throwing a firstie up against the wall and telling him to do something anatomically impossible. Doug soon left baseball to apply his talents on the intramural fields, which always went at least to Regimentals. Doug made at least one lasting impression on 19th Co. by introducing half of the males in our class to the products of The United States Tobacco Co.. Doug is also well known for his exploits with the fairer sex, from attending the N dance plebe year without earning a letter to going over the wall to the Halls of Montezuma as a firstie. Doug has had some difficulties though; from becoming persona non grata at Goucher, his heavenly Ring Dance date, and the Scluggos of the world. Doug has had some problems with mechanical possesions. I would really like to hear your stereo before we graduate. Your car really doesn't need a door on the driver's side. Heck, it kind of facilitates getting in and out of the car. Doug I've had some really great times with you. Ohio, Hawaii, California, Mardi Gras, and Ft. Lauderdale were all radical times. Doug you've been a great friend and roommate these past four years. I could always count on you to get me into and out of fights, find my overcoat and to give me good advice. I'm glad that you stuck it out with Aero. I wish you the best of luck with Navy Air.

Your best friend always, Chip



Scott M. Carlson
Mr. Clean
San Francisco, California
Systems Engineering
Surface Warfare

Scott came to USNA from San Francisco, a Navy brat with a proud tradition of Naval service. Ready to breeze through four years at the country club by the Severn, Scott set himself apart by joining the D & B, so he could get drunk in a different city every weekend. Scott frustrated his classmates plebe year by BSing with Mike Gradwohl for all of his waking hours and still getting a 3.2 QPR. Through the years, heredity gave Scott his most distinguishing characteristic, his lack of hair To make up for his baldness, Scott decided to take a real major, Systems Engineering. His choice gave him the opportunity to see the sunrise from the wrong side and to find out what the word narcolepsy means. Second class year was a time of late nights and long Lab reports for Scott. True to form, however, the severity of workload never affected Scott's ability to procrastinate. The end of second class year introduced Scott to a new black Rabbit GTI and debt. By first class year Scott looked at his record and noticed that he had survived three and a half years without a demerit. He decided to remedy the situation and get his four years worth with one fry. He was successful, and gained infamy as well in Salty Sam's column. On service selection night Scott got the Spruance of his dreams, and he made sure everyone in the company knew it. Scott will be missed by all the key club. Listening to Mark at 0100 on WHFS, Systems templates, weeks without making your rack, talking for hours when we should have been studying, your pipe and your Union suit. Scott is a great roomate and friend. I won't miss the Academy, but I'll miss the people, especially you. Mr. Carlson will make a fine Naval Officer. I rank him 1 of 1.

Sam

Elizabeth J. Clark
Beth
Kutztown, Pennsylvania
Mathmatics
General Unrestricted Line

Beth came to USNA from the thriving metropolis of Kuztown, Pa. Having been raised in a cornfield, plebe summer was an exciting event for Beth. Between a severe case of mono and her equally wonderful early morning rendezvous during PEP with Ron Bethmann she never knew what would happen next. The beginning of academic year brought a healthy Beth living with a forever injured roommate. I'm sure she will never forget diving crashes, Rani's late night studying, "Drop dead, Bucko" and of course, "Well sir, I was dreaming of a white Christmas . . . " With her youngster stripe came her firm and lasting relationship with John and Bob. We always knew where to find her - in their room or hiding in their shower, talking planes. Beth also acquired many talents during youngster year, including explorer extraordinare and sailboat master. With the loss of her faithful friend came the inheritance of the canoe and the acceptance of a 5-year obligation. Little was seen of Beth during second class year, she spent most of her time with her new found love - a 44 foot sailboat. First class year brought the return of the dynamic duo and the never ending cry of "Why am I here?" quickly followed by "I'm not going to let them beat me!" With service selection tomorrow night, I can't help but think that we might just make it out of here - TOGETHER! As the saying goes, "Fair winds and following seas," and may your SOSUS always ping!

With love,
APY

Charles Culberson Denman III
Chip
Kaneohe, Hawaii
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Chip rolled into the 19th company as a key member from the sunshine of Hawaii. Chances are, if the Mafia doesn't catch up with him he will go places at sea too. Being a spendthrift, Chip would never go out with a gal unless a 50/50 pre-arranged settlement plan for expenses of the evening was in writing and in hand. Thus achieved, off to Burger King for the big night they would go His Hawaiian song become the height of many long summer marches. Chip would do well with deck division aboard his first ship, having vast experience with ground tackle as an anchor man candidate at school. Chip has gained much experience in a few areas of endeavor. Among these is a license as skiing instructor in California. He is very effective at teaching people how to get out of the way of 'NOVICE' skiers. They simply either move out of the way or get crushed. He has also excelled in stripping freshly waxed floors after a night out on the town. Vinnie will never believe that extravaganze. Chip has the utmost respect for animals. He was awarded a stuffed toy rat during plebe year for uncommon valor among the fourth class. Chip also has adopted several pet mice and treated them with the greatest of care, insuring their proper health, poor Ernesto. Chip should really excell in his chosen field of surface warfare. Navigating a yawl through a hurricane during a race is one experience that Chip will not soon forget. The feelings and expressions of all aboard must have been a sight as the boat finally pulled into Bermuda after the race in which 11 boats capsized. Chip has been my roommate for all four years, and the best of roommates at that. I sure hope you get that destroyer command you've always talked of. Best of luck in all you do, true friends of your caliber are hard to find so take care of yourself

Brothers always, Doug

Vinton Gregg Garbesi
Vinnie
Santa Rosa, California
English
Surface Warfare

Vinnie is our Northern California representative in the key club. Vinnie found his first semester here at USNA to be very disappointing. Floundering upon the shoals of Advanced Chemistry, Vinnie emerged with a class rank of 1179. He was forced to retake Chemistry during summer school and amazed everyone, including our Company Officer . . ." And a real suprise addition to the Sup's list, Gregg Garbesi." Vinnie's academic excellence has ceased to surprise us since then as his order of merit for service selection was 198. Wicked rumors began to circulate around the company about how Vinnie was siphoning off the life energy of his roommates as very few of his roommates made it through the rigorous four years here at USNA. Vinnie had a few idiosyncrasies that set him apart from the rest of us. His taste in music clashed violently with his roommates, who had a hard time listening to Mike Oldfield after a good session of Merle Haggard. Vinnie also had a predilection towards parking buildings, nubile young track runners and gorgeous California girls. Vinnie's sports experiences here at USNA began with a two year spot on the junior varsity soccer team, but his hopes for greatness on the soccer team soon dwindled when he found out DRB could defeat the whole soccer team single handed. Since this time he has been a great asset to company intramural sports. Vinnie's last Army will be one he remembers forever. Just remember, Vinnie, keep your guard up at all times and beware of strange characters on the early morning subway. Surface line will find itself very lucky to receive someone as talented as Vinnie. The best of luck to you and Debbie in the lifetime that you will spend together

TGH and TYS

Allison S. Gross
Allison
Schwenksville, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
General Unrestricted Line

Allison came to the Naval Academy from Wheaton, a small *LIBERAL* arts college in Massachusetts, where she was accustomed to rising for reveille at 11:00 A.M.; a somewhat more rigorous schedule than that which she experienced at home in Schwenksville Pennsylvania - population: 1,000 human, 10,000 chicken.

While maintaining a firm interest in all her academic studies at the Academy, Allison did not neglect the more cultural aspects of life, and managed to attend Broadway theater such as "O'Calcutta" and to read such distinguished literary publications as *Bridal Magazine* and *Modern Bride*.

Perhaps Allison's favorite part of the Academy was the intense physical training she encountered. Allison ran the 7.30 mile more often than anyone else, except George, who proved to Allison once and for all that photographers are not all talk and no action. Running ranked second only to Allison's love of arm-hangs, her superiors frequently caught Allison sneaking off to the gym - to hang herself.

While at Annapolis, Allison won two awards, the "Changed her major more times than anybody else" award, and the "Most weekends away" award. While she always looked quite sharp in her military attire, Allison concluded that she did not "love a man in uniform", opting instead for the Civilian Look. Thus, George entered Allison's life in her second year at the Academy. The two found they had a lot in common: the yearbook. George took the photographs and Allison posed for them. Admiral John and Lieutenant Phyllis were a bit adverse to sharing their favorite deckhand, yet they finally consented to a July wedding - if only to spend some time with their second favorite deckhand - Sydney - a Wheatie who loved her Middy.

In retrospect, Allison's greatest achievements during her four years at Annapolis include her ability to maintain her values, to develop a strong sense of self, and to uphold her commitment to her friends, in face of a somewhat formidable environment

Good luck to you Allison, and may George's birthday be both his, and your, happiest day ever - you earned it!

L.S.H.

Timothy Gene Hanson
Lungs
Clear Lake, Iowa
Aerospace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

The man. The legend. The HORSE! Tim's sojourn at USNA has been a time of learning. His classmates first learned of Timmy when he bellowed his first deafening "GO NAVY, SIR!". In fact, this idealistic young boy from Iowa was so caught up in the spirit of the place that there was a period of time where Tim's acceptance into the Key Club was in question. Soon, Timmy realized that nice guys really do finish last and they don't correct their future company commander's table manners. Timmy set out to be the nicest guy around. He has succeeded in this quite well and, despite his healthy skepticism towards authority, Tim has even excelled in the administration's eyes. They entrusted him with the sacred Goat and now all his non-farmboy roommates truly under the old phrase "He smells like a goat" in all its feculence. Tim is known throughout the company for his perkiness when he is not in the rack. Granted, that is seldom, but he makes up for his perpetual somnolence with his peculiar style of awakening. He greets each day, stretching his arms to greet the new dawn. I thought it looked like a left hook. Tim and his cohort in crime, Moxie, sponsor first class, are infamous with the police force for their porch parties which we all enjoyed almost as much as the fantastic 'gaters that Tim planned. The memories associated with Tim are all good. He was always willing to help out anyone in any way he could. His uncanny knack of summing up every situation with his own unique vernacular made living with him enjoyable. Pool at Pete's. Beer at Rudy's. Taco Bell on weeknights (we had three stripes between us). More beer at Rudy's. Country music. Beer at Pete's. Cowboy boots. Line cutting at the Ring Dance (Debbie loves ya for that.) Late night gammon. Thanks Timmy.

VGG

Richard E. Lumsden, Jr.
Lummy
Hanahan, South Carolina
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Lummy came to the Academy from a multitude of navy towns that he temporarily called home. He soon found out that his grotesque overdevelopment couldn't suffice on the football field without great speed. Not to be denied universal fame, Lummy easily focused his bulk on developing the art of Ninja warfare. Pencil necks and devious women alike often felt the wrath of Lumstein. Lummy always had great ambitions. One of his greatest was to become a pooka shell wearing, surfboard toting beach comber of the Virgin Islands who supported his vices by bartending at night. Mom and dad, however, had grander illusions of a naval career for their little slumbucket. Subject of the famous Lumstein Chronicles, Lummy's escapades included the likes of a midnight swim from the docks clad in his favorite bathing suit: Summer whites. Maybe his meeting with "Captain, what's your name, anyway?" was the means to a Project 21 end. The loss was tough but the memories of a great roommate and friend will always remain. Remember, you can take Lummy from the Six Pack, but you'll never take a six pack from Lummy. Good luck, and may the God of Beach and Bulk shine on you forever.

Stephen J. Pimpo
Pimps
Strongsville, Ohio
Political Science
Supply Corps

Pimps came to us via NAPS from beautiful Strongsville Ohio; Cleveland's finest suburb. He was equipped for the challenge of USNA with economy size cans of Endust and Tinactin; just ask the OOW's. "Ooh that stings!" Pimps roomed with the Old Man every Semester except 2; one as a plebe with Amos, Walt and Bonge, and one as Batt. Cdr. He had this uncanny ability to find beautiful women-*young* beautiful women! "Man she looked older, I swear!" or "I thought she was at least 19." The 14-16 yr. olds of Annapolis will be safe when he graduates! April, Little Miss Brazil, Furry, Patty; sorry but the Pimps loves 'em and leaves 'em. Don Vito is still looking for him. When Pimps wasn't meeting young girls, he was impersonating them. The Halloween wedding dress was a big hit. What a hairy-chested bride! Academics were a breeze for Pimps. His uncanny ability to "manipulate" profs. coupled with the fact that Poly Sci. profs. are the most easily manipulated (because they know it's all BS anyway) rewarded him well. Consistent 3.0 and above performances put him in the 4th Batt. Cdr. slot 2nd Semester (finally). He had his knee rebuilt 3/c year and spent a semester as an invalid who made the Old Man cater to his every need. Thank God the knee healed very well, but not well enough to not make him NPQ-or did it? In any case the Corps. is getting a great guy; one who is ambitious enough to probably be driving a Rolls-Royce by the end of his first tour. Who could forget the roadtrip to N.C. and, one monumental roadtrip to Newport. "Oh man I ache!" I say no more. Pimps you're the greatest and I love you like a brother. The times we shared as masters of "Dirt Central" will never be forgotten! Good Luck!

Samuel M. Platt
Sam
Annandale, Virginia
Systems Engineering
Surface Warfare

Sam made the long trip around the beltway to the Academy from far away Northern Virginia. Plebe year found him sitting on the floor in his underwear driving his many roommates crazy—luckily for Sam, he was never around to take any abuse. Youngster year brought his two most distinguishing features to light; his distinctive walk and his ability to dislocate his shoulder in new and interesting ways every semester. As a Systems Engineer, he finally had to settle down with the books and was often up into the wee hours- or at least until 0104 every morning. Second class summer and the city dock was the setting of the famous "Platt miracle" after which, Sam found the true meaning of the word "exhaustion". Second class year started with the attack of the Killer Bees and life in the "Tenement", but all of that fun was quickly overshadowed by ES303 and Long John, who made sure Sam had plenty of all nighters in Ward Hall. By the end of second class year, Sam had succeeded in introducing the entire company to two of his favorites, Firesign Theater and Root Boy Slim. Over his First Class summer came his introduction to the Surface Navy in the form of an LPH which made him realize how much he really wanted to go Navy Air. Also during the summer, came a new engine for his BMW 2002 and a new computer that seemed to keep half the Key Club from studying due to marathon Blackjack and DALEKS sessions (right, Timmy & Vinnie?). By Service Selection, Sam had decided that his Engineering Degree was more important than his desire to fly so he actually chose Surface Line (Mighty Fine, eh?) Well Sam, it's been four long years and we finally got our mugs, but the worst part will be having to leave good friends like you. Good luck -

SMC

Scott R. Reichard
Scunt
Dayton, Ohio
Chemistry
Medical Corps

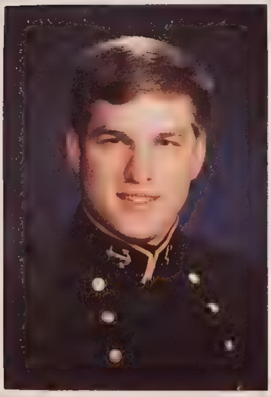
Plebe summer, Scott arrived in full stride to get on top of things, and he really stood out on the drill field. He even had his own personal drill instructor. Off the drill field, Scott did well despite a few mishaps with firsties. Academic year rolled around and Scott chose chemistry as his major and worked very hard; thus acquiring the phrase of being "socially inept" from a classmate with many social graces who is now enjoying the civilian life. I guess he worked so hard that he didn't have time to do anything so the window sufficed. Youngster year Scott got two great roommates that have guided him to a happy social life with drunken stoopers. Scott was also an integrated part of the Fourth Battalion boxing team that won Brigade championships. Second class year, Scott started out with a fire red Trans-Am that seemed to get him into weird predicaments in D.C., but not without the catalystic help of a black roommate with a wild finger, bringing on an additional eight blacks down on poor Scott. When we first met Scott, we knew he would go places; Byron and I just didn't know where. We do now. Byron and I wish to congratulate you on being accepted into the prestigious medical profession. We wish you lots of luck. You can always count on us and we'll miss you, because we're brothers of a different breed. "The Academy"

Love, Byron and Wade

Eric R. Rutherford
Rut
Boulder, Colorado
History
Surface Warfare

Eric came to USNA via Boulder, Colorado. With little regard for military regs, he redefined Plebe Year. Eric's exploits ranged from threatening a firstie with physical abuse, drinking beer at the Dant's house with Jaime during study hour, to a mid Plebe Summer vacation. By the way, thanks for offering us some of John's buxom cake even though we never saw it. When Eric wasn't in the clutches of the Blue Monster, he was playing defensive tackle for the football team. As a senior, he was named defensive captain and on a cold Saturday in November he devastated the offensive line in leading Navy to a lopsided upset of #2 S Carolina. Eric subsequently earned mention in *SI*, All-East and All-American status, and a Hula Bowl Trip. Off the gridiron Eric loved to party. Somehow he always wound up with a good looking girl (and then left them to me). Well . . . almost always. Just remember Rut, I have the picture from Skita's party that tells the true story! Don't worry buddy, I'll still defend your morality story. Senior year was truly a year to remember for Eric. Three-striper libs, Ken's car, Ken's clothes and Lisa (also formerly Ken's) almost made USNA bearable. He even rose to military prominence (?) as company sub-commander Seriously Eric, these past few years with you have been the most memorable and enjoyable of my life. You will always be my closest friend. Remember Army/Navy with the Dr E fanclub and Hat's Mexican impression, the Ring Dance, grain alcohol, John's parties, Mrs. Rutherford's dinners, the Colorado trip, my physical threatening of Goody, Z, and G-Man? I'll never forget the times we've shared. Best wishes for the future. California here we come! Don't worry Mr. & Mrs. R, I'll take care of Eric (as usual). I love ya Rut

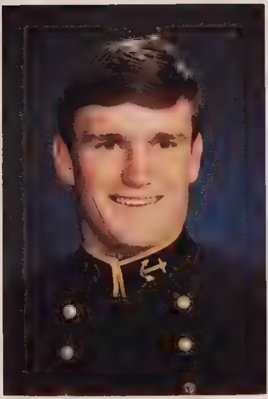
SLUGGO

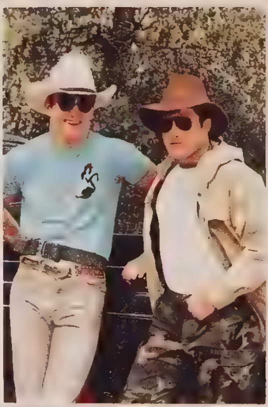


James G. Sheldrup
Shlep
Fallbrook, California
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Company commander, Shlep, was the original chartering member of the Key Club. Lizard-man (Witte), Shlep, and Sluggo were the trio that we best remember from plebe summer. Plebe summer seemed to have very little impact on Shlep, as he never abandoned his level-headed approach to life. We were soon to find out that he owed this approach to the all encompassing "rule of thumb." While some possessed other physical attributes such as the "horse", Shlep was blessed with the biggest thumb since Goliath. Of all of us, Shlep received the most names during his residence at USNA. He was the "main man" on the football and fieldball fields, one of the "lawmen" during youngster year (named so for his prodigious girth) and the "changed man" first class year, for his about-face in life. Second class year brought Shlep more than one type of ring and unexpected surprises such as "Cyprus." During the four years, Shlep was able to cultivate multiple talents, ranging from mastering the pool cue at Pete's to mastering the complexities of Mech E from the recesses of his rack, to becoming an accomplished barber at Moe's Barber Shop (for a Pepsi) When writing Shlep's biography, it is amazing how many phrases come readily to mind. I feel it would be an injustice to the Shlep legend to omit them, so I have included them for they belong to him and are surely just as much a part of him as his thumb. Some of the more choice ones are: "War of the Whales II", "Aqua Habba", "Just some dude," T.F.C. and Riggo! For "Just someone dude," Shlep was a true friend to us all and we wish Ruthie and him the best of luck in the coming years

TYS ERR





Thomas Y. Sylvester
Tom
Bethesda, Maryland
Political Science
Seals

Tom, a world traveler most recently from Andover H.S., reported to the USNA in a semi-ectomorphic state immersed in the shadow of his brother John, '84, a square-legged mesomorph. He remained obscure throughout Plebe Summer save for his precision cadences until he and Chip were fried 5000 series for being drunk in uniform. He excelled in wrestling Plebe year and soon mastered academics. Thus, at night you could find him in the library not studying, but playing gotcha-last or wrestling with John and Stone on the ground floor Tom spent Youngster year getting his Dahlgren quals, preaching true-love to one thang until she spoke the magic words. Placing fourth in the Highland Games and stress-testing the ice on the C & O Canal rank high on his list of accomplishments. He spent Spring Break out in West B.F. with John and Stone enjoying the Rodeo, killing coyotes, dipping, and swangin'. On their near fatal, aborted ascent of Mt. Wrightson, an exasperated Tom flogged a bush into submission to show his displeasure. Second Class year, Tom took a semester's leave at the USCGA for a bit of R & R. Upon his return, he joined the ranks of the Key Member Club and soon became known for his propensity to chase younger women Between blue balls and his Lima Delta escapade, he did manage to make it through the year only to develop severe wallet leak attributable to a Porsche that John pawned on him. After a Norwegian exchange cruise with the "Rogue", Tom cured this ailment by transforming the Porsche into a "banana mobile." If it were not for rowdy Plebes, Tom would have kept his stars despite being Company Commander and the 3-striper libs accompanying it. If only service selection were as easy as academics. Tom has been a great friend and confidant for 4 years. Good luck always.

J.E.B.

James M. Syvertsen
Sluggo
Wading River, New York
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

Sluggo came to us from Long Island, New York. He gave up his wrestling career to, as he says it, concentrate on his Naval architecture major. We all know what his priorites were; Girls, his car, beer and eating. His beerdrinking and the slugmobile were infamous. One memorable night he almost wiped out the Navy's offensive and defensive lines. Sluggo seems to have girls across the country; Heidi in Calif., Becky in Colo., Liz in Md., and of course Princess Leanne who was out of this world. Unfortunately, Goucher is without his sevices. How can anyone be banned for a lifetime? Yeah, Sluggo touched up many a night, and every party he went to there was a Sluggo story to tell. The boys termed a new phrase, the Sluggo tactic. He made his mark on every Army and Navy game. From the bathtub his Youngster year, to Disneyland as a Secondclassman. Sluggo could never hold a grudge or turn down a favor. In times of trouble or difficulty, he was the man to go to. The memories are good. The times in Colo., the times in Philly, the times at John V's house as well as the times out in town. Half his paycheck was spent on food. No one ever knows where he puts it all, but he is always invited back. The spaghetti dinners at Mrs. R's house, the shrimp dinner at L's house, and simply THE PARTY at A's house second class summer. These times are worth remembering Sluggo, and you get a Medal of Honor for putting up with your whale of a roommate who will always appreciate you. Those times were golden and will better with age. Take care and good luck.

ERR

Susan K. Wells
SK
Sheridan, Wyoming
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

The most rugged member of the 19th Company, class of '85, came to Annapolis from the plains of Wyoming. No one has ever heard of Sheridan Wyoming, and to this day, Walt is the only one who knows if it really exists, but Susan has claimed for four years that she is from Sheridan. "It's about 6 hours from Cheyenne." It was a long time before anyone knew Susan. For awhile, she was so quite, we wondered if they taught people to talk in Wyoming. We did find, though, that athletics was a strong point.

Susan earned the nickname "Bulky" from her toughness and athletic ability. She was the only girl who could hold her own in almost any competition, against almost any of the guys. Yet she knew how to win with tact. She only beat the guys who deserved to be beat. It only took Susan a couple of months to win her first varsity letter for Navy, and by the end of youngster year, she had won a blanket for three varsity letters, in indoor and outdoor track. The Bike Club became Susan's true love during second class year, so varsity athletics took a back seat. Probably, the most controversial thing Susan did during her four years in Annapolis was to run the Marine Corps marathon. Even Susan spent several weeks trying to decide if she would be proud she ran or embarassed that she put herself through it!

Susan was probably one of the smartest midshipmen around, for she knew to take advantage of every opportunity the Navy had to offer. She spent quite a few mornings working out, many afternoons in the pool with the Scuba Club, and many evenings singing with the Antiphonal Choir (no other group can go to Florida for a weekend and sing only once!) Thanks to Navy's tendency to please individuals, Susan even got to spend Air Force weekend in Colorado (thanks Mom!) Summers were extremely interesting for Susan. Can you believe she would actually volunteer to attend the Air Force Academy's Sere School? And she traveled! Switzerland, Hawaii, Australia, Toga Toga, and Subic Bay, to name just a few. Susan really did join the Navy to see the world!

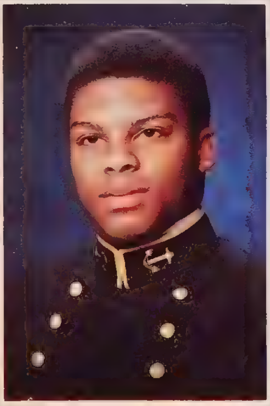
Good luck, Susan, in everything you do! Enjoy Pensacola, and if ever you should question it, remember . . . the Marines are only looking for a few good men!

ASG

Byron A. Williams
Stud
Washington, D.C.
Physical Science
Supply Corps

Byron Williams was never far from home, being from Washington, D.C. In fact, his mother came to see him during Plebe summer which resulted in his being fried for dragging his mother. Even though Byron was somewhat of a mother's boy, he excelled in fencing, earning him the nickname, "Fencing Stud extordinair." Byron was somewhat of an animal lover, and he especially seemed to like bears and bugs, and to this day, Byron sleeps with his two bears Pooh and Booh. Byron was probably one of the nicest guys, but he could never say no to girls. This resulted in him getting bricked twice. I don't think he will ever forget youngster homecoming. Byron never drank before the Naval Academy, but his roommates had a way with alcohol and had him into a full time partier by first class year. He topped this all off Service Selection Night '85 with a parade through company area in his drawers, proclaiming he knew what the girls wanted. What a way to start off a career in the Supply Corps. Good luck and God bless you! Wade and I will always be there when you need us.

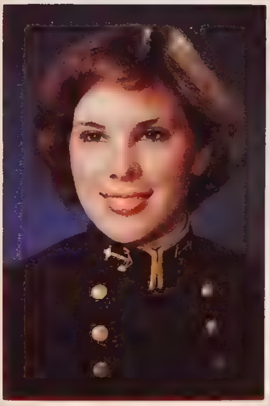
Love, Scott and Wade



Ashley Page Yetman
Ash
Annandale, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

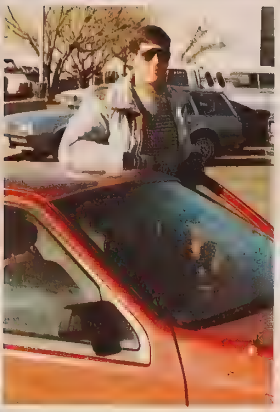
Ashley came to us all the way from Annandale - Boy, I sure wish my mom could come to chapel every Sunday during plebe summer. A true Navy brat and Dahlgren Hall veteran (leather pants, anyone?), Ashley was famous before she even arrived. Ash quickly found out this place is a lot different on the inside. From 1/c asking for dates during plebe summer came more of the same during plebe year (What?! Get lost, Bucko!!) Then there was Army week when it 'snowed' in our room. Youngster year came and Ashley went for a real major - Mech E. Someone had to do it. Even with all those labs/projects Ashley somehow managed to get to bed by 11:00 every night. (I don't feel like studying, got anything to read, Beth?) By this time Ashley was also into cheerleading and diving. She made close friends with the board, thus earning her the nickname "Smashley". Needless to say, Ash decided that diving was not her forte so she opted for cheering and gymnastics instead. Second class year saw Ashley deciding she'd stay and get her commission. She even flamed for awhile. Since Ash loved pleve summer so much the first time, she decided to do it again. First class year brought a red MG and many tickets (Officer who?), real major's courses (I need gouge!), long distance calls from P-cola, squad mama, admin (Aagh! Paperwork!), and the end in sight. Ash, the CEC is getting a wonderful person and a heck of a roommate. There may be a continent between us once we get out of here but I'll never forget you. Take care of yourself and good luck in all you do.

EJC



Coca-Cola

# Twentieth Company



Troy R. Bates
Hands
Corpus Christi, Texas
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

When Troy first came to the Academy from Corpus Christi, many people had high expectations of him. In fact, it appeared as if he was headed for a high striper rank when he proved his leadership abilities by teaching his classmates and some firsties how to drill Plebe Summer. These hopes faded when the Ac-year started and Troy ended up being a screen to stop flak from the upperclass. Life is hard when you're a proud Texan and your squad leader makes you tell him about the activities of the "World Champion (??) Philadelphia Eagles." One nickname the Lead Dog picked up was The Master. This name probably resulted due to his mastery of members of the opposite sex. There were times when Troy's Little Black Book rivaled the Annapolis telephone book. Troy was a Don Juan who frequently could be found at Goucher College, U of Maryland or elsewhere charming women. Troy claims his antics of old have ceased and that he is settling down. This remains to be seen. Who can forget carousing in Nova Scotia, the spectacle of the Hands in action, 2-2 poker games with Jack, Jondra's toes, two bricks in one semester, Lizards that smell like fish, driving in Pasadena, parties at Roy and Rita's, dodging trains in Harper's Ferry, Allentown, hazing plebes youngster year, Timmy's, Charlie's and West Virginia? Much can be said of those times with Chet, Jodie, Shelly, Slim, Snowman, TJ and Olly and the rest of the gang. Oh yeah, be sure to watch the road next time you go up to Charlestown; they can be tricky.

DMO

Jeffrey S. Biggs
C.C.
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Jeff came to the Naval Academy from Philadelphia, Pennsylvania. Upon arrival, most of his classmates believed that Jeff thought that he was entering a summer camp, and that once plebe summer was complete USNA would become a normal college, with all the associated freedoms. Jeff quickly learned that this was not the case, and that it was going to be a long plebe year.

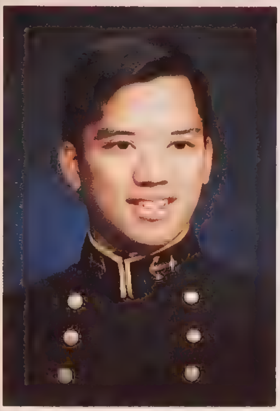
Jeff overcame all the normal plebe year hardships and discovered the many benifits of being paid to go to school. He proved that he could accomplish many difficult tasks that few of his classmates (including myself), were not willing to perform. From the Peruvian connection, to SDC the III, to the barn, Jeff showed that he could take anything in stride and still keep his sanity. Jeff spent his first two years here exploring the many majors that USNA offered, but once settled proved he could get the grades needed to succeed here. He worked hard 2nd class year and earned a two stripe billet 1st class year.

Jeff, I missed being your roommate this year and hope that you enjoyed all the color company benifits. Hopefully our paths will cross again. Good luck flying Navy planes and don't let your tail drag.

RVS

Arthur G. Castillo
Chooch
Chula Vista, California
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Chooch travelled to Annapolis via a pearl boat from San Diego. Because of his "expertise" in swimming and cargo holds. He decided that the Academy would be a great place to earn bucks. "But the pearl vendor said . . . " Nevertheless, Chooch found plebe year was easy as long as he had a mop and a towel to wipe up the sweat. History was no problem: his roommates reenacted the Civil War for him. Youngster year found him with his first real taste of engineering and no weekend liberty. There were moments with a very tall C.J. that he'll never forget. "Hey Awtha, how 'bout a deck of cawds?" or the "yawd" at T.O.P. Chooch also learned what Army was all about after copious amounts of L.S.P. He found "true love" in a thin, sandy-haired goddess. By second class year he was throughly confused with his twin third cousin Lando. The Scandanavian brothers were a BHRC nightmare. Chooch finally had his dream of a 2-man room come true. All he had to do was learn all about powerlifting and who Trixie was. (Heeaah). After hanging out with the boys during plebe detail (combined with stops at the Voo) he moved into first class year with a position on brigade staff; rifle bearer in the color guard. Lando and Chooch put the Marines of 8th and "I" to shame with their awesome maneuvers. Art also found out what a real redneck was when he went out with Dopper and felt overdressed in jeans and a button-down shirt. For a good professional background he was awarded the title of "MSD." You do good and they replace your liberty with paperwork. Chooch has always been accused by his redneck friend Dopper of "taking our jobs and eating our food." Well, good luck as a surface puke, Art. You came to our school on a pearl boat and now you will depart on a larger one.



Henry A. Castillo, Jr.
Lando
Stockton, California
Marine Engineering
Surface Warfare

Lando came here to follow in his father's footsteps. After responding to every question as "I'll find out, Sir" he quickly became subtly obnoxious. He soon indulged his fate in academics, namely giving nicknames to everyone and imitating them. Plebe year saw him as part of the dynamic duo, "The Amazing Castillo Brothers." Youngster year had Huck taking SI100 over again at the company chalkboards. If he wasn't listening to all eight Blondie tapes or reading Hi-Fi magazine, he was bugging Jim. Second semester he was in a 4-man room with Airborne, Iguana, and the Baby. Second class year was a whole new experience for HAC. He bought stock in shoelaces, started dipping, played rugby and became a Lando, learned "quarters" the hard way, and went landroving in BB2. If it wasn't for Booty he never would have made it. First class year brought a spot on brigade staff, rifle bearer on the land guard, sheets with 3 forms of numbering, BUNNY, and unsat grades, again Lando had many famous Naval sayings, amongst them: "blasphemy", "who's that?", "cool", and "Rover, arriving". We swear that the only time he smiled was in this picture with the landmobile. Huck's sevice selection is Surface Line with Marine Corps option. "How 'bout that USMC tie tack?" Good luck-we'll miss your bright smiling face.

Dopper and Airborne

Philip W. Criswell, Jr.
Pee Wee
Annandale, Virginia
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Pee Wee came to us from Annandale, Va., arriving in a total state of shock. Plebe summer for Phil was a living nightmare. He still can't remember how he made it through the ordeal. He will always be remembered for his love of computers, EE, and Friday personnel formals. Every Friday you could always depend on hearing "I hate this place, I hate this place, I hate this place."

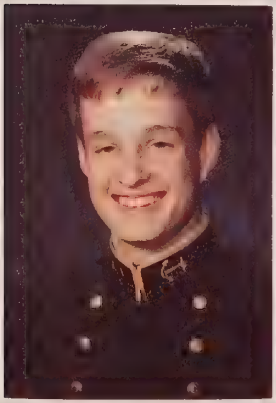
Summer cruises for Phil were always an adventure. Youngster year provided Naples and five glorious days in SUNNY Sigonella. Second class summer the Marines at Quantico gave Phil two souvenirs; an inch long piece of shrapnel in his leg and a Purple Heart to go with it. First class cruise saw a peaceful 65 knot breeze power his 44 ft. sailboat to Bermuda.

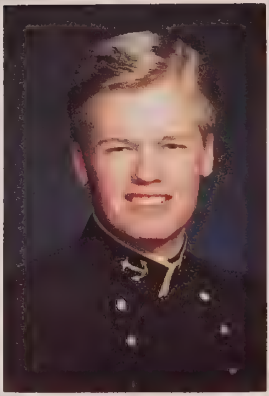
Many Friday nights youngster year were spent playing SFB with PJ and Mikey. Slim even stopped by for a few games. First class year he graduated to Load Runner which sent his computer to the shop twice.

Phil was part of a duo of moosebusters. He and PJ were always finding new ways to kill Bruce the reindeermoose. First class year found Phil's weekends occupied with a wonderful young Lady named Dowling. That's bowling with a D. Her letters enchanted and titillated the members of the Twentieth company. Her pink envelopes and big gold letters always provided a constant mystery as to their true meanings.

Phil will always be a good friend and I wish him luck in his career in Nuclear Subs. A special thanks go to Mom and Dad for all the Love and Support through the years.

PJ





Michael W. Dahlin
Mike
Thornton, Illinois
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Having nothing better to do from Jul 81 to May 85, Mike decided to become a Naval Officer (of sorts). Everything went fine until I-day: then he became confused. First he found out that he had to room with an iguana and a mutant. Then he was told to add an "e" to his last name so it would be pronounced right. After a summer of fun, he met plebe year academics hitting the deck plates running; too bad he tripped. The year was long, but the reward was great: youngster cruise on the LM Love Boat. Suddenly it was youngster year and the Engineer became the Fish Feeding Major (complete with word search puzzle). Not content with academics, Mike took to other activities in Pasadena. After playing CDO as a youngster, he found a new hobby: jumping out of good planes with a shaven head. After this fad ended he found a more permanent sport in fishing. His biggest catch, Amo, got him through the rigors of 2/c year with the added benefit of learning cryptology. the rest of segundo year was spent either studying or replacing the overhead bulbs. After a REAL cruise, and numerous trips to the pond during detail, Airborne came back as a senior. Good times continued with the Extra Duty Guard as a Master Chief. Then there were the Vous runs with Iggy, barn heat battles with the other guy, and memorable elevator rides in Michelson. All in all, Mike seems to have learned a lot without letting academics get in the way. We wish him luck and hope that he has many little heat pipes in his lifetime.

H.A.C.

I'd like to thank all who helped me along, especially Mom, Dad, Sheri, Ken, Anne Marie, and Jesus Christ.

M.W.D.

Max E. De Gorbitz
Lima, Peru
Systems Engineering
Peruvian Navy

Max came to the Academy from Lima-Peru He had an interesting Plebe Summer with Jeff and Cooksey. His favorite answer to rates was, "eh?" Max was the only mid to gain 26 lbs. over Plebe Summer. "Pass the ice cream!" Since he didn't know enough English to select a political science or history major, Max had to choose a baggit major . . . . Systems.

As academic year came around, Max quickly joined the party train with the rest of the boys, Chip, Slim, TJ, Ollie, Hands, and Mux; and could be found on weekends with them, putting down the suds at Charlie's or putting BT under at Timmy's. "Who said Peruvians couldn't drink?"

As time went on, Max became known as the "Gouge Hunter." His brilliance in academics must have been due to his maticulous organization of books on his bed. Moving one would have been considered an act of war. Max loved American sports. Football was his favorite. He could always be found trying to start a game or just throwing the ball around in the wardroom. After his last soccer season, (he played for four years and was team captain his last season), Max made his Batt Football debut. He averaged 10 yards per carry in his first game, (our secret Max). Max will always be remembered for going from the quietest to the loudest person in the company. We will always remember his wit and ability to be sarcastic. Max was not poor like the rest of us which gave him many chances to share the wealth. We'll never forget his imported beer tailgater . . "Don't touch Slim's sister!"

Max, these four years have been fun. Your a great friend and can serve next to me in any Navy May fair winds and and following seas be with you!

FTP

Bertel J. Dejoie
Bert
New Orleans, Louisiana
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps Aviation

Bert arrived at USNA via NAPS to begin a long four years of avoidance. Plebe year found Bert involved in orange fights with his favorite squad leader Warren (Where's my rack?) Rice and a midnight visit from Eric (Where's the bathroom?) Doyle. 2-3 brought a relief for Bert's easy going personality, and with the help of Scott and Jeff, he easily fell into the cruise mode. Youngster year saw Bert change from Scott and Jeff to Comm Sweat 4th Batt and a change of majors from Aero to easy going Econ (Ha Ha). Second class year saw the beginning of Bert's financial woes (Visa and Mastercard). His ability to spend money was only surpassed by his ability to sleep. Spring break brought half the company to Bert's house for Marti Gras with the boys from Ohio cleaning out the fridge and the sailors passing up a night at the club ("Bert, we can't go in there").

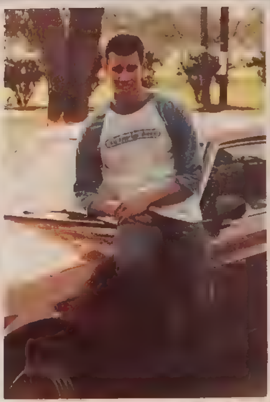
Although Bert never drank, the evils of alcohol didn't pass him by. A special classmate and the wrong circumstances bought him a pass to the early morning breakfast club.

1/C year was filled with friends, 22 hours, champagne-Michigan, and a passionate love affair with his car. To one of the Boyz from all the Boyz, Good Luck.

Tom

P.S. A special thanks to Mom & Dad for all the love and support.

Bert



Thomas M. Dop
Doppler
Worthington, Ohio
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Tom arrived at USNA with a lacrosse stick in hand and a pinch between his cheek and gums. We may have seen his redneck potential then, but we didn't know it until we saw Tom in civilian clothes. Tom must be considerd one of GQ magazine's all-time slaves to fashion. Jim's bedtime stories helped Tom make it through Plebe Summer as an example for us all. Plebe year saw Tom, Jim, and Kermit, with Tom refereeing the fight for #1. Tom's easygoing manner and lack of sarcasm allowed him to make friends easily. Air Force weekend and "Pull over, Dad!" gave us some insight into "Brap's" future at USNA. Youngster year was a time for COMSWEAT4THBATT and a Thanksgiving dinner with Dukes and a Wild Turkey. 2nd sem. Tom was stuck in a 4-man room with Chet, Todd, and Jack. A lacrosse injury brought about the immaculate conception of Lando and the Baby. 2nd class year was a time for room wars and the Iguana at OSU. "Tom, I've got a job for you; W-control Officer" The Princeton game: "Where's Dopper?", "What are you doin' in my car?" The duty room and mess night highlighted second semester. "Tom, get up and help me clean this mess!" The Maryland Lax game staged a lasting but somewhat sappy relationship. First class summer saw Tom match up with Dukes again on the road trips to O.C.. "Would you boys like something to drink?" . . . "kool-aid with nutrasweet?" Academic year enabled Tom to prove his leadership ability with the problem child. The Jams party gave Tom an opportunity to show-off his break-dancing skills along with his turtle-legs. Service selection was a blow to Navy Air and luck for the Surface Line. Good luck always to the Baby from all the boyz. We'll miss you

Bulky

Eric D. Doyle
Eric
Jamestown, Rhode Island
Ocean Engineering
Naval Aviation

Eric arrived I-Day the ideal midshipman. His short blonde hair and sailer's tan created the facade he was able to perpetuate for his four years here, deeply burying any indication of his most 'liberal' education at Northfield. He sailed through plebe year with a little help from Charlie, stumbling only once, when he created his own sea for Bert. Eric quickly found that he learned the most during REM, a pastime that earned him his first varsity letter. Eric was one of the boyz from the start. His easygoing personality and ability to party served the boyz well. When he wasn't sailing on the hottest Navy boat, he was defending his honor with Grits, Bruno and Guido, sending Dicky out for another one, or heading out for yet another drunk with the boyz. 2/C summer had a rocky beginning for Eric. After striking Joe Flogger on Delmarva to a tune of 30K, he went on to the unsafe driving award at the 1st 20th Co invitational. Eric got a head start in EE during the summer, with hopes of becoming yet another expert in the field, but JT, SD and an autowinder put a stop to his study. Knowing that his destiny was in a flight suit, Eric chose to sacrifice the books to save his eyes and so the origin of the WP. 1/C year found Eric in his rightful place: Skipper of Vengence, an MIR, proud owner of a Fiat Spider (however brief) an interesting takeout from Burger King after the Jams party, an official member in John's family and proud owner of BB4 (welcome to the fleet). Eric has been a great friend to the boyz and we wish him the best in Pensacola. We know there's an F-14 waiting for you-we just hope it's not black. -Stay always "UNSAFE AT ANY SPEED"

B & L
JMP

Scott D. Dueker
Dukes
Atlanta, Georgia
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

A Black "N" Winner; 50D-30DR-45T, Stoly, and CC. Scott arrived the not so perfect mid. His plebe summer roommates quickly put things into perspective. Plebe year began with inspections, Big Bob, and cold weather. Enter J.T., Bert, 2-3 and Scott's gradual decline. The 2-3 state of mind, Rice-Cas-Yee, and visits by the OOD pushed Scott through plebe year. Scott's major mistake was joining J.T. on a 151-tramid and a lasting career in assorted alcohol. Bermuda, Phliegs, and the moans are but a few memories. Uncle Noles and Uncle Yukon figured prominently in Scotts daily routine youngster year. Wild Turkey with Dopper, Yukon fixes by Dicky, Bruno and Gulto and a lack of competition. 2/c summer introduced Scott to photography, a pig-pickin, the merits of gin, and the discomforts of facial sleeping. Road trips became the norm and Scott, J.T., and Tom began to travel to such far away places as Princeton, Penn State, Goucher, Frans, and the Truax's. 2/c year unfortunately signaled the end of an illustrious career for Scott. Cond. squad, stoly salutes, perfect attendance, and an awesome celebration helped to foster a better memory of a rough time. Scott finished the year with the coveted unsafe driver award, despite the 9th hole and an interesting talk with the boss. 1/c year found Scott at his best-apathetic and uninformed. A weekend trip to Atlantic city provided some valuable driving tips. Worden field is much greener thanks to Scott. Finally, let's not forget CJ's, jams, and standing barrels. Luckily Scott found someone to relate to other than the bottle and she was just what the doctor ordered. To the Boyz- Tom, Dopper, Mike, Eric, Jim, Bert, Frank and Wags-it's been good.

JAT

David S. Gilmore
Dave
Canton, Ohio
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

For Dave, Geeking Intensely Liberated Many Ostensibly Restrictive Expectations. Here is a true Yankee from the football capitol in Ohiio, a man so embued with the Naval Academy ever since childhood that there was really never any other choice for him. I never really knew how much Dave loved the Academy and Annapolis until, returning with him to Crabtown for Plebe Detail, I witnessed a simple, explicit, and moving symbol of his affection thrust out his sunroof as we passed the City Limit sign

Youngster year, Dave found himself deep into "youngster syndrome" with Frank and Gilligan. Dave's grade-getting ability was soon evident. As fellow Group I's, we soon developed a condescending tolerance of the other Groups, to which Dave's bone-dry humor added moments of hilarity and academic encouragement. It was this year that we also developed skill to evade roving patrols and ace the mile run in SDB's.

Ah, but the serenity of Rickover Hall was not to be second class year as Dave found out first hand what the Rocket was really like. Maybe it was that beer you two shared that earned you a C, who knows?

As Academic Officer first semester then Company Sub-Commander, Dave was able to have some say in our company's typically well-administered affairs. Academic pressure was alleviated by Breaking Up Silly Thumbs with Large C-Rings Diametrically Rounded in Keating's what? . . . heat transfer what? . . . class.

With the best of two service selection worlds tucked under his belt, Dave is off to show the Fleet his new proposal for the salute-hands crossed over the chest and one leg over the other (made it through that one too!) Good luck with everything, Dave. You'll do well in whatever you endeavor.

MUX

**Kevin R. Gue**
Kev
Marietta, Georgia
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Before I-day - a long hair with an electric guitar. After I-day - a short haired marine. Oh the transformation wasn't that quick. He'll still pull down his amp and jam out onto T-court, but 1/C summer found him on the islands in cammies,and Mom even bought him a swagger stick. So what grabbed Mr. Hard Core ($$$). Actually, it was the smoke from a CDR with a pocket full of cigars,and now we're all glad to see that he'll be in Orlando. The real tale is between the two extremities.

Plebe year, says Kev, can best be epitomized by "He came. He saw. He was average." As a third class, however, he began to get the CODOB. By then, he'd dropped his pigpush girl and picked up on a Georgia peach. 2/C year yielded an even tighter haircut and a vicious bark. Of course the Mad Mexican didn't enjoy that too much. But I guess Kev did loosen up a little bit. He even crashed a few parties for good times (just ask the boyz on 2-3).

Then came the first class year, 4-stripes, nuke power, the 90 second crisis, sunset on the mall, and a quaint restaurant in G-town.

I'll say the thanks for Kevin and save him an acceptance speech. Thanks Mom, Dad, the gang on the hill, and especially Sugardad. You're a great friend Kevin - Fair winds and Following seas

-MAMA

**Paul Harris, Jr.**
P.J.
Dayton, Ohio
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

P.J. wasn't like the rest of us. Coming from BOOST and the regular navy, he quickly showed us the ropes in activities such as marathon sleeping, getting into debt very quickly, and juggling many women. While sleeping wasn't P.J.'s favorite activity, he was very good at it anyway, and waking him up was about as fun as walking through a graveyard at midnight. P.J. handled pressure very well; if a bad situation developed, he merely mustered his strength and slept right on through the bad times.

When not asleep, P.J. showed us how to handle money like a master magician; he could make it disappear with the blink of an eye. The word "debt" took on a new meaning, and Paul's watchwords soon were "Better in the red than dead!!"

While Jackie Moore is the woman in his life now, P.J.'s past exploits would amaze the entire company. Of course, who forgot the ever present brown Camaro that look as if it had been through a gangland war.

Who can forget such familiar phrases such as "Hey Guys . . . Formation!!" and "That's Boo " and the laugh "Heh Heh."

Paul will long be remembered by his classmates and especially his long standing roommates Mike and Phil, as a good person, expert moose killer, and *the* party animal of Sigonella, Sicily

Thanks to Mom and Dad for everything and Jackie for being there the last year and a half.

**Mike A. Haumer**
Mikey
Streamwood, Illinois
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

A Black N winner; 50-d-30dr-45t and Stolichnaya. Mike came to the academy with visions of being the next Admiral Rickover. This changed when he met his Plebe summer roommate heeeeee. He still wanted to be a nuke, but only if he could party on a sub. Second class year he was practicing for this and was rewarded with the congressional sweater of honor. Second semester taught Mike how to row and what Eric's second wing barber shop was. Youngster year was a whole new life for Mike on 2-3. He was thinking about Navy Air, but changed his mind when he crashed and burned into the turtles chest hairs. He had a falling out with an old love, but made up for this with Friday night shooting matches. He practiced his job as BHRC rep on weekends at Goucher and later playing raquetball in 4th wing. Second class year brought room wars and a quasi-reconcillation of his love life. Systems took its toll and caused Mike to limit his love life to leave periods. Second semester was the duty room and endless restriction musters If it wasn't for Drew, The Turtle, and Galaxian who knows how he would have made it. After 45 tours Mike bought a Porsche and got himself engaged. During first class year Mike had a Close Encounter of the Inbred Kind. After the return of the Nerd's at our jams party Mike really started to sweat out his grades and was rewarded with an acceptance to the nuke sub program. Second semester he was rewarded with the job of platoon leader for surviving his close encounter. Good luck to Mike and Marilyn from the Boyz and good luck to Wags, Busty, and Ricky.

Dopper

**Jeffery W. Hoyle**
Jeff
Cherryville, North Carolina
Naval Architecture
Engineering Duty Officer

Jeffery Wayne Hoyle came to the banks of the Severn from the booming metropolis of Cherryville, North Carolina. After graduating at the top of his high school class, Jeff managed to do the same at "Das Boot" school. Rowing crew took up most of his free time plebe and youngster year. Second class year Jeff took his talents to the gridiron to become a star player on the Brigade Championship football team. Jeff was the coach of the Batt football team his first class year. Although his team did not always play like the Cowboys, it was often said that Jeff looked as dapper as Tom Landry. Jeff never allowed academics or his Trident Scholar project to interfere with his womanizing every weekend. Tammie, Linda, Sherri, Susan, and Elizabeth to name a few. It is a good thing Jeff is going Nuc because he will need the bucks to maintain his lifestyle and his car. Jeff could often be seen during the week walking down stribling walk with a cup of coffee in his hand on his way to the drawing labs of Rickover; where he would "do a few lines" Jeff will probably never forget the week of restriction he spent for doing "nothing at all". Jeff leaves the Academy to do post graduate work after having left his mark academically. Jeff will always be remembered for his warm smile and his easy going nature. Good luck and take care always.

FXS

David C. Island
Dave
Trumbull, Connecticut
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Dave arrived at the boat school ready to take on anything that had a stick and afterburners. Canoe U. had other plans. Plebe year with "do we have to sign this?!?" He was the only plebe to be "spooned" by his squad leader for his excellent table manners. Dave soon found that 150 football got rid of tedious plebe activities such as comearounds and formals. He found life interesting in both lanes: jock by day and geek by night. Youngster was a milestone in Dave's life: "The year of the barbell." From then on "bulky" Dave could find nothing better than to calculate cycles and push black rings around. Dave, not being of the professional type, entered second class year with the axiom: out of sight, out of mind- the company officers mind, of course. And how can we forget LCDR Everett, the nemesis of the Aero Dept. With all the lab reports and computer runs, it's a wonder Dave got to see Tracy at all. Finally, Dave stumbled into first class year. He spent most of his illustrious MIR status reducing his ara triangle- authority, responsibility and accountability- to a nonexistant point. So nonexistant in fact, he decided to set up residence out in town. Pretty soon we may see a white picket fence, a dog, some kids and Tracy. Well Dave, we're going to miss that unique laugh of yours and we hope that you do well in Navy Air.

Todd J. Landefeld
T.J.
Hillsborough, California
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

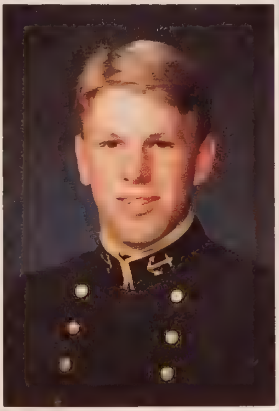
TJ came to the Naval Academy from sunny California. Upon receipt of his Presidential appointment for meritorious civil service, TJ donated his life to making the Navy better. Upon completion of plebe summer, TJ recieved the Navy Achievement Medal for rewriting the Plebe Indoctrination manual. TJ graduated with a 4.0 grade average. He was one of the Supe's boys for eight straight semesters, while lettering in football, wrestling, tennis, judo, karate, and boxing. TJ served as brigade commander for two consecutive semesters. There is a place in his heart for his easiest profs Wild Bill and Rocket Read.

TJ validated flight school and was appointed lead solo for the Navy Blue Angels. He later recieved the Congressional Medal of Honor for his heroics in saving a fellow Angel who was strapped in a burning plane. He was later accepted to test pilot school where he participated in a high level security project. TJ was then deep selected to command the 16th mission of the space shuttle Columbia. Admiral Landefeld was then appointed the 51st Chief of Naval Operations. He was later flung into the public's eye when he gallantly threw himself in front of a barrage of fire from a would-be assassin and saved the President's life. TJ acquired only minor injuries. He later became IBM's chairman of the board and served in that capacity until he left to manage a private empire where he made famous the quote, "Yesterdays memories are today's idle thoughts"

SLIM

I sincerely thank two *very* special people whose love and support made the difficult times easier. Mom and Dad Thanks

To my lovely wife Kristin, I come to you with open arms hoping you'll see what your Love means to me. I love you Babe.



Howard E. Mayfield, Jr.
Deputy
Orange Park, Florida
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

Ed got off his P-3 and strolled into USNA with his Bluejackets manual in one hand and his How to Win Friends and Influence People in the other. Plebe summer didn't give the deputy much trouble, having been a Napster with a lifetime subscription to Proceedings. Being a Navy brat, who knows where he comes from, but, he calls Orange Park, Florida his home.

Ed was born with a reg haircut and began learning how to hop at age two. He's the only guy we know who can snap his fingers and be on a P-3 within minutes. It doesn't hurt having an airdale pop with a lot of friends.

No one could deny that Ed put the Animal in the term Party Animal. Just ask anyone who saw him after Army-Navy youngster year. (He still claims he was not there) When choosing a TAD assignment, Ed was disappointed when he got turned down for head bouncer at the Vous.

When Ed wasn't diligently studying and/or figuring out ways for his Group II status to be accepted by the Group I world (don't worry I'll hire you someday), he was either at Popeye's or doing PMS on the T-Bird. ("You can never check your oil too often"- but for a drive to the 5th wing auto teller?!)

I'm sure Ed will excel in whatever he does. His aimiability, generosity and all around good-nature have made him one of the most well liked people to ever wear WUBA. I'll look forwad to many more hours of B.S'ing and debauchery at C.J's. Whatever it is you are running for, I'll vote for you.

DSG

Michael F. Merritt
Mike
Flagstaff, Arizona
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Taking a short respite from the Arizona deserts, Mike entered Canoe U via Narragansett Prep with the stated goals of studying Military Science and seeing how it was done elsewhere in the world. Always his first choice (I'll never go Corps!) Mike seems bound for Infantry and Armor. After surviving the harassment of a paranoid-schizophenic firstie (Mr. Potato Head) and the unique experience of certain company drop-outs as roommates, Mike went on to fill the time until graduation performing with the D & B, diving with the Scuba Club, wargaming, and planning, building, fixing, kicking and cursing the "Landcraft", that nasty Blue Monster of many horses, huge tires, and heavenly fuel bills Both mild-mannered and bezerk, Mike could be calmly rational one moment, and crawling through the ceilings on a rampage the next. This man is definitely going places!

To my good friends in 20, especially Ike, Horce, Zak, BT, JB, and MaMa, my best wishes for a fulfilled life and a successful career. Give my truck any more grief and your cars are history! To my folks, thanks for that much needed support and guidance. To all, Good Luck!

"War is a matter of vital importance to the State; the province of life or death; the road to survival or ruin. It is mandatory that it be thoroughly studied"

Sun Tzu

Michael T. Mize
Ike
Marietta, Georgia
History
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Mike came to sunny Annapolis and from day one wasted no time leaving his mark here. We'll never forget hearing the halls resound with Mike 'sounding-off', ''dripping bloody bayonets, sir!'' And of course, as music runs deep in the Mize family, Mike was no exception. He often entertained us with the familiar 'I wish all the Ladies . . . '

Mike was always as constant as a sine wave. At least he was consistent in his inconsistency. First, there were the women: Lisa, then Beth, then Jana, then Jana and Beth; and finally, God blessed him with Cheryl (pronounced, ''shurl''). His indecisiveness carried on to service selection. Mike entered Plebe summer a future P-3 pilot. By the end of Plebe summer he was hard Corps all the way. PROTRAMID afforded Mike the chance to change his service selection quite stylishly each week: After all, Nuke subs would be fun.

Along with Second class summer and Cheryl came the infamous 'Cheryl shrine' complete with stuffed animals and M-60 shells. It's a good thing Uncle Junior and the clan liked our 'downhome' boy.

Mike has been a true friend in every since of the word and a very motivated leader. Plebe detail and life in general would never have been as much fun without him. Good luck and God bless-

VJZ BTP

A special thanks to Mom and Dad and the rest of the Mize family; without your love and support I would not have made it!

And a special thanks to Cheryl, my very special blessing from God!! 1-4-3

-MTM

Thomas E. Moore
Gus
Des Moines, Iowa
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Tom came to USNA wanting to be a nuclear engineer, but he soon saw the light and became a scientist. Plebe year was spent diving, restricting, and having long talks with his squad leader-''You did what in T-Court?'' 3/c year saw Tom diving and partying with his pal Ed (you two were so much alike.) He displayed his academic excellence by making a 100 on the Nav final. 2/c year - and then came those road trips. When he wasn't partying with Cory, Tom was on the road with JT and Scott. That year had some classics-Penn State, Goucher (''I was worried until I saw the car was still here), Mess night, Lake Placid, just missing a Black 'N' (those away meets do it every time), Absolute/oreo posters, end of semester leave. Unfortunately, 2/c year was not all good times in Tom losing a close friend, John Marshall. We all miss him. 1/c year had the jams party, CJ's, Air Force (and an RX-7), Patton's, and Atlantic City-''That's a $250 fine in New Jersey, Mister!! 1/c class year also found Tom diving again only this time he was diving in the Severn and in the middle of November. (Did Armed Forces ever pay you for your ring and watch?) Tom was always known for his classic lines, but his best one has to be . . . ''You pick up the bar tab and I'll buy the !!!''

This bio would not be complete without giving a special thanks to the Truax's who were all a sponsor could ever be; and of course to the boyz for all their fun and support.

SDD/JAT

P.S. Jill, I could never forget you - thanks for always being there when I needed you

Robert A. Muxlow
Mux
Hutchinson, Kansas
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Mux arrived at USNA with a transmission in one hand and a six-pack of Bud in the other. Hailing from Kansas, he found that his biggest challenge would be adjusting to the salt air after being used to ''eu du cow chips''. Fortunately, the transition was smooth due to his love of Maryland and its people, especially Annapolitans.

Rates posed little problem for Mux plebe summer. When the heat was on, a quick Mad Max impression would clear things up. As a youngster Mux was either studying endlessly or playing his bass, complete with all the accompanying gyrations. Occasionally, he would get to Dahlgren, only to be brutalized by the sharp tongue of Island's latest fling who didn't approve of his air guitaring. He always had the last laugh, though, and his quick wit and Spock-like logic untangled him from tight spots with even the most Amazonian of women.

As a segundo, Mux truly developed his audiophile tendencies, and his antiseptic care for his system was unmatched. Living with Eddie Munster for a semester further developed his patience and understanding of the animal kingdom.

After a San Diego summer, Mux determined that being a bubble-head was out of the question. After his stint as first set Batt Ops, he determined that in the future volunteering was completly out of the question. Then, with Mech. E. locked up, Mux would have the technology to build his own laser-guided weapons and enforce the law in his own way after 5 years of playing sailor. Yearning eagerly to make a newborn has always been his dream and I'm sure he will do so in grandiose fashion

Mux's good nature and self-restraint are unparalleled (except for christening Ed's T-bird). He is destined to do well in P-cola and wherever he goes. All of us wish him ''Best Bunnies!''

DSG

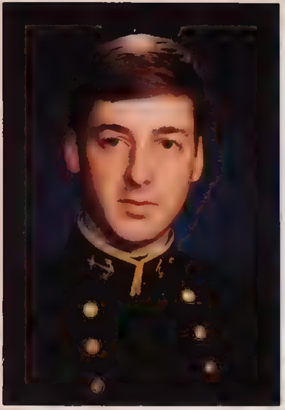
David M. Oliver
Olly
Lakeside, Arizona
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

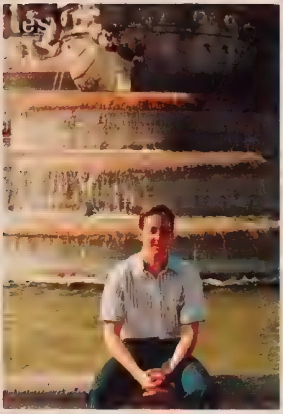
Dave came to us from the Oakland area of the relaxed Bear Flag Republic. He maintained his relaxed attitude and breezed through USNA without noticing the pressure and laughed his way through Plebe Summer. His squad leader's favorite advice was ''Give yourself a red mark, Mr. Oliver.'' After Plebe Summer Olly learned to relieve tension with the Boys at such well-known establishments as Charlie's and Timmy's. Olly loved to pour out his heart, soul and guts in these lovely places. Olly could also be found with his Texas roommate at R & R's quaffing Weideman's and Black Label or merrily sloshing his way toward the Happy Buzzard with Slim. Then came 3/c yr. living with Snowman and Hands. The Dynamic Trio once helped the plebes rearrange their rooms and had the opportunity to enjoy their privileges for awhile because of their help. Next came the era of air trips—Olly hopped his way around the U.S. to such exotic places as Hawaii, Texas, Scott AFB, Ill., and Calif. On one break with his roommate, he spent 4 of his 6 day leave traveling. Other trademarks and episodes abound: Mutant, spotty green VW bug Cherry, the worm (I'm just not gonna think about it), mac & cheese w/ guava & grain, ''asleep'' on the beach in P-cola, Benny Hill, the Nielsen ratings, Led Zep, Pink Floyd, Brent's Blazer, the Fishmarket, the State Attorney General's rug, The Raiders, with Chet and Slim at Masqueraders. Semper Fidelis!

TRB

From Dave: Thanks Mom, Dad, Roy, Rita, and to all my roommates (Dave, Jim, Rick, Troy and Mike) and to my other good friends at Canoe U. You made the stay great. God bless you all and keep in touch.

DMO





B. Todd Park
Coach
Salt Lake City, Utah
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Todd came to us from Salt Lake City, Utah straight from the Civil Air Patrol where he was commander-in-chief, or at least appeared to be from all the ribbons he used to wear on his B-robe. Plebe year started out with a bang as he became proficient at catching incoming flack from the SLFK which was meant for someone else . . . wrong place, wrong time!

Youngster year brought him close to FT and Larry and the need to earn a letter sweater. After deciding Timmy's wasn't the place to earn his letter, he took up towel-throwing and lettered once second-class year and twice first-class year. Seriously, Todd did an outstanding job managing the water polo and swimming teams . . . so good in fact that Coach Lawrence actually learned his name by 1/c year!

Even more valuable to him than his sweater, second-class year brought Christ into Todd's life. By his living testimony and his work with FCA and OCF, he has been an inspiration to many of us.

First-class year started with summer school, but then came . . . THE CAR!!! We always figured that if the RX-7 had been a female, he would have married it. After all, it is beautiful, even if it is foreign.

In all seriousness, we will really miss B.T. He has been a true friend and a great roommate. Best of luck in your naval career. Just remember, keep away from the 'Nemesis Runs.'

— VJZ, MTM, FTP

—Thanks Mom and Dad for your love and understanding in getting me through here
—Thank you Ace for introducing me to your good friend and mine, Jesus Christ.

— BTP

F. Todd Polinchock
Slim
Whitehall, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Slim came to the Academy with two goals, to fly for United and to start his own fraternity. He is on his way to achieving both. Plebe Year, Slim made the Power Eating Team by beating his firstie in a burger-eating contest, 16 to 9. He elected to take a challenging major, Political Science, where he redefined the phrase 2.0 and go. Slim was always the man to come to if you wanted to know the TV schedule for the night. We always knew where to find him. He was either at the weightroom with Chip, in the wardroom watching the Love Boat, or in his rack. While in his rack, Slim acquired the nickname of the "Sleeping Chainsaw." He could be heard 3 rooms down the hall.

Polly was the Tailgater Rep and Company Social Director (i.e. Partyman Extraordinaire). People had a nasty habit of getting drunk when he was tending bar. Beer, women, flying, and mellow music (?) were tops on his list. Slim was also known as "Mr. Roadtrip." He and his Singer-powered 'Bird had blessed the Burgs (Shippens and Blooms), Lock Haven, W. Va., Hood, U of D, and Long Island many a time. Most of Slim's exercise came on these trips. He loved to dance, especially to funk (Thanks Turk.). Slim also played Defensive End on the Brigade Champ Batt Football Team, where he was known as the "Sackman." He also coached softball for 3 years and started on the Fieldball Dynasty. Slim would like to thank Jack Daniels, sleddogs, and the Anheiser-Busch Company for making his stay at USNA more bearable.

MHS

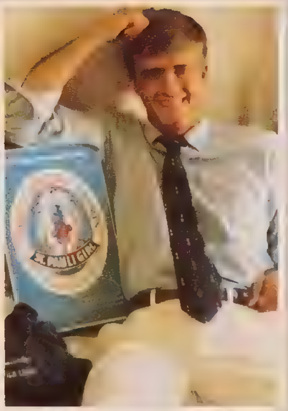
A special thanks to Mom, Pop, and Lisa for all of your love, *patience*, and support. Thanks to you, I wear the ring! Also, I thank Chip, Mikey, Randall, Ollie, TJ, BT, Zac, Max, and the rest of *The Boys* in 20. You're a rare breed.

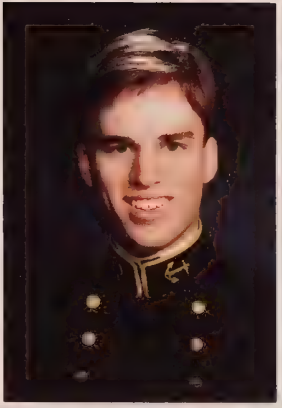
Todd (Slim) Polinchock

James M. Polo
Jim
Long Island, New York
Ocean Engineering
Naval Aviation

No one knew who Jim Polo was plebe year as his only quest was to keep up with his roomie as the #1 plebe in the Brigade. His time was split between hibernating with his books and catching a couple of brews out at 733 N. Riverside. Luckily Eric and Mike hustled him up to 2-3 for younster year where his sanity was saved (but not his 4.0). Here Jim adopted his casual attitude towards life and showed his true form as one of the boyz. Rumbles with the boyz upstairs helped his superb room wrasslin' techniques to help make up for his lack of girth. He and his roommates were ambushed only once "Bruno, Guido-come hither!" Nothing could save the Cambodian in the field of partying. Though he could always keep up with the best, Jim was found passed out on the odd top shelf or washing his face in the wrong basin after a rousing chorus of "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Jim clued in on where the real action was that year and got his initiation into offshore sailing with the fearless wonder on Flirt. Jim liked nothing better than being out on the open seas with nothing on but a smile (except maybe being in port with a beer in hand). Jim discovered the opposite sex 2nd class year and with the introduction of BBI, left a trail of broken hearts (even one broken a second time up in Little Jerusalem). Since then Jim's car tells his life story. Road trips to the Keys, New Orleans, skiing (Canada?), and Buffett (oops! No Jim), up the coast in Connie's wake, North to Goucher, and south to Va. 1st class year brought 3 stripes as Honor Commando and the impossible task of keeping crash out of trouble. Jim may seem like the All-American mid-but the boyz know he just never gets caught. Anyways, if Jim were writing this he'd have one more thing to say. Thanks for everything John. Good luck from the boyz, Doc. Thanks for 3 good years.

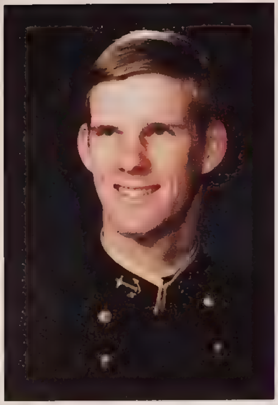
Crash





Francis X. Sheehan
Shank
College Park, Maryland
Political Science
Intelligence

Francis Xavier Sheehan came to the Naval Academy after one year of hard partying in his hometown of College Park, having delayed his naval career by attending the University of Maryland. Frank realized quickly that paying for an education was not the preferred method, and he decided to follow his brother to USNA, irregardless of all the broken-hearted coeds he left behind. Shank, as he is affectionately known, soon had almost as many friends as he had nicknames. Shank was the predominant choice, although his overbearing physical stature earned him the title, M.S. Not content with only two nicknames, Frank perfected his own style of studying to the point where many began to call him by his favorite label, Rack-Man. When not in the clutches of the big blue monster, M.S. could always be counted on for unusual and interesting insights to the problem at hand. Impossible to make angry, Shank's warm, good nature coupled with his amazingly quick wit to make him the best-liked person in the company. Everyone wanted to be his friend, and he never hesitated to oblige. The Sheehan homestead in College Park became a second home for the Rack-Man's classmates, and his Dad spent the family fortune trying to keep the refrigerator stocked with Wiedemann's. To prevent interference with his study habits, Frank became a political science major, and French was his best subject (unless you ask the girls he's kissed). Yes, Shank has truly left his mark on USNA, just as its blue bedspreads have left their mark on him.



### Michael H. Siewertsen
Sasquatch
Bethpage, New York
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Mike came to the Academy after a year at Syracuse U. He still hasn't figured out why. At the Academy, Mike joined an elite group known as the crew team, he became close friends with: Hunter, John Small Berries, Hajoezy, Schnorca, John Langford, YaYa, and Steve. As Plebe team capt. his crew went to win Easterns. They deemed him John Big Butte'. If this didn't prove that Mike was a masochist, his choice of major (systems) did. Here, along with his Bulkiness and Smax, Mike learned how to stay in on weekends. This lasted for 2 years until he caught "road trip fever." As Red-leader in his red Z-28 (with more dials + gadgets than a 747) and his black driving gloves, Mike took to the highway, Escort in hand.

We will always remember Mike for his amazing sense of tact . . . "Todd, she's ugly! she's got a mustache!" and his unique way of tooting hello to the $c^2$'s girlfriend with his nose. Mike's hobbies included seeing how badly beaten up he could return a rentacar, dancing, cruising with the T-roof off in 30deg weather, eating chchcheeez cake, Dak, and Gorp (thanks Mom!), supplementing his wardrobe, running with Dilon, poetry, and we mustn't forget drinking Molsen Golden Ale.

Mike, never forget, KD's apartment . . . Margie (who the hell is Margie) . . . your welt (a hickie from Margie and a testament to his expertise) . . . flaming 151 (your answer to doing shots) . . . getting lost in a bar in Bloomsburg and walking into the same closet 4 times . . . the cabin and hotdogs by Ortball . . Easterns . . . Team Yeti in Vt. and Bermuda . the boys (Slim, PJ, PeeWee, Chip, Bert, Xavier, Art and the half yard (GA Navy) . . . daooyee . . . Mike, these 4 years have gone fast. You're one of the finest. I hope our paths cross much in the fleet

FTP (slim)

### Joseph D. Skufca
Mama
Springfield, Illinois
English
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Joe began his USNA career by validating a mere 35 hours right out of high school. His affinity for learning soon found him teaching upperclassmen the finer points of courses he'd never had. Mama possessed the amazing ability to read something and know it . . . completely . . . forever. Since plebe year was to be a gift academically, Mama chose to occupy himself with traditionally wholesome activities as yoga at 0530, rack burning, and cigar/pipe smoking. Mama even "camped out" one night just to say he did it. Youngster year brought on a wave of mental stability with pursuits such as frog races, and more yoga, this time in the hall where everyone could see him! He also picked up a local while impersonating an ice cream man. Mama really blossomed second class year. The night before 2/c striper boards he swore he'd quit if he got 6 stripes. Well he didn't . . . quit that is. Mama's antics were just beginning as this was to be the year of the sleeping light, goddess fixes (we're gonna get married), 5-striper/4-striper back massages (bye y'all), pigeon traps, and perhaps the most intensive campaign against the existence of mice ever known to man (Mousebusters!). First class year brought the responsibility? of 5 stripes and a room on 4-1. His room was the model of professionalism, I just hope no one got hurt after he moved out.

I'll save Mama the trouble by saying thanks to Mom, Dad, the Millers, especially Jennifer, Bob, Erin, and anybody else who had to tolerate him while he was here.

Famous last quotes:
"They can keep us from getting good grades, but they can't keep us from learning."
"Why do they insist on wasting my time?"
"No, the story is . . . GET A CLUE!"
You're my best friend . . . in Annapolis

Kevin

### James D. Syring
Iguana
Muncie, Indiana
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Plebe year for Iggy was easy. If classes were too tough or "Mutant" was getting to him he would escape to big brother Bob's room. Second semester was the beginning of the odd couple plus one: Iggy, Airborne, and Lando. Where else could you find three roommates with completely different personalities? Youngster year brought a varsity letter in lightweight crew, 8 p.m. hibernation, and the re-birth of "the great white hope." Jim also found that he could fall asleep while he was talking. Second class year started with the conception of the Iguana. Broomstick and "talking in your sleep" helped J.D.'s year go faster. After Ohio St. and golf carts at Muirfield, Jim decided to go into business for himself by opening the 2nd wing press and barbershop. First class year was more fun at USNA. Jim-Bob spent plebe detail in Alexandria, Va. with Miss S. and long w.e. with the girls from Pete's. The boys moved into the barn and Jim found his only little "paradise" in the back corner. "No more blasphemy!" After going through about 5 girlfriends in as many weeks, Jim got to see his good friend Larry. He chose crew instead of C.C. Good luck as a nuke submariner, hope it doesn't hamper your love life. The Boyz will miss 'ya.

T.M.D.
M.W.D.

### Jeffery A. Thomas
JT
Pembroke, Virginia
History
Surface Warfare

A Black "N" Winner; 50D-30DR-45T, Stoly, and CC. Jeff arrived at USNA via NAPS and the fleet and quickly established himself as the model mid. After creating his squared away image, he relied on the halo effect to carry him through. Plebe year had baseball tips from Rambling Bob and search parties at Great Falls. After Christmas he moved to 2-3 with Scott, Bert, and his 1/c guardian Warren "Where's my rack!" Rice. June Week had a close call with a monk, but George saved him. Summer Drunktramid brought Bermuda, Pfliegs, Black Seal, and "On by Quarters, off by 0830." Youngster year JT devoted his time to the corruption of his roommate. Pizza runs to Bob Ward's-"You didn't think I'd forget you?" The Clam Motel; Bruno and Gito - "Wait, someone's bleeding!" Yukon fixes before Nav tests never helped, but with the Ultimate gouge, who cared? 2/c summer had luaus and Newport with Ski and Scott, plus a little fun with action photography. Ac year - Have Rabbit, will travel. So he, Scott, and Tom did, to Princeton, Penn State, Goucher, Anywhere. Mess Nite brought the Pint Walk through Annapolis, and a classmate brought him, Scott, Mike, and Wags a Class "A". Let's not forget the Christmas Ball, even if he can't remember it. 1/c year JT had a very special fiancee, and all road trips led to Ferrum. She is quite a lady to tame him, but the Jams party proved he was still the JT. The drunken rumble didn't help his image, but he still pulled it off. A second attempt on the clock failed, but he always knows where to shoot it. Spring Semester he kept the tradition of Middy Burger runs alive and forever earned the gratitude of his roommate's stomach. To the Boyz- Dopper, Mike, Tom, Bert, Eric, Jim, Frank, Wags, Buste, and the Mexican- it's been good

SDD

### Robert J. Walzer II
Spud
Grangeville, Idaho
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

I guess all we really have to say is "Ah, Bub!" But we can always go on to talk of cowboy boots, deermeat sausage, and a blue bliddy-bliddy. Bub has undergone a big transformation. Plebe year would find Bob studying Frank's probook with leftovers from Timmy's burgers. But then he started rooming with Mama, and it was all downhill from there. But it wasn't until youngstar year that we saw the development of 'Walzerhorse'. (You'll have to ask Karen why we call him 'horse'.) Bub was a little mellower then (at least he wasn't chasing strange women around Philly hotels.) It was then that Bub perfected his filing techniques (Cmdtref 1923, here it is, under A for antiques.) I guess it was sub-cruise that made him so good.

Second-class year was lay low for Bub-until- Bermuda or bust firstie cruise (How did you get such a tan working on a CV, anyway?). After that, it was on to a new woman and fixing up Peewee. Well Bub, it's been fun and I hope you decide to keep the baby, 'cause you'll never be the same without it. Good luck.

-Mama-

Many thanks to everyone, especially Mom and Dad for being so supportive and making this possible. Good luck to all of my classmates whom I have come to respect. Special thanks to my 'second family'. You made life bearable for a homesick country boy in the big city. Also to KMK for making my last year enjoyable.

-RJW-

### Chet B. Wilson
Chip
Charles Town, West Virginia
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Chip came to the Naval Academy from a Cattle Farm in West Virginia. During his Plebe Year, Chip established himself as a partying machine. We took bets to see how long it would take him to kill himself. Then, Jodie came into his life. She changed the odds. To say that he became domesticated would be wrong. He just slowed his pace down a little.

Chip could always be found with a smile on his face. He was always joking and it made it impossible to stay mad at him. Chip lived for lifting weights, shootin' the bull with Slim, and liberty.

Second class year saw the purchase of his Z-28 and an era of roadtrips. He never could make it a whole night at Ship though. (Only 2 pitstops on the way home last time). Kevin's party proved interesting too. "I forgot to tell you, she's 14!" And don't forget getting even with the Bayou by throwing your empties at the door with TJ.

Chet was an athlete as well. Playing fullback for Batt Football, Fieldball and softball gave him the chances to prove this.

Never forget: the Love Boat on the Shenandoah, "Slim, it's Old English-Wake Up!", Apple Barrel at Hazel's, first one to finish the Jack keeps the bottle, "Only a half of a beer-bong, OK Slim?", a Sassoon shirt, Socks, TJ's fan baseball, Tina Turner, Roy's party with DA (Where's my barbell?), the camper (Slim's apartment), and of course, all of "The Boys" of 20!

Chet would like to thank his lovely bride-to-be Jodie, whom he loves dearly. He would also like to thank his family, particularly his mom for her encouragement and patience throughout the years.

I would like to thank Chip for being the best of friends and for making this place fun when I least expected it to be. Chip, this beer's for you!

Slim

### Vincent J. Zaccardi
Zac
Yorktown Heights, New York
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Zac joined our happy little "Roaring 20" family earning high praise from the start like, "there's good, bad, and then there's Zaccardi." Little things never stopped Vinny. He ambitiously rose through the ranks to achieve the prestigious title of COMNAVZACPAC! Unfortunately, the battalion officer did not find the assignment of this billet too amusing. Vince did not earn this austere billet merely by getting 2.6 chow packages per week. He ate, drank, and slept academics. I think permanent brain damage may have resulted from the Saturday all-nighters (yes, really). In fact, one starry night, the words "let's do it in meters . . ." were heard emanating from our hero. Of course, this form of entertainment came before the advent of music youngster year, at which time he turned to song and dance . . . clap anna snap, etc., etc., ad nauseum . . . pi-tugh.

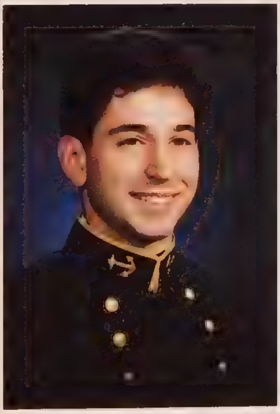
But, more than the funny peculiar quirks we all have, Zac will best be remembered for his intense dedication to his academic pursuits despite efforts from above to squander his endeavors with minisculius tedius bogasitus jobi! He ususally regained his sanity after throwing his arms up and papers down in disbelief and muttering something about "those Maryland drivers." Vinny has been a true friend offering encouragement and help through our tough times. Dependability, loyality, and a warm personality made rooming with Zac a definitely positive experience. Zac will be sorely missed as he marches off to Pensacola with his Gector Box filled with cannolli's.

Pasta Fazul, Paesano

-BTP MTM

--Thanks mom and dad for your help and guidance. Lou: thanks for always being there when it counted. After all you alone are on my wavelength. Last but not least, thank you God for everything.

VJZ



# Twenty-First Company

Timothy P. Callaghan
Supercool
Roanoke, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Timothy Patrick Callaghan came to us from Roanoke, Virginia. One of Rich's boys, Tim thought that the swimming coach could keep him safe for at least a little while, but then he saw how much work those boys really do. Tim found that Navy Air was going to be his goal and topped it of by going Navy Air to boot. However, Tim wasn't one to stay in on weekends. When he wasn't driving one of the local buses or reclining on the Elk's Club lawn, Tim would always down another for Navy. Youngster year brought about weekends at J.P.'s, cruise to Japan, and skiing in Lake Placid. At the entrance to second class year, Tim met Cindy. Biff and Muffy took off into a hot romance that termed them Mr. & Mrs. America. Come Friday, bane to he that got in Tim's way as he made his mad dash to Potomac, Maryland to spend the weekend shopping for puppies or furniture. As family plans were made the four door Subaru naturally replaced the Prelude and many of us were planning on baby car seats for the wedding. However, as luck would have it, our hero regained his freedom during senior year never to be burdened by two hour make-up jobs or Amaretto Sours again. Welcome back to the folds ole' buddy. Drunken ski weekends are once again upon you and the eye test is now behind. From now on, it just doesn't matter. Good luck at Pensacola and Navy Air until your committment lets you get your MBA. Fair winds and following seas.

D.J.G. (Rogue)

Eric M. Campbell
Rick
Cocoa, Florida
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Rick arrived from Cocoa, Florida, and his Floridian background soon became evident as he managed to wear beach sandles through half of Plebe Summer. Rick was also known during Plebe Summer for his late night snacking abilities, which temporarily earned him the nickname of "Mouse."

Although originally recruited for wrestling, Rick was soon converted to powerlifting, and attended the National Championships for 4 straight years while earning All-American status. Rick managed to surive the 4-4 inferno of plebe year and the doldrums of youngster year, and developed into a sweetheart who the class of 87 will always adore. He was always on the plebes' "top five" list. Rick's love for wrestling never left him, and if there was a rumble in the area, Rick could usually be found in the middle, or bottom of it.

After briefly regaining his fighting form as a "Battalion Tool" during Plebe Summer, Rick mellowed as Fling rapidly aproached. First class year saw Rick chose nuclear power, and when not careful, wind up as the dessert after "Cheese Tinney". Rick has the dubious honor of being the last member of 85 in 21st company to be still dating his high-school sweetheart, Karla, as a firstie. Even though a Systems major, after Karla moved to Virginia, there was no questions as what to do on a weekend.

Have fun in Orlando-best wishes in the fleet and in the future. Keep in touch.

TET

Mark R. Coonrod
The Barbarian
White Oak, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Naval Aviation

Mark came from Pittsburgh (for ease of remembering) unaware of what great fun there was in store for him Plebe Summer. The experience so "unnerved" him that he took to eating . . . . and gained 20 pounds.

This kind of relaxed, good-natured attitude stood Mark in good stead Plebe year, during which he had his two semester running battle with the redheaded Marin. The man who would laugh with his advisor about his EE failure could not break Mark and was finally broken himself. Mark still found time for choir, a 3.+, and building his sleeping reputation

3/c year saw the beginning of Mark's love affair with the Systems Dept. Master of the late night abuse when the lab was becoming a shambles, he always could be counted on to give extensive help to his companymates. Mark became good friends with the Fox's and seemed to desire Major Fox's service selection as his own.

His 2/c summer at Quantico put a stop to his Mameluke aspirations. AC year saw further battles with Systems that often kept him up later than his insomniac roommate. Unbeknownst to anyone in 4410 (didn't get the spot jammer for the Dallas games), Mark was being groomed for Plebe Summer CO Commander and a tour on 4-0.

He put up a great fight against the paperwork machine as "$C^2$" and let us have a lot more liberty than we should have had. Mark finally got a decent cruise (to Hawaii), which made up for his YP navigator stint (. . . we are just bridge hopping, Sir.) As one of Larry's boys, Mark was separated from the company for a semester, so we were all glad to see him back for the final semester

Thanks, Mark for being so patient and sharing. To a great roommate and friend-best wishes in the fleet and the future.

SJM

Mike L. Flowers
Sweaty
North Little Rock, Arkansas
Mathematics
Aviation Maintenance Duty Officer

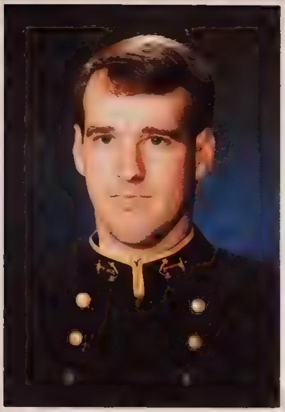
Mike came from North Little Rock via NAPS to the Naval Academy determined not to let "this place" get him down. During Plebe Summer, Mike stood out as a beacon of coolness in seas of swirling sweat. What did it matter if his Reef Points looked brand new at the end of the summer? Plebe year was a continuation of the same. As plebe year "$C^2$ " he did an excellent job of fending off "Francis Blank," although constantly getting "bilged" and "stabbed" by 4-3 and 4-4. Even though he found himself in a squad full of "professional geeks," Mike survived and earned his first of four track letters.

Youngster year, as one of Jill's boys, Mike again fought off the boys in Chauvenet even after late movement orders. While keeping Al guessing, he used his "doing the bird" hurdling style to Beat Army. 2/c year found Mike again racing to an "N"-star despite his short, but memorable 150's career.

During Plebe Detail, Mike discovered professionalism and drove his 2nd set squad to meet his standards. Even though he would sometimes leave his squad writhing in pain at the table, they were probably better for the experience. 1/c year saw Mike turn Playboy into drill studs. No longer able to fend off Al, Mike devoted his full attention second semester to "$C^2$" and his Goucher entourage.

Always willing to give people "advice" on how they can square themselves away in life, Mike will be remembered and greatly missed at USNA. Although his service selection was finally decided by the doctor-the Line's loss will be the Restricted Line's gain. Best wishes and smooth sailing to a good friend.

SJM



Kyle D. Freitas
Richie
Escondido, California
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

I have struggled through these four years trying to rectify my academic problems, solve my moral questions, and just enjoy life more. Without very special people in my life I would not have made it. I must first thank two very loving and kind people who became my parents away from home, my sponsors, Henry and Jewel Carl. They were always there when I needed them. Go Skins! Go Cowboys! Next I must recognize my family from Pennsylvania, the Springers, Snyders and Dunkles, thank you for being so good to me. I was wondering if I could order a life time supply of shoo-fly cup cakes? I love you all and I cherish our times together. I must also thank Admiral Waller for believing in me during my Academic Board when I appeared before him with a 1.28 QPR. A special thanks is deserved by all of my classmates, my friends from back home, those special friends I have met at the Academy, and especially my roommates for putting up with my idiosyncracies and problems. I cannot forget the lovely young ladies who I was fortunate enough to meet and share special times with. You will always hold a special place in my heart, thanks for being there.

Last, but certainly not least, I must thank the most important people in my life, my family. Thanks Mom and Dad for being so supportive and providing me with all the good things in life; love, happiness, and everything that I needed or wanted. Grandma, Grandpa, and Aunt Jean I know you will always be with me wherever I go in the Navy. Kim, Kris, Kath, and Kevin I still do not know how you put up with me but I am glad we were able to grow up together. I wish you all the luck in the world. May God always be with all of you. Finally, Thank you Lord for letting me see the sun set each day and have experienced another day

Douglas J. Grossmann
Rogue
Wilmington, New York
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Doug came to the Naval Academy with high expectations of Spruance class destroyers. He strived toward excellence and was rewarded accordingly during plebe year. Plebe summer Doug was pushing to be a "super" when he became disjointed over his PEP performance. During the academic year we saw another side of Doug; his insides, as he came back from a night on the town, Georgetown that is, with his brother. He was awarded a five grand for that one. Nobody can take a joke, huh Doug? This couldn't keep Doug down though, he came back youngster year ready to show us his resiliency; and he did just that as he was the only one who can claim participation in three majors. Doug still continues to strive towards excellence as a scientist. Second class year Doug was determined to show us his professionalism, and he did just that by setting a good example for the plebes and anyone else who wasn't allowed to take weekends. Alas, second semester saw what persistence can do and Doug removed himself from the AC rock squad and has never looked back, just over his shoulder during exams. The close of 2/C year saw Doug accomplish his life goal; to own a 320i. Doug did a lot of searching but he managed to find the perfect "God machine." As a firstie, Doug came with one motto "Cheese Tinney" and soon found himself captain of "The Cheese Team." Doug was able to make many road trips to Towson and really outdid himself with his "God machine" in a parking lot in Pottsville. I guess you could say Doug became a Texas A&M fan. One thing's for sure, Doug made many a friend at the Academy; Don, Jose', Jack, Johnny Walker, and everyone with stock in Beefeaters. Doug it was fun, you've earned all that you have. The Brooke class isn't all that bad

MRL, TPC

Mark D. Hasty
Tex
Harker Heights, Texas
Physical Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

As his nickname denotes Mark is a good ole Texas boy. His familiar and oft worn cowboy boots are invaluable for killing cockroaches in corners. An army brat, Mark, for some reason chose Canoe U. and not Hudson High for a four year stint of "leadership and education." Plebe summer and rates were never a problem for someone with a photographic memory, but even more impressive was Mark's new exuberance for all things Navy-who else would cry out "Go Navy Sir!" in his sleep. Ac year found Mark and four others packed like sardines in 4313. There this sheltered cowboy experienced such new things as the B-52's, room wars, exploding lamps, and screams of "incoming." He has dated a slew of gorgeous girls while at USNA, any of whom his roommate would have gladly wined and dined, but not Mark, none were acceptable to his high Southern standards (what these are not even he knows).

Youngster year this aspiring Mechanical Engineer decided, with a little help from Wild Bill and Major B., that it would be more fun to be a Scientist. As a 2/c Mark and his flamer roomie "turned some boys into men." Plebe Detail, however, his style was not so similiar-the plebes thought of him more like "Dad." Mark's first taste of the real Navy came with 30 straight days of sea duty on 1/c cruise off Beriut. Mark has put up with a lot here, not just late nights, summer sausage mania, bottle rockets in the sink, command posts and popcorn poppers from his roomie. Through it all though he has shown that great parents and a fine Southern upbringing can produce a fine officer and a gentleman who'll have no problem making flag rank. Best of luck to a great friend and roommate whom I'll always cherish.

DHP

Larry F. X. Henigan
Larry
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

Larry Francis Xavier Henigan, Philadelphia's favorite son, arrived to find the strains of plebe summer a little too trying so he decided to rupture all bonds with USNA and spend the summer at Bethesda. An aspiring crew jock, Larry never failed to regail us with tales of woe "My hands hurt," "oh my ergo aches," and "we maybe tired, but we're good" still lingers in the hall long after everyone has left on Spring Break. Musically confused, Larry could never decide whether he was moondancing down the hall or dancing in the dark. However, no one would upset this sensitive singer of Irish songs because he was the keeper of the darkest secrets and the 'cheeser' of Tinneys everywhere. Besides who can run from a 4:37 miler. Even though your mental deficiencies lean towards th Corps you are still one of the glorious band of brothers known as "The Boys". Godspeed or just a bit slower and the best of luck.

DJG (Roque)

Gregory C. Hess
Greg
Cobbtown, Georgia
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Gregory Clayton Hess, fresh out of Cobbtown, Georgia (wherever that is) came to USNA expecting to fly jets, well, suprisingly enough he's going to do just that. After having survived swimming, Dick Ayuso, and wires, he passed the pilots most crucial test - the eye exam. Greg sweated out his grades for four years to fly and graduate from a class in which the anchor man could fly if he had 20-20 - Oh well! Greg was very proud of his rebel roots ["home of Georgia State Prison!"] "If you didn't read it in the Journal it probably didn't happen." To top off his pilot image Greg bought the famous "maggot mobile" a charcoal Z-28 with Navy Air just written all over it. Whether it was making his famous steerage runs or just listening to who-stole-my-horse music there was "No time to play." This serious ("I don't hear nothing") attitude will hopefully carry him far at Pensacola and make him the crackerjack fighter ace of his dreams. Good luck Greg and just remember "Anytime Baby!"

D.J.G. (Roque)

Steven L. Kennedy
Steve
Garland, Texas
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Steve, upon arriving from Texas, managed to immediately take a firm stand not to be noticed at U.S.N.A. He became a political science major allowing him ample time to comtemplate the fate of the world through closed eyelids. Whether it was weekend or weekday, Steve could usually be found either comatose or roaming the halls in his famous fishing cap hunting "Tinneys." An active member of the 21st company cheese team and the late night bunch, Steve managed to strike fear into those deserving few, both day and night. Steve was the original all-American boy— boxer, baseball player, football quarterback, future fighter pilot (before the eyes went), and to top off the image, Corvette owner. Well, the Tomcats have changed to MSOs as the days dwindle to those last few, but the priorities haven't changed. We wish you and your future better half (we knew there had to be one somewhere) all the best of luck wherever the four winds take you. The cheese team will always be behind and we'll always be following the man in the white Corvette.

D.J.G. (Rogue)

Alex J. Kiefer
Reefer
Costa Mesa, California
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Alex has always been a computer whiz. Four years ago he broke into NATS and as a joke added his name to the "Freshman" roster. It ceased to be funny after I-Day and that first haircut Alex took to plebe year as a sub takes to torpedoes. Alex was very quiet and reserved except for the "occassional" hated debates with his roommate. Coming from sunny California made it difficult for him to adjust to the cold. An unheated room forced him to always wear his sweats, or did it? They provided him with the perfect camouflage to wire himself up with sound. He couldn't depart from his native music either. Alex made many friends amongst the upperclass. He was constantly spending his free time with the Ratman discussing world events.

Alex returned for youngster year equiped with a video arcade and 10 inch color "monitor". We still haven't figured out how he got that chit approved. Our many hours of entertainment were nearly cut off after the OOD almost caught us "studying" WWII out on green beach. Always the night person, Alex was known to frequent the forbidden zones of the yard from the Ho Chi Minh trail to the attics of Bancroft. Alex realized his professional potential by becoming one of the "elite" 10%, a charter member of Project 21

Alex returned for second class year with a gleam in his eye. It took us two weeks and a perfumed letter to get a clue. Our shy boy had become a "Chai" boy. Alex kept a low profile, believing that plebes are people too

Cruise took Alex to far away ports such as San Diego, where he entrusted the care of his car to us Little did he know that he would spend the greater part of his Nuc bonus returning it to its pre-cruise condition. As they say in old Mexico City, Alex, AMF. It's been real!

Logged out: 22 May 1985

Matthew S. Licholai
Grace
Edgewater, New Jersey
Systems Engineering
Surface Warfare

Every hundred years across the frozen tundra through the mists of Babylon amidst perils unbeknownst to mortal men comes one whose image is destined to etch itself upon the hearts and minds of a whole bunch of people for a long long time. The other ninety-nine years come people like Matt. Bursting into our lives plebe summer, Matt led us along roads of adventure, excitement and funny times. Quick to form close lasting bonds with his superiors, Matt mastered the muster in record timelessness and soon became the special interest of his loveable squad leader, Rich. A sportsman at heart, Matt embarked upon a harrowing adventure of physically demanding dabblings: Boxing, Crew, Sailing, Rugby, Field Ball. Rugby was his true passion and he'll be glad to tell you the story behind each of his broken, bruised parts. My roommate for three years, Matt would always be the first to give you the shirt off his back if he wasn't wearing yours. Always our reference for answers to any technical questions, Matt deserves all the credit for Rick Campbell surviving his major. John Conners, although he never did make it the whole way, would have been gone a lot sooner if it weren't for Matt's patient academic instruction. Always one with an eye for fine art, Matt displayed remarkable cultural appreciation when he purchased a beautiful red sculpture of a Lotus Europa with nearly his entire car loan. Wherever he may be, I know he'll be successful in whatever endeavor he may chose

DHW

Mark R. Livingston
Jarhead
Green Valley, Arizona
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Surface

Mark came to USNA as a jarhead to be a jarhead and drive a pickup but become enlightened and went Nuke and got a 280ZX with optional spitoon. The redneck in him prevailed though. Dipping, hunting varmints, crushing peoples foreheads, and Willie singing Pink Floyd (and 'everyone else' prevailed. Jose' was a good friend to him right along with Ron, Jack and Bud. Mark returned from 4 weeks in France as Mr. Sophisto but he soon returned to his normal self. Mark was an agreeable drinking companion; he would agree to anything especially during the advanced stages of Blotto, never to remember them again. During wrestling, Mark soon recieved the name 'Stone', as he used his Neanderthal features to beat his victims into submission. During 150's Mark suffered from Gout and Anorexia as he passed from the Michelin Man (''Look Honey, it's the butterball!'') to victim at Auschwitz. Gee Mark, it only took three and a half years for your letter. Always remember to take it easy, but take it. Shalom

DJG, TPC, TYS

James P. McDonald
J.P.
Lanham, Maryland
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

J.P. came to USNA via NAPS. All plebe year he seemed to have a good time, but I guess anyone would dining out with their parents (or was it Breya) every weekend, drinking with their squad leader, and taking an illicit weekend. Youngster year didn't change a thing. J.P. frequented the 'Library' often, which one, only he knows. J.P was a good person to have around though, where else would we have spent all our weekends. Youngster year also saw the end of Breya and the beginning of a healthy string of sixteen year olds who could never seem to find J.P. A slight indiscretion occurred though and J.P. experienced restriction for attacking the Rage and her clan. You beast! Second class year saw the beginnings of many visits to Mrs. V's and the great Lynetta love affair. Kind of expensive, wasn't she? Then there was Lake Placid: ''Wilmington!'', J.P. on skis, green dragons, and a few other life experiences no one quite wanted. But of course, as we all know, all great love affairs come to an end and J.P. joined the ranks of the single. First class year J.P. got his Mustang GT 5.0 liter high output and the old reliable Toyota passed on. J.P. decided to experience the Nuke interview process just for fun, but spent some of the check anyway. Too bad you didn't make it. J.P. made his parents proud though, with his three striper libs for three years Good luck, whatever you do.

TPC

Stephen J. Miernicki
Stephen J
Reston, Virginia
General Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Stephen J. came from Oak Lawn, Il, following the footsteps of Big Mike. A real music buff, he stunned us all with his perfect performance in Stop-The-Music during Plebe Summer. We never got the carry-on though. What a ''shween.''

Later that year, the Mernik reminded us again of his encyclopedic memory. Who else gave a Corps pro-report that was so long a former-future Marine told him to ''shut up?'' (National Geographic NOV 65) ''Nice!''

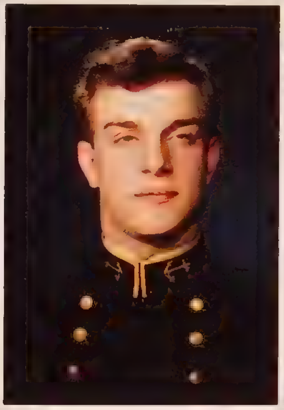
As a 3/c, he learned that ''late lights'' often extend into ''early lights.'' ''Stabbin''' profs. gave him a run for his money, but he was ready for all comers. Living next to the company wardroom was noisy, but it made Friday Night Videos that much more accessible

2/c year, his effort contributed to the Batt winning the first of two Brigade championships in water polo. His one downfall was a painful one-in his never ending battle to humble the frustrated jock, Steve broke his wrist. Even as he recovered, he composed a glowing essay which won him the Kauffman Leadership Award. ''Love ya!''

1/c year brought Plebe Detail, during which Steve impressed one and all. Only a few of us knew of his lived-in-locker; most people saw only his grease one. ''Cool!'' Ac. year was a busy time. First semester, he was somwhat restrained by prepartations for the Admin King, I mean Inspection. In the Spring, Mr. Hardbody strived to achieve partying excellence at the area nightspots. Wait until you see his dream car!

Steve, as your roommate for 3 years, I can say that you added a lot to all of our fond memories of this place. People like you made it all worth while Keep in touch!

MRC



Erik J. Mogelgaard
Ohm
Atlanta, Georgia
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

The city of Atlanta, Georgia issued a great sigh of relief when Erik came to Camp Tecumseh with the salty crust he had acquired in four years of the Sea Cadets. As guide-on and the ''one who always started dirty cadences'' Erik easily navigated plebe summer with a minimum of time spent in shoal water. Except the time he wiped the smile off his face with the refrigerator Hell on the Hudson for a regimental striper. Nicknamed Ohm, surely in no relation to any proficiency in wires, Erik will most be remembered for his babe'n. Who else could ''pick up'' just walking down the dock? He shared an affinity for after-dinner-pie for the majority of his days as a mid, and this saved many of the young ladies of Annapolis from Erik's whatever it was that he had that drove the fairer sex wild. We who knew him certainly saw no reason for it. He lived through many famous roommates, Bullethead and Uncle Fester (Slime) to name but a few, before lucking out and sharing a residence with me. Being an old time southern gentleman, one would not expect him to be able to live with a Yankee from Maine, but things worked out pretty well. I introduced him to loud New Wave music and he told me about after-dinner-pie. As this is being written nine days before service selection I don't know if Erik will follow his new found love of Navy Air or submit to his crusty calling and drive ships for a living. He says Navy Air, but he also says he won't be getting married soon In both cases I'm not going to place any bets until just before the fat lady sings. Which ever branch he picks will be gaining a fine officer, even though he sweats a bit.

JWP

John L. Moraytis
Gus
Medford, New Jersey
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

John Louis Moraytis, from Medford, New Jersey (What exit? . . . Oh, 4 off of the Turnpike) graced the presence of Playboy 21 youngster year after falling from the playpen of Goodtimes 10. John immediately became one of The Boys and got fried for civilian clothes. His nocturnal activities never ceased to amaze his roommates (I don't hear nothing) as did his phenomenal grades. Johnny was our resident soccer star (He really got a kick out of it) and eventually became an E.C.A.C. all-star. He was the epitome of mellowness (I don't pick on freshmen) and also had the distinction of taking more weekends youngster year than the firsties did. John's weekends were usually spent either stuporously with The Boys or with curvaceous Michelle. Between sports, weekends, and just cruising in his 280ZX, John spent little time in the company and many plebes never knew him until spring. Second class year introduced John to skiing in Lake Placid and engulfed him with the passion of becoming a ski bum. First class year saw an end to Michelle (or did it?) and John turned his attention to our ever faithful women in Service Dress Blue. John met "Jan the gymnast" and soon had things well in hand. John performed admirably against the abuse over his "changed attitude" (I don't get it . . . that right!) and looks forward only to soccer at NAPS and SWOS at Coronado. The times have been good, but the parties have been better . . . even though you are such a gus. Shalom, Yigal.

DJG (Rogue)

Edward J. Mullen
Big Guy
Deer Park, New York
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

The Big Guy arrived at USNA from Deer Park, Lon Gisland and four years later he finally learned how to talk (twolk?). Even though Eddie was a member of the Deer Park Junior Fire Department he still had a tough plebe year. Academically he got off to a bad start but being the stud that he is he managed to graduate with a 3.0 QPR. Depressed for most of plebe year with bad grades and his infamous squad (Mo and Larry) he could always be counted on for a few good laughs (Ahh Pete, put it in the box). Cliffy survived a rigorous youngster year living with the flower child and the bullethead before forming the Ed squared room.

As second class year rolled by Eddie unfortunately became a flamer and made life difficult for a few plebes. It must have been the breaking up of the Mullen-Ciuffo connection. As Ed's grades improved, a direct result of being one of the last of the elite management majors, his long time dream of nuclear power became a reality. With Beaker for inspiration he even tried to get a head start on the bald spot so common to nukes.

Ed set a fine example as a 1/c squad leader with his professionalism and enthusiamism for USNA (well at least his professionalism) before he became the company XO second semester. What else can be said about the ORIGINAL Big Guy? He could always be counted on for help, inspiration, or a good laugh You have been a great roommate and friend and always will be. Good luck in nuke school Ed I know you'll hammer it, you're a winner and always will be

Timothy K. Olson
Square Stater
Sioux Falls, South Dakota
Chemistry
Nuclear Power - Submarines

This good looking Square Stater arrived at USNA with all the knowledge and experience available in Sioux Falls, SD. Despite his initial handicap, Tim hit the bulkheads running and rapidly gained the worldly knowledge that has turned him into the Rennaisance Man that we have all learned to admire. Be it Chemistry, tennis, football refereeing, or letters to his fan club, Tim is the master of his environment.

While at USNA, Tim took energy conservation to heart. Crew, stripes and eventually even his beloved Chem labs fell to save him for weekend jaunts. North Carolina, Saratoga, Pasadena, George Town and Fort Lauderdale have all felt the onslaught of mighty Tim, and been TKO'ed with the rest.

Tim plans to sink into the depths of the Navy in Nuclear Subs and I wish him all the best of luck. I have known Tim's taste to be the best, and be it girls or cars, Tim only accepts "Ultimate Driving Machines." Keep that all American look you dancin' machine, you can't drink under bridges forever.

KWP

Thomas D. Parham, III
Kermit
Norfolk, Virginia
English
Surface Warfare

Thom Parham came to the hallowed halls of "Mother B" from that bastion of Navy brats, Norfolk, Virginia. He somehow managed to survive plebe summer (only God and his father, the chaplain, know how) earning a name for himself at the Talent Show as a frog impersonator. "Kermit" successfully faded into the whiteworks plebe year by impersonating a musician in D&B and a singer in Glee Club. Youngster year he further broadened his interests by joining the ranks of Thespians which seems so out of place at a primarily engineering institution. In fact, his biggest roles included a chair, a thief, and a Japanese chorusboy. But fitting into a niche of banality was not Thom's goal; one look at the bizarre and tacky clothes he wore proved that. An avid collector of comic books, Thom somehow managed to use this addictive pastime to assist him in his studies as an English major. Second Class year, Thom acquired the love of his life, a new Laser XE. It did everything but make his coffee for him. It even talked to him on those long and lonely road trips to comic conventions. Thom was definitely not lonely First Class year, since with his job of being *Log* editor came that most dreadful of responsibilities — having his own phone (yes, it talked too!). If someone went to his room looking for him, they were more likely to find some stranger on the phone than Thom, the elusive resident. He also recieved the privelege of conversing with the Dant on the *Log's* "literary merits," and why the editorship should be made a three striper billet. Somehow, Thom managed to survive these travails and is looking forward to graduation, a semester of teaching Plebe English, and then . . . THE FLEET! Good luck and Godspeed!

Kevin W. Patton
Shlong
Ballston Lake, New York
History
Naval Aviation

Kevin has been quite a traveller since arriving at good ole USNA. San Diego, West Pac, Bermuda, and Chapel Hill have all experienced the onslaught of the Partying Animal Kevin Patton. But perhaps the place Kevin most often travelled to was that land of whisphers and shadows - a foggy, lonely and forbidding place - Kevinland, better known as the Twilight Zone. He'll graduate in 1985, but it will probably be 2010 before we finally make contact with Kevin. A philosophy class in his senior year helped Kevin periodically emerge from his state of blissful ignorance to bestow upon the world such gems of wisdom as "Food is good" and "Salt is our friend." This preoccupation with food can be partially explained by his participation in Navy crew. It takes a lot to fill a big man - and Kevin certainly is big. Kevin was also quite tall in height. We all wish Kevin, a noted historian, the best of luck in Bulling his way through the rest of his life - he succeeded brilliantly in college. Good luck!

TKO

Jeffrey W. Peters
Jeff
Westbrook, Maine
Political Science
Surface Warfare

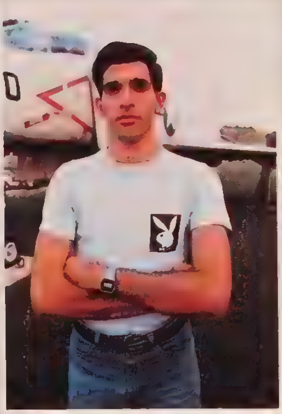
Jeff came to us from little known Westbrook Maine via the evenless known Swamp Foxes of the Marion Military Institute. Plebe year brings us memories of Jeff as the man Ralph Hubbard tried to fly out of 4-3. What can you do when your squad leader, the one with a 53" chest, decides that you would like to hang-out? Literally hang-out; out a 4-3 window over goat-court. No thanks to Slime and the Pipe-smoker he lived through the ordeal. Youngster year Jeff was tasked with living with Bullethead who was going through his Marine Corps stage and had to be kept a bay with the darts that Jeff usually reserved for likenesses of his Mech E profs. Seeing the light at the close of youngster year Jeff made a strategic move from Mech E to POLI SCI. His time spent on weekend and in the rack increased drasticly. Too bad his QPR didn't live up to the "POLI SCI-QPR HIGH!" adage. Oh well, he always said it was tough being a bull major, but somebody had to write the papers. Jeff acquired his liking of "sorority girls." As a squad leader 2nd set Plebe Detail Jeff did well proving that one can go straight from a night out on the town to PEP. First class year saw the advent of the red 'Lude, and the telephone. With a sky-rocketing phone bill because of long distance calls, Jeff got a phone that would work through the Lt.'s to connect with the lines of SPRINT and MCI much to the benefit of those others such as the Pfleeg with long distance acquaintances. As far as service selection goes who knows? I know Jeff doesn't. He's trying for nuke, but I'm sure no one will know until they call him to the table, but he does say no matter whatever he does law is in his future. I trust that he'll be on the right side of it. Good luck in life Jeff. We'll look for you at the top.

—EJM

David H. Pflieger, Jr.
The Pflieg
Charleston, South Carolina
History
U.S. Air Force

Dave originally hailed from Charleston but his allegiance changed somewhat when his parents moved to North Carolina and the "Forsyth Country Club". He started off Plebe Summer at USNA with a bang, getting on all of the firsties good side by blowing off a lunch date with a Rear Admiral, then Ac year he enraged Ralph as well. Dave started his Air Force files that year and by the time Service Selection rolled around he had accumulated several volumes of trivia. Always diligent in his studies he never failed to put off four weeks of studying until the night before the test. He was good at meeting paper deadlines too, usually finishing these in the wee hours of the morning after his private secretary first deciphered and then typed them. His strict obedience of regulations was a model for us all- isn't white works the prescribed uniform for all morning formations! Dave always found a way around the system and 1/C year he was able to create the ideal class schedule: youngster afternoons everyday. These were especially important on Friday when he would make frequent road trips to visit a girl named Beth at UNC-Chapel Hill. Being the superb athlete that he is 1/C Coach Dave somehow managed to trip over his own feet playing soccer and break his collarbone. Then, learning the power of delegation and the medical chit, he managed to never be seen at Friday formal inspections again. Come on, guys, one formal a semester is enough for anyone! Dave's BMW, though somewhat more costly than expected, still managed to take the boys down South for several weekends of parties, courtesy of his great parents. For the past four years, Dave has always been a great roommate and friend. The Navy's loss is the Air Force's gain. Best of luck in the Air Force!

MDH



Robert J. Quinton
Quince
Kingston, Jamaica
Aerospace Engineering
Civlant

Robert (not Bob) came to us stictly by accident. While he was making the Jamaican Connection a freak storm blew him off course. His heavily laden plane crashed into the Severn and his body washed onto Dewey Field during Plebe drill practice. He's been with us ever since. Plebe year was spent learning important facts such as the dimensions of Home Plate. "Which way does it point Mr. Quinton?" Despite all this necessary knowledge the Quintonian method of study got him through the tough rigors of plebe academics. Robert was very helpful to his classmates who needed help. He kept "telling them", "It's simple. Don't think about it, just do it."

Youngster year found Robert sporting dilapidated undershirts. With a year of college behind him and a little spare time, he brought new meaning to the word philosophy. Thus, Quintonian Logic was born. His many vivid tales kept us intrigued and guessing long into the night. From his little nook, his 200 watt floodlight illuminated the entire room. Who needs 4 hours of sleep anyway.

Second Class year earned Robert the title of the "The Flamin' Jamaican". He took such an interest in the plebes that by second semester most of them knew who he was. By second semester the Quintonian Curse had claimed its third victim and was working on the fourth. Out of fear we were forced to continue rooming with him. With no concern for academics he spent a lot of time in the darkroom. We assume he was working on photos for the Log.

Robert hit the deck plates running first class year with the awesome responsibility of an MPO. With school done after first semester he introduced Johns Hopkins to Quintonian Logic. Now that this run is over, Robert, it's time to go back for another load. If you're not careful we will see you in 10 to 20. Good Luck!

Stephan Siletzky
Slime
White Sulphur Springs, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

When Stephan saw the long lines outside Halsey on I-Day he thought his prayers had been answered Mistaking the scene to be a Goodwill give away, Stephan eagerly joined the lines in search of free clothing. As free accomodation was also provided, Stephan decided that he would stay awhile. Always one to make the best of a bad situation, Stephan smiled his way through plebe summer. Whether he was spitting water on his upper class or calling them a bunch of whimps, Stephan was a constant source of entertainment to us.

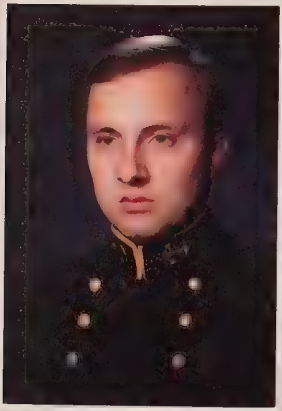
Fortunately Stephan carried his fun loving ways with him into academic year, his hilarious antics providing welcome breaks to the tedium of plebe year. Behind his jovial exterior Stephan was a thimble of courage. Jeff still has him to thank for preventing his "flight" out of 4-3 by a drunk squad leader.

Youngster year was an eye (and nose) opener for us; as we found out why Slime's old roommates wouldn't room with him

Second class year saw Slime, a man of the world, impressing girls with his alma mater. They thought that the Chesapeake University of Naval Technology was an impressive title, and anyone from such an institution must be wealthy, important, handsome, and honorable. Luckily for Slime they didn't realize how wrong they were

First class year saw a continuation of "Don Juan" Siletzky back from a hedonistic summer in San Diego (where he tried feverishly to destroy Alex's car). Stephan felt he was ready for a "serious" relationship. Fortunately he got more than he bargained for and "punched", now he's back to his old abusive ways. Now that the "free" life is over, we wish you all the best in life. Fly hard, Fly fast, Fly often (refering to planes of course) and "illigitimati non carborundum"

WOO, TFP



Cory A. Springer
Cory
Harrisburg, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Cory arrived at Club Cheshapeake with his proud parents, speedo swimsuits, beach towels and not even a clue what the Navy was about. He was cut off from civilian life and almost from his mother's apron strings plebe year by academia and his "friendly" second class. His views on how to enjoy freshman year and the Academy's did not quite coincide. He was, and still is, a person always ready for a good time no matter if Mom was supposed to hear about it later or not.

He was definitely not an academic stud but he could not figure out why his high school study skills did not work at Canoe U. Although he thoroughly enjoyed his weekends, he certainly was a local at the library during the week. Cory always seemed to know the material "cold" for the exam but his grades never really showed this phenomenon. Hey, he always had other things on his mind and they usually were of the female type. He already has the hot tip for Supply Corps School, University of Georgia is just a hop, skip, and jump away. I hope those Southern Belles are not listening for wedding bells.

Cory is the only diver we know that was afraid of heights but would do flips off of the 10 meter platform for the varsity swim team. He was an athelete who excelled not only in the pool but also in Ft Lauderdale, Lake Placid, Pensacola . . .

Cory has always been the happy type; always laughing and smiling (sometimes at the wrong times). We will miss his cheerfulness and desire to always "play." Best of luck to you in the real corp (supply that is) and remember stay away from those that feed squirrels

KF

Timothy E. Tinney
Bullethead
Macedon, New York
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

During Tim's last scheduled days on Death Row they gave him a choice. He could either go to the Chair as planned or to the Academy Being the masochist he is he chose the worst one Tim mastered Plebe Summer quickly. He was especially skillful at regurgitating menus. To this day he still cannot keep down chocolate eclairs. He had inflated beliefs in his academic prowess and opted for a double major. At this time he cornered his first billet as MPO. He had more volumes than did the library. His stomach had great volume also. Any unguarded chow packages were immediately consumed. By the end of the year Goat Court resounded with the sound of B-B-B-B-B-Bullethead!

The trauma of being a Rejected Roommate was too much for Timmy. It was then that he turned to God and became a born again Hare Krishna. During finals "Ali Rajah Tim Tim" could be heard chastising his roommates for doing such heathen things as worshiping idols by throwing pennies at Tecumseh. Due to his new religious enlightenment, Tim got the good word but not the GOUGE and opted for a new path. He was now struggling through Phy Sci.

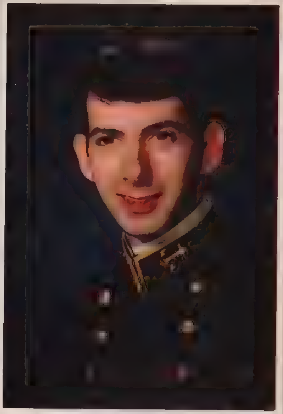
Second Class year found Tim back down to Earthly desires. Since Tim loved women with natural red hair he naturally fell for the "Stunning One" With the Space Potato Chip suffering from the Quintonian Curse, Tim was once again rejected by his roommates and forced to live with "squirt", another RR.

With the advent of first class year, Tim, a three time All American became captain of the squash team. He also became main prey of the "Cheese Team". He spent many a night being chased down the hall by a mob chanting "CHEESE TINNEY!" Now that you've "Pegged" your last girl it's time to say AMF. Good Luck!

Edward A. Whitehouse
Whitey
Bangor, Maine
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Eddie came to this fine institution from up North in Bangor, Maine. (Banger?-) He showed us that he was a professional from day one by being able to make his bed in the blink of an eye When Ed realized what he got himself into, however, his dreams of being a forestry engineer back home grew stronger. Ed decided to ignore the tempting thoughts of the University of Maine when he realized that he had to get his two roommates through Chemistry (we never did get that much studying done for that final). Besides, someone had to mail the jeans to Pete. When Eddie was tackled by the Chemistry-Marine Corps team the second semester and abused by German as a youngster, he changed his major field of study to the last of the elite. Although he never did get along with engineering, "Whitey" could edit a term paper better than anyone around. Ed is admired by many for his meticulous habits, even his albums are arranged in alphabetical order. Ed's musical tastes range from John Denver to Pink Floyd and, of course, his Christmas albums. Ed was a good runner and softball player until both of these careers were halted by knee surgery. This pitfall, however, did not stop this man from Vacationland from getting a pilot billet. Although he was far from home, Ed's love for snow and cold weather never died and his only two hobbies, "huntin'-n-fishin'", were always on his mind (is that all you do up there?) Well, here's to the better half of "Ed squared", never work too hard and Fly Navy! Godspeed, Big Guy

E.J.M.



Danny H. Williams
Danny
Longmeadow, Massachusetts
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

Dan decided he was tired of being a Pelican and watching the seagulls on the beach so he dashed off to Boat School to get his own wings, those of an NFO. An indiscriminating woman-chaser, not prejudiced against any age or taste in clothing, Dan has tried every approach for finding himself the right girl. After slipping on a bar of soap Dan decided his true calling was Ballet. Ever tolerant of other's opinions, Dan was never one to argue a point or force his views on anyone else, not even the Commandant. Being a quiet introverted person has always suited Dan, until he decided to buy a motorcycle and enlighten the plebes on the virtues of owning a Honda, we're still waiting to see Dan get the bike. Dan's car, on the otherhand, renowned for its acceleration, handling and showstopping good looks (no its not a Ferrari or a Lamborghini or even a Pinto, its just a plain old Rabbit) is a self proclaimed BMW killer, just ask Dan he'll tell you. Being an avid party goer Dan seldom missed a big party though he can't remember most of them, just be sure to remind him where the head is. Dan also has many academic interests, most notably playing the part of Long John Silver while running his computer software piracy group. His other scholarly concern is trying to find the easiest and lightest course-load possible, after all it's unfair to have more than two classes in a given day. All jesting aside Dan's not a bad guy, after all, he did turn down the offer of signing his first-born over to USNA for preferred parking. But really, Dan, those of us who have grown to know and appreciate you will never forget the great times and laughs you've given us. Being your roommates for three years was often fun, sometimes trying but always memorable. Good Luck.

MSL, AFZ

Andrew F. Zdanowicz
Z
Holly Hill, Florida
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

If you've ever thought that everything was looking glum and life was just gettin' you down, Andy would come along and point out that you had not even begun to consider just how much worse things really are. Everyone's favorite optimist, Andy could always be counted on to add his own "special" flavor to any situation. Aircraft are his forte and Andy quickly became the most depended upon reference for answers to any aviation question an upperclassman could create. With a passion for driving, Andy turns "coming along for a ride" into an adventure through the depths of fear. Andy could always be counted on to quickly make a lasting impression. A master of the private joke, Andy could thoroughly confuse any acquaintance, new or old, within minutes. With a unique academic approach, Andy could spent hours at a time mulling over anything but what needed to be done, and all with a completely clear conscience. A philosopher at heart, Andy leaves us with most memorable quotes such as, "Live fast, die young, and leave a good looking wife." Or, "I'm not worried, I'm insured." A truly undemanding person, Andy leaves us with only one request, "Just don't bury me next to the Admirals on·Hospital Point." Andy will always be remembered by his two roommates, Dan and Matt, as a truly self-giving sole. They have only one request of Andy: *Please* open that chow package your mother sent you plebe year. A lover of technical inovation, Andy quickly established a lasting repore with many computers in Ward Hall as evidenced by the broken pieces scattered about. Whether home on the beach in July or here on Green Beach in February he'll always be wearing a bright Hawaii shirt. Out of room, you're a great guy anyway. Be Happy!

DHW, MSL

# Twenty-Second Company

Gene R. Andersen
Beaner
Seattle, Washington
Naval Architecture
Naval Aviation

Bean Bean Anderbean, the Incredible Edible Dancing Machine hails from that rain capital of the world, Seattle, Wa. Gene had a real problem with roommates at USNA, they kept leaving. He was on quite a roll for a while as he got rid of T.B., C.B., and S.B., all three in the first semester of plebe year. He held off using his power until youngster year when Big Jim fell by the wayside. It was only the strong and valiant Hawk who survived the Bean's wrath (or was that his feet?)

Gene was a born history or Poly-Sci type person. So what did he pick for a major? Narchitecture! As a result, he found himself running from the Ac-Boards and was subject to a steadily falling QPR. This also left very little time for extracurricular racking. All you can say is, "He asked for it."

The Bean was very active in the Navigators for all four years at USNA. So, following a long-standing tradition of Navs in 22, Gene returned for plebe detail driving the stereo-equipped "Boat-Mobile." From then on it was not uncommon to find him headed for a conference, car loaded with people, with Petra, Sweet Comfort, or K.T. jammin in the background

We will all miss Gene very much. He was always willing to help any time and any way he could. Something only found in a true Christian. He will especially be missed by his "Best-Buddy" roommate, who always seemed to be a constant source of amusement to the Bean. Glad I could help. Best of luck and thanks.

-The Hawk

David A. Berchtold
Bird
Antioch, Illinois
Aeronautical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Dave made a strong impression on everyone when he arrived at U.S.N.A. His bald head and thin countenance soon earned him the nickname "BIRD", and the tuneless squawk he called "singing" burned our ears all Plebe Summer. Bird established himself as a professional early-Dave always began taping his uniform off 30 minutes early for every formation. However, as time passed, we all recognized that bird was really only professional about one thing-NAVY AIR. The Academy and its games were only a hurdle to pass in getting "WINGS OF GOLD". Dave will make a great pilot/weekend golfer

Don't forget, Bird, those loud squawks; the Berch-Perch; Beaner's 12 days of Christmas and smelly feet; golfing with the buds; Farts, Bear, Skids, Krugs, Bullit, MG, Bean, and Cridder; and finally your dislike of "B.S. People" like Cubscout. You're a special guy, Dave. Good luck in P-COLA and in the future

-CR

FROM: The Bird
TO: The Guys of 22
SUBJ: ?

Thanks for the memorys guys and thanks to your families I've met when visiting. You guys were a special group. Good luck, God Bless, and keep in touch or I'll come squawk until you do.

Gregory L. Beyke
Professor
Franklin, Tennessee
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The professor came to us from the thriving town of Franklin, Tennessee with a headful of ideas that I couldn't explain to you if I tried. He went through statics using the "Beyke method" to find forces because he felt that the book's method was too simple, straightforward, and paper consuming. In his never ending search for the meaning of life, aeronautics, and energy transformation, Greg made quite a name for himself at USNA. He was an exchange midshipman at the Air Force Academy, Brigade Adjudant, and will go on to get a masters degree in the VGEP program before heading for the ultimate meaning of energy transformation, $E=mC^2$.

We will all miss Greg. He had a laid back style along with a strong desire to understand everything that sorrounded him. Perpetually curious, Greg bought an RX-7 First Class year because he was intrigued by its unique rotary engine. Greg averaged one new idea every 1.63 hours while at the academy and could always be found designing some new "thing". I wonder if the nuclear power people realize what they are in for. Best of luck Greg.

-RAP

Michael A. Borrosh
Mike
Smithtown, New York
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Mike arrived at USNA via a small prep school no one heard of. With ambitions of being a Marine, he began a relatively easy four years hampered only by a little thing called "Academics".

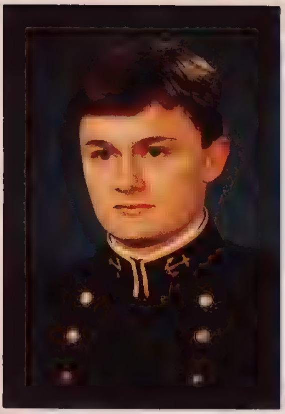
Indeed, academics weren't his strong point and a try at becoming a Naval Architect proved it. One semester and one Ac-Board later made him realize that his true calling was to be one of USNA's elite group of "scientists". Surviving another Ac-Board and countless weeks at summer school, he continued his quest toward that elusive thing called "graduation".

His love life deserves some attention although it is tough to figure out who he was going out with. First there was Mary, then there was Kate (she didn't look 16), then some others, and finally Mary Kate (a kind of combination of the first two except she's older).

The highlight of Mike's stay here had to be that of a tormenter of the physically deficient. A brief stay with the sub-squad told him that it was better to be on the giving end than on the receiving end. Here he found he could release his sadistic tendencies (which probably developed after those girls kidnapped you). The training he recieved here would have come in handy for the Corps but it was not to be as the green changed to haze gray.

Whatever you do, you made it and that's all that counts, and wherever you go, we know you'll do well.

J.C.N



Michael M. Dashiell
Slick
Norfolk, Virginia
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

It's not that Mike tried to break every rule, he just never bothered to find out what the rules were. The title "Slick" stuck because he never seemed to get caught, and if he did he got off lightly. From underclass yard priviledges to front row parking his first class year, Bubba knew how to do what he wanted to do. His problem was that he wasn't always sure what he wanted-as evidenced by his return/resignation/unresignation incident at the start of second class year and the big commitment. And also by his sabbatical from tennis for a short while. He finally stayed, hoping for a precious NFO billet in the long run . . . However, as fate and the LT. would have it, his class rank slid off and he made an unplanned move from 12th to 22nd company his senior year. Just out of spite, Slick turned the tide for 22 and helped them to the forefront of the brigade with his leadership skills that he learned in NL303 labs (i.e. company football games). I think his cactus on his desk was the holy grail that 22 was looking for.

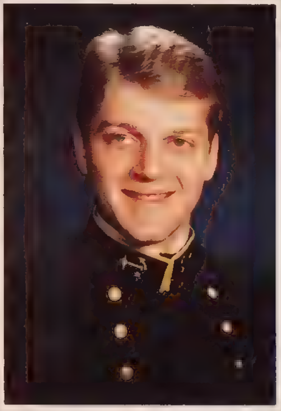
Through all the turmoil of 4 years at Navy, however, Slick remained a good hearted guy who could crack a joke about anything or anyone. An avid Redskins and Maury Commodore fan, he should make a great 5 and out man (as soon as he gets his "crossed swords"). In the meantime Bubba, I'll be seeing ya at NAVSTANORVA while doing ship's visits and my financial management corps work. Don't let the little b.s. get you down

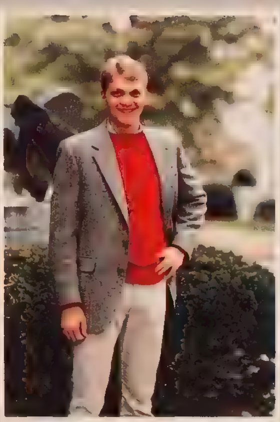
John E. (Surf)

Scott A. Field
Scott
Churchville, Pennsylvania
English
Naval Flight Officer

After a two year tour of college at F&M, and visions of med school, Scott finally saw the light and found his place in the halls of Bancroft. Plebe summer, Scott kept a low profile despite being the tallest. He did well and that pretty much set the pattern he would follow. Plebe year Scott was able to escape some of the pressure by heading to the mercy-giving T-tables (leaving his roommate-to-be to face the upperclass.) Youngster year Scott was still keeping his nose clean ("I think it's broken again!") and his sights on surface line. Being an English major living with two engineers, any time an intelligent conversation came up, Scott insisted on faking his way through, "Infinitely variable transmission . . . for a car or a radio?" But then we did put up with the nightly "old fraternity antics" and did he ever tell you about the time his dad's ship was hit by a torpedo, or his dad's car went out with the tide? His roomies know the stories, boy, do they know the stories. Second class year Scott looked toward the sky and decided that's where his future lay. Hoops gave way to V-ball. Scott took on the two stripes of second class year seriously. Despite this, he still had to put up with the antics of Fig-Lynner and Bikes . . The ever burning light of his roommate may have induced some madness. We never figured out if this caused his sleep talking or if it was a continuation of his constant patter. First class year found Scott and his roomie at the helm of Double-Deuce. Scott's strict (and not always fun) leadership led 22 to first in colors at semester's end. Scott will always be remembered for sticking to his values despite what anyone else believed. That takes guts and that's one thing I'll always admire in him. Thanks for being a true and honest friend. Good luck in the fleet; I'll see you out there

FIG





John E. M. Figuerres
Fig
Carmel, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Fig came to us from sunny, temperate Carmel only to realize that humidity is the worst part of plebe summer. You could always find Fig just by following the puddles of sweat around the hall. He studied hard his first two years, trying to hold onto his Aero maj. and his dream of flying. When he wasn't studying he was working out. Boxing was his official sport but he also blew off steam by wrestling during study hour. John's boxing had its ups and downs, like the day he was in the ring one minute and in T-court the next, and didn't know the difference. His wrestling career came to a sudden halt after he slammed Bird in the hallway. They both went 'down' for the count. Although he lost his major, he didn't diminish his love of flying. The room was usually crowded with model airplanes, suffering the attacks of Lynner and Midger. The end of 2/C year brought with it a new car and the beginning of many road trips. If only Fig had not spent so much money on his "home stereo" in his car, he could have gotten a real car like Dave's. That summer he was off to Hawaii to join the power tanners from the Swordfish. After six rental cars, one ticket, one tow, and a dozen happy hours, it was time for him to return for plebe detail. He was the favorite of squad leaders who felt their plebes needed that extra motivation. Academic year came fast and with it the job of company XO. Fig, never one to 'flip' over paperwork, usually got the job done in a low key fashion. None of his duties, however, prevented him from making those U. of M. trips with John V. and Lynner. Fig's pleasant attitude and strong concern for other people made him a good friend to all in 22. Whether he gets his dream of flying or chooses surface, he will do well.

Good Luck! —your friends,

Scott, Lynner, and Midge

Mark F. Hawkins
The Hawk
Springfield, Illinois
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

The Hawk came to USNA dreaming of F-14's and carrier air operations, but his reverie was rudely interrupted by an administration that insisted he spend a year as a plebe and go to class for four. He came to tolerate USNA, however, going so far youngster year as to say, "this place wouldn't be so bad if we didn't have to take any classes."

Mark had come to USNA equipped with a two-meter radio-controlled sailplane on which to polish his flying skills, and he hung it from the ceiling of his room. The Cub Scout mistook it for a 747, though, and it eventually had an untimely demise after colliding with a tree on Hospital Point. The Hawk's place among the second tenors of the Glee Club and Protestant Chapel Choir (of which he was vice president) kept him on the road or at practice for much of his career at Navy anyway, so much so that the Cub Scout pretended (?) not to recognize him second class year.

Youngster year he met Ann, an event he had about as much enthusiasm for as wires and steam, but she was persistent and soon the tables were turned and he was chasing her. His odometer ran overtime during first class year as he made the weekly pilgrimage to see "the wife" in Connecticut, and after a visit to the local loan sharks in September he made it official by giving her a ring

He leaves for the surface community since his eyes failed him (20/25 and ships you will drive . .), but his smiling face and Christian love will not soon be forgotten as we go our separate ways.

Keep the faith, brother, and may the peace of God be with you.

Romans 8.31-32

GRA

Richard A. Johnson, Jr.
Rick
Springfield, Virginia
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Rick came to us from Springfield, VA . . . and Marblehead . . . and Brattleboro . . . and Lighthouse Point . . . and twelve other places. He made it apparent very early that there was only one service selection for him—Cryptology. But then he bought his first "Ranger Rick Combat Camouflage Commando" wristwatch and the rest is history. The ladies always seemed to go nuts over his teddy bear face and boyish grin. His eyes usually matched his hair color, especially after those weekend "bible studies" at the Johnson ranch, Mary Washington U., and James Madison U. Rick spent a semester at West Point and came back brimming with professionalism. (His shoes have remained tied ever since) He is the only guy we know who could sleep 23 hours a day and still get a 3.8. Rick was "Julie, your cruise director" for the ring dance, having set up half the company with dates, and even unselfishly gave his away to a lonely mid. He excelled at shoe fighting (ask Wingnut) and making friends with authority figures (ask CC). We want to thank Mrs. J and the "MAJ" for making us part of the family and their lone mid, Rick, for being the best friend a guy could ask for. God Bless and Semper Fi, bud. Call us if you ever need close air or naval gun fire support.

C.F.G. and M.S.M.

Anthony L. Krueger
Kruegs
Novato, California
Chemistry
Surface Warfare

To describe how Tony left his mark in the vintage halls of USNA is a challenge, for he left none, other than the charred sink in rm. 2024. It wasn't until 2/C year that he made the *Log*, his greatest goal as a mid. One night Tony fryed 4 bugs in alcohol in the sink. Thanks to the alert CMOD, the four inch flames that threatened Mother B were extinguished, thus giving Tony the pleasure of spending time with the OOWs. Tony came to USNA for professional training, and always took it seriously. If his nose wasn't in *Proceedings*, in front of a mirror inspecting his appearance (or what he said were his good looks), in his chem books, or in the Conduct Log, he would be lecturing his roommate on honor, duty, etc. If he wasn't doing these, you could sometimes find him socializing with the women-midship types. Not to imply anything, but sometimes his nose got in the wrong places, requiring the skills of Bethesda to straighten it out. Sometimes Tony took leadership by example too seriously-like the time he decided to show us all how to conduct ourselves properly on Wed. libs. It landed him another visit with the OOW and more restriction. Seriously, Tony was a true professional who wanted to be a surface liner but somehow decided to be a nuke. He finally dropped the idea after getting his letter of non-acceptance. I will always remember Tony for his lectures, our constant disputes over whether chem or aero was more important to mankind, the road trips that never were, and for his remarks about . . . Tony, you will do well in which ever service has the misfortune of your presence.

-Bird

Michael T. Lester
Mo
Fridley, Minnesota
History
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Pistol team, Semper Fi, karate, chapel climb, glee club, dole club, author of "Dead Puppies".

Michael had several philosophies which helped him survive this institution, and also gave him a place on high-Brigade Stripes! I don't mean to imply that he didn't break his share of regulations . . he did! Some of his more humerous philosophies revolved around women. Such as "If a girl isn't interested in your being nice to her, then don't be . . . just go into abuse mode." On one occasion he looked over at a girl and said, "Where did you get those shoes? You didn't pay for them did you?" Well she immediately stopped dancing and lashed back with a vicious, "Where did you get that nose?" They dated for quite some time. Michael was one of the two members of the Department of Arcane Engineers. The D.A.E. performed some key stunts over the years- annonomously of course. As a plebe Michael master minded the ultimate recon. Did you ever wonder who it was that put the dixie cup on top of the chapel dome? D.A.E. As a second class Michael won the Secretary of the Navy Pistol and Rifle Competition. As a first class he enjoyed his freedom immensely. One was never sure where he was going or what he had planned when he would say, "It just doesn't matter anymore" and walk out of his room Friday night; complete with painted hair, black felt hat, sunglasses and leather overcoat; he'd go breakin' down the hall, jump into his Porsche and . . . look out world! There goes one lean green fighting machine. Michael left his mark in many ways and will be remembered fondly by all. It has been a privilege to be his friend and roommate for the last five years! Good Luck Mo! I love ya.

J.P.R.

David S. Lynn
Lynner
Clarksgreen, Pennsylvania
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Dave said he came to us from "God's country" but no one ever went there to see if it was the paradise that he had described. Maybe no one wanted to go! Plebe year saw Lynner maintaining a pretty low profile but all that was to change the next year. In the true tradition of youngster year Dave and Bullet were the life of 2-0. Water fights, empty toothpaste containers flying at high velocity down the hall, and big time wrestling matches with Fig were just part of his contributions. It was also during 3/C year when Dave decided that Mech.E. was just not the fun he had in mind.—Could you say "weekend" Dave? 2/C year was a time of great change for Lynner. He just wasn't the same when he returned to Annapolis in his new Trans Am. In fact, a radar detector became an absolute necessity very early on as he valued his valid driver's license. This new toy was his key to numerous weekend excursions. When he wasn't out on a weekend he could usually be found in his room thinking of new ways to improve his already 'awesome' stereo or keeping his mail file up to date. As the letters poured in from his numerous acquaintances, he couldn't decide whether to file them by state or age. The easy life finally got the better of Dave and during the 2nd semester he traded places with Midge on the Ac-deficiency list. Even Timmy couldn't help. Along with losing some liberty he also lost his car to Fig. After a very memorable Ring Dance weekend he was off to Hawaii with Midge and Fig for a 5 week sub cruise. After this "vacation" on good old SSN-579, Dave returned to assume command of the sub-squad for plebe detail. With several good and scary memories he entered 1/C year ready to party. And that he did!, mostly at U. of M. with an occasional trip south. All of us are looking forward to more of these good times out West

Michael S. Midgley
Midge
Pacific Palisades, California
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

Midge came to us as a deprived child from the gutted slums of Pacific Palisades, Ca. Mike's most identifiable characteristic is his love for all things sunny, sandy, speedy, or sexy. Plebe year saw Mike as a charter member of the 'Hotel California' trio and a resident black belt in Chinese glove fighting. During 4/C year Mike also began exploring the wonderful world of service selection opportunities. One thing is for sure, he won't be green or glowing. As a youngster, Midge was still plagued by one haunting memory from plebe year, his roommate, an unwanted appendage he could not shake loose for 2½ years. Mike also experienced the decline of physical conditioning which saw a three year high school Varsity track runner beaten miserably by an overweight roommate in the mile run. 2/C year Midge truly came into his own. His own being a "give me a ticket red" VW Scirocco. This came with certain consequences, however, which manifested themselves at four week intervals throughout the year. Mike also truly amazed us with his Andretti impersonations. Some were less than appreciative and the reward was lectures on the niceties of safe driving for the company. 2/C year ended and Midge was off to Hawaii with Lynner for a fun-filled five week sub cruise With 2½ weeks in port qualifying seemed to take second place to power tanning. With sufficient color he returned to Annapolis to find that his only love had been towed and that 13 "happy campers" were ready to be indoctrinated by him into this fine service. With scary memories of hanging from light poles and visiting a certain Colonel, he entered 1/C year ready to room with his old plebe summer roommate, king of the rack monsters. We all know that Midge will never survive for long out of his native state and will not be content until he can drive his Ferrari home from work, relax in a hot tub, and watch the sunset over his favorite ocean

John C. Nixon
Nix
Plymouth, Minnesota
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power - Surface

John came to us from the great white north, the land of snow, the "Suburbs", snow, the Minapple (it still hasn't quite rippened into the Big Apple yet), snow . .

John did not come into plebe summer a raw recrute, NAPS saw to that. Over the first summer we realized what a sweat John really was. He had Reef Points memorized verbatum before he evan arrived. Through the spring of youngster year, John behaved as any true professional would, concentrating on academics and performance

With a change of roommates that spring the fun began. John saw how the other half lived, the non-academian, the very non-academian, and loved it. John being the go getter that he is, proved that where there is a will there is a way. He figured out how to maintain a 3.0 QPR and become a party animal.

Second class year kicked off with service selection wars, frisbee lessons, and "Operation Ring Dance". Through many battles John made it very clear that the lean green was not for him. There were very few things that John had to be taught while at U.S.N.A., but one of them was frisbee. Remember to use your hands to catch it! The ring dance turned out to be a success thanks to Ester, (the molester), Need I say more?

Finally first class year with never ending weekends, lots of girls, lots of beer, and much cheer, for all the hard work is finally paying off. You'll be a fine officer and I hope we can serve together again. Smooth sailing John

M.A.B.

Louis M. Papet, Jr.
Marty
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Intelligence

Marty began his college career at the Univ. of Miami, where he majored in tennis and sunbathing which, unfortunately, were not courses offered. His short enlistment as an EM was a "great" help to him in EE and assorted other technical courses at USNA. He amazed everyone with his innate ability to drop to a "D" in every "Numbers" final. After spending plebe summer with a banana in his ear, Marty drifted through the year by taking showers and instigating practical jokes. Marty's practical joke expertise was evident in cut shoelaces and shaving cream-shampoos for poor Skidder. Paybacks are a bitch, as Dart discovered during his First Class Year.

During spring break, Dart fell for his one true love, Sharyn, "the girl next door." It all happened because Marty lost his derriere to K. Miller. Sharyn rescued his best part with a letter, and a new love was born. The rest of the semester found Marty reading Sharyn's novels (letters) for the n'th time, or searching for those letters hidden by his roommates. "Did you look in the coffin of T-Court, Marty?"

Marty finally got an "all-bull" semester, managing a 3.6, which propelled him into Co. XO, where his writing, paperwork, and professional (???) abilities were an influence on all. Marty was quite the athlete (between self-proclaimed injuries.) He finally settled down with "The Bullit", a Sumo wrestler, who practices his "art" nightly on Marty. The Screams could be heard throughout Second Wing Marty will be remembered for the Ski Trips, his aroma, his dancing ability, "Point-Five" and the F-41. Good Luck to you and Sharyn in the Fleet.

LSR, SJP, & CSR

Sydney J. Pohl
Skidder
Maria Stein, Ohio
History
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The Skidder came to USNA from the rich farming country of Western Ohio determined to make a name in academics and athletics. Unfortunately, numerous trips to Bancroft Medical and Misery Hall precluded what might have been a promising track career. Instead, Skids focused his combined efforts on logging the most study hours of any member of the class of 85. His efforts were rewarded with a front row seat at graduation, Nuke Power School, and graduation with honors. Along the way, Skids made friends who offered their continous support in efforts such as sink clean up, contact lens removal, nose blowing, and floor mopping. Skids also demonstrated much gusto in the consumption of Peppermint Schnapps and Navy dinner wines. During Skid's four years at USNA he could be found in his room offering help to those less fortunate in academics, on the basketball courts, and running around yelling, "Where's Papet, I'm gonna kill him!" Lar was always there to council, instigate, and humor. We in company were fortunate when Skids turned down out of company stripes and spent his last semester with us. Your industriousnous, warm personality, belief in God, and consideration for your friends will serve you well as you proceed towards inevitable success Keep in touch, don't ever let up and remember that we will miss you and always treasure your friendship.

LMP & LSR

Robert L. Poitras
Rob
Canyon Country, California
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Rob came to USNA from sunny California-a fact that he never let us forget whenever the temperature dipped below 60. As a member of the Hotel California, he earned the title of the second most inconsiderate person in the world. Rob spent most of the time windsurfing and there was rarely a day when he couldn't be seen out on the Severn. Second semester second class year, Rob became President of the He-man Women Haters Club and he began his quest to drink Maryland dry. Who can forget his exploits during the 2nd class ski trip? With the acquisition of his Supra, Rob was freed from his earthly despairs by his ability to roam the east coast in pursuit of some honkin' wind and some killer surf to sail his custom board in. After learning his eyes were no longer 20/20 and after examining his visa bill, Rob decided that what he had always wanted to do was become a Nuke. Good luck and watch out for firemen.

MGS

John C. Pollak
JC
Upper Saddle River, New Jersey
Physical Science
Supply Corps

From none other than God's Country, JC wanted to get involved with all the experiences and programs that the Academy could offer. To start off, JC went for the Varsity baseball team whereby he compiled a blistering 6-1 pitching effort in his plebe year. Needless to say it was all for naught except for the letter sweater he acquired. During third class year, JC entered the "Franz Klammer" club of skiing. Here, JC kamakazied down Killington soon finding his left knee behind his head. The encouraging words of Dr. Cox, "We can rebuild it", soon found JC in a cast for what seemed to be and actually was eternity. But JC didn't mind, the cast brought many memorable moments; the Billy Idol concert and various sexual encounters. At any rate, with temptations of civilian colleges now behind him, JC decided that his second class year was the year to live it up. As a matter of fact, the Navy concurred with this idea and agreed to send JC to an all expense paid vacation to the exclusive resort of Bethesda. JC enjoyed the vacation but soon fell behind in the ole academics. First class year was not much different until JC was again asked by the Navy to take another adventureous vacation on board the *USS Blue Ridge*. For six grueling months in the WestPac, JC learned the technical aspects of chipping paint and sweeping decks. But it wasn't that bad, the geisha girls of the Orient really loved JC; plus they weren't all that expensive either. Whatever, JC is back in black with a severe hypertension problem. My heart bleeds for you JC. Before I close, I must mention JC's persistence to graduate from this fine institution. JC, the best of luck. You'll need it.

TMS

Ricardo A. Price
Bullseye
Norton, Ohio
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Rick was the mystery man of the company for his first two years at the Academy. Just before taps every Saturday Night, we would see Rick carry Craig Hrabel back to their room, but during the week his time was taken up by the Drum and Bugle Corps. When he wasn't watching out for Craig on weekends, no one knew where he disappeared to. His quiet demeanor and rare presence led us all to ask, "Who is Rick Price?" We soon found out.

With second class year Rick got a car and quit the D&B; Captain Connally appointed Rick second class company commander, and Rick appointed himself as the road trip and party officer. On the weekends for which he hadn't planned a party, Rick would head out in his flannel shirts and boots to collect "excessive noise" tickets and terrorize preppie Volvo drivers (Rick had a natural antipathy toward preppies.) At this time, Rick's life could be titled "Portrait of a Redneck"

As much as Rick loves massive cars and Pabst Blue Ribbon, his greatest love is flying. His nickname is Bullseye because of the demonic gleam he gets in his eye whenever Syrians and napalm are mentioned in the same sentence. Rick would always say that he didn't want to get emotionally involved with any woman because a woman might take his mind off flying. Then on February 4, 1984, Bullseye met Janice

Within two weeks Rick was hopelessly in love and a changed man. Not to say he has given up his love of big V-8's, beer, or flying. His informal picture captures the essence of the new Rick, that of "neo-redneck". But Jan has had to make some adjustments too. For example, she can now identify a 757 at 25,000 feet. Jan, you're getting a good man. And Navy Air is getting the best aero. in the class of 1985. Luckily, jets will run on diesel fuel.

GLB

Christopher S. Reynolds
Cridder
Greene, Maine
English
Naval Aviation

Cridder ventured from Greene to USNA in pursuit of multi-stripes, multi-female companionship, and multi-fun. The "Cubscout" and the "Bug" stood in the way of 2 out of 3 of these goals. Cridder found that both academics and athletics came easily to him at the Academy. He decided on B.S.'ing his way through an English major rather than number crunching his way through Mech E although adept at both. Cridder also had difficulty deciding on an athletic event in which to excel. Deciding against a position on the varsity swim team, Chris first earned a spot on the J.V. Squash Team and later appeared headed towards a position as skipper of one of the Academy's sailboats, when he met the "Bug". Upon realizing that there was "somethin 'bout that girl", Chris dropped all extracurricular pursuits and took up semi-permanent residence at 843 Long Cove Rd. in Pasadena, Md. Neither past female aquaintances, nor the Prelude could sidetrack him from an inevitable June 8 walk down the aisle with his "Joy Bug". Never forget Brad & Jackie, eating Halloween candy on the Severn, reminiscing at the Emporium, the Ramshead, Debbie's John Beluchi imitation, the Bird, the Skidder, Gadoo, Larbear, the Bullit, or M.G.— your antagonistic opponent. Take care of Joy, have a ball in P-Cola, and keep in touch as all good friends should.

DART

Phillip P. Richmond
Phill
Lexington, Kentucky
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Phill came to the "Boy's School on the Severn" after finishing a three year tour of the Navy's school commands which he concluded at the USNA Prep school. Thanks to Lacrosse star Scott Bartkowski and Ed Carrol (sailor extraordinaire!??) Phill had a very challenging and eventful plebe year. Somehow Phil managed to not only survive those two, but also three years of the infamous Capt. Connally (USMC). He quickly learned many important leadership qualities from the Capt. . . including how to effectively use red indelible ink pens to correct dirty hat problems. First class cruise sent Phill back to the underworld for a final tour of his old warfare community the sub force. First class year academics became a breeze for him and his grade point took great upward strides. As for the rest of First class year, it was only a matter of counting down the days for Phill to reach his lifelong dream: a USNA graduation-what a glorious occasion. Phill will certainly take great pride in entering the officer ranks as a proud "mustang." Look out surface line (and the far East), here comes an excellent officer and a super guy.

Lawrence S. Roberts
Lar
Anna, Illinois
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Larry came to USNA via Anna as a football recruit who expected to fly home on weekends and attend parties at night. His education came on I-Day, when he found out otherwise and considered returning home to attend Southern Illinois. Instead he stuck with it and aspired to become a mechanical engineer. A tough decision came during youngster year when Lar chose to quit football to concentrate on his studies. The "Rocket" and "Wild" Bill lended considerable advice to Larry during his decision making process. Larry had to settle for quarterbacking the Forth Batt. to a football championship. Within the company Larry entertained himself playing the role of instigator between Skids and "M". Unfortunately, his antics included disasters involving Lou Brock, Calvert Hall, and Koala Bear mugs. His weekend liberty was limited by the same Rocket and Wild Bill who had provided advice on so many other occasions. First Class summer saw Lar as a Submariner in Hawaii and on Plebe Detail at USNA; Skids accompanied him during that summer which saw the arrival of the "626." As a firstie, Lar survived "Beth from Baltimore," which found him volunteering for many an "ICOR" Watch. The last semester found Lar turned into a "Big Dog" as he wrapped up his Mech. E. degree and Nuke Power selection. We'll always know Larry as a hard-worker who will soon "master" the Fleet.
GOOD LUCK, COACH!

SJP & LMP

Joel P. Royal
Yo
Seattle, Washington
Physical Science
Special Operations

Scuba, Karate, Judo, VTNA, Basketball, Weight Room, Prestigious Chapel Dome Climber

Joel's one dream in life was to be a Navy Seal. He continually trained for his selected profession by ingesting indigenous June-bugs, flies, and fish. (Usually still alive!) He is also the only person I know who ordered a crossbow so that he could hunt yard squirrels in silence. Of course all of us know that if Joel becomes a Seal, we are in deep trouble. Halfway through youngster year, Joel still didn't know which direction the Mid-store was from 2nd wing, and as a firsty, he still confused the engine temperature guage with the gas guage. He proved his directional ability as a plebe though, when he successfully found the top of the Chapel Dome Spire with a Dixy Cup. Joel was also very artistic. When a pair of coroframs became unservicable, Joel poked a hole in them, filled them with dirt, and planted some small trees in them. Overall, Joel enjoyed his career at the Naval Academy. He had that survivalist attitude that most of us took years to acquire properly. ie, "You rate what you get away with, and what you don't get away with . . . oh well!" Joel loved the outdoors and took every opportunity to go hiking or camping. All jokes aside, Joel is a crazy and daring person who enjoys having a good time, but knows when to be professional and always rises to the occasion. I am lucky to have had him for a roommate for the past five years at both prep school and here. Go for it Bud!

Patricio J. Salgado
Pat
Quito, Ecuador
Systems Engineering
Armada del Ecuador.

Pat came to the U.S. Naval Academy from the warm southern latitudes of South America, after spending two years at the Ecuadorian Escuela Naval. His chief desire in life was to excel, and excel he did. He chose systems eng. so that he could develop (and run) the "new" Ecuadorian Navy. He managed to overcome the cultural barrier during his plebe year, despite many mispronunciations and no football knowledge. A "gringo" roommate from Maine was the cause of much torment for Pat. There were constant jokes about "nest gear" and "llama riding". There were few nights which passed without Pat receiving numerous hard pokes to the ribs. I often wonder how he will sleep at night without a sore side.

During the summer before his first class year, Pat met the love of his life. Tiky (M. Elena). Tiky managed to tame the wild Ecuadorian, how we may never know. But what is certain is that from that time forth, Pat could always be found composing a long love letter to his lady, and if he wasn't writing, he was reading what resembled an air-mail novel from Tiky.

Mucha Suerte in the future as a Naval Officer in the Ecuadorian Navy, Pat. You will always be remembered.

C.R.

The last two years will be remembered with long hours at the library, endless hours in Maury Hall labs with his clueless Salvadorean friend, cruising in the "Porshe" through the "most important city in the world", Rum and coke with diplomatic entities and . . si, si senor Salgado: President of the Spanish Club. Well P.J. good luck in Ecuador, remember Liliana, abusadora and paradais El Salvador. You are a great friend.

J.A.A.

Timothy M. Schoenborn
Bigness
Burlington, New Jersey
General Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

Tim comes to us from the "Badlands." He started this ordeal off with a hernia. Not a bad start. Everyone consoled him about the unfortunate incident. His Football career ended early due to Nap, but an optimistic view of uncharted frontiers in Track prevailed. He set new land speed records in Intramurals and later earned his letter in Track.

All the while Tim never missed a night at the library. Tim seems to enjoy studying or had something going that nobody knew about. There is one thing we knew Tim was not studying for-THE PCR'S. Performance on the PCR youngster year brought some fun chats with $C^2$ and the Board of Inquiry. Except for one notable incident driving to the 7-II and being spotted, Tim kept a clean conduct record

After playing the field, frequenting G-Town losing control of Mr. Visa and stomach muscles, Tim decided to settle down some. Tim is now concentrating on his girlfreind and finding the SOP for tractor operations. Tim is planning to get stationed near Philly. You'll do fine, but watch out for those waves-they'll get you every time. Tim has probably been the influence in our lives. He works hard and plays even harder. Good Luck and hope rush hour traffic isn't too hard to handle

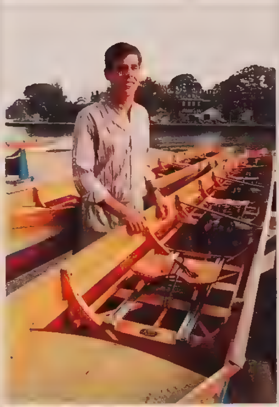
JCP

Michael G. Smith
Mike
Severna Park, Maryland
Physics
Surface Warfare

The Amazing Smitty

Being from New Jersey, Mike was a natural for the Naval Academy (¼ of all midshipmen are from Jersey, right? What exit!). He was immediately the butt of most every Jersey joke. He will always be known for his humor. Wasn't it one joke every meal delivered in his own deadpan style Then Mike found the rack and a legend was born. He slept his way through plebe year being interrupted only by come-arounds with MR. ROSSANO. Youngster year brought out a new dimension to Smitty. Sure the rack was still important, but so were backflips in the wardroom, on Saturday nights, after more than a few beers. During the week you were lucky if you could get 3 words out of him. But on Saturday nights he would come up with such profound statements as "I'm feeling like a carrot!" Soon his backflips in the wardroom became part of his nightly rack ritual of running full speed down the hall, jumping on the desk as a springboard, and landing on his rack already asleep. Second class year and many Z's later Mike still rarely cracked a book. He was a regular member of the Beeksteak Charlies club in the drunk midshipmen basement on Saturdays. First class year brought a YP cruise, Susan, and membership with Midge in Club Scirrocco. Smitty's Surprise Birthday Party was one of his better moments with an introduction to tequila and his executioner style cake cutting (the dining room table did survive). Mike truly will graduate with the most hours spent in the rack. Smitty was told that he was a natural born surface liner so he will be haze gray and underway Best wishes, good luck, and try not to fall asleep with the conn

RP



Douglas Volgenau, Jr.
Herman
Ledyard, Connecticut
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Being a military brat, "Biiigg Doug . . ." thought he had it wired. Canoe U, however, had different designs on his person. 08 Co. Plebe Indoc. quickly snapped him to.

The only things that kept Doug sane during the *rough times* were heavyweight crew, which he participated in for all his years at the academy—lettering for the first time in his junior year—and living with Terry "Garbo" Garbuzinski for six straight semesters—surviving those HORRID feet. At the boathouse, Doug was officially knighted "Herman" by the EGFish of '85

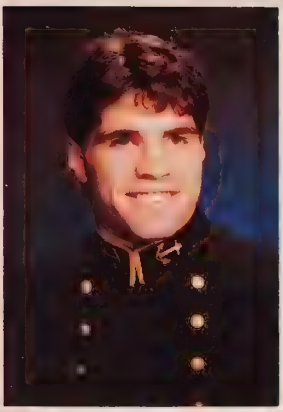
Herm had a rough time with both academics and the system, resulting in his transfer to the "doubleduce" group after a close call with the axe-board at the conclusion of his junior year. With a clean slate; in new surroundings Doug began to excel. The first semester of his first-class year, saw Doug turn his life around; culminating in his graduation and his entrance into the surface navy

Riki G. Young
Bullit
Williamsburg, Virginia
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

The "Bullit" came to USNA via Williamsburg, Va. in the footsteps of his father (class of '49). While at the Academy, he concentrated on becoming the biggest, proudest, and bulkiest Mid in 22nd Co. Never one to turn down a challenge to personal combat, "Sumo" was the undefeated wrestling king of 22. "Bullit" even managed to intimidate the bugs and rodents in the company, as he used his "pyro" instincts to toast all that dared to cross his path. Despite numerous hours in the wardroom watching the likes of Conan, Captain Kirk, Luke Skywalker, and the Beast Slayer, "Bullit" managed to have the highest grades in the company. His high grades would probably have spelled mega-stripes were it not for the "Cubscout" and his position as 2/c Demo. King. Always the sportsman, "Bullit" could have excelled on either the golf, pistol, or rifle teams. He chose instead to spend his weekends with Dianne going to the movies, munching on pasta, bulking up, and putting mileage on his 280-Z. P-Cola should suit you well Riki. You and Dianne be sure to take care and to keep in touch. We'll miss you and always be better for having known you. And "Dats Gooooood!"

Porky

# Twenty-Third Company



Kevin A. Bianchi
Block
Maplewood, New Jersey
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

IT CAME FROM NEW JERSEY EXIT 11 . . . THE BLOCK . . . I ask you, how many people do *you* know whose shoulder width is greater than their actual height? A square peg in a round world. A success at just about everything he sets his mind to, Bianx was a definite failure as a smuggler within these hallowed halls. A Bacardi bottle and restriction notice attest to that!

Model Midshipman? . . . to quote a famed company officer, "I wouldn't trust this Midshipman as far as I can throw him." That really tells you something when you consider the Q's upper body strength. More than a dedicated student, this man passed through a four year university education using second-hand books the entire time. "Frugal" was the exact word he used, I think.

Wrestling captain because he deserved it . . . First Lieutenant by default . . . Navy Pilot just like big brothers.

Good Luck Square Man, the pleasure has been mine.

-Duff

Shaun P. Callahan
Mr. Pep
Baltimore, Maryland
Economics
Supply Corps

Battling back from a tough bout with the honor concept during the spring of his plebe year, the future Mr. Pep's energy and enthusiasm as well as his genuine love of athletic conquest earned him a prized spot on the Academy's nascent Croquet Team. Despite his stellar, heroic play, however, they lost in a grueling twenty minute marathon.

Fall of '83 rolled around and with it came the Croquet Club presidency and the desire to do something about the boil on the butt of Navy spirit. With the ever-present Kinsey Foster at his side (she's sort of the girl next door to the girl next door), our hero Shaun became legendary in Feb '84 for being the organizer and host of THE PARTY — it is still talked about in locker rooms and truck stops across Middle America. In May, the revamped Croquet Team brilliantly recovered from the previous year's loss and lost again.

Fall of '84 and Shaun became Mr. Pep. This quote from Jack Kerouac's Bible of the Beat generation, *On The Road,* describes Shaun as Mr. Pep better than I ever could: ". . . burn, burn, burn like fabulous yellow roman candles exploding like spiders across the stars and in the middle you see the blue centerlight pop and everybody goes 'Awww!'"

Shaun, take care of yourself. I love you like a brother. Or at least like a burrito.

POOR

Jeffery R. Clapp
Clapper
Toledo, Ohio
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

"You'll get nothing . . . and like it."
-The Clapper

You know how some people are born to do great things? Like George Washington and FDR. Jeff was one of those kind of people, he was one of destiny's chosen few. You see, Clapper was destined for 23rd Company. A demented, disturbed, sociopath . . . just like the rest of us.

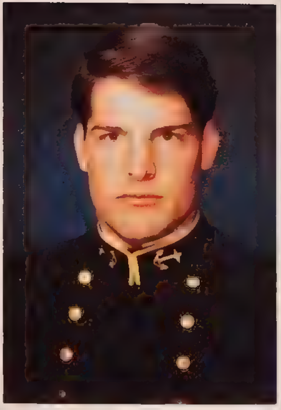
Jeff came to the asylum via Ninth Company and a more than slightly perturbed upperclassman. Some disagreement on Smoking and No-Smoking areas. Early on in his stay, Mr. Nocturnal took it upon himself to corrupt the company's most sturdy pillar of faith. It took about three days for him to scar a young man for life.

The Brigade's foremost expert on white works. Also the number one tour guide when it felt like a Flight Lite Night. When Webster put *Obnoxious* in the dictionary, he used the Clappman as a synonym.

A hook shot that cannot be stopped. The "Q" once said ". . . spends all his energy figuring out ways to T-off his profs."; maybe that's why he slept so much during the day!

To my good friends . . . this is all you get, so like it.

—Duff



David M. Commons
Dave
Orange Park, Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Dave, a hotshot Wrestler and burned out surf bum hailing from Jacksonville decided early on in life to keep the Navy tradition going in his family, striving for excellence both in school and on the mat. Upon application to USNA, they took one look at his SAT scores and decided that they had better sneak him in and recruit him. Although Dave desired to be an Aero major in High School, he got scared of the "tough" course load and bagged out into Mech E and never let us forget it. His study habits amazed his peers; all play, no work, and good grades to spite his profs and successfully complete his discipline. He was blessed with rugged good looks and put a pair of Ray Bans on him and you would bet he was Tom Cruz. Unable to keep up w/ all the women in his life that never let him alone, he devised an effective method for dealing w/ the low priority ladies: "Huh, Karen who? Ahh, I'll call her later." He was a lover of fine music & winner of the Bonn Scott sound alike contest for 4 years straight. Dave was never afraid to play his music for anyone who wanted to hear it, and many others who didn't, no matter how late. Destined for the front seat of whatever jet chicks dig, there is no way early old-manitis will keep him down. God Bless the poor NFO who gets stuck behind you. We know he'll be scared back there without a bottle, but we know he'll be safe. Good Luck & keep in touch although we both know you're too lazy to. You've been an experience to live with and a great friend.

LTL

David P. Elmer III
Elmo
East Aurora, New York
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Fud's from snowy Buffalo, N.Y. An ex-ski-instructor, All-American prep football player, All-American H.S. athlete, swimmer, and tennis player. Blems was practically a household name for his almost uncanny athletic ability. At Navy he took up a new sport, however, Varsity Excuse Squad. No one could possibly have had more bone chips, more ripped tendons, or had more operations than Elmo. In 3½ years, whitey had worn wuba less than his plebes.

Aside from injury syndrome (especially crutching to class with casts on both feet), Belmo had a magical ability to get away with things. He could simply tell if he was going to get caught. Swimming in the fountain one summer nite with beer in hand caught up with him however. Of course he didn't get caught just turned in, explaining that the punishment was the same it didn't make any difference to him-he didn't get caught. Black N #1.

Don't forget late arrivals. Belmer was a master at using time wisely. While others would prepare 10-15 minutes for formation, he knew better. He'd be sleepin'. He could amaze people by showering, dressing, and being in formation in less than a minute. It's ironic that Fud was the last of his classmates to be fried plebe year. He must've felt guilty and made up for it. Fud would do anything for you.

Elmo was also known to hold his liquor, or at least the bottles. One weekend, U. of M. students found him doing just that-rolling in the parking lot outside Byrd with only his pants, an empty bottle of Jack in one hand, and Bacardi in the other. They rescued him and got him back the next day with a minute to spare. Funny he got away with that one He knocked down 3 1/C sprinting bare feet and bare chested to his room. By the way Fud, Maryland lost 28-14!

Seriously, Fud's an original. There will never be another like him. He'd do anything for a friend and a friend anything for him. Take it easy, Davey!

FCP

Edward P. Francis
Dude
Chicago, Illinois
Mechanical Engineering
Supply Corps

Eddie, alias "The Dude", came to the Academy to prepare for a life filled with love, fame, and money (especially the money). Coming to Annapolis with a "supply corps guarantee", Eddie knew his destiny was far too great for standing midwatches or running in the mud—instead, he prepared to become Chairman of the Board before age 30. All this doesn't mean that four years with Ed was dull; on the contrary, it was anything but dull . . .

Although Eddie tried to play the hard working professional during the week, on weekends he set records for wild partying. It seemed that somehow every girl he met fell in love with our Chicago friend. Needless to say, Dude soon tired of life as the object of the area's largest high-school fan club, and he settled down somewhat for his final years at USNA.

Deciding that his career was already at its peak, the Streetfighter used his career enhancement loan to become half-owner of the Severn's fastest and sleekest Navy operated speedboat. *Ladies Choice* provided a summer filled with endless sunning, swimming, and water skiing, and the only thing that could slow the boat and the good times was an occasional crabpot waiting for innocent boats to come by

Eddie, everyone wishes you luck in your future life and career. We all share in your dreams, and hope all your ventures are successful. If you aren't a millionaire when you finish, it won't be due to a lack of daring or ambition.

John A. Hefti
Heff
Arlington, Virginia
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

I should probably start this like all typical midshipmen do and say "John always had a line of beautiful women waiting for him on the weekends." And I would do that but it would be a lie. Anyway, the girls were always waiting in line for me if the truth were known

I've lived with him almost four years and I still have all kinds of questions . . . Where did a quarterback learn to catch the ball like that? . . . What really happened on that floating den of iniquity? . . Did Casey say she missed Roy? . . . Is your right cross really as devastating as that guy says? Don't you wish you had as much rhythm as I do? . . . . Questions, questions

Don't get me wrong, we all liked Hef. But most of us were friendly to him just to get to Carolee's brownies. "Hey, uh . . . can I have a ride to the airport?" Truth hurts. Cool it, Noise unless you want to go in the hole.

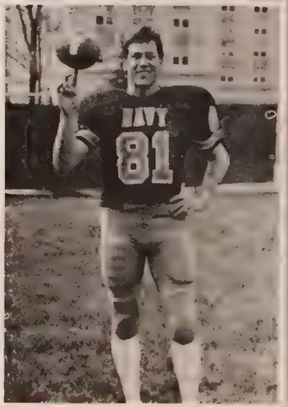
Boss, that'll do it. On a serious note, thanks for being the brother I never had

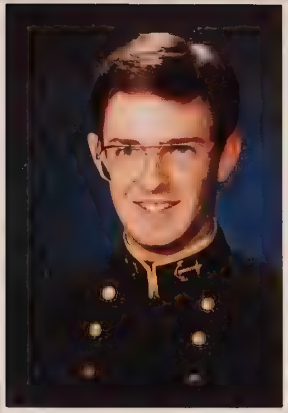
Navy Air . . . I'd never have guessed!

-Duff

Kenneth A. Heine
S
Richmond, Virginia
English
Surface Warfare

"What me worry!"





Robert F. Johnson
Bobby Danger
Sturgis, South Dakota
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Bob Johnson's stay at USNA is a medical case study in disease . . . a disease called the Clapp . . . a disease which for 2 years ate away at the very moral fiber of this human being

A foundation of Navigator Rallies and wholesome D&B excursions could not save BAAAAB from the depravity he was exposed to. I noticed the change when he started renting out paper bags and spaces on his blotter. "Yes, even you can be a big star." Then came the sordid affair with Pia Zadora, and then that messy episode with Charo. Such a zany funster! OOkay!

Live in Concert . . . it's BOBBY DANGER! "Venus, ga-ddess of love that you are." What do you mean this hair wax isn't water soluble?! "Love, exciting and new . . . come aboard, we're expecting you!"

Early on, Bob displayed a distinct taste for cinnamon rolls and exotic Tiki punch. But these things pass as does post nasal drip. Bob gave up snow football for the Skipjacks and welder/coach Gene Ubriaco. I blame it on too many late-night SLAPSHOT's

What are you doing Bob? Studying. Oh, I'll never get Nuke. Dear Admiral McKee, about my grades. Hey bartender, just put this on Robert Johnson's tab.

Bob, you're a good friend and I'll miss you. So I leave you with the highest compliment I know . "You're such a guy!"

- Duff

Jeffrey J. Kindschuh
Kruncher
West Point, Nebraska
History
Naval Aviation

Someone should have told the Brigade Social Affairs Committee, it should have been marked on eveyrone's Trident Calender, Mrs. Baysinger should have been notified . . . but NOO! As hard as it is to believe, we've been in school for four long years and only a select few have been privy to the biggest social event open to squid types . . . A SHOEDAD SAUSAGE PARTY! Nothing like a slab of Wormer's and a hunk of cheese sent from the Nebraskan flatlands.

Good ol' Harry Husker could always be counted on to give the Cornhusker football team his fullest support . . . at least until the day after New Year's, then it was the *Miami Hurricanes until the next September (*INSERT ANY TEAM OSBORNE'S BOYS LOST TO) A man with no nerves in his face, but always a smile.

A horse lover, if they're winning races; May finds Krunch at Pimlico for the true atmosphere of the Kentucky Derby . . . not so much for the horses as for those Mint Juleps.

One *hell* of an EE lab partner . . . Bah! But then, I didn't fail DeBlois' class by *that much* -you must be smart, just on my ignorance we could've both failed! An avowed celibate . . . except for a fling . . . with a Chapel Hill Thing.

Surface Line, no; Nuke, no;
Navy Air and the Nebraska Kruncher
Navy Blue Sky Ahead Shoedad,
You "Flounderer"

-Duff

Lesley T. Lascari
Les
Pine Brook, New Jersey
Mathematics
Surface Line

It came to Les during his senior year of High School that it was time to leave his wonderful homeland, New Jersey. Choosing the lesser of two evils, he decided to come to USNA rather than stay in the land of toxic waste, and acid rain. Les had a misguided year as a plebe, but realized his mistakes and joined the slack 10%, and has been there ever since. After a one year layoff from the social scene, due to a "fling with a thing," Les vowed to remain open to all takers as long as possible. This has worked out quite well for him, for there seems to be a never ending list of sweethearts in his little black book. Les is a true Rock 'n Roller, and really thinks that Bruce Springsteen is the Boss. How many times did some Officer come into the room only to hear Les yell, "I can't hear you, the stereo is too loud,"? Les was never a slave to fashion and could use a wardrobe of Geranimals, from J.C. Penny's. He is probably best known around the Brigade as the guy with the orange, high top, Chucks with zippers. He is improving though. The other day he actually wore a Zebra and a Horse. His descision to go Surface Line was made by his eyes, 20-2000! O.K., read the top letter on the chart— What chart? 23rd Company was glad to have Les as a member because his grades were the only thing that kept us above 2.00. Good luck and try not to hit anything too big.

D.M.C.

Laurence A. Marsh
Harold
Tom's River, New Jersey
History
U.S. Marine Corps-Aviation

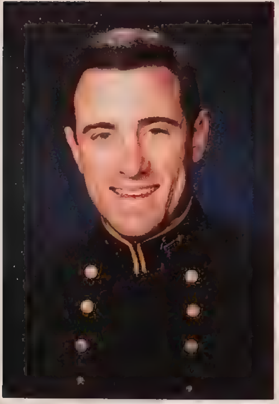
Larry came to Annapolis from the sunny shores of Tom's River, New Jersey (God's country) sporting an awesome tan. During plebe summer some of us asked for lobster but Harold asked for "something that wasn't on the table." Plebe year we heard the sounds of "usssh" and cough-slurp; I am not an animal." Youngster year included participation on the 4-1 tag-team wrestling squad. Who used that mirror anyway? The company dining in that year lasted for a couple of days. Second class year found Larry skiing down the slopes of the Poconos, helping Knaver go swimming in the Pacific Ocean and visiting an expensive flashdance nightclub. Visiting Gold's Gym in California turned out to be an interesting way to meet the Mexican population. First class year brought an auto/tank - beware of falling trees - marine option cruise - pistol detail. Throughout his years at the Academy Larry ran for Navy track. If he wasn't running he was staving off ever creeping ectomorphia in the weightroom. Academics was something Larry excelled at even if he was a non-engineer. If the Marines are looking for a few good men they found one in Larry Marsh Best of luck to a good friend.

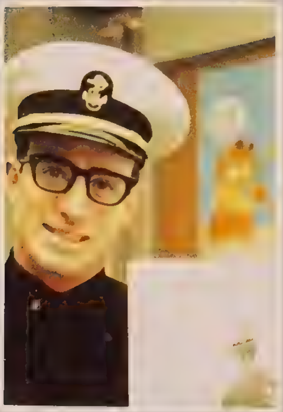
PFM

David M. McDuffie
Duff
Raleigh, North Carolina
History
Surface Warfare

"I don't know, I liked the guy alright"

-Duff





Paul F. McHale
Big Mac
Turnersville, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Paul McHale comes from a small town in New Jersey which, remarkably, is not near an exit. Paul came here after a year at Rensselaer Polytechnic Institute. That was his second mistake. His first was going to RPI in the first place. Plebe Summer was rigorous but Paul found security in his candy-cane stripped security blanket. Despite the blanket, Paul was constantly "dropping the Ball" and asking "What about John Paul Jones, sir?" The Mechanical Engineering Department found a new victim but Paul would interrupt his studies to participate in the Saturday Night Underwear Fights and Mirror Breaking Contest. The dining-in third class year was a religious experience of fervent group prayer to the porcelain facilities.

Second class year found Paul enjoying the Army-Navy game in Pasadena as he introduced himself to the native Mexican population and spent his nights in "expensive flashdance nightclubs." Paul suddenly realized the health problems posed by ever-creeping ectomorphia and undertook a weight program which involved turning the stereo up and having his roommate stand watch. As a result, Paul became bulky without conduct action.

First class year found Paul enjoying the USNA Country Club where golf became a practical application of Mech E. Paul got what he wanted from a school, a Firebird S/E and nuke power. Paul has been a good friend and will be missed by a certain IP.

LAM

Gregory A. Miller
Wee Wee
Big Flats, New York
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

The book says, "To prepare midshipmen mentally, morally, and physically to be professional officers in the Naval Service." If Weasel had read that, he might have ended up at Hopkins or Cornell. But Greg never got past the page in the catalogue with the lacrosse pictures on it.

Don't get me wrong. Wee's not the single-minded type, he's always had the future in focus . . . only Wee's future doesn't commence with graduation, his starts five years down the line-Surface Line that is. Business School second only to an MBA from Harvard . . . a CLOSE second though.

A perspective Wires prof once wrote "That this midshipman has advanced this far at the Academy indicates the extent of deterioration that our system has undergone." The Kegger could always impress the right people. Such a guy, always raising PJ's hopes of an Ac Board by going into finals with a 1.5 . . . only to pull out a 2.000001. Victory from the jaws of defeat.

It's been a good four, Wee Wee . . . hope the next five are better and faster!!!!!

-Duff

Kegger opted to survive 4 years of pay and adventure at USNA instead of struggling through UVA or Maryland on a lax scholarship. Asides from his incredible luck, (He never lost a draw for a room, watch, or cruise), the Weasel was indeed adept at performing the barest of minimums.

Although Wee Wee always noticably absent when trouble came about, he was always there to help when anyone needed him. Chuck and Rae had some great tailgaters and always made us feel welcome at their home.

Without Kim, he never would have made it past Plebe Summer . . . As hard as it is to admit, Wee, you're the best of friends and we will always be together no matter where our lives end up!!!

*XXXOOO* Loescher

Steven G. Nelson
Nellie
Huntington, Utah
Aerospace Engineering
Special Warfare

Steve came to USNA after a visit to Naps. He lives in a thriving metropolis known as B.F.U., and he came to us as a senior class president, straight as an arrow.

Steve & I began rooming together after 1st semester 4/c year and we have gone through many long days . . . we've also went through a few roommates. Remember the "Head" during finals? Remember his plants, pins, needles, and hole puncher?

3/c year did come and go. So did Nells' innocence! Mrs. Nelson, Steve isn't an alcoholic, I guess he is just a "ladies" man, at least that is what a certain Army Lt. says. It couldn't have been the beer . . . could it?

2/c class year and a certain blinddate in a jacuzzi wasn't bad either . . . you could have gotten rid of the bathing suit!!!

The Nell & I became AIRBORNE gold-wingers in the fall of 84 and we started looking towards the future. TBS, flight school and even a place for Nell to live- Yuros' basement, but 1/c cruise came and so did MAJOR problems. Hawaii wasn't what it was supposed to be, except for that blond that wanted to meat Gunther! Well our plans fell through, my roomie who was to fly in The Corps was going Special Warfare, Seals . . WOW!!!!— 1/c year came to us and Nell became Ass. Brig. Ops . . Tough job! All I know is that Steve lived to sleep and swim. He was sick of school, he wanted out. Well dude it is almost over! There isn;t much i can say . . you've become my best friend. I know that you will do well but I'd be remiss if I didn't say GOOD LUCK. Keep in touch buddy . . . even though it does not fit the situation, it almost did . . .

SEMPER FI . . .

Yuro

MARYLAND
85 USNA

Maynard S. Osborne
Ozzie
Severna Park, Maryland
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Scott was one of Twenty-three's elite "three stripers" when we first met him; the position was all the more special considering that he was only a plebe. He used the liberty to the maximum, keeping himself the company's most elusive member. Throughout his years on the Severn, the only information more confidential than Ozzie's whereabouts was the name of his latest girlfriend.

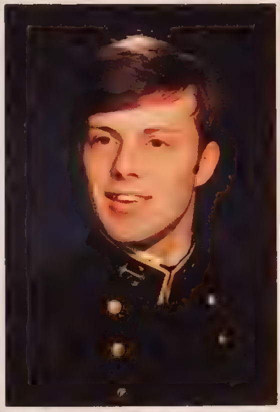
When Scott wasn't using his "special" liberty around town, he spent his free time exploring potential nightspots around campus. It took only a short time for Ozz to become an expert tour guide for his seemingly endless female companions.

Everyone wishes Scott the best of luck in the future, especially in his search for a ship which never has to leave its home port (he promises he'll be satisfied with Hawaii.) We are sure Ozzie will always remain a true friend, both inside and outside the Navy.

Edward F. Pogue
Pog-U
Crofton, Maryland
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Eddie came to the Academy by accident—he was actually just on his way to the beach and got off at the wrong exit. Honestly though, Eddie started off his career as an E-1, but then he decided that he wanted to command a sub instead of cleaning one. This was Ed's first mistake—the second was wanting to major in EE. Somehow Ed just doesn't look like an EE major, but then again nobody can figure out what Eddie does look like. Anyway, he is probably the only EE major who never stayed up past 12 PM doing homework. For excitement Ed had a table of priorities: 1) Beer, 2) Beer, and 3) Beer. Somewhere down the list came women, who for some reason had a fascination for Ed's tactless manner. Some guys get lucky—Ed must have had God on his side: how else does a guy end up with not one but two Ring Dance dates? When Eddie wasn't busy with EE, beer or girls, he was actively trying to degenerate one of his many roommates. Congratulations Ed—you succeeded (I still owe you for getting me killed-in-action during Youngster year!). Anyway Eddie, take care and I'll see you in the fleet—even if you did go into the wrong branch. Never forget one special phrase: "To bread, may it always be toasted".

Psycho '85

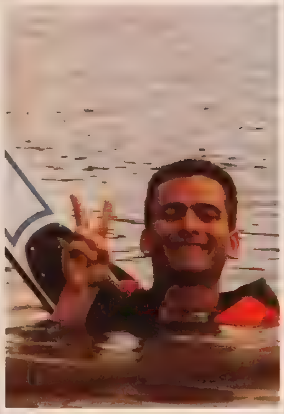


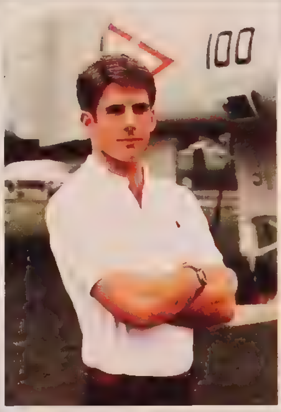
Frank C. Proctor
Crank
Riverdale, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

After two consectutive no-hitters and a high tech education from the infamous Eleanor Roosevelt, Frank was high geared for a prolific career at USNA. His professional enthusiasm was short lived, however, and finally ended second semester Plebe year when he found himself lodged with the three arch-criminals Block, Wee-wee, and Loesher . . . it was all down hill from there. His habit of memorizing rates from note cards in the ceiling and practicing chow calls amidst fervent brushing off were quickly curtailed. As a full-fledged founding member of cell-block 4016, Frank led the way in organizing the party that represented the plebe's boycott of the upperclass dining-in. That in itself was not enough, however, as Frank wanted to see if he could make it back in civilian clothes ("I didn't hear you say stop, sir!") and in doing so gave the entire class the gift of over a hundred days restriction. Plebe year ended and so did Frankies baseball career, so he turned his energies to other activities.

Youngster and second class year saw Frank continue in his devious ways, ubiquitiously replete with abundant restriction and room tours. Frank almost bit off more than he could chew second class year, however, when he auditioned for Smokey and the Bandit Part IV. It seems he decided to make a break for it in his new Fiat from the restraints of the Anne Arundel police. Numerous room tours, days of restriction, demerits, and one court date later, Frank came to the profound conclusion that "Getting in trouble is directly proportional to no liberty". So off he went to join Q's nuke club, and *33* port days in P.I. later (nice picture, Frank) Admiral McKee liked what he saw and Frank became an official, $3,000 dollar richer, Q club member.

The time together was indeed short, Frank, but it could not have been better. The nukes need an officer like you, and I genuinely hope that you will be able to give and take from the Navy everything that I know is out there waiting for you. Your partner in crime, The early Grad of cell-block 4016.





Steve L. Rauch
Ranch
San Diego, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Steve came to the Naval Academy from some school in San Diego that closely resembles Ridgemont High. He spent most of his time on the beach or in a pool. Being a Navy brat, it was only natural for Steve to come to this famed institution. Being an NFO in an F-14 isn't good enough for Ranch. Steve has his sights set on the Space Shuttle one of these days. Naturally, being a fly-boy would entice him into going Aero. But no problem for Ranch, he validated so many courses that he hasn't had more than 15 hours since Plebe year, well close anyway. In fact, Ranch got so bored with sleeping in class all the time that he went out and got engaged. If I had known he was so desperate, I would have let him do my homework, or at least some of it. Needless to say, with three stripes, a fiancee' and no work, we never see much of Steve around the Academy. Ranch will be remembered at the Academy for his beer-infested brain sessions at Dahlgren and for the fact that he is the only person I know that swims faster than he runs; I'm sure he's half fish. He led Battalion Swimming and Water Polo to four great seasons each. I'm sure that Ranch will do well in Pensacola; that is if they don't kick him out for sleeping all the time. Try to remember all us earthier folk when you're flying high and famous. When I read about you in the paper I'll be able to say "Hey, I know that dude!" Thanks for your friendship and good luck

SGN

Keith A. Reimer
Beave
Bristol, Tennessee
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Keith came to us from the backwoods of Tennessee only to find out that the Confederate flag did not fly over the nation's capital. For this good ole boy used to the ways of the South, the discovery that Northern girls do more than flirt was only the beginning. In no time at all, Keith mastered the art of scheduling three dates into a two-day weekend

Keith has the dubious honor of being the only midshipman to get authorized holidays to sleep off a hangover. As the story goes, after a hard night of drinking in Georgetown, our local alcoholic drinks a fifth of "old #7" as a nightcap. The next morning Beave was rushed to the hospital for appendixitis, only to find out in the nick of time that all he needed was a few days rest.

When Keith found he'd be spending the summer in Annapolis for pistol detail, he decided what was needed was a girl to entertain him during his free time. So, on a Friday the 13th under a full moon, our world lover ended a summer of superficial relationships to move in with the love of his life. Although commuting to pistol detail cost him more in gas, he claims the showers saved on the waterbill.

Keith, keep taking those showers and good luck in whatever you do. (who would have believed it would be the Marines?) Just remember, we love you, and you'll always be our buddy.

Beave

Greg S. Sladcik
Dog
Homewood, Illinois
Aerospace Engineering
Surface Warfare

Greg was allowed to come to USNA by a judge who was about to send him to another correctional institution. He got off to a great start that summer by chopping into his room backwards (at least he knew then what direction he was to head in). Plebe year was an eventual one of drinking and restricting for Greg, but the real fun began sophmore summer when his eyes went bad and he met Natalie. Youngster year brought us the Q and Dog became Cujo. It was obviously the year of destruction as clocks, beds, glasses, and windows can attest to. Greg even tried to paint the Q's desk red, but it was nothing a little masking tape couldn't fix! Things were bound to pick up, but not second class summer. Pensacola was the setting for the one man inebriated parking lot assault. This brought much wrath down upon him and a Black N sweater. Upon return to school he entered the brotherhood of NASAP and began the non-semester and the dry year. Army in Pasadena gave us Gold's Gym-woahh! Wham! Oh well, just another beaner in a beater! Senior year brought a calming turn into Greg's lifestyle in the form of a sweet young thang named Terri. Who knows where this will lead, but a dozen roses will get you whatever you want! It may have been a rocky road through here, but we sure as hell had some good times along the way. I hope the Navy builds those ships tough 'cause Dr. Destructo is almost free. Good luck you scruffy dog, and don't break too much out there.

STK

Paul H. Slyh III
Thumper
Healdsburg, California
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Paul came to U.S.N.A with a different outlook. He claimed it was because of his karma level and the flow of his bio-rythms. We figured him to be just another California boy. Sun bathing,hiking and fitness were his only cares.

It must have been the pressure of plebe year that drove Paul into a severe habit of biting butts on liberty. It didn't matter where or when, he'd strike without notice. If she was shaken it, he'd be bitin' it. Things got worse and one morning he came stumbling in at four not sure where he'd been wearing only half his uniform. A couple of ladies showed up the next day to remind him and to give him back the other half of his uniform.

Paul likes to take interesting study breaks. Most people don't notice what he does. They soon find out, however, when they role over in their sleep to find that they've been stitched into their mattress. Our pity goes out to those who arose monday morning like a glased donout. Next time check your rack for powdered sugar

Paul's tales stretch from San Fransisco to New York, and we were glad to be his friends and share in the laughs. Good luck Paul and may your karma be as colorful as you are

Your Buddies

Jonathan G. Ulbricht
Gerschmitt
Birmingham, Alabama
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

"What time did you go to sleep last night Ulby?"

Granted some people need more sleep than others, but Jon G. *ULBRIGHT* went through USNA needing more sleep than six or seven guys combined. It's tough on a guy though . . . going through four years of college with a name no one can pronounce. I guess from the back row you do look like a *GERSCHMITT* though.

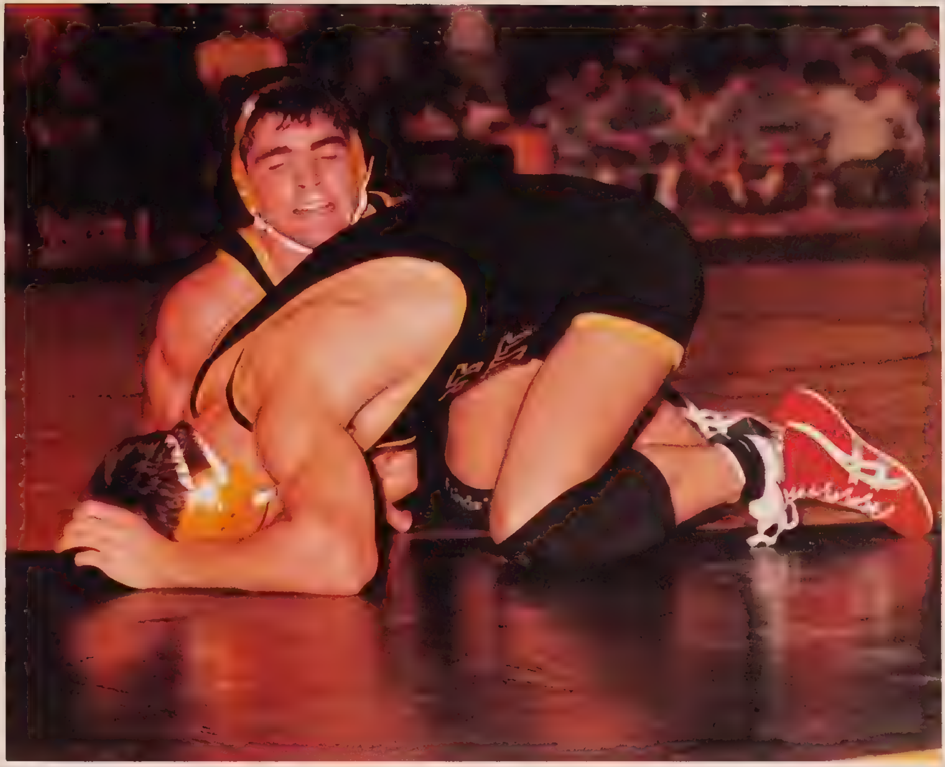
If you're fro Alabama, how come youn ain't got no accent? . . . Thanks to his academic prowess and penchant for late night video marathons, Ulbs easily gained a starting spot on the Q's list of all time underachievers. You know what they say . . . "If you're gonna hoot with the owls . . . you're also gonna sleep in class."

Jon did place a greater emphasis on out of classroom activities. Not intramurals . . . weekends. He was always a wonder with the girls. You know . . . Damn, I *wonder* what her name was. Well Ulby, her name was Gretchen, then it was Shelly, then it was Carol, then Missy, then Patti, then Julie. If I've forgotten any, sorry . . . but it's tough to remember since no one got more than two weeks serious consideration.

You're a helluva guy to live with through late night attacks by the G.C. Hey man, was that your teeth or a chainsaw? WHAT TIME *DID* YOU GO TO SLEEP LAST NIGHT? Remember, 13 months and you're back to square one.

Boss, your dreams are never as far away as they seem

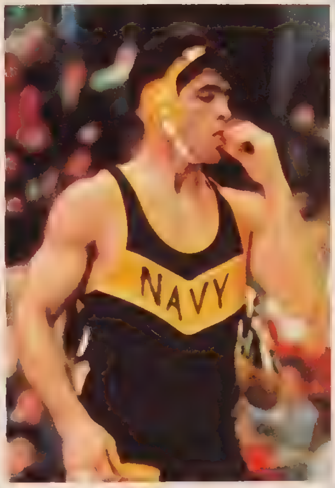
-DUFF



Daniel J. Yurovich
Yuro
Lorain, Ohio
Aerospace Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Dan came to the Academy because he knew anything would be better than staying in Ohio. Everything was going great for him until he went home after his 1st semester as a Plebe and got engaged! He hasn't been the same since. That wasn't enough though, because when Dan bit it, Poof had to, of course, and then it was Dan's fault that Ranch did. Misery must like company. When Yuro would go out he'd turn his attention to beer and ignore what everyone else was looking for; after all, he was engaged . . . But then came the beer goggles . . . Except for causing him to transplant every shrimp from the Company Dining-In into the room's sink and to spend the entire flight from Pasadena propped in the head trying to call the pilot on the intercom, the brew's didn't get the best of him. Dan picked Aero because of the adventure. For excitement he picked all the worst profs in the place to butt heads with. He won everytime, but too many times it was too close. When the profs would get Dan, Dan would get the Plebes. He became the Plebes nemesis his second class year, and continued as such when he became Company Commander. During Detail he became known for his Navigational training techniques, almost too well known . . . Dan developed the symptoms of a Marine very early . . . Short haircuts and incomprehensible grunts were the telltale. After Airborne, Recon Skills, Marine Option-Hawaii, and Gold Wings, we all knew he was hooked. Everyone who went Airborne in the next 3 years will remember him for the sedimentary platoon. We all know Dan will do a good job in the Marines and we wish him and Becky the best. Thanks for being a great roommate and such a good friend. Good Luck!!

SGN & SLR



# Twenty-Fourth Company

John A. Beach
Beacher
Orlando, Florida
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

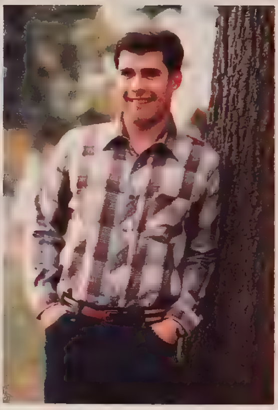
We must say that John has come a long way in the last four years. Comebacks were a major weak point Plebe year. However, forced to exist in the "dog eat dog" world of Taterdom, John mastered the witty reply to maintain his pride. John's athletic ability outpaced his wit and culminated in a national championship his junior year as a member of the Varsity Heavyweight Crew team. John's tough training schedule required that he be well rested, and he took this to heart. So much so, that Beacher often found sleep more important than going to class. Besides, John had no reason to leave the room since we had all the comforts of home there anyway. Beacher was a great music lover. Unfortunately, he only saw half of the Springsteen concert because he shared his supper with the purse of the woman in front of him. John had the same problem at his senior Army-Navy game which modified his nickname to Beefer. We wish John the best of luck and look forward to the day he pays up on the keg bet

DJM and MS

Michael A. Beattie
Tater
Runnells, Iowa
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Surface

The infamous H.M. has left his mark on the squash courts of Bancroft, in Baltimore, and on a machine with a mustache and braces. Quantity not quality was a motto Mike lived by every weekend. His ease with women, well I wouldn't go that far, was also evident in grades where he acheived a 3.8 and was the company authority on computers. Mike was also a good taxi cab, having the only dependable car among the Taters. His downfall was the bottle which brought on flashbacks of Vietnam, beatings of St. Johnies, and swimming in his own supper, which was warmer than the Severn. His musical tastes left much to be desired, Cash Cows and Pigbag drove his roommates up the wall on many occasions. Mike has a lot to look forward to in the future, graduate education at Maryland and a long awaited marriage to his girl back home Jeanne. No doubt there will be a lot of Tater Jr.'s with runny noses around soon. Good luck from the Godfather Taters

DPH and JDE



David M. Buckta
Landshark
Raritan, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

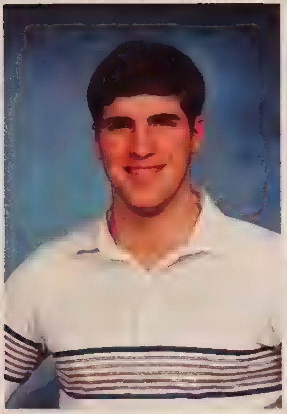
The landshark of 24 came to us from Joisey and immediately impressed us with his pride in the Navy and determination to make it his home, forever. Always a good natured guy with unlimited imagination he quickly found new uses for things like aftershave, soap and pillowcases. The State Police in Deleware, Maryland and New Jersey were always close with Dave as he never got more than a warning for speeding in their states. Unfortunately his luck ran out after room selection 1/C year and he got the Rocket and Wild Bill for profs curtailing his weekends. Dave only made one enemy at the Academy and his name was Al K. Hall. Al and Dave started off as friends going back to high school and took many weekends together until 2/C year when Al earned Dave his nickname and even made Dave punch-out a 1st Louie in the Corps on 1/C cruise. If Dave ever did anything right in his USNA career it was helping his classmates nail Pliers 2/C year with shaving cream and water balloons during Army week. Ya buddy, it's times like those that made you glad to be a Midshipman. Dave is a great guy and you can always count on him to be there if you need him. Just don't tell him where you keep your chapstick. Unsavory, unsavory!

AMF

Deborah J. Carson
Deb
Amherst, New Hampshire
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Ayuh. Deb came to us from the sleepy town of Amherst via Northeastern in Boston. Her parents still don't know why she left life as a professional snowbunny to go to class on the border of Boston's Combat Zone, but when she left the parties, they were sure she had finally taken leave of her senses, and Navy will never be the same. Deb had the dubious distinction of being the first person to be braced up Plebe Summer. That didn't break her stride-calls for Miss Carson, uniform races, her never-ending smile and maturity helped many through a difficult year. Thanks Kiddo. Youngster year and a different roomie started trouble. Mutual run-ins with the Admin Conduct System made the year gobby. Why did we serve tours after exams? So we could paint our nails! Deb has a controlling share in Clinique, and her little green bottles never left us forget it. She started working on her varsity Z in Rack. That was because she turned 37 that year. The other New Englanda helped her maintain sanity. The two were frequently seen in Docksides Tavern, especially when 2/C could still drink on Wed. afternoons. Trips to Georgetown to *Rocky Horror* and shopping everywhere-thank God for Visa-helped a lot. Her collection of civies rivals that of only one other here. So does her sport-why don't we have a ski team? So Deb earned her second varsity Z instead, with minors in Beebop, talking, and the SAG. Deb's final failure, despite all her tries was to miss being Navy's first female Anchor. This would have been great after Navy's first female first. She kept SAG an her friends worried about her chosen job-Surface. As the last woman SWO, she went to the Lady Lex, with the M-Type boiler they told us not to worry about in EN100. You've done well, Kid. you have the utmost respect of those here and at home. Fair winds and following seas, my friend

NMS



James P. Challender
J.P.
Trenton, New Jersey
General Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

To my parents, with many thanks and all my love:

Home is not merely four square walls,
Though with pictures hung and gilded;
Home is where affection calls-
Filled with shrines the hearth had builded!
Home! Go watch the faithful dove,
Sailin 'neath the heaven above us.
Home is where there is one to love!
Home is where there is one to love us.
Home's not merely roof and room,
It needs something to endear it;
Home is where the heart can bloom,
Where there's some kind lip to cheer it!
What is home with none to meet,
None to welcome, none to greet us?
Home is sweet and only sweet,
Where there's one we love to meet us!

Charles Swain

To my dearest Lisa,

Baby, you're the meaning in life,
You're the inspiration.
You bring feeling to my life,
You're the inspiration

Chicago

Go Navy! Beat Army!

Don N. Cooper
Coops
Longwood, Florida
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Coops, as he is known by his friends, came from sunny Florida. He brought with him common sense, a wide smile, and a Smurf. Plebe summer came as a total shock to Coops. He could never master those hospital corners or the three minute rule. "Squad leader, who's missing . . . COOOPERR!! Yes, the pace of plebe year was too fast for Coops. The only thing he learned to do fast were chow calls. Twenty-one seconds. Good job! Still, even under tremendous pressure from Zog, Coops managed to gain weight. Way to set your priorities Coops! The following year brought new possibilities to Coops. With newly found free time he took up many hobbies with academics found somewhere in the bundle. One of these was body building (do some dips). Other pastimes included calling his Chipmunk in Florida, wrestling with the Hornets and changing majors. When he wasn't in the weightroom lifting a load he was probably in the reading room dropping one. By First class year Coops finally began to show his military expertise by becoming a platoon commander. He had also become a fashionable individual. He bought a Z-28 and was no longer a customer of the Sears clothing department. Honestly, Coops was a great guy who never let his friends down. We wish him the best of luck in everything that the future holds.

Raffaele E. Croce
Ralph
Paterson, New Jersey
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

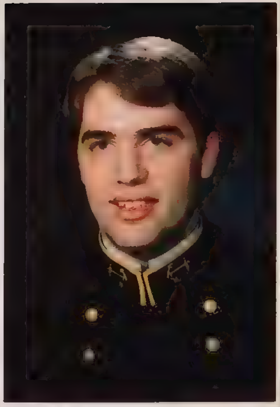
Plebe Summer . . . "Omigod!" . . . "Dave look at this green ooze" . . . Robe and Dixiecup . . . "Go Navy!!" . . . "Who stories . . . Italian letters, wine and sausage in the mail . . . I-, I don't like shoots . . . Plebe Year . . . Red beans and rice, red beans and rice . . . The Wiz and Chuck-eye . . . war averted; barely . . . I'll bring up my grades by finals, Sir . . . coming back early . . . more leave in Bancroft than Walnut . . . Discovering Timmy's . . . cooking for the Hoss . . . running away from big bad Bo . . . free show at Herndon . . . Youngster Year . . . "Do you wanna play chicken" . . . sitting on the dock of the bay . . . Naples and Benidorm . . . riding with the "gang" . . . Dave will buy sooner or later . . . learning the "lines" from the "King" . . . Tater escort service . . . Coops and the chief . . . "stoeta" Friday night bedlam . . . Back early again . . . leaving a momento in 2309 . . . no Brick yet, but close . . . Second Class Year . . . "FinHarder!!!" . . . The Hideout . . . write a book . . . join a union . . . Airborne! . . . Honorary Marine for the summer . . . the E-Club . . . making sacrifices . . . Kamala, Friday and Coops . . . I'll bring my grades up by finals, Sir . . . Decker Tap Dancing School honor grad . . . We'll go to the Hilton . . . SKID-DO . . . First Class Year . . . Marine Option cruises . . . hole-in-the-wall gang . . . California Crusin' with the chameleon (in surfer boy mode) in the Squeal mobile . . . tear gas . . . Tango company fringe benefits . . . watch credit . . . Hornets swarm Taters . . . say Cheese . . . Social Work . . . I'll have my grades up by finals, Sir . . . big black Cadillac power . . . technicolor dream rope . . "UP" for drill and inspections . . . class rank = 4, 4 digits . . . Will it be Shoe or "Q" . . . It has been tough and I've emptied my clip It has been rough but well worth the trip. Thanks to all for the support. God Bless America.

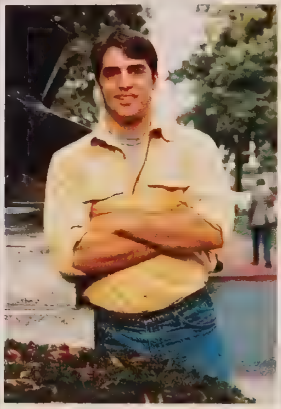
Marc W. Denno
Shemp
Fort Leonardwood, Missouri
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Marc originally came to the Academy from Hawaii. Why he left that island paradise to come to Annapolis is beyond me. Since his father is an army major he had little trouble adapting himself to the disciplined lifestyle. Plebe year for Marc consisted of getting outstanding grades, having a good time with, and at the expense of, others, and talking of lost loves after a few beers. During youngster year his grades remained excellent, but he found a different place to spend his weekends, Dahlgren Hall. It was during this year that Marc really developed his social skills. His book, "Opening Lines To Use On Women", became an instant hit after that one night at Franny-O's when earned his nickname, The King. Marc also got an early start on service selection during the year. He wanted to find out which service really "fit him the best." Second class academics and a steady girlfriend slowed his social pace somewhat, a fact that disappointed the rest of "The Gang". First class year saw Marc change cars, get engaged, and begin work on his second book, "Deficit Financing". (Co-Authored with Pat Mooney.) While Marc has been accused of selling his soul for service selection that's not quite true, he merely rented it for five or so years. Who knows what the rest of the semester holds? Two things are for sure, interesting times and graduation!! (AMF) I would just like to say that I'm glad that Marc is a strict observer of the guy code for puttingup with me and my EMBC membership this last. Good luck and see you in Salem (or was it Seattle?).

Scott S. Edmiston
Boo-Boo
Salem, Oregon
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Scott came to the Academy from somewhere in the northwest, Seattle or Salem, its all the same. He arrived with a sarcastic wit which was always seeking out a victim, and the desire to make the best of this place. Plebe year found him spending his Saturday nights at Timmy's with the usual crowd. For youngster and second class year he graduated and became a member of the Dahlgren Gang. Many a Saturday night found him trying to pick-up a "WIDE" range of women with the famous Boo-Boo charm. Scott had other hobbies besides Dahlgren. Occasionally he enjoyed taking naps in Fran O'Brian's, taking a breath of fresh air in the Harb or Tunnel, and looking for his watch in the Phillipines. Not being a varsity athelete at Navy, Scott decided to find another way to letter here. He practiced hard youngster and second class year getting a feeling for the conduct system and restriction musters. First class year he went for the gusto and earned his Black "N". Needless to say he saved himself a lot of money second semester while counting down those final days until graduation. On top of it all he worked his way do a degree in Mechanical Engineering with a specialty in shock absorbers. After graduation he will be heading to Orlando to start up the Submarine pipeline where I hope I will see him again. Underneath his hard shell Scott is a great friend and good listener even though he has a bad habit of waking up kind of early. I would say that the Academy is going to miss him and he is going to miss the Academy, but we both know that's not true. Watch out Orlando.





John D. Ellis
Tater
Franklin Lakes, New Jersey
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Dana will be known first and foremost for his love of Shelby's. Though his own GT350 was only on the road for a short time he really did have a great way with cars as his roommate found out when he lent him his. Dana threw the discus four years for Navy track beating Army in youngster year. He was also known as a Springsteen fanatic who played "Ramrod" for all the neighbors to hear. He went swimming in the Severn many cold winter nights after too many shots of Tequila with the Company commander. Dana also cleaned his room as often as he attended church. It was often wondered what crawled inside of Dana and died. He had the Midas touch, breaking anything that he came in contact with - lamps, calculators, fans and 1 Triumph Spitfire. A connoisseur of fine wine, Dand got sloppy on many bottles of Richard's and T-Bird. His stomach never seemed to disappear along with his hereditary love handles. However, these came in handy for cheesing which Dana introduced to 24 co. Even with a 1.4, Dana didn't let studies get in the way of reading Hot Rod, Mustang Monthly, and Car Craft. Good luck in the future. Mike and Doug look forward to passing you by in a 427 Cobra some day

MAB and DPH

Douglas P. Haack
Tater
Fairwood Greens, Washington
Marine Engineering
Surface Warfare

Doug's lasting mark came not from word or deed, but from the kitchen. His chili always left a smile on one's face, a tear in one's eye, and ended with an afternoon in one's favorite stall. Doug's taste in music rivalled his two roommates, playing "Love Machine" while dancing on the desk. He even appeared on stage once at Trader Jon's in Pensacola where he dropped his pants. This became a regular habit of his, dropping them also at Ocean City, the Library, wherever he got the urge. Doug was renowned for his receeding hair line which was in full retreat. Doug made many friends with his acedemic policies who later gathered together as members of the EMBC. He was a sentimental fool, wining and dining his "Brown Eyed Girl" from Va. all second class year. Doug spent very little on gas first class year after lending his car to his roommate for a trip to Jersey. Doug's athletic prowess included lacrosse, boxing and riding whales. We wish you luck, Doug, and hope your next car runs better than your first and your next girl costs less than Michelle.

JDE and MAB

Dennis J. Hasson
DJ
Annapolis, Maryland
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

He was known as "The Chameleon", to others "The Hoss",
To describe him in words would be a great loss.
Words wouldn't be able to fill the span.
You simply had to know the man.

From the written works of Ives St. Tater of Paris

Robin M. Hooker
Hook
Maryville, Missouri
Oceanography
Supply Corps

A Time To Talk

When a friend calls to me from the road
And slows his horse to a meaning walk,
I don't stand still and look around
On all the hills I haven't hoed,
And shout from where I am, 'What is it?'
No, not as there is a time to talk.
I thrust my hoe in the mellow ground,
Blade-end up and five feet tall,
And plod: I go up to the stone wall
for a friendly visit.

Robert Frost

Robin, this poem reminds me of you - always caring about other people's feelings, and always wanting to socialize and have fun. If it's not dancing up a storm in the O-Club, it's getting up at 6:00 in the morning for donuts, or playing basketball with all the guys, or deciding to go on a bike ride 5 minutes before TAPS, or running down the beaches in Cocoa Beach stopping for a Pina Colada or having a champagne tailgater in the Disney World parking lot, or even spastically dancing outside McDonald's after seeing Footloose. You are so full-of-life, and happy and crazy. You always have "time to talk" - it's fun being your friend!

Love, Nancy

Douglas R. Hudson
Doug
Crystal River, Florida
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Doug hailed from Crystal River the land of manatees and nuclear power plants. During plebe summer he was the quiet type who blended into the woodwork, but after missing the first chow call of ac year he became well known to Zog. Even though he was quiet his opinions were known to those he tried to wake him up. Plebe year ended with, Ill never do that again across the frozen tundra. As an avid wrestler, Doug brought that to the Academy. Even though he was succesful on the Batt team he did best in the infamous hornet attacks. Doug and Lester were roommates from day one on. But second class year they teamed up with Dips and Ralph. Those were great times, Between blaring Led Zep and RC's, I make all the sacrifices. The great car search took up lots of time but Leann stole his heart and kept him sane. Thanks for the cookies, Leann! NFO bound and Dune maniac, good luck and smooth flying. Hope you can survive the Greaseman withdrawal. Thanks Mom and Dad!

J. Neil Hudson
Squealer
Kingman, Arizona
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

Neil came to Canoe U with a strong desire to become a Marine and spent year one as a cool Tater. Neil is a great outdoorsman who spent a week camping out for hundred's night. A great lover of cuisine, Neil is best known for eating 7 steaks, 9 burritos, and consuming entire pizzas over at his sponser's. Second class year found Neil almost drowning in his rack after a dining-in and reconning Pliers. Marine Option Cruise proved eventful as Neil's kitchen wall was shot out and he decided Navy was the way to go. After three years of the Rah-Rah kid Neil switched roommates and impressed everyone with his neatness and study habits. The closet contained an ever growing pile of the room's dust while his locker was declared a national disaster. Most of Neil's study hour was spent reading four wheel drive magazines and his truck soon became his love as he road tripped to Ohio one weekend in a blizzard to buy tires for his truck and almost froze to death while sleeping in his truck. Neil was a terror on the fieldball field and his antics soon made him the enforcer of the Death Team. Neil is a fun loving guy who always can be counted on to be the best possible friend.

BYOM

Joel W. Huey
Joel
Marietta, Georgia
Physical Science
Supply Corps

Joel Huey is definitely a Southern name, and Southern he was, down to his sweet-lovin, girl-attractin', molasses slow, Southern drawl. Joel came from the Confederate county of Marietta, Georgia. I thought the North won the war? That's what happens when you read that Northern propaganda, hah Joel. Well, along with his southern drawl, which was one of his trademarks, Joel brought his southern wit, which of course included his bag full of J.J.'s. He could always be depended on having at least one joke for his friends— and telling it. Plebe year went fast for Joel. In those days he was usually referred to as the guy with the southern accent. "I don't talks funny, y'all talks funny." Youngster year and second class year followed and Joel later became known in the company circles as "Mr. Mellow." His favorite ECA was the "Rack" club in which he particiapted regularly. Joel also belonged to an elite club known as the Hornets where he skillfully learned the art of wedgification. Never one to argue or to pass up a ticket to his homeland, Joel will be going back to Georgia, his country, to become a supply officer. It's been a long, hard four years, but you made it and you have nothing to be disappointed at and everything to look forward to. Good luck, keep doing what's right, and God Bless.

JAV

Christina M. Johnson
Tina
Grosse Pionte Farms, Michigan
Economics
General Unrestricted Line

Tina came to Navy from Motown to meet the challenge, while her awesome twin escaped the gallows to study at Emory. The electricity was still there, though, as both rose to meet their respective challenges.

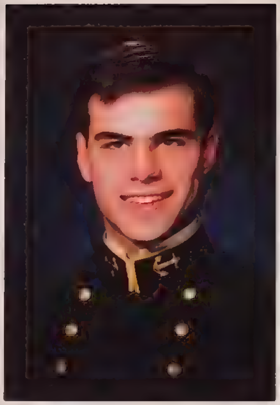
She began her Navy career with a 420 jib sheet as a member of the Varsity Dinghy team (there is poetic justice). Her annual striper positions (that's one P not two) brought her much attention. All learned early that Tina was a perfectionist and an intense worker, but more importantly a person true to form.

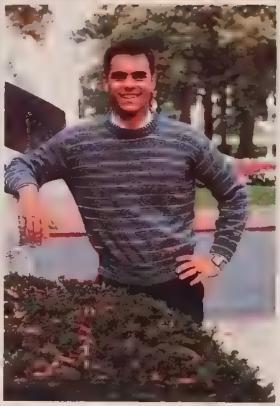
Serious about her role at Navy, she worked hard to complete her work so she could play harder. If any work was left undone, she worried until it was finished. A mellow roomie 1/C year and an infatuation with Seahorses solved that problem. Tina may not have a man in every port right now, but she does have one under every ocean. To make life more exciting ashore, she'll have a party in every port.

Diamonds, pearls and gold are a girl's best friend - Well, the gold of three stripes and lovely pearls make two out of three, not bad. Don't worry, somebody out there will give you the rocks (as long as his average heart rate is 120).

"Tiny but Mighty" may have scared some of the more masculine types here, but the leadership she has demonstrated is not potential, it is real. She has the utmost respect from the best source. She's a competitor, a peer, and most of all, a friend.

NMS





Michael L. Kessler
Kess
Florissant, Missouri
Electrical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Mike came to the Boat School with one ambition, to be a survivor. He had survived all the major earthquakes and several plane crashes, and was ready to survive EE. Of course he overlooked plebe summer where he met SHNEGUS, his squad leader. Youngster year wasn't bad. EE was worse than he expected, but never as bad as his roommate's "birds on the rail away." With nostrils still intact, it was off to Protramid and Actramid where Mike was always good for a joke or two. No one says they had to be good jokes. Second class year, Mike's grades and good nature suffered from being cheerleading captain. By Army, we found him SIR with mono. But Mike was a survivor and pulled through, still an Electrical Engineer. Too late to turn back now! Second semester wasn't fun either, but he got through "The Shark" and was soon back at USNA for plebe detail. Hey first squad, remember this: It's tough but it's fair. I chose to come here. I love it here. I never wanna leave, sir! First class year was an uphill climb to the finish, but once it was over, Mike was ready to go on to bigger and better things. He had his way of doing things, but the job always got done. Thanks for a fun four years twenty-four and remember: Double your input, double your flux. Double E's make big bucks!

Mark D. Little
Wizard
Kerhonkson, New York
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

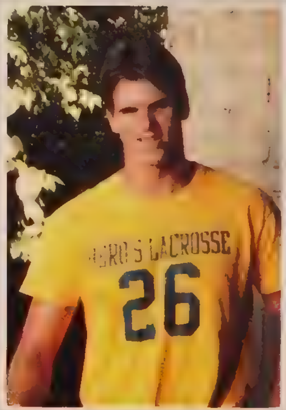
Yes, "Nobody sweats like M.D. Little." This motto, along with a lot of toweling down and grooming, got the Wizard to the second highest position in the Brigade. His grades didn't hurt either. Second class year was Mark's true test; rooming with Mac, Smitty and Moons. During Feb. we all took a few big emotional hits. Read any good books lately Mark? First semester 1/c year the Wiz truly earned his nickname. He took a lot of abuse his last two years at USNA. Everything from Benny Hill's and D&B jokes to blotter mustaches and the integrity sign over his rack. Skeletons everywhere! Let's not forget the sweat that flowed over the NL303 Mess Night and all the time Mark spent "working" with a certain classmate. First class year saw him as the fair and conscientious Adjutant, as well as an out of company striper. He was rarely out of sight or mind (or our hair) due to his visits and mail runs. At any rate, the Wizard has been a good friend and we are all looking for great things out of him in the fleet. Until our paths cross again, take care Mark! Andy P. would be proud!

KLM, SJS, & PHM

Sean C. Logan
Sean
Gambrills, Maryland
Ocean Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

There was a young man named Sean,
Who thought of Karen from dusk until dawn.
When not with his girl
Lacrosse was his whirl,
Neither love would he dare to pawn.

D.J. HASSON
for his roommate



Kenneth L. McElroy, Jr.
Mac
Seaford, Delaware
Economics
Surface Warfare

Mac, it's hard to know where to begin. I guess we now know who really was tenative. Four years changes people, most people anyway, but not Mac. Mac arrived at U.S.N.A. after a brief but successful career as a cartoon stuntman doubling for the famous actor Barney Rubble. Mac was always a failure and an inch away from an AC board (If you believe his own words of doom and gloom) but somehow his grades were always better than he said

After his highly publicized arrest plebe year he settled down to business as Tony Montana's sidekick. Never one to be a pessimist, 24's own Chicken Little was best loved for his "YEAH BUDDY" stories. In addition to his Delmarvalous outlook, Kip had a wealth of experience with the ladies. Always one to play the field, Ken tasted the nectar of many flowers, unfortunately missing out on the one he wanted the most. Oh well she was a nut anyway After road trips, B.S. sessions, drunken evenings at every respectable bar in Annapolis (as well as some not so respectable ones) I can say I know him well. It will be a couple of years before I can say if I'm glad about that. Seriously, he's a great friend and I'll miss him when he goes to Newport (Pensacola?) FW & FS By the way Mac and Moons are not the same person according to a recent study by the Yerkies Primate Laboratory.

PHM

Patrick H. Mooney
Moons
Alexandria, Virginia
History
Surface Warfare

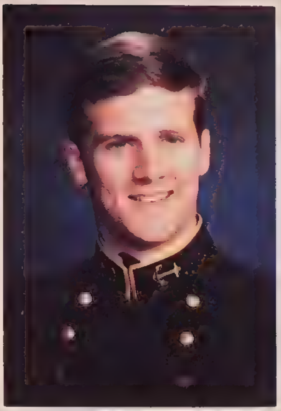
Moons came to USNA from the "Deep" South, and landed in 24 to face the legacy of "Big Mike". Pat soon found out that his Belushi-like lifestyle was bound to cause problems for him, but, nevertheless, our fearless hero continued to live life on the edge. His first "true" romance came to a screeching halt with a "Dear Patricio letter from his Colombian flame. Never one to let adversity get the best of him, Pat came back from Thanksgiving break with a new girl, Sarah. Throughout the rest of plebe year, Sarah was Moondog's constant companion, until his fateful exam week episode at Timmy's.: Goodbye to Sarah's senior prom, Hello EMBC. Though Sarah was out of his life, Maria was back, as Moons summered in California, vainly attempting to patch it up. Youngster year brought an end to the boozing, the introduction to Marla, and a painful experience with Diff EQs. By second class year, Marla was history (or so we thought) and Maria was back in the picture. Finally, the long awaited spring of '84 came, and Moons got off the Wagon (to the joy of all Anheiser Busch stockholders). Maria came back for the Ring Dance, but Marla came back to stay. Sound confusing? That's our Moondog. He's been a great friend and roommate, and we wish him all the best in the years to come. See ya later in the real Navy!

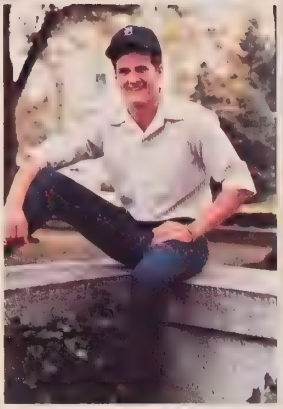
KLM + SJS

David J. Morgan
Morgs
Lockport, New York
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Dave entered the Academy hoping to find a job with Air Canada, only to find he was in the U.S. Navy. He had everything for the job; the Canadian accent, his own natural fur coat, and the waddle of a penguin. His love was his new car, so much so, that he spent more time with it than his girlfriend on Ring Dance weekend. His athletic ability was proven by his playing ice hockey, as well as being co-captain of the 24 company late-night drink and naked swim team. He also displayed his athletic ability by playing in the first annual jockey short dart baseball competition in Morgantown, West Virginia, only to be surpassed by his five mile run early the next morning from the stranger's car in which he slept. Because of this feat, we know Dave will pass land nav with flying colors in Pensacola. We still don't understand how he was chosen as first semester Company Commander, but it was probably the best thing for the company. We wish Dave the best of luck in all his endeavors

JAB and MS





Michael W. Mudd
Mudder
Satellite Beach, Florida
Physical Science
U.S. Air Force

Entered the world June 29,1961 in Columbus, Ohio to the surprise of Joe and Rosemary, Mudd, they wanted 12 girls and ended up with their 6th straight son-me! I was an Air Force brat; Fun in California, Tom Quinn and I "the class clowns"; my first crush-Teresa McCoy; can't forget "Prince Charming". Lost the world's best father and Air Force's top pilot 22 Oct 73. On to Florida. Good old Satellite Beach. Got to surf, skateboard and get tan; John Doerer and our surf trips; Hatteras and BlowHole was great! Waiting at the O Club with Don and Dino, "brews in the parking lot." Keys trip Spring 79, "Moonrise over Bahia" "Those poor girls in the tent"; Keys III Dino, Don and I, Don and Anite, my bud hat; Jamming with Dave; CBD band; Heine's in the canoe; survival area; Ann Spanagel, "Why don't you ever call me?"-a fabulous relationship; 17 June; MMA, Farmer and the ruthless CLICK; jamming with Shoe "Live at Vespers"; Senior week at Fennigans; surfing with Mike; Kaner "Oinker who Tim." Accepted to USNA. Greg and I party with Don McMellon in New Orleans; I-Day; Navy Captain McPadden left holding the bag-thanks Uncle! Sq. Ldr. Sherrell "Where are my troopers?"; wrestling with Stevens and waking up Earl; Army/Navy; Shoenborn gets sick. 3/C year, skiing with Beacher, Dave and John; dating Nice Car; cousin Kevin gets his boat. 2/C year; Army/Navy in Pasadena; great to see Tom again; Manhattans and kamakazies for flight home; post ring dance party. "You better love somebody"-remember Dave? 1/C at last! footbridge skiing; Ann's 1st Army/Navy game. Yuro and detail; Co. Cdr. of 24; *Air Force:* Hope Lloyd gets AV8; Best wishes in your careers '85!

Charles H. Nolan, Jr.
Chuck
Atlanta, Georgia
Mathematics
U.S. Marine Corps

I came to the Naval Academy to do three things:

1) To graduate
2) To go Marine Corps
3) To set an example for other blacks thinking of coming here

CHN

Lester S. Phillip
Shaft
Balitmore, Maryland
Economics
Surface Warfare

After making the short trip from B'more, Lester discovered the life here was worlds apart from his former home. His intrests in military matters helped him seperate fact from fiction at USNA and inspired him to survive the rigors of plebe year. His calm steady attitude hid his constant struggle with academics; wires, and the infamous Rocket of Econ. Lester threw his motivated, though initially unskilled body into the rumbles, but through lot's of practice, he eventually became as good a Hornet wrestler as he was a Field ball coach, the manly sport.

Being an afficionado of cars, Les wound up with an imitation BMW (John) and a speeding ticket on his third day of driving it

Maryland always seemed to put the screws on him (taxes). He always felt that they were for the other people to pay. But the U of M became a haven for him once he found lovely Merle to share his time with. How she put up with him I'll never know. Perhaps he will win the world for her to on his way to becoming the worlds greatest pilot.

With your favorite movies being the Star Wars saga how can I but wish you good luck, clear skies, and of course MAY THE FORCE BE WITH YOU.

LTM

Thanks Mom and Dad for all the support and the prayers.

Neysa M. Slater
Neysa
Warwick, Rhode Island
Political Science
General Unrestricted Line

"You're a what?" "I'm a Roe-DYE-landa!" So Neysa arrived on the banks of the Severn from those of the Narragansett ready to confuse the upperclass with her accent. Her lack of height may have caused her to be "overlooked", but she rose to the challenge and became one of our loudest chow callers, identifiable at 100 paces. But it was not only her accent that made her stand out. Neysa was the only plebe to have an entire locker filled with nothing but civilian clothes, with more arriving every day from home. These clothes were a much-needed commodity as Neysa joined the traveling ECA's (D&B, Glee Club and Choir) On one of these trips Neysa had her proudest moment, playing violin in St. Patrick's Cathedral in NYC. Her motto: Hug a Musician they never get to dance. Music is not her only achievement. What many don't know is that Neysa is Navy's Peggy Fleming in disguise. Her love for figure skating is still with her but had to take a back seat to fit her nautical lifestyles. With her dedication, she will earn that Gold! Neysa has always been "world-oriented", especially as a PoliSci major. She spent many an hour working as French Club president on "international activities" such as banquets, balls, and ceremonies. With all her experience in French, her job on the Blue Ghost and her endeavors at the Pentagon, Neysa chose to go to Greece for 2 years. She will be missed by all, but especially by her sidekick from upstairs. She will do well in all her endeavors and add to the lives of everybody she meets. There is only one place better for her to spend her next 2 years-The Arctic. Then maybe she can find her skating penguin playing the violin.

Good luck, but remember always that the key to success is to keep 'em guessing

TJ & DJC

Maribeth Smith
Smitty
Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Smitty came to the Academy from Pittsburgh in July of '81. The next four years held many ups and downs which she handled with a sensitivity and sense of humor that I admire. What would have happened had your door stayed closed that first night?

Smitty took plebe year in stride, never getting too upset over anything. Remember those nice *pink* walls in our favorite pizza joint in Eastport? Those were the days of red wine with pizza instead of Asti. Yes, Smitty, we've come a long way since then, but can you walk in snow yet?

Youngster year was time for Smitty to settle into her major — "Mech E". After losing the battle with "Statics", she was unable to escape with her major, but did manage to salvage her sanity. Besides, being a pseudo scientist is okay, too.

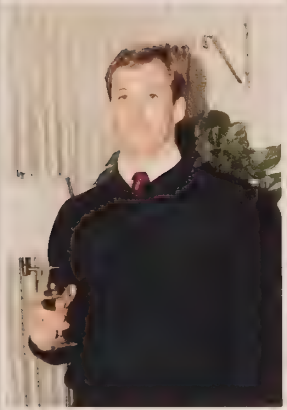
Second class year was also not without change or challenge. For some as yet unknown reason, Smitty decided she was no longer meant to "grunt" in green but instead was born to fly for Navy. Maybe she hated to clean her M-16 as much as she hated to study wires. That was one heck of a close call, hey Smitty?!

Even though she didn't spend a lot of time at Rickover Hall, I still got to know Smitty pretty well. She spent even more time at the crew house than I did, and could always be counted on for a sheet poster or T-shirt design. It even looks like your knees made it, Smitty, and they said it couldn't be done!!

Well, Smitty, it's finally over and WE BE THERE! Thanks for sharing your ideas with me and for being such a good friend these past four years. I will miss you, but I know we'll meet again. After all, who else would get me a Coke in the middle of a marathon?!

LMB

Thanks, Lynne. But don't forget "Smitty, you're late!", Van Gogh, Killer, Doc 'N Annie's, Phil, and attitude checks!!



Steven J. Smith
Steve
Alexandria, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Steve came to USNA via Naps. A quiet sort of fellow to start; his exposure to the likes of Moons and Mac left him permanently tainted (some would say scarred). Steve's exploits with "les femmes" got off to a slow start, but Youngster year he hooked up with what seemed to be his one and only, Meredith.

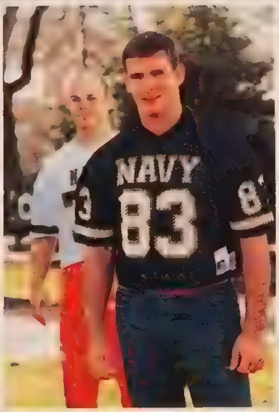
Steve and beer had a love-hate relationship, he loved it and it hated him. Like so many great mids of yore, Steve's great performances always seemed to occur at Army. By far the most stellar of these was first class year when he forgot where he'd put his overcoat (he was wearing it) and later left his lunch in New Jersey (luckily right next to a self service car wash). Steve never climbed Mount Everest, never was deep selected for Admiral or ran for public office in Paraguay, and never starred in a full length motion picture. This is not to say that he has ruled any of these things out, but first he hopes to achieve his primary goal of Piranha wrestling. Well, Steve is exceptional enough for me to write for years. He's a great buddy, and I know he'll do well in the skies of blue. FW and FS.

PHM

Mark Stevens
Mark
Hialeah, Florida
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Mark is best described by the old adage "He could fall into a pile of manure and come out smelling like a rose." Not a single "good deal" at the Academy went by without Mark getting a piece of it.. It began with him assigning academic watches on Saturday mornings as a Plebe and ended with him being the Company Wardroom President as a First Class. Mark's profit seeking prowness in the hall was surpassed only by his athletic ability on the gridiron. His football talents brought Mark many fringe benefits including a cheerleader Plebe Year, selection as team captain, and some groupies from Hood. His athletic ability was also shown by his participation in the West Virginia jockey short dart baseball tournament, and a vacation to the Hula and Japan Bowls at the end of his senior season. Mark was also a member of the Ellis wine tasting club and had to spend a couple days in hibernation after a wild ride in Richard's Thunderbird. Known and feared by area girl's schools and Sororities within a three state radius, Mark's "Darth Vader" van saw many a notorious road trip. We wish him the best of luck and hope that all his future endeavors are more successful than his sweatshirt concession

DJM JAB



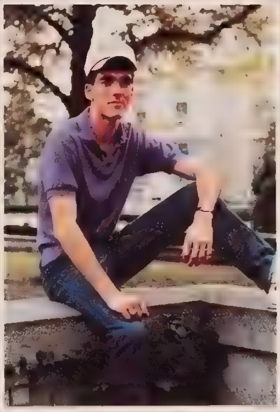
John A. Villanueva
Villy
Oxnard, California
Mathematics
Surface Warfare

This future ship driver came from the Golden State for the good times at USNA. He arrived a shy, innocent eighteen-year-old. Now he is twenty-one. The Academy introduced new experiences to John— the tower jump, Belgian waffles and shaving to name but a few. The good times were sometimes hard to find but John made it easier for all of us. Being a connoiseur of fashion, John was always up on the latest styles and was frequently sought for advice concerning such matters. Yes, he came right out of the pages of GQ. (Nice haircut, John) He almost left us when he found out that he could not wear designer uniforms. Although he often fretted over his grades, John was always game for a rumble with the guys. In fact, he usually started them. Otherwise, he could be found in his Bermuda shorts, guzzling a soda and listening to his EWF tapes while he wrestled with academics. And if not doing this, he was probably working hard on building another astronomical phone bill.

First class year finally arrived and with it came a changed lifestyle for John—civilian clothes, Ray Ban sun glasses, a new BMW (see photo), weekends in DC, and service selection. John came to the Academy in hopes of flying but as fate would have it he lost his 20/20 vision. He turned down the Marine Corps when they rejected his hair waiver John chose Surface Line and they are very lucky to have him.

John's friends (he has many) will remember him as a generous and amiable person who was always willing to lend a hand or a thoughtful word. Good luck, John, and God bless to a great roommate and a super friend.

JWH



Lloyd A. Wright
Lloyd
Kerrville, Texas
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps-Air

To each his own and Lloyd tried it his way for the most part. However, this was not always in agreement with the "system" and others. He was welcomed to "Mother B" by way of New Mexico Military Institute and Kerrville Municipal City Court and Jail (Robin and the 98). Even while at the Academy the Admin Conduct System had its turn (if they only new . . .). It did to some degree exceed at postponing First class year with no driving or civies till second semester- not quite though. Of course, a little ingenuity and the three stripes with track didn't hurt matters. And one could also chalk that up to the old adage "You rate what you get away with"

With all this, a Texan, an '85 Silverado, and looking to find a challenging discipline for a change- the Marine Corps was the obvious choice

"And so, dear brothers, I plead with you to give your bodies to God. Let them be a living sacrifice, holy- the kind he can accept. When you think of what he has done for you, is this too much to ask? Don't copy the behavior and customs of this world, but be a new and different person with a fresh newness in all you do and think. Then you will learn from your own experience how his ways will really satisfy you."

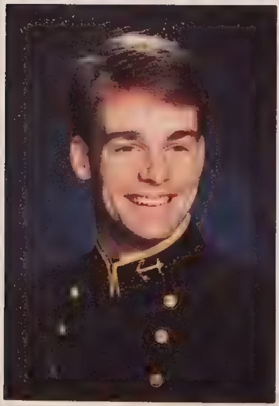
Romans 12:1-2
The Living Bible

# Twenty-Fifth Company

David E. Baker
Bakes
Irvine, California
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Bakes surfed his way to Annapolis, via Newport, R.I. from sunny Irvine, Calif. One thing about "Ernie", he never let "Christine", his blue 72 olds, go w/out a shower for more than a week. The cleanest armoraled tired around Will there ever be a "Ms. Right" for Dave? Dave enjoyed lots of overnight Libs with a certain Annapolitian but the romance lost its spark when the jumper-cables disappeared. Dave's prowess with women continued during his junior year at Spring Break as Dave, Scott, Pete, and Bakes went to Ft. Lauderdale only to have Dave find a few minutes of romance with one of our female counter parts. He also did a lot of Celestital Navigation in the backyard of The Olsen Inn. We also can't forget about good ole Morganstown at the U of West Virginia. The keg was constantly going and the "Bud" man was on the loose. Dave also had a craving for 1/3 of the awesome Boffman Trio. We know he wants something because he keeps repeating Gemmi, but we can't figure it out. Well Dave has certainly made his mark here at USNA and certainly put a dent in the worlds supply of Captain Morgan.

Special thanks go to the landlords of The Olsen Inn, who supplied Dave with a second home while Dave has supplied Scott and Pete a friend for life. He would also like to thank his family for having confidence and giving him support during his four year stay. Thanks Mom and Dad.



Daniel W. Ballard
Chester
Indianapolis, Indiana
Political Science
U. S. Marine Corps

Dan started his stint at the Naval Academy freshly squared away from a year at NAPS. Since he was a dedicated Marine and started off living with some of the more professional elements of the company, he was a "model plebe" and the pride of his company officer. These were hardly the qualities desired in a true "major leaguer", but a change of roommates for second semester saved him and began to bring out his uniquely deviant personality. As his performance grades dropped he proved he belonged on the starting team by continually striving to come down to our level, and beyond. Dan's sunny, cheerful nature always made him a joy to be around, or so we tried to pretend. Actually, he wasn't bad as long as you didn't try to feed him or (heaven forbid) wake him up. His claim to fame was being mentioned in the Guinness Book of Records for dislocating his shoulder more times than any other person-or group of people-unfortunately this also brought his stellar lax career to an end.

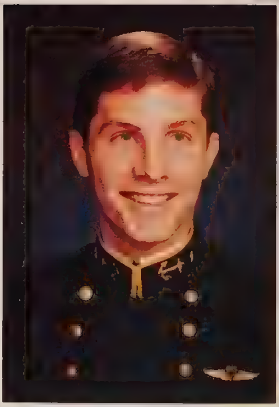
Despite his quirks, Dan could always be counted to back us up, noting the time we got in a fight at the Voux. Dan got thrown out and waited for us outside until we finished partying (3 hours). We all owe Dan a lot, and we're just hoping he never finds out

Good luck on that big Green Team, Duke.

James A. Bonomo
Spaz
Somers, Conneticut
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

He hails from Somers, CT. Somers is famous for one thing only-The Prison; that should tell you something. We call him Spaz and it's a name that Jimbo definately earned for himself. He's the only mid around whose permanent mailing address is Fort Benning, GA. Airborne wasn't enough so Spaz returned to the Army for Pathfinder school (and he still can't find his way around Annapolis). Not knowing what to do for summer leave for first class year Spaz headed for Panama City, Fla. for Scuba school. Academics have never been Jim's strong point - he's managed to spend most of four years being unsat. He has lately become a devotee of friday night Happy Hour and martinis (one's not enough, three's too many.) Spaz has recently taken up the sports of darts and girl hunting and whoever heard of someone who weighs 135 lbs playing company heavyweights? After much thought and looking around Spaz with the aid of a succesful eye exam will head on down to P'cola as a Navy pilot (look out!) Maybe he should stick to rapelling off the rotunda as Bill the Goat "yeah Bit—"

GKH



Patrick W. Butler
Pat
Savannah, Georgia
Physics
Special Warfare

Pat came to us as a byproduct of Benedictine Military School, where he was top in his class. The efficiency he learned there was evident from the start; he even slept in his b-robe and slippers plebe year because he didn't want to waste time putting them on in the morning. Yes, waking up was the toughest part of Pat's day.

Bringing up Pat was a four year job for all of us. It took five semesters with Phil, Tim, Tayls and Smitty to drag Pat out of his shell, despite all of his attempts to stay in it. The fruits of our labor were realized when he edged us out for Brigade Commander, thus, proving the theory that they'll give six stripes to anybody these days.

So, first semester first class year, we sent him to 4-1 to room with Dave. Althought Pat soon became the most popular man on campus with all those great policies he was given to put out, he and Dave were content with discussing hand-held weapons and small unit tactics.

Of course, his fascination with such things came as a surprise to no one. When he wasn't planning to spend his summers at Benning jumping out of planes or at BUD/S shivering in the surf, he was planning spring break dive trips to Key West, Ft. Lauderdale, or Acapulco. He always said he could get anywhere, even without a map. I mean, he only went SEALs because they have the biggest pin, the neatest weapons, the funnest missions, . . .

Like Smitty, Pat had a great affinity for sleep. The guy could sleep anywhere - at his desk, in class, behind the wheel, . . . When he wasn't racked, Pat could usually be found popping peanut M&Ms or recounting a Greaseman routine

Regardless of what happens, Pat will always end up on top. His smarts, his good nature, and his sense of humor will see him through We'll miss you.

-The Boys

James E. Devers
Jed
Morrisville, Pennsylvania
Electrical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Jed's second nickname was "Hoss." Whether that was due to his running ability or his looks, no one knows. He came to Annapolis from outside Philadelphia (almost New Jersey) with a color-blind guarantee in the Marine Corps. With his left-hand pen and right mind, Jed remained in the electrical engineering major, despite his weekend trips to American U. youngster year. After spending his summer leave doing research at Los Alamos National Laboratory, he learned that New Mexico was the place to party. His phone bills went up; his QPR went down; and his chances for EDO disappeared.

During his first 3 years at USNA, Jed managed to dispose of 3 roommates, one through "urban" riots in his room. When he wasn't squelching the riots, he was busy with his own version of tear gas. Half & Half and Borkum-smoke were produced with abundance.

Even after Los Alamos Jed continued to have unusual problems. His car was a classic example. Most people go to Philly to trash their hotel room, not their car loan — and you can't trust gas gages on rental cars.

When he wasn't in the hall, Jed could usually be found at his favorite place: Yesteryear's, devouring jalapeno jelly beans. If that failed, you could find him playing pool at Pete's Place. Jed was also into pain. He rowed lightweight crew and ran numerous races: 10K, 20K, and even marathons (all for fun, of course). We all wish you the best of luck in your future; and we pity your platoon, because for them, "There is no finish line!"

JIW, JGT, DSL

Richard M. Dezelon
Diesel
Johnstown, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Turned down by Harvard, Yale, and Ringling Bros., Diesel arrived at USNA during the summer of '81. He brought his hackey sack, tennis racket, and his uncontrollable affinity for the sauce. His love of fermented fluids was shared by Spaz, So they spent Saturday nights at Timmy's and Sundays on the floor. Youngster year, Rich introduced Smitty to goofing off, as he completed his first book, *101 Things to Do During Study Hour.* Second Class year Rich and Spaz moved to 6-1, where they took in and corrupted a Woop. Diesel, Spaz, and Mort the Sport and Mr. Hand manufactured and bottled their own label, a tasty sensation that became the pride of 25. Mort the Sport headed back to USMA, so Diesel and Spaz replaced him with a racing set and Nerf basketball. They had fun. They made Rich Batt adjutant First Class year. A demanding schedule and a tough billet facilitated a move to the company wardroom, where he became President of the Letterman Club. Second semester brought Rich back in company, where the countdown was well underway. Rich will be remembered for his one-liners, his comebacks, TV trivia, and his Bill Murray imitations. Never at a loss for words, Rich can confirm, deny, or modify any rumor or story. When it comes to finding out what you aren't supposed to know, ask Rich; He was either there or read about it in the Captain's files. The Marine Corps will never be the same—I'll guarantee it. Good luck Rich!

TAS

Mark V. Dillard
Mark
Long Beach, California
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Mark came to the Boat School via USC and the sunny shores of the West Coast. He gave up the easy life, a good job, a real school, and his treasured red Z. Plebe Summer dealt Mark two great challenges—Felser and Dougherty. Mark's quiet demeanor, along with his intimidating size allowed him to breeze through Plebe Year. Youngster year saw the opening of the 6-2 Deli in Mark, Vic, and Spaz's room, right next to the Candy Store. Second Class year began with a move to 6-1. The year passed quickly, with all night Nerf basketball and hockey games in Rich and Spaz's room. After stints with powerlifting and football, Mark discovered Rugby—and the sport was never the same. First Class year started differently than the rest. Mark met Tonya during the summer and proceeded to spend every weekend with her, even when he had duty. Mark took 3-striper libs more than all the 3-stripers put together. Mark will always be remembered for late night cereal runs to the Wardroom with Vic, walking across the bottom of the pool during swimming class, and getting backrubs from Char. Most of all, Mark will be remembered as close friend who would do anything to help you out. Good luck in the future Mark!

VHO and RMD

Philip A. Gonda
Adnog
Lorton, Virginia
Mechanical Engineering
Special Operations

Running from his cheerleading compatriots at William & Mary, Adnog showed up on I-Day in a frame of mind that would serve him well for 4 years . . . hungover. It might have been his 1.2 grades or memories of growing up in the shadow of a prison that did it, but he was so obnoxious that his first roommate, 4/c Funk, never showed up. The Naval Reformatory would do him good.

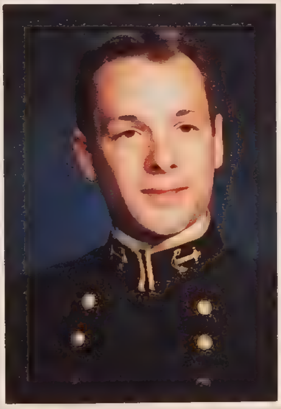
An uplifting experience with Joe King was soon followed by the oriental tortures of the infamous Doc Wu, but even he couldn't reach Phil's gentlemanly instincts - pink bellying your blind dates? Come on, Phil. Then there was the 4th of July, (censored). I guess that's what happens to the human (?) brain when it reaches the .239 level and starts jumping out of airplanes . . . "Airborne!" . What's the count? "Zero!"

2/c year - "The room that never slept." Phil picked a hard major and never let us forget it. That single (as in only) coffee stick really got a workout - 15 months now Adnog? Then he discovered that boxers were a good deterrent to "de-briefings" - No 'wears, no cares! Besides, we all had to stoop to reach his waistband —"stand up!"

Somehow, Adnog made it to 1/c year, but his weekends were still hostage somewhere around the 4th week of 2/c year. Phil now found himself pursued by a little green man while he pursued Company Commander. But alas, both Tims caught up with him. He did make an excellent XO - obnoxious as . .

As a loyal, dependable, fun-loving friend you hold all the cards, Phil (Poosh-ups!) Take care in Special Ops, we'll never forget your antics. We're anxious to meet the pink-bellied girl of your dream. Hey! How can you be so cheerful this early in the morning?

TSH, PWB, TAS & TJT



Gary K. E. Holmes
Brit
Old Saybrook, Conneticut
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

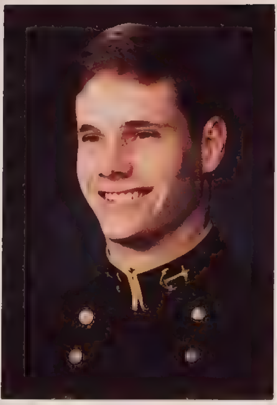
A few years ago, from across the Atlantic, the Brit came to America. Seeking out the adventurous life, he joined the Navy, and after a couple of years he ended up at Annapolis. How he pulled that one off I haven't a clue. Once here, he set his sights on the city itself, so armed with a strange accent and his three darts he went off on liberty in search of wine, women, song, and then some more women. He found the Wharf, and to this day, nine times out of ten, he can be found there.

When the Academy told him he would play a sport, he decided to once again call upon his English background and play rugby. Soon enough he distinguished himself as the team's scrum-half and the team became nationally ranked. Hoping for the 4.0 and two weeks of leave, I often watched him play. No matter how bruised he was, whether it be his shoulder, knee, or eye, he never stopped smiling or laughing.

Well, after seeing what a job he had done both on land and sea, the Brit set his sights skyward and decided a Navy pilot he'd be. This summer he'll be traveling southward in his TR7 with the top down to Pensacola, a new town with new people and new conquests.

The legend continues . .

JAB



Timothy S. Holt
Tim
Greenville, South Carolina
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

The Lord said "Let there be a mid" and there was Tim, and he was good. How he survived 7 semesters with Phil and 5 with Pat we'll never know. How they survived Cathey, is another wonder we'll never understand. Tim always had time for his friends and Cathey, but mostly Cathey. 2nd semester plebe year with Carl nearly drove Tim bonkers (all those midnight arguments). Even more memorable was the night Tim cursed for the first time in front of Pat & Tim. Plebe year, Tim introduced us to Cathey. 3/c year, Tim introduced us to Cathey. 2/c year Cathey finally figured out who we all were and 1/c year she realized that she didn't want anything to do with us. Tim's fidelity was unquestionable until 3/c year when he met Miss Pennsylvania. After that tiny falter, Tim ran back to his baby. We all thought his unlimited devotion was silly, then 1/c year he set us up with 4 of Cathey's friends, now we feel sorry for him. Mail call was always interesting (Smurf Posters and letters to MHP?). The dainty aroma attached to his letters sort of hit you like a baseball bat once it got near the 6th wing. 2/c year brought on "The room that never slept", good times and many de-briefings (Army Week-strung from wall to wall). 2nd semester Tim was made brigade adjutant, thus proving that they'll give 4 stripes to anyone. Expensive tastes led Tim to buy his BMW and *finally* give Cathey the "rock". By now, Phil had infected Tim enough to participate in the 2nd annual O-course in Mess Dress. 1/c year rolled around and Tim took over the leadership of 25 like we knew he would (Co Cdr 2nd set-sorry Phil). Through it all, Tim's warmth, sincerity, and softspoken personality is what we will remember most

PAG, PWB, TAS, & TJT

Kent W. Kettell
Pa
Clarks Summit, Pennsylvania
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

We called him Pa because he was older than most of us and he looked out for us probably more than we wanted him to . . . what a sweat. But then he had the right, for if it was going to happen to anyone, it would happen to Kent (stopped by the BOOW for carrying a civilian type briefcase rather than a Midstore issue one, fried as ICOR for no room inspection slips while persons with valuables adrift only got warnings, and on and on)

From sounding off "Go nuke, Sir!" as a Second Class Machinist Mate visiting from NAPS until he left for youngster cruise on the Nat Greene in Holy Loch, Kent wanted the Nuclear Power program all along. Congratulations Kent, your goal fulfilled.

Kent was Easy Two-five's first to get engaged. This was to Karen, the ex-coastie. He even got the first chapel wedding!

What a smile! "Joyful in all things." Well almost everything. Not perfect, just forgiven. Kent will see you on the other side, he's sure of that.

Kent disliked peacemongers and conscientious objectors (cowards). "What good is peace without freedom!" Live free or die. "All men are created equal . . ." That is equal under the law not equal in everything. You saw this in Kent's height. That's how he got the top bunkbed plebe year.

Hasta lasagna, winnebego, our feet are stained.

KAREN

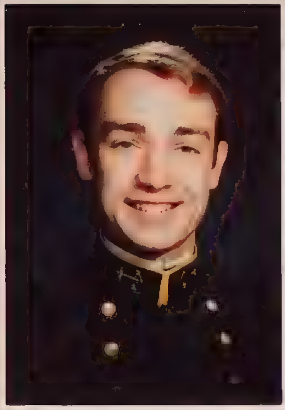
David K. Koch
Koker
San Antonio, Texas
Marine Engineering
Surface Warfare

True to his Texan nature, Dave always did things in a big way, so when he started plebe summer at Canoe U. the first thing Dave did was to get in BIG trouble. Dave was the sort of plebe that you would love to sit at the same squad table with. He was extremely popular with the second class as well. Generous and helpful, Dave would do anything to aid his fellow classmates, with the exception of covering your chowcall (who could blame him.) Much to the dismay of several upperclass, Dave stuck it out plebe year and no-one was more relieved when Herndon finally arrived

Unfortunately, Dave's troubles didn't quite end with plebe year. Dave got five days of restriction for his late arrival at Army and enjoyed it so much that he managed to stretch it out for the remainder of the year.

Always an easy going person, Dave was the only one who managed to keep his sanity, (and a two-man room), by rooming with Carl. His other accomplishments include charter membership in the Early Morning Breakfast Club, lettering (not a yellow one either), and outstanding performances on the Naval Academy precision drill team (he got a lot of marching practice plebe year), and a degree in Marine Engineering despite having Rocket Reed for Heat Transfer. He also served his company in an expert manner as — what else — Conduct Officer

DSL



### David S. Lesser
Bad Gouge
Annapolis, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Dave came to Annapolis from . . . Annapolis. Actually he spent a year as an enlisted nuke, long enough to convince him to go Navy Air

Dave had a pretty uneventful plebe year, but things picked up soon after becoming a youngster. He was admonished for not having "youngster syndrome" like the rest of our class by Lt. Candy and placed on "Project 21." As if that wasn't enough punishment, he changed his major TO, not from, Mech. E.

Second class year Dave was one of the resident flamers of the "Tool Shed." This is pretty ironic since a year later he was fried 4K for lending civvies to plebes at Army. This 4K had an adverse effect on Dave. His membership to the EMBC came with a new haircut and license tag

One of the memorable moments in Dave's life as a mid was first class cruise. His cruise gave him the opportunity to experience the exotic delicacies of the Orient (maybe too many "delicacies"—Remember Agent Orange?)

Dave became involved in many brigade activities, but they had a price. As feature editor for the Log, his articles (e.g., "Bad Gouge," etc ) earned him a lot of "fan mail" from the Deputy Dant, Director of Pro-Dev, and several mids from New Jersey. As Bill the Goat, he earned a Form-2 for dereliction of duty by not attending a soccer game (as Bill). Dave also runs marathons which causes us to question his sanity

Good Luck, Dave, and never lose that famous "off the wall" sense of humor

DKK

### Andrew L. Lewis
Andy
Los Altos, California
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

"Andy only came here to wrestle." This comment irked us from the beginning because we all knew Andy was at the Naval Academy for a much more important mission, to effectively break every Reg. ever written. By 2/c year he had almost completed his quest, but he had forgotten one rule; Don't get caught! Andy was the restriction king of the 5 major leaguers, and he never let us forget it. Between restriction and losing almost every priviledge one can think of, Andy led the boys on numerous excursions to California, mainly to let his friends at home abuse us. Come 1/c year Andy's car priviledges went, but he was not to be discouraged, because he had no car. With a Coach Peery induced case of anorexia, Andy dropped to 167 pounds, but he never lost his enthusiasm for the devious.

Andy, the true athlete of the bunch, earning two letters at Navy, One for great wrestling and another for disgraceable conduct

Andy accomplished his true mission early in his career, however, becoming the best friend that any of us could have. Stay high on Navy Air and cop a buzz for the boys

### David C. McDonnell
Skip
Bay St. Louis, Mississippi
Oceanography
Nuclear Power - Surface

Skip, alias Tubby, could always be trusted to say something extremely stupid at exactly the right time. Skip hummed his way through plebe year, constantly having his mediocre standards eroded by his unbelievable roommates. Skip blossomed into the starting catcher of the major leaguers, probably because the only thing he let by was veal parmesian and tomatoes. Keep your hands and feet away from his mouth, kids. One never to let his weight problem get him down, Tubby led numerous jaunts to Chuck's and other places to eat, only to be disgusted at the way that "The cripples always get the best parking places".

Army exploded on Skip with a bang and he was never the same. He always got over a 3.5, but was really impressive in earning his "D" in conduct 1/c year. Dave's goal was to "be one with Hyman" and he went Nuke subs, always contesting that the great ice cream and the money had nothing to do with it. In all seriousness, Skip is the nucleous (no pun intended) of our friendship and will leave a big fat dent in our lives

Buds forever, hugs and kisses, The Boys.

### Daniel T. McNamara
Crank
Pomona, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Dan would wake up every morning with his hands preparred to grapple with his nickname. He began life at the Academy wanting to retire after one semester, but after making the starting lineup of the major leaguers, he had a new commitment, to become Perry Pilot.

Crank was never one to sell his soul for some pizza or to be eight hours late for taps because "he forgot". Crank was one of the few who took Aero to fly, and he soon taught us a new meaning of the word fly with some excellent games of Mexican and the infamous "rock-paper-scissors". With 1/c year and the advent of cars and unlimited weekends (he had already lost his civilian clothes privledges), Crank soon trashed both with some over-zealous hormonal reactions and the bad judgement of listening to Skip.

Dan, always remember that we are behind you 100% (and all that it entails) unless you decide to confiscate another nameplate. You will always be a totally awesome friend. Remember to keep a "strange brew" cold for us on the dark side, you knob.

Gregory W. Morrow
Spidey
Springfield, Missouri
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

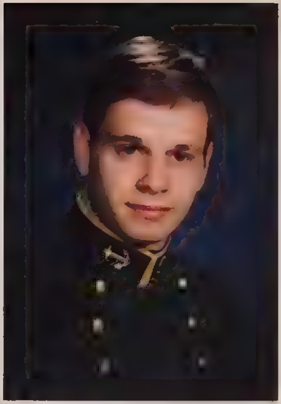
Greg came to the Naval Academy in a wash of innonence and will depart this wonderful institution a little bit wiser. Greg or "Spidey" (as we like to call him, because his arms and legs make up about 90% of his body) is by no means a standout in any crowd. He's not tall, good looking, eloquent, or even supremely rich. However, Greg possesses a wonderful sense of humor, a great personality, and enough charm to get himself in trouble with several ladies on several occasions. One of these occasions occurred when he told a no-no joke at lunch concerning those of the same gender as his 2/C, and was up the proverbial creek for awhile. What style! But, as I said he is a bit wiser now and will I'm sure reach semi-greatness someday. When Greg wasn't sweating the academic load, he seemed to be having fun. (remember 1/C weekends in Washington?) In a school that offers one of the finest engineering programs around, he took the hard route and went Management. Despite this major flaw, he still made it into nuclear (nuc-U-ler) power on the strength of good grades and great wit. Greg chose to go NUC because he knew he'd never be tall, good looking, or eloquent and is shooting for supremely rich. Greg seemed to have more than his share of roommates and survived us all intact (or almost so). He left his mark on us all for which we are eternally grateful. Hopefully, we didn't leave too much of a mark on him. Greg has been a great friend and wonderful companion in our four years here, and as we go our separate ways I just hope we can still be close. Good luck in the future, and don't be a stranger

P.S. Love, hugs, and kisses

SCN

John P. Nolan
Wadd
Massapequa Park, New York
History
Surface Warfare

John "Wadd" as he was known by everyone who didn't really know him, was the only major leaguer who could play baseball, although Coach Duff didn't think so. John started his career at Navy following in the footsteps of his brother, Joke, and those were BIG footsteps to follow. John was one to say what he thought, when he thought, but on those rare occasions the only thing to come out was Long Guyland gibberish. John was spineless when it came to following the boys in deviant behavior, unless it had to do with a Maryland-NC game on a Thursday night. John was constantly "hooking us up" with Awesome Long Guyland women, all of whom could pound more beer, and obviously more food, than all of us combined. Wadd kept us going with his unbelievable stories, sorry excuses and incredible letters from home. His eight-foot imagination coupled with "Excaliber" and "LMR" could never be overlooked. John will always be an inflamed boil in the rear-end of our lives, something that can never be forgotten.



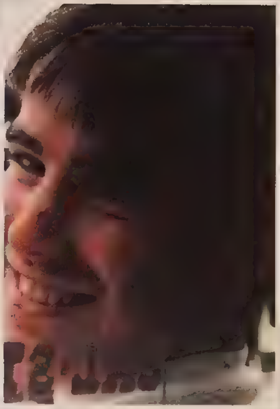
Stan C. Newton
Neutron
Austin, Texas
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Stan the man came to us from the "Lone Star" state and, in fact, Stan was the lone star when it came to winners from Texas in our company. From the start, Stan had the desire to participate in anything and everything that posed a challenge. From rowing on the crew team to being a systems major and fellow nuke, exuberance and fortitude were the names of the game. Stan did have time, however, to improve his acting ability by participating in company X-mas parties where he gained wide acclaim by dressing up as a female midshipman named Sue. He even had time to give a fellow Texan a pink belly on a regular basis

Stan was also known for telling it like it is. His exuberance carried over into every conversation wherever he went-even in the shower where he could be heard talking to you from both ends-Oh No! There were times when Stan's exuberant demeanor and integrity were too much for even the company officer to bear. When he told the Batt Officer he couldn't be Batt Commander because of crew, he lost a four-striper billet—Admin wasn't so bad, better luck next time, just keep your mouth shut

Stan's mind grew with his major and his body grew with crew (except for those lats!). All that growing helped his love life too as evidenced by his beautiful bride-to-be, Carla. USNA will lose a fine mid, but the submarine community will gain a fine officer. All of us wish Stan and Carla the best of luck and fair winds and following seas

GWM



Victor H. Otero
Vic
Newton, Massachusetts
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Mere words are insufficient to do the Vic Otero story justice. (He, however, could probably talk for days about it.) Quite possibly the story could never fully or accurately be recorded. It all began in the summer of '81 with sailboats, baseball, and "I am worthless". Youngster year they hooked the boy up with a stripe and his boys Bo and Mike taught him the ropes, "the" music, and the way to mess with the MHP. Second class year came and went, fortunately. Academically, Vic had the knack for avoiding the Ac-Board, and coming up with the grade when it really counted. Never one to hang around on the w.e. Vic purchased his 300ZX and went broke, but at least he had his car until the accident . . . He managed to get a squad plebe summer against some great odds. As a 1/c, Inspector Otero reigned as the all mighty 1st Looie in 25. With a new Marine Capt. Vic seemed to possess more pull and influence than the CO Cmdr. On the basketball court, the wizard led 25 to the Brigade Championships, and consequently hooked his entire team up for extra w.e.'s. Vic's claim to fame came in early Sept. when he cleared out the entire press for his good buddy Mr. Johnson. Like I said in the beginning this story could never be complete. Only a date with P-squared could make this whole deal worthwhile. Only kidding! RIGHT? In closing I'd like to wish him the best of everything, and wherever life seems to take him I wish him all the love and happiness in the world! Love to Mamalila, Pipo, Mama, Papa, Rica, and Pinky. Thanks to Mark, Dale, and Patty

PMP

Carlton Pierce
C. P.
Detroit, Michigan
English
Surface Warfare

Carl Pierce, (rhymes with fierce), came to our company by way of Stalag Seventeen. He breezed through the remainder of plebe year, but it wasn't until he became an upperclass that he started to make a name for himself. Carl's exploits as a flamer were legendary, and are still being discussed in Luce Hall. As a youngster he accepted a challenge from some classmates in Second Company to "shake up a plebe or two." Carl not only shook up a very unlucky plebe, he also managed to wake up everyone in first wing as never before.

Carl majored in English and created several literary masterpieces, usually in multicolored triplicate. His writing was read by hundreds of plebes everywhere.

Carl is best known for doing everything "one better" than his classmates. Instead of just one youngster cruise, he had two. When his roommate got fried 5K, he got a 6K, and it certainly wasn't for marriage or paternity, (at least he never got caught at it).

We wish you all the best of luck Carl.

DSL

Patrick A. Piercey
MH
Tulsa, Oklahoma
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Pat is a creature beyond words and can only be adequately understood through years of careful observation. However, after four years of data gathering, I hope I can relay to those who read this biography in some small way a portion of the experience I call . . . . Patrick Andrew Piercey

Pat made it into the Naval Academy on the strength of family political connections and the equal opportunity program. The fact that he thinks like a computer and had two years of excellent college grades didn't help at all, and don't let him fool you otherwise. Pat started off plebe year by memorizing the MHP, which won him the nickname "MH". Always able to quote the regs, Pat established himself as a force to be reckoned with by continually intimidating the entire upper class. He decided to move on to other areas of greatness, quickly climbing the striper pyramid only to be knocked down to company commander. A most unfortunate incident but as he always said, "The cream will rise to the top, eventually."

Perhaps the area which Pat found he could unleash the most powerful of his energies, unbeknownst to most midshipmen, was on the Heavyweight Crew team. He even smiled at the boathouse. Yes, folks 98-lb weakling Patrick Andrew rowed down (seriously) 215-lb hulking oarsmen to earn himself a seat on the national championship crew. He truly is dangerous under all that protocol. While majoring in rowing, he managed to handle the systems program with a 3.8 cum, never making a C, which earned him a chinese dinner at Army first class Year. Pat has been a most welcome friend, roommate, tutor and oarsman.

P.S. Can I have your dessert?

SCN

C. Lynn Reese
Arch
Novato, California
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Chris came to USNA from foggy California and he immediately realized that life was not fair. He ended up with the Doctor as his second class. Eventually, with much work, sweat, and countdown chowcalls, he survived the Doctor's grueling course of instruction. It came time to select majors and Chris decided that Oceanography would be the easiest for him. Unfortunately, wires, nav, engine math, and fluids had different ideas. Youngster year allowed Chris time to pursue his interests further, as this was also the time he became a free man once again. This did not last long. Second class year rolled (and I do mean rolled) around for Chris and he became very well known on the circuit and as one of the "Ultras" that resided in the Tool Shed. As a heavy-duty flamer, the plebes were prompted to retaliate and they finally succeeded in their quest - but not without casualties. About this time sanity returned once again and Chris again was free to shop around. First class cruise came up and Chris was bitten by the nuclear bug, so he decided to see what the underwater life was like and to try and get a leg-up into the nuclear power program. Alas, the attempt was valiant, but it was not to be. Finally Chris decided that nuke wasn't all it was cracked up to be and thus decided to be one of the "targets" instead. Finally into the swing of first class year, Chris was determined to have a good time, no matter what the cost. He thought that he could be nice to plebes, just once, but others did not see it quite the same way and Chris received his membership card into the EMBC. Someone once said that "This too shall pass," and it did. Chris, have a great time out there with good luck, fair winds and following seas

— JGT

Thomas A. Smith
Smitty
Chicago, Illinois
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

When Smitty first came to the Naval Academy, he was a sweat and he couldn't walk right. At least now he can do both at the same time. After considering entering the Jesuits, he thought USNA would be a disciplined alternative. But, alas, he couldn't ease up and have a good time like the rest of us. He soon gained an increasing propensity for the rack, which, of course, led to his selection of Poly Sci for a major.

Smitty will be remembered as being lucky. For instance, he somehow ended up with the best sponsors, the Stahls, who took us all in. Second-class summer Smitty earned the nickname "Baby-face" becaue the best-looking girls always seemed to be around him. Unfortunately, he never seemed to know what to do with them. His luck carried over into academics; there always seemed to be just enough gravy on the grades.

When the long-awaited first class year arrived, Smitty kept a low profile on 6-1. However, an isolated incident brought him popularity, as do many difficult situations. Second semester, he and Tayls moved up to 6-2. His new billet proved the axiom "They'll give three stripes to anybody these days."

Tom, we wish you lotsa luck in the future, but we figure you've got too much anyway. Seriously though, the gang was tight. We're gonna miss ya

—Pat, Tayls, Teyum & Adnog.

Thomas J. Taylor, Jr.
Tayls
East Northport, New York
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Tayls snuck in from "Lawn Guyland". Recruited for gymnastics, he did a two-year stint in MacDonough's gym and then left for more rewarding athletic competition with the killer ducks. Tayls always managed to keep a low profile which wasn't hard for somebody his size. Plebe year he even resorted to setting up the upperclass with his sister to keep himself out of trouble.

Tayls is well known for his taste in, or lack thereof, in music. He introduced Smitty to both kinds of music: country *and* western. Poor Smitty, no man deserves such torture

After a 4-year tour with Sue, Tayls found more girls in the world. Just like his look-a-like, Mark "The Rat" Radner, Tayls learned how to put out "the vibe". Being the generous person he is, he also set up his friends with other girls. At least that's what we think they were, sometimes it was hard to tell. Just ask Pat about Bozo's friend

Tayls picked math as a major because Chauvenet was a good 85 ft closer than Michelson. He also realized the Academy had some pitfalls early on during his stay. That's when he opened 6-2 barber shop. To keep his clientele warm during the winter months, he brought down "The Device". His room was the only room that felt like summer all year round. He almost added the Ft. Lauderdale sand from his new car (Dad's money) that he drove "The Boys" down in over spring break.

As of this writing, Tayls' service selection has not yet been determined. Wherever he ends up, we know his good nature and well-timed sense of humor will serve him well. We'll miss you

TAS PWB PAG TSH

James G. Trettin
Jim
Kaukauna, Wisconsin
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Jim came to the Trade School from out of the cold. He immediately distinguished himself as a well of professional knowledge. If it existed, Jim knew about it. He even knew some that the upperclass didn't know. During plebe year, Jim was also known for something else, he was the only plebe to have longer weekends than the firsties! (At least debate was good for something) Jim did quite well with the books and it was no shock when he choose the major of majors, EE. Youngster cruise gave Jim a LONG taste of the fleet, 72 days to be exact Unfortunately, he never saw the sun and never stopped eating. When he returned, the company thought it had a new 'ster. Well, Jim got down to fighting the "Battle of the Bulge." The academics were no problem for Jim who spent most of his time reading novels. Jim gave a new meaning to the term, "ultra-conservative." In fact, he made the rest of us look down right liberal! Second class year rolled around and found Jim studying a little harder He also excelled in making plebes lives miserable as a member of the Toolshed. No matter how long the plebes researched, Jim would always stump them. Jim also had problems second semester, chicken pox after spring break and an appendicitis during finals. He still got over a 3.0. First class year found him on pistol detail doing what he really loves to do, shoot things. With the coming of ac-year, Jim finished his quals and became the CO for the batt YP. Jim selected Nuke Subs and got his check (which immediately went to Visa and USAA). Jim, good luck and have fun. Fair winds and following seas!

CLR

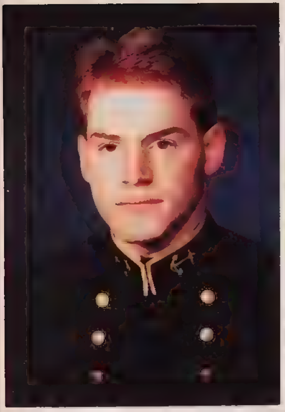
James I. Ward, Jr.
Inman
Gulfport, Mississippi
Electrical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Inman, or EEEman for short, came to us from the foreign shores of Mississippi. If you happen to catch him with his headphones off, you'll find him to be a true supporter of the South. However, his loyalty to the South was tested by the "urban" population of Annapolis. Being a go getter, Inman made major contributions to the urban renewal of College Station, Texas. Yes, Inman was a man of great ambition-who else would go double E with a 2.12 CQPR. This soon lead to his marriage with his books. It was quite a romance; they spent every weekend together. But it was a success. He was even able to survive ol' "third Degree" without getting burnt! He was successful in almost everything he tried. He even beat MHP to discovering women. He was never quite the same since. Yes, he was definitely a man who knew what he wanted out of life. After finding women, he decided he needed the hottest car to go along with his new found interest. And a Camaro he bought, and bought, . . . The ol' Corps has always been in his blood. Inman reported on I-day with a Marine reg hair cut and it only got shorter. Having been the commander of his Marine JROTC unit in high school, the Corps was certainly nothing new to him. He spent first class cruise learning as much as he could about the Corps in Camp Pendleton, like how to repel on his knees. Inman was always a quiet guy, but one worth taking the time to get to know. I might be seeing you in the Corps. But even if I don't, I'll be thinking of you and wishing you luck!

Semper Fi my friend!

jed JGT

# Twenty-Sixth Company



Gregory S. Adams
Gomez
Feasterville, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Life may be sweeter for this, I don't know; see how it feels in the end . . ."

Greg came to USNA from NAPS as a track recruit, but too much work and clean living just didn't cut it, so he quit track. The most difficult part of plebe year for Gomez was leaving the comforts of home, especially Clare and Daisy. A traumatic experience in the middle of his second class year caused him to "keep the beat and bad company." This forced him into trying to find himself and his friends got quite a laugh out of his misadventures. Gomez could always be counted on to nickel and dime his best buddies to death, but in turn he was always willing to help a friend in need.

Forever "Deadicated", whenever Uncle Jerry and the boys were within 300 miles, Gomez would be on the road to make a pilgrimage to pay homage. All he needed was a full tank of gas, a case of beer, his Dead tapes, and .

Greg is an interesting artist and had an interesting interpretation of Navy sports (which got him in trouble lickity-split!).

Gomez is going to be a Navy pilot, but he already spends most of his time in space. Good luck, Gomez!

"If you don't have good dreams . . you got nightmares . . ."

Bobby "Boogie" Sheftell
from "Diner"

Robert J. Barton III
Big Bob
Warwick, Rhode Island
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Big Bob arrived in sunny Annapolis with a Kool between his lips and his saxophone in hand. Thinking that Halsey was a nightclub, he checked his sax at the door and fell asleep at center court. When he awoke at the end of plebe summer, MIDN Barton realized that he was here to stay. Bob's subsequent reunion with his saxophone filled him with a sense of purpose, and he started the first in an endless series of bands that were to rob him of what was left of his youth and his devotion to jazz as a pure art form.

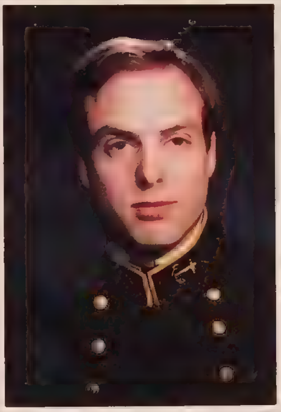
He settled for rock'n'roll, and distinguished himself as the only sax player in history to play Van Halen. Bob became well known for his versatility, trying his hand at guitar, bass, keyboards, drums, and yes even vocals, before he finally made it to management. He presided over the Academy's rock bands his first class year while filling in on sax, keyboards and auxiliary percussion for his brainchild, 'UA''.

Bob loves sports fishing, skiing, pistol shooting, Burger King, performing on stage, Rhode Island, and his Mom and Dad. He is going surface after graduation, but only until the Nukes realize they made a big mistake the first time

Stay safe, strong, and happy. Bob, we'll be watching you.

For all time, and all places in this world;

The Band.



Jan M. Bizzaro
Jan
Union, New Jersey
Applied Science
Supply Corps

The first things that pop into my head when I think of Jan are an infectious giggle, a pair of mischievious green eyes, and an optimistic spirit that just won't quit. From the beginning it seemed that the saucy gymnast from Jersey might have trouble adjusting to the military way of life, but her winning attitude kept her and her classmates surviving through thick and thin. Though a certain unforgettable undersized firstie found her unprofessional and subsequently tried to put a damper on her zest for life, her hard work and skill paid off and she earned a varsity letter in gymnastics plus a spot in Regionals her plebe year. Youngster year found her as fun as ever, but with serious doubts about continuing a career as a mid. Many unmade racks later, with the faithful Optimist's Creed at her headboard, she decided the Naval path wasn't so rocky after all. This roommate for one, is glad she decided to stay. Never to be forgotten are the all-nighters, smoking and dancing to keep awake, popcorn parties, nachos, beer and cloves at Armadillo's, a certain after-lunch visitor who grew to be a special friend and sweetheart, the youngster room with Laura and the same Siberian hideaway as firsties. Of course, no room of Jan's would be complete without the cheerful pink pig paraphernalia scattered around, along with upbeat quotes to maintain that "PMA". Her natural positive spirit and leadership earned her captaincy of the women's gymnastics team both junior and senior years and is sure to add to her success as an officer and beyond. Her quick relaxing laughter and even quicker helping hand have kept all of us smiling. Thanks for three great years as a roommate and friend, here's to "PMA" for a life-long friendship, and maybe a Greek god thrown in for a smile .

Good luck follow you always, love,
Beth.

Larry V. Brown, Jr.
Bubba
Carnesville, Georgia
Economics
Surface Warfare

Alright and howdy, howdy! This is Reverend Larry Brown of Reverend Larry Brown's Used Cars! Today we've got specials, specials, specials! In honor of Richard Nixon's birthday, we have this beautiful 1969 Shelby Mustang- it gets 3 gallons to the mile and is great for running over people on bikes and roller skates, and over here we have an Official Mustang Pace Car that was a personal favorite of Officer Price. Oh, and here is a real beauty, a 1968 Cadillac, well I know it's a hearse, but it can fit 23 passengers, dead or alive! So come on down and check out my wonderful selection of motor vehicles. It's like I say- walk softly and wear a loud suit, and keep country in your soul!"

Yo Brown is known for putting accents on the wrong syllables of words because he's a backwards country maggot from Georgia. The only thing he's sure he wants to do with his life is marry Renee. In the meantime he's taking care of his ulcers by drinking lots of beer and white lightning and eating Tostitos with cheese and jalapeno dip. Besides buying and selling cars and diamonds, Larry has a weak spot in his heart for country music, especially King John and Prince George. Lar also had a nasty habit of drinking straight tequila and jumping off the roofs of houses into swimming pools. All in all Brown is an extremist, just the way we like him. Good luck to you, Vonselle, and I hope you and Cordie Mae enjoy sharing your new apartment with OJ. We love you.

GA

"And one guy, name of Brown, Larry V., had *two* cars, both of them illegal parked!" - Quoted from Officer Price, Naval Academy Police Force.

Karl R. Buss
Karlov Buski
Kensington, California
Applied Science
Cryptology

After a year in a Minnesota Prep School, digging out from under all that snow and ice, Buski arrived on I-day with only one goal in mind, P-cola. He wanted to be a pilot. Well, the lie low and halo effect tactics allowed him to make it through his plebe year without a problem. Just Bob, got to love that snoring.

Karlov was Mister Clean and professional. He was training officer each year. It was great living with a file cabinet. He also had trouble keeping his tie up in SDB's. But, he made up for it in his cowboy hat and boots, and his big sheepskin coat.

Second class year, Karlov had to number his Laura's and Ann's. He is one of the few to know the feeling of getting pulled over in the Z-28 doing 57 in a 35MPH zone, and only getting a warning. But, the taxi driver saved us for taps. All that for Laura I. We did have a great time in Pasadena with the Smith's and their Cadi, VCR, and wet bar.

After a delightful summer in Brazil and the Amazon, Karl bought his second love, a red Blazer. It did make for a great trip to KY and to see Mary. KY was the defroster's first true work-out. First class year, Karl decided that he wanted to collect all these 'bibliographies' from all the mids and life was really interesting for several weeks with all the questions But life went on, even after his scare with depth perception just two weeks before service selection. Karl, take care, keep your hat in the truck, and good luck

Hurls

Frank W. Butterworth IV
Pruskie
Abington, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Frank rolled into Plebe Summer sporting a tan and a surfboard. His biggest homesickness was leaving Gretel and Mimi behind. Frank is a very special person because he knows everything. If you don't believe that, just ask him. Every afternoon Spock could be seen throwing on his sailing attire and heading for Santee basin. He is a specialist in chemical warfare, often forcing his roommate and friends to leave the room in tears. Throughout our four years, Frank was often the envy of us all because of his God given gift, his tremendous head, which could solve many problems quicker and easier than most of his classmates. At the end of second class year, Pruskie bought a Saab, but he always had a thing for Volkswagens. We wish Frank the best of luck in his career as a Nuclear Power officer in the Submarine Force.

Live long and throw down

Melanie S. Camp
Mel
San Diego, California
Applied Science
Intelligence

When I think of you Melanie, I think of a quiet, foggy day at the beach. But it's not an ordinary beach; I've never seen one quite like it. The music isn't the usual crashing of the waves or the seagulls screeching impatiently, but it's a singing like Dan Fogelberg, Chicago, Karla Bonoff, or Kenny Loggins. There are even ducks on this beach, nibbling on Dunkin' Munchkins and strawberry licorice. Instead of precious sea shells decorating the sand, there are yogurt-covered peanuts and raisins speckled about. I see myself on this beach, grasping on to the string of a beautiful kite, as the wind hums a kite song. The waves crash and the explosion of salty mist kisses your face, but you taste champagne instead. Up by the sand dunes, there are a bunch of friends playing volleyball, having so much fun! Further down the beach I see people "Camping out" around a bonfire. Everyone is drinking Piña Coladas and snacking on buttered popcorn seasoned with Krazy Salt. The sun is slipping behind the ocean, leaving a hint of its presence in your favorite colors, soft pinks and purples, smeared into the sky. I can just barely make out a little pita boat on the horizon carrying a chicken salad platter to the girl doing a Maiden Form commercial. There is a man on the beach; he's tall, dark-haired and very handsome. One of the girls playing volleyball says his name is Tory. He looks so calm, staring at the water mesmerized by it's rhythmic motion, thinking about the time his love almost drowned. I like this beach. It's your beach though, Mel. It's filled with little memories of you that have somehow stayed with me. You are a special friend, Melanie. LYLAS Love,

Nancy

Richard C. Carlson
Slick
Severna Park, Maryland
Economics
Surface Warfare

Rick came to us from nearby Severna Park ready to play soccer and to commute home as much as possible. Plebe year, when he wasn't traveling up Route 2 towards home or on the soccer field you could always find him in earnest discussions with his upperclass. Loving all the attention, Rick decided that the Academy was the place for him. After making it through plebe year strictly due to a determined attitude, he moved on to a varsity letter and bigger and better things. His "econ" major gave him no problems but the so-called "engineering minor" did not grab Rick's attention or enthusiasm. The "If we quit now we don't have to . . ." slogan found a way into many conversations, but justice prevailed and the light at the end of the tunnel began to get brighter and brighter. However, in this case it was a train coming the other way — intent on destroying Rick's body. What else could explain the recurring sight of Rick on crutches, hobbling up the stairs? A bad knee from soccer (Supply Corps possibilities?), burns from YP cruise (what was he doing?), and eye infections made Rick our favorite cripple. Even with such handicaps though, Rick did find the energy to rustle a little taffeta now and then (Remember the Christmas dance?)

Aside from such infamous incidents, Rick will always be remembered as an easy-going friend who would always give you his last dime if you needed it. It was a pleasure buddy — thanks a ton. God bless.

AJC

Brian K. Creager
Creags
Naugatuck, Connecticut
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Brian arrived at USNA with delusions of grandeur. With plebe summer being easy for him, he figured he'ld have no problems in beating the system. He did not figure on academics being so hard however, and soon found himself on probation. A bad attitude didn't help, but he came back from Christmas leave ready to go. Academics didn't hurt so much this time, but his grease did. Sailing was his aggression outlet, or maybe it was the beer that went with it, for he drank a lot

The term "youngster syndrome" was invented for guys like Creags. His weeks were spent on academics, and his weekends on wine, women, and song. One thing is for sure, he always had some good stories

Second class year saw a more responsible individual emerge, even his female classmates began to like him. He didn't drink so much anymore, but you'd think his roommate did. Rumor has it that Rock slept in a raincoat. The "gamble" paid off however when he returned from leave to receive the best Christmas gift possible - no bed-wetting roommate that listened to gay music, and brushed his teeth like a queer

During first class year, Brian (played by Harrison Ford) kept us going on weekends with a never-ending series of parties and get-togethers. He also became obsessed with the game of golf, and trying to be like Indiana Jones. He bought complete outfits for both

Since his first day here, Indy has always wanted to be a Navy Pilot, and this dream will soon come true. Although he will be heart-broken to leave camp USNA, the beaches and bikinis of Florida will ease the pain. His greatest assets are his outgoing personality, and his great sense of humor. If the meek are to inherit the earth, then you'll find him amongst the stars

Craig A. Cox
Coxie
Lapeer, Michigian
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

I drove a Triumph TR8 and I went Navy Air.

John R. DelCamp
Del
Portland, Maine
Mechanical Engineering
Navy Air

After having spent a year at the University of Maine, John came to USNA and has since enlightened us with his liberal and contemporary thought. The Big Del was always looking for someplace to party on the weekend. Whether playing the role of "Goucher Guy" or "Delaware Delly," he always managed to leave his mark. John was also good for a laugh when we needed one- whether he was there or not. His artistic sketchings and impersonations would keep us all laughing through many a boring night. Although Delly had a heavy workload, he always had a free moment to help others out. Coach Del was always an inspiration, whether we were on the field or on the prowl. The only thing that beat partying with a DelCamp was partying with more than one DelCamp- The Czechoslovakian Brothers; "You look like a former Cosmopolitan Cover Girl;" "Let's go to Atlantic City and loose our shirts;" and "Damn, Tom, you sure can drive that rental car well!" The Del is looking forward to jet pilot training . . . We wonder if he knows about the swim test. In any event, his great personality and easy going manner will make a great addition to the Florida nightlife. We wish John the very best of what life has to offer. Good luck, Del! We will always remember the good times we had.

Adam J. Curtis
Schladmoe
Towson, Maryland
Mathematics
Special Warfare

In July of '81, Adam left Towson for Annapolis. Uncharacteristically, the trip wasn't to visit the local bars but the Academy. Adam wanted to be a pilot. Plebe summer didn't seem to slow Adam down. His only hinderance was a certain someone back in Towson. Plebe year went smoothly from being 4/c co. com. to the 4.0. 3/c year added new freedoms but the goals were the same. Visits to U of Md were far from uncommon. Wonder who went there? Go Terps! Always the humanitarian, Adam decided to give blood and play rugby. 2/c year, Adam broadened his horizons and took the big step of dating other women. Oh, the problems the new women caused but it was something Adam couldn't complain about too much. Adam joined OCF at this time perhaps to pray for his girl problems or his health during rugby. Remember that bump you took on the head? Doubt it, you certainly couldn't then. 1/c year he left us and went downstairs as Batt Ops. Away on his own for a season he lettered in rugby and got a star too. Adam has been an achiever in a school of achievers, but what sets him apart is not the achievements but that Adam is himself. He has been a friend that can be relied on to help with a problem, talk to, go to a ball game, or just go out for a wild time with. He is in short a rare person and one we're all glad to know. Although you don't need it, good luck in the future as a seal (bad eyes eliminated the pilot dream) and beyond. God Bless!

RCC, KCS

Tammy L. Dunkel
Slam
Levittown, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

What can I say. I think you started with Keith then on to one of the stars of "My Three Sons." Next the hit single of the "Doors," who after late nights of cosmic whimpout got Integrated AnDY over tam y. I'm glad you settled on Mark. We of course have shared our secrets, a naughty night on the yawls, a tempermental plant, and some peculiar door tags during Army/Navy week. Speaking of Army/Navy, remember Atlantic City, the Goodwin's and how about that traffic jam before march-on. A ski trip to Philly became quite an event as well. It wasn't all play though. We studied a little—how about that fluid physics demonstration for Korman. All I remember is getting soaked in the shower. "If it weren't for the viscosity of air raindrops would kill you." Of company officers you had your way. But I liked it when you were the conduct officer best.

I'm certainly glad I shared such good times with you! My best wishes to you and Mark.

Love,
Maddog

Thomas J. Fasanello, Jr.
Fas
East Meadow, New York
Physics
Naval Flight Officer

Always the selfless person, Fas could always be counted on to sacrifice for his friends. He even sacrificed his knee in a skiing accident for the benefit of one of his classmates. Fas is a hard-core Yankee fan who would strangle anyone who was a "jump on the bandwagon because they're winning the season" sports fan. After a long 1/c submarine cruise he decided that the nuclear Navy bit and that he was going to become an NFO. This was a big decision for Fas because he wanted to use the Nuke bonus for a hair-weave from Mr. Ray . . Being a Physics major, Fas has enjoyed the company of such physics greats as Big Ed, Pencil-neck, and Hat Man to name a few. On spare afternoons he could be found asleep dreaming of sports instead of preparing for them. On occasion, when he did stay awake, Bancroft rocked to the sounds of loud jazz which would also eventually put him to sleep. Fas must have been an amphibian in a former life, for his mile time reflected that of a fish out of water but he validated every swim test. His running ability earned him the nickname of "Lightning Fasanello".

Good luck, Fas, and we all hope that you will someday achieve your ultimate goal - to be head groundskeeper at Yankee Stadium. We're going to miss Uncle Fas's Happy Show

"Life is a series of hellos and goodbyes,
I'm afraid it's time for goodbye again."

BJ

Nancy A. Honan
Nance
Madison, Connecticut
English
General Unrestricted Line

Nance arrived at Annapolis as a former Napster luggin' her green sea bag on her back and reluctantly leaving her Utopia, Block Island, behind. Our "real little buddy" had a never-ending smile and cheery personality that were a blessing to us all. Only a chosen few knew the answer to the question, "Does she ever stop smiling?". Another mystery about Nancy was her ability to fit large quantities of food into that little body of hers. Who could forget the quiche, mexican pizza, and donut holes; the white wine, toasted almonds and piña coladas. All these were her source of energy which propelled her through all those miles of running Being X-country captain 1/C year gave her three stripes and invitation to all those receptions during the week. It also furnished her with an opportunity to pursue her artistic talents on Tuesday nights in town. (It's probably a good thing you skipped that seventh lesson, huh?) All this fun kept her away from the English books that she always intended to finish, but never quite did. Thank goodness for those Cliff Notes. Well Nance, the dreams of a "normal life" have finally come true. No more PCR's, mile runs, and opened windows in the middle of winter. The tears and laughter, fear and joy, failure and success will never be forgotten. No one could ask for a better friend to share them with. I hope you find that 9 to 5 job! Why did we come here anyway? Frankly, Scarlett O'Honan, I don't give a damn!

LYLAS Love, Mel.

Donald J. Hurley
Jeff
Paducah, Kentucky
Political Science
Intelligence

Jeff came to USNA with three things in mind: 1 to graduate, 2. to be a Naval Aviator, and 3. to marry his hometown girl in four years. Well, his eyes knocked out objective number two so much so that he is now Restricted Line. So, Jeff went out and signed up for the YP Squadron to cure any lustings for Unrestricted (Surface) Line. He did so well, he rose to the exalted (Ha. Ha, got a lot of jokes about this one) rank of YP Commodore. Gotta love those rainy nights in the C & D Canal, those darn dredges, and the frailties of being human. USNA was never easy for Jethro, even with a hot-rod Camaro, Kris, and three-stripes, but those libs sure helped 1/c year. He made it through here by sheer effort and determination. Especially, after three of his first four roommates didn't make it to 2 for 7 night Aaaah, but Kent and I cured that malady. No, I'll never forget the fifteen hour drive to Paducah (curiously similar to Podunk), Havre de Grace, the sound of, or the feel of 550 horses under the hood doing 100 MPH on the way back form Philly, with Delli wearing a G-suit, walking four miles in 95 degrees for the two mile limit, and then climbing the fence in S. W when the night was through. Hurls, life with you may be slow sometimes, but never dull. Volleyball across the desk at 1 AM, juggling oranges (splat!), over Kent's bed, and when that gets boring, Frisbee around the room. Yes, we finally got our two-man room, only to be moved in on by a file cabinet and a Brazilian mid. Who said 1/c year was easy! But I am glad we both made it. Hope the sun always shines over your shoulder, and not in your face

GOOD LUCK!

Buski

Anton G. Kerr
Ton Ton
Arlington, Virginia
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Anton came to the Academy amidst the weeping of his family, weeping at the extreme seperation they would be facing, all 45 minutes of it. Anton perservered through plebe year, even ac-year. Tony immediately joined the Glee Club and found it was a well kept secret at the Academy, not to mention a great escape from plebe year. The Glee Club was a very memorable experience for Anton. It allowed him to travel all around the country from San Diego to New Orleans to Las Vegas to Boston; to perform for the President, to sing with Julio Iglesias and hear him sing, "I'm . . dweaming . . . of a White . . . . . Chwizmaz," and many nat'l TV appearances. Ton Ton was also a four year member of the Antiphonal Choir and its Vice President 1/c year.

Anton spent most of his studies working toward a major in mathematics. He could usually be found trying to find the dates for Axe-Boards only to find he got the highest grade on the test.

Anton kept a low profile during his 3/c and 2/c years, and could usually be found filling his "Honey Bear" and strumming his guitar. He was a consistent intramurals player and in his coaching debut took an 0-5 Batt football team to a 5-0 Brigade championship. (He also played fieldball and Rugby)

First class year was special for Anton. He became addicted to Mountain Dew and was able to swing a chit for 3-striper Libs as a Squad Leader.

Anton decided to take the money and run for service selection, and probably won't be seen for some time as he patrols the depths of the Seas. Good luck Anton

From KS, RC, AC, JH, KB

Andrew D. Lawrence
Drew
Rexford, New York
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

It's amazing what someone can do when they put their mind to it. From a simple chance to skip class while in a Navy electronics school in Great Mistakes came a stint in Partyland, U.S.A. (NAPS), and finally a chance to be a member of the Class of '85. After two years in the Fleet the Academy was certainly a change of pace. It wasn't a party the whole time, but it wasn't bad. From Newport, R.I. to Charleston, S.C., and even in Rota, Spain, Andy had a way of either finding, or making a party. Who can forget those missions to Rosie O'Grady's in P-Cola, or the Candy Store, and there were more than a few trips to the condo's of the Virginia Beach?

It wasn't all fun, though. From YP squadron plebe year, an internship with the Secretary of Defense youngster year, and sailing an Academy yacht off the coast of Florida during his first class summer, Andy knew how to work hard when he had to. He stayed just one step ahead of the Academy officers and one step behind in his studies. He held such important jobs as Company Video Rep, Safe Driving Rep (while breaking the land speed record between Annapolis and Albany, N.Y.), and general economist. He formed his life on three basic tenets; live a clean life, drive like there's no tomorrow, and economics is the basis around which everything in the universe revolves. He will best be remembered for his honesty. No matter what lies ahead of him in life, he is certain to come out on top in any situation.

As you travel life's highway, don't forget to stop and eat the roses. It was a grand time.

Thanks, Ann.

Thomas R. Lowry
Lousy
Waynesboro, Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Little did we know that the backwoods of Pennsylvania could produce one of the greatest ladykillers since Hawkeye Pierce of the 4077th There were so many . . . Dawn, Karen, Janet, Beth, Brenda and even that girl who showed few signs of life, but each had a special place in Tom's . . . heart

Lousy pole vaulted for Navy during plebe and youngster year but decided to give up on 16 feet because 16 inches was a more realistic goal!? This increase in free time gave Tom the opportunity to buy a car and frequent the Tortuga, the only bar with night life within a hundred miles of Waynesboro. He was always on the prowl, if not for women then for other sportscars which were foolish enough to fall prey to his Mustang in the quarter mile. Lousy was always quick with the stick.

After being away from home for four years, Tom has expanded his musical horizons beyond the Beach Boys on eight track tapes. Tom discovered there was a multitude of girl groups waiting to be tapped.

Tom had a revolving door policy with his roommates, they were in the door one minute and on the "Those we left behind" list the next.

Lousy was always one to give his all, even sacrificing his collarbone during a touch football scrimmage. This persistance and agressiveness will bring him much success in all his future endeavors (as long as he doesn't pick fights with 7 foot basketball players on the streets of Washihgton). Best of luck Tom.

TJF

Basil K. Makridis
Billy
Oradell, New Jersey
Naval Architecture
Naval Aviation

Billy Mak drove in to Camp Tecumsah from exit 18. After Delong & Oh . . . he survived the Pearman, showerlight study, & long distance orange fights. 3/c yr the Jerseyite was outnumbered but never outdressed. Alfa's, girls, Saloon, and a barnfire were in the mind of this struggling NARC. 2/c yr dream became reality with a Mille Miglia and a P-Cola divorcee. Ac-yr was rough but with a new car and spring break anything is survivable-'Lauderdale and the "Better Head"? Returning to his ancestry, Billy enjoyed a 65 day love boat cruise with the Greeks when Pat, Rachel, Carolyn et all became your first mate. 1/c yr found Billy with a new Alfa- a his/her matching set (Wad's wearing a bra) & Cdr. of a company that partied better than they marched, finishing 31st BUT UNDER CONTROL. Getting lost in DC was typical but for 4 hrs at the Crab Feast??? Sat. night excursion to Buster Estates answered his navigation problems

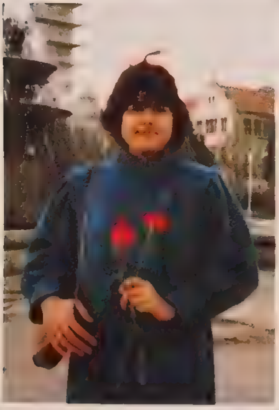
For the many girls that subscribe to your address (and body) Lisa, Nancy, 6105, you will be heartfully missed. For me, Basil, I will miss your friendship, for with it this place was a little more bearable, I wish you only the best! The contents at Farmers will say the rest. In twenty, Basil, I got the first round. May the wind be always at your back . .

PMS

Elizabeth M. McGinn
Beth
Fort Meade, Maryland
English
General Unrestricted Line

Beth grew up an Army brat, hailing from everywhere and presently living in Ft. Meade, Md. By accepting her appointment to the Naval Academy, Beth took a step upward from Army. Unfortunately, she left her brother Mike behind at West Point. Although she wanted an easy way out, Beth made the big decision to become an English major. A procrastinator at heart, all-nighters were her second nature. She was most productive at 4:00 AM the day the paper was due. Her abilities were put to use by all as she spent many hours proofreading and typing for others. As a Masquerader, she was most renowned for her leading roles in *Wild Oats*, *the Gov't Inspector*, *Kings*, and *the Alcestiad*. When she was not in the spotlight of Mahan Hall, Beth spent many hours working at the Crew house. Her grace and determination earned her a varsity letter, but even saints have sins. Some of her bad habits were running, coffee, bubble gum and doodling: however, her worst was Stan the Man, alias Stu LeBaron. Though shy, it doesn't take long for one to see that Beth is always willing to help others in any way she can. It would be no exaggeration to say that Beth is the sweetest person to graduate from USNA. She will definitely be missed; by all who knew her. Reach for your dreams, Beth!

Love, Jan.



Gregory T. McKenney
Greg
Medford, New Jersey
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Greg hitchhiked his way to USNA after a fun filled year at MMA. Plebe summer flew by as Greg carried our guidon and ended with Greg at Bethesda with a curious infection. Upon his return, the upperclass didn't know Greg, and he kept it that way. Even with Diamond Jim and the Jarhead Twins Greg managed to take it easy, and if he wasn't playing squash, he was "sleeping through plebe year." Between Eustace, MMA, and Capt. C. Greg couldn't help but be a cynic, and he properly chose a poli-sci major. By year's end V.O. had hit the floor, and Greg and I had had a year of C, so we moved in together. Then we visited ST. JOHN'S . . . That summer Greg made it to the WEST coast on an ailing Adams. 'Ster year saw the rise and fall of Ann, and his last collegiate squash season. Most of all though, the knockout whirled about like a crimson dynamo "washing away the guilt" and going to the head. Second class summer saw Greg's first trip to "the HILL". The year looked up as we got a new third and decided life here must be made bearable. The "cafe and bar" was soon opened. Sheila arrived, and then she was exited. Greg never let a girlfriend get in the way of a good weekend anyway. Greg made great use of libs, A or UA. First class summer cruised out of Florida, back to the hill and three "rough weeks" of detail. That fall we headed up the shaft, out of sight in the homiest room in the brigade. This year saw the dawning of Maryanne and CDO libs. Greg was 'given' the chance to be CAO, lucky guy Greg is a very special person. He's witty, intelligent and makes MMA omlettes and bloodies. Remember the Armies. Best of all he gets along with me, even with 'no slack.' He appreciates the finest but can enjoy the simple. Someday he'll be on a ballot and he's got my vote forever. Good luck, don't get old, and stay free and easy. Later . . .

JJR

Margaret A. Menzies
Peggy
Cincinnati, Ohio
Naval Architecture
General Unrestricted Line

Recruited for sailing, Peg came from Cincy with only that on her mind. However she quickly learned to fit other things (McGarvey's, Marmaduke's, Traffic tickets, and EMBC) and other people (Paul, Kevin, Andy, Jimi, Jimmy, Randy, Larry, Mike, Martin, Greg, and Tiny Tim) into her busy schedule. "Incredible!" Somehow we survived Army week every year against "amazing" odds: frat., Atlantic City, Moosehead, and traffic jams. Even after some 6 room changes, it still hurts worse on her side of the room. But that probably has something to do with her frequent self-destruct mode.

Not one to forget her priorities, Peg did manage to spend some time with her books and even more time with computers—always keeping in mind that time spent studying and G.P.A. are inversely proportional.

Always remember: he can't break his back if he doesn't have a backbone, when fighting with the adjutant it's helpful to live with the conduct officer, yes you can drink with eyepatches on, and if it weren't for the viscosity of air raindrops would kill you!

Thanks for putting up with my sarcasm, Pegatha! Good luck in the real Navy. See you in Norfolk.

TLDavis

Thomas K. Norman
T.K.
Marietta, Georgia
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Kelvin came to the Naval Academy from the land of Georgia Peaches. He was the "old man" of the company with three years prior service in the Navy; attaining the rank of E-5 before entering these "Hallowed Halls". Neither his time in the Fleet nor his time in "Mother B" dimmed his pride in his southern heritage. An avid Civil War history buff, T.K. could often be found touring battlefields in his luxury car first class year. He knew more Civil War trivia than anyone I know. He was a banjo playing demon, which just goes to show you, Charlie Daniels had it wrong when he said, "The Devil Went Down to Georgia"; he came from there.

Kelvin studied hard throughout his time at USNA, especially after a scare at an axe-board second class year. Still, he somehow managed to squeeze in some rack time most afternoons. T.K. did love his sleep! Kevin is looking forward to serving on the East Coast in the traditional service—Surface Line. Good luck and God bless!

PGW

### Gerard T. Padich
Gerry
Massapequa, New York
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Gerry came to us from NAPS, but his heart has always been, and always will be in Long Island. Being a lacrosse recruit, he was kept pretty busy his first two years. Having to room with Smokey and Chowder was not something many could do and hope to retain his sanity for very long. Despite what most of us thought, Ger wasn't as close to the Smokeshow as it appeared, it was more of a toleration. Still, Smokey was good for a few laughs, that is when he wasn't stealing Ger's underwear and socks. When things became too much, Gerry could always seek refuge in Big Al's room. There they'd joke about having coffee and doughnuts around Chowder's coffee table (his hat).

Youngster year had a new challenge in store for Ger. Chowder was out, but the Pear was in. If you were looking for Ger though, you could find him in Beamer's room along with his stereo and Smokey. He even slept in there sometimes.

Living with Smokey became too much to bear, so Gerry found some new roommates. Brian was easy to live with, but Peter Pan got under his skin. If you could only have seen his reaction when he found out that Surfer-boy wet the bed! Second semester was relatively uneventful, but Gerry was content with a two-man room, a Visa card, a car loan, a ring and first class year close at hand.

First Class year was up and down for Ger. Things would go smoothly until he went out howling with the Wolfe! With everything considered, I don't think there was anybody who looked forward to graduation more than him. Well, good luck in Pensacola Gerry, and who knows, maybe you'll get out after five years.

I. J.

### Antolin Ruiz Jr.
Tony
Homestead, Florida
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Tony came to USNA for the same reason most of us did . . . it seemed like a good idea at the time. He first enlisted in the Navy and then worked his way through the BOOST program, before reporting to this resort by the bay. Tony spent most of plebe summer watching the girls on the tennis courts. Plebe year, Tony's great sense of humor really came through. It started with his T-Boogie style haircut, and peaked when he cut the bottom out of Diamond Jim's cruise box. In between, he bit Gallo's nose during a chow call and indulged in a little "night cap" across the hall after watch and the list goes on.

Youngster year found Tony still in a 3 person room (2 men and Becht). Despite having to put up with "Le Poof" Tony still managed to keep his sense of humor. He worked on his hair cutting skills and soon opened the "6th Wing Barber Shop." But mostly he concentrated on his students.

2/c year Tony changed his major to Phy Sci, after attending the Academy's shortest Ac-Board ever (2 minutes).Tony spent most of the year improving his throwing arm for softball by whizzing socks at his snoring roommate. But the softball season ended short for him when he tried to redecorate the O-Course with his face. Tony was made 2/c Co. Cdr. that year and celebrated by skinny dipping in the Potomic, in front of the Jefferson Memorial.

Tony lived in the Staff Room all of 1/c year, first as Co. Admin then Co. Cdr. He finally passed his eye exam and is on his way back to Pensacola. Tony was the most popular and most respected guy in the company. I envy the pilot who has him as his wing man. His good nature and selflessness make him one of a kind. You made this place almost bearable, Tony. Best of luck. You're a good friend to have

AVO

### John J. Ruttenberg
Wad
Laguna Hills, California
English
Naval Aviation

John rolled off the plane from Laguna Hills, Ca looking like he just got off his surfboard. Well, the beads, the hair, and the tan left, but that western spirit and the flash of an eye or smile kept things hopping. Plebe yr saw him suffering through the Dixie twins, an interesting attempt at football, brutal squads, and a less than happy T-h over cadences and Army. After Gitmo, 3/c yr brightened Jody was gone, the Greek took over, experimentations in expression with the Johnnies resulting in some battle wounds made for some fun, hurdles and funny balls were attempted, and Ivory went down the sink. 2/c yr saw him as CAP, doing weird things on stage to Bud, owner of the best resturant in the place, sampling the local talent, eating Mexican lobster, outrageous expenses, and finally the GTV6 that came with a twin brother. 1/c yr started with a surprise aboard the SARA, Italian ways, detail with the gang, Alfa racing, the fading of the Greek, and something about stewardesses and crushing women's hearts (K). Because of his major, some thought he had his head in the clouds. It was there because of his dreams of flying and his wanting the best of everything no matter what it was, the expense, or the means. It all will be his. The Prince has been heeded. It was a hell of a four years JJ Bon chance mon ami

GTM

### Paul M. Schuhlein
Schu
Westbury, New York
Aerospace Engineer
Naval Aviation

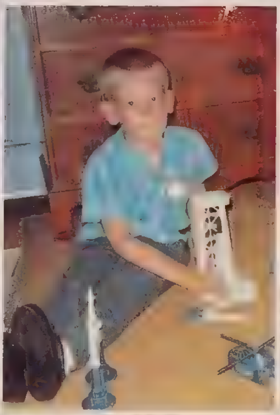
Schu came to us from Westbury, Long Island, ready to take on the challenge of this advanced high school. Paul kept us in step over the summer and enjoyed that Telly Savalas look. Plebe year saw Paul pulling for Navy Crew . . . "Yo, you know what I mean?" . . . that sinful cheesecake those AMF weekends . . . & scaling walls in search of music. 3/c summer Paul pursued his 2 fancies . . jets (aboard CV67) & topless women (that Aussie). Youngster year we kicked back and tuned in to jazz with the Fas . . . how 'bout that Merry Mounter and continued pursuit of Paul's purpose in life flying. 2/c summer saw the birth of the Goldfish Joe in P-cola . . . & a certain girl (if only Brendan knew) . . . 2/c academics took their toll but, ohhh those Saturday flings with the Swedish nanny (penny for your thoughts Paul) . . . that long distance love affair "by the sea" . . . & our two "roomies from Bloomies!" . . . Ahhh, 1/c year . . . the staff room . . . Big Red . . . the Crab Feast (take over!) "formed & under control!" . . . CADIG (programming assistance? just dial LIN-DA) . . . a Saab?, Paul please, you know there *is* no substitue! . . . & please Mrs. S., no more food! . . . -Paul, you have earned my deepest respect. I thank you for making it all worthwhile and for helping out through some rough times. It's finally time to move on my friend, until our 20th. (remember your Greek . . . KALI TIXI), may He guide you safely down the road to your quest for the Final Frontier

-KIMON

Kent C. Smith
Smitty
Arvada, Colorado
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

When Kent, an all-American boy from the land of the Rockies, rolled through the gates of the Academy in July of 1981, he might have felt a twinge of apprehension about the trials that soon would face him. It lasted about thirty seconds and he never noticed it again. Smitty sailed through plebe summer and into ac-year finding a safe haven (not to mention many, many dates) in the brigade's social activity disguised as the glee club. For the next two years, except for an occasional Thursday night concert outing, Kent was usually found singing or dating, never studying. His incredible knack for getting "cool" profs was uncanny. When first class year rolled around, Kent found his dream car, a red Porsche, and an undreamed of debt due to repairs. He soon decided he had enough flesh of his own to pick up girls, so he moved on to a silver pickup—a little more in line with his Colorado heritage. His three stripes for the entire first class year helped him to utilize both vehicles often, much to the envy of the rest of us who studied now and then. Despite such obvious inequities in the system, Kent was always a friend to be counted on. Thanks for everything, buddy.
Joshua 1:9

AJC



Paul G. Williams
Blade
Mobile, Alabama
English
Naval Flight Officer

Paul came to USNA from Mobile, Alabama, located deep in the heart of Dixie. Enthusiastic about life at the Academy, he soon became involved in many extracurricular activities, ranging from Kendo to Masqueraders. An accomplished fencer, Paul won his varsity letter during second class year. This is how he earned his nickname, "Blade". Academics imposed no problem on Paul since he is one of the few people here who can get by with very little studying and still end up standing in the top third of the class. I've never known anyone who enjoyed English literature more than he. Paul also has the biggest conglomeration of comic books around, and there is very little room left for them on his locker shelves. He remedies this problem by lending his comics out to other people. After graduation, Paul is going into the aviation community as an NFO, with much excitement about going down to Pensacola. I wish you luck and an exciting career.

TKN

Andrew J. Van Orden
V.O.
Newton, New Jersey
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Between Chowderhead's intensity and Smokey's aromas, VO, alias Fig, found time to take plebe summer seriously and embark on an illustrious career as a mid. After ac year started, VO's outlook changed drastically. Some of the reasons were T-Boogie, Diamond Jim, Rug Head, and of course, C.D. Jones. Several destroyed covers and a splintered locker door represented how he felt about plebe year and his upperclass. On the weekends, he worked on developing his overly grotesque body by faithfully doing 12-ounce curls. Thanks to "Le Poof", alias Kazoo, alias Becht, Youngster year saw VO transformed into the "No More Mr. Nice Guy" he almost is today. Actually, VO taught me how to be "firm and direct" and soon I, too dumped on "Le Poof". It took a while, but VO gave me a clue. As a matter of fact, he gave me a lot of clues. He showed me how unselfish and generous he is by never refusing to help anyone (except "Le Poof", of course).

Second class year, VO tried his luck on love. I guess his animosity against Kazoo and the cultural enhancement of listening to his KISS albums finally made him search for love. We both spent time being "firm and direct" on Bob, as well as firing "torpedoes" at the nightly "buzz saw". It did our arms a lot of good for softball, but we had to sacrifice our sleep. As a BSD during plebe summer, VO polished up his "firm and direct" technique but soon became a company SD. Soon, Coxy opened up a whole new set of horizons for VO. He had an advantage over VO, but soon VO became a womanizer too. He digressed 2nd semester and became a BSD, but he earned it honorably. He also deserved Navy Air. Andy, you are one hell of an officer and a gentleman, and it would be an honor to be your wingman. Take care brother

ARJ

Steven C. Williams
Li'l Hoss
Fresno, California
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Steve came to USNA to become a professional. He hasn't decided what kind yet, but has a good idea. One thing is for certain. He'll never lack a job after Army-Navy 1984 when he discovered his hidden talents. Steve was a role model midshipman during his stay at the Academy. He took the term "Mother B." literally and was inseperable from her halls when all other "dirtbags" were out doing unprofessional things on liberty. He held out until corrupted by some northern boys in 4th company who took a definite personal interest in his welfare. Steve will never forget those professors who always seemed to be out to get him for the obvious reason of his lack of height. He took it all in stride until the Commandant decided to comment on his status of sandblower thrown out there on the P-rade field amongst the other Company Commanders during plebe summer detail. Steve did just fine and will have a great career in anything he chooses. Go get 'em and have fun doing it

# Twenty-Seventh Company

David C. Asjes
Hash
Kansas City, Missouri
Systems Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Dave is considered the brain of the company. Beginning with plebe summer, the dinner table rang with the quote, "Help him out, Mr. Asjes." He continued his academic excellence through the next couple of years as a systems major. During these trying times, Hash had been working on the art of studying. Sitting at his desk with his face smothering the book and a faint sound of "ZZZZ," Dave was secretly perfecting the art of studying by osmosis. Unfortunately, the "heavy responsibilities" and "time-demanding job" of his Reg. Admin. billet first class year took its toll on Dave's QPR, or maybe osmosis doesn't work on 4-1, huh Dave? Also during plebe summer, we noticed Dave's extraordinary athletic ability and awesomely unique physique, which nailed down his starting right gaurd position on the heavyweight football team four years in a row. Seriously, Dave is one of the nicest guys you could ever meet. He always holds concerns for others over his own, and we can always look to Hash to lend a helping hand. Dave, good luck and God bless!

JRC and SBB

Steven B. Bishop
Little Guy
St. Petersburg, Florida
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Little Guy, finely tuned professionally due to his fantastic fortune in being accepted to NAPS and surviving it, still proved to be the most innocent of us all. Chosen as a leader throughout all four years, his professionalism was rewarded by his becoming Company Commander first class year. A charter member of the "Gang of 6" - Steve enjoyed partying with the finest there is! Little Guy did on occasion dishonor this fine organization by being seen with unsavory women (all curiously with four-letter names). He made up for all of his previous indiscretions, however, as he found a gem of a girl who the whole gang heartily approved of (again, curiously possessing a four-letter name!). Being blessed with a Floridian background, Steve always returned to us with a tan envied by all. Always desiring to be L & M and F & T, he spent many hours doing curls for the girls. Good luck, Little Guy - it was truly the best of times.

JSS & KPC

James R. Castleton
Bob-o
Irving, Texas
Ocean Engineering
Naval Aviation

Bob-o came to the Academy from Irving, Texas, home of the Irving Cowboys. Plebe year went well academically for Bob, even though he could never be on time for the Edge's comearound. Life was made easier by the numerous cakes from Mrs. C (the Little Guy literally put his share *away*). Plebe year also gave Bob a chance to prove his golden arm to the 150's. Unfortunately, it also gave him a chance to prove his "golden" speed. Following a Hawaiian vacation "cruise", Bob-o hit youngster year with high expectations But after four weeks grades, he seriously considered joining E.J. at U.T. With hard work, he survived the semester, including a specially scheduled 4 A.M. navigation final, which then allowed him to sleep through his brother's wedding. Second class year was full of personal hardships for Bobo. Flight fares to Texas went up from $10 to $12, and he got a white Supra instead of a silver one. The Supra did, however, provide for excellent flight-ops to Va. Beach and Ocean City throughout first class year and should continue to serve him well in P-cola and squadrons beyond. The party life in Florida will suit him fine, but he won't be able to share all the girls he meets with Walt. Four years hasn't been enough with such a tremendous guy. Hopefully, one day, you'll be in one of our front seats. God bless,

SBB & DCA

Douglas T Chen
Doug
Cerritos, California
Naval Archetecture
Surface Warfare

Doug has been about as dedicated as you can possibly be while at USNA. He has won our company's "Mr. Nice Guy" award uncontestedly for four straight years. He has enough watch credits to last him a career in the Navy. Too bad they don't count Doug! As a first class Doug gave up all that California sunshine and "volunteered" for a YP cruise. He also did some volunteer work as our company driver. In fact, he went and got himself a van so he'd have room for everyone who needed a lift. Well, the list as all of us know is endless. The lesson is simple. Need a favor? talk to Doug. Academics took up a lot of Doug's time too He always had a book in front of him. Unfortunately, Doug suffered from that dreadful disease called "the rack". (He wasn't alone). If Doug ever had trouble sleeping all he had to do was open up a book. Seconds later, he was history. Bananas were even worse. Lastly, Doug was always worried about getting his workouts in. He couldn't last a day without doing at least a thousand sit-ups. His roommate was a bad influence on him in this regard, but that didn't bother Doug. I guess it all goes back to dedication and determination. Doug has an unlimited supply of these. He's also a super person. With that going for him, he can't go wrong. Best of luck, Doug

Nick

Kenneth P. Chrisman
Ken
Trumbull, Connecticut
History
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Navy robbed the cradle by accepting Ken, him being a year younger than the rest of us. He overcame this hardship and passed plebe year with flying colors and without killing Chip. His rising academic career in wires was not to last; a 1.3 short circuited his plans. He got a "GOOD NAVY DEAL"-switch majors or cool off at another school Seeing the light, Ken became a History major and once he stopped studying his grades took off. (Well good enough to let him glow) Outside of school the four years have been a string of adventures- being evicted by a mysterious smell, water fights at O'dark thirty, a cruise with Rubin, the joy of a LOG supplied phone, the pain of answering the said phone at 0300 when Sharon called; the infamous Free Speech fiasco and your attempts at Lady killing-Sharon, Vicky, Julie, Patty, Ruth and Chastity?! Firstie year saw our boy get megastripes. Who else volunteered to be MOOW everyday during Plebe Detail. Ken is one of the few, the proud, and the overpaid- a mercenary. Seriously, Ken you've been a great guy and a good friend. Any sub is fortunate to have you in its wardroom. Slime, the Fat Lady finally sang! See you in Challanges ahead and at our place in Charleston. The adventure will continue. Your friend, the real Salty Sam.

P.S.: Proving Yogi Berra correct in saying that "It ain't over till its over", Ken wanted me to mention his charter membership in the GANG OF 6. There I mentioned it, happy now? WAAH!

PMN

Timothy J. Decelle
Tim
Wolfeboro Falls, New Hampshire
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

You might think it's not too wide . . . Tim came to USNA fresh from a joyous vacation at NAPS, and was destined to be the next Navy Baseball Superstar. But alas, Tim's road to fame got off to a rocky start. After spending most of frosh year in Lowry's room learning how to make fresh air on subs, he should have seen the light, but nooo! Tim started youngster year with stars in his eyes, but these were soon shattered when he met that invincible brick wall—Coach Stiff! So much for our superstar. However, the young one bounced back and spent the rest of sophomore year at in house cocktail parties and Friday night videos with Ron, Chowder, Dozer, and Kine. After a tough summer, TJ started junior year trying to educate Ron and Chowder (To no avail). It was also during this time that Tim met the two loves of his life, Theresa and Rugby, YEAH! But this was not to be all the excitement in Tim's life; besides being "Up in smoke," (So much for ES300) and those terrible *ICE-TEA'S*, TJ excelled at driving (Take A Left!!!) Go Loyola! As senior year rolled around Tim was seen even less, as he moved his room to Baltimore. He *was* seen occasionally though, before dining out with his in-laws or tagging along with "Little Brother" (Or is that the other way around)?? Well Tim, maybe someday your hair will grow back, but until then take care and land softly. It has been great and Real Fun, but remember- You're There!

*Kine,* FT, JP

P.S.: "Bush Monkey" sends his love!!!

Donald J. Germano
Buffalo Butt
North Providence, Rhode Island
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

Don's decision to come to U.S.N.A. was influenced when he learned about the tuition. Coach Cantello promised free food, free board, and free school. Freshman year injuries quickly took their toll, Don had to drop the track shoes and pick up the books. It was sophmore year when Don moved in; with him came GQ magizine and Disco music. He started cruising the local girls and everyone soon learned Don had no concern on age. The girls were young and old, but never his age. He robbed the cradle and then pursued a relationship with their mothers. Don became quite the janitor when Johny P. moved in, he was continually cleaning the "shrooms" off his side of the desk. Junior year started on restriction; we threw a party and everyone showed up -including the O.O.W. Don learned about stress, but quickly compensated with plenty of sleep. The sleep didn't interfer with his morning run . . . he ran to the alarm and back to bed. Summer of 84 was spent with a fun loving bunch of guys-Marines. I've yet to figure out what happened, but ever since he has been using a camouflage pen and green paper.

They say, "Time begins by running out", it is even more so here at boat school. In just a few short months the Marines will be getting more then they deserve, and I'll be losing a great roommate. Don . . . I hope your future is full of success and happiness. Thanks for being a friend and remembering that "Nobody is perfect . . . not even a perfect stranger."

Roll with the flow.

CJG

Christopher J. Griffith
Griff
Finksburg, Maryland
General Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

As a true worshipper of Jimmy Buffet, Griff had to figure out some way to have a son of a son of a sailor, (Johnny P. still thinks he has completed the first part). Between the closeness of his sister's house and the nearness of Seitzer's room, none of us were really sure who this Griffith kid was freshman year; However, sophomore year a certain Heisman candidate and I found out. Things didn't work out that first year, after learning the background of Griff's hometown the Heisman candidate did not sleep well and asked to be traded for the world's most lovable slob. Junior year we proved our ability to promote events; we staged the rumble of all time and were personally rewarded by Capt. Connally. It was also junior year that Coach Matthews realized that this "short" surfer boy was also a talented lacrosse player and lettered him. During the Summer of 84 Griff had to make the toughest decision of his life: a truck or marriage Luckily for Karen marriage won. After learning that he could not manage the USNA Dairy Farm upon graduation, Griff decided that playing with dump trucks was the next best thing and chose the Civil Engineering Corps. Wherever the Corps allows him to toss out his anchor they truly will have an officer who "Can Do." Lately it has occurred to me what a long strange trip this has been and how unbearable it would have been without a friend like Griff. Where it all ends I can't tell you my friends but I'm sure that the Earth and everything that's in it will be his "We busted out of class had to get away from those fools"

DJG

Walter D. Hirsch
Desert Rat
Phoenix, Arizona
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

I MADE IT!! Thanks to God, Mom and Dad, Marty and Susan Caldwell. ADIOS USNA!!

Patrick T. James
Jabba
Jacksonville, Florida
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Ricky brought his decidedly red neck to the Boat School from the deep South and a year's stint in Texas at MMA. He arrived here with visions of the Outland Trophy, a 4.0, and deep selection to colonel upon graduation, but plebe year soon straightened him out. A certain pair of 2/c roomies, M.L. and J.K., made him their project for the year, and it was a rare night when he didn't have a late come-around upstairs. Plebe year also ruined his dreams of a 4.0 when the AC-board started breathing down his neck. However, the year was not all work and no play, for Rick finagled a position as hop-rep and started a major foreign affair with a Londoner he met at the Pig-Push, plus there was always his football. Youngster year was more of the same struggle-grades and football, with no releif but his occasional D & D game and his hick music. Then there came that fateful night in Franny's when he met Eva- appropriately enough April Fool's Day, though neither one can decide who the joke was on. 2/c year saw Rick reluctantly give up his football to keep his grades from going subterranean. By this time the only goal he was still meeting was to be in bed by 11:30 every night. But he was lucky; no matter how bad things got, he had lots of support from his family, especially his dad, and a young lady that doted on him. Fisrtie year found him to be one of the few, the proud, the pilot qualled, but the Navy may have to come up with a new cockpit big enough to hold Rick.

However many jokes we made about his size, he always had a heart big enough for them and more. He was a good friend and always willing to help out. Good luck Rick, you'll make a great wingman.

William F. Knehans
Fat Fred
Westminster, California
English
Naval Aviation

What kind of guy would you expect to come from Cal ? Well, Fred's that kind of guy . . . Strange! After all, what can you expect of a man whose little brother goes to the Air Force Acad., and whose father is a Navy Capt. in the profession of giving people pain in their mouthes.

Speaking of pains . . . Fred seems to have this thing for causing them in his roommate's butts. He loved to play his guitar on their stereo for amplification, and dipping was another one. He enjoyed reading and spitting dip into a jug at the same time; When he missed . . . Oh well. He also enjoyed keeping the jug around for weeks on end! Yuck . . What a smell!

He came here plebe year with high hopes about the Navy and Flying. But then came his first obstacle. Its name B. Vaughn. Boy did he like you. I don't remember anytime that you wern't braced up or serving tours because of him

Youngster year came along and with it his new roommates. The two JS's will never be the same Also this year brought out WFK's urges for stardom. He joined a USNA rock band and learned the 3 year running top hit, *Smoke on the Water*. It was the only song he knew. He was a slow starting 3/c becouse he didn't get his Dahlgren quals till March.

Then came what some call junior year. With this came Carrie. What a lovely rose! Then WFK found his true love, Ellen. It was surely true love because they made it through the summer and she even got a crest

Fred, your the kind of guy who truely means well. The problem is you always seem to miss the bus. I surely hope that you get everything that you strive for. Hit the planks running, or in your case the air strip, and good luck. My most sincere wishes for you.

Friends always, Ricky.

Nicolas Lebredo
Nick
Milwaukee, Wisconson
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Nick left the cows and pastures of his home state to experience life as a mid at USNA. His vision of the Academy as a party school and just another stepping stone on the road to become the ambassador to some country in Europe was shattered when plebe summer started. The cruel and barbaric leadership styles of his firsties shocked him so much that he lost his ability to speak for years, which was why he was voted the quietest person in the company. Despite his horrible experience as a plebe, he was still able to take on the challenges of 3/c and 2/c year with ease. With the freedoms and privileges acquired as a 1/c Nick seems to be back to his normal self again. But he still finds enough dedication in him to attend classes daily (the one or two he has anyway). When he is not at classes, he can usually be found in his rack. This is understandable because he is always working hard when he is awake. Nick is also always willing to help out his classmates, whether if it meant giving up a weekend to take a duty or his free time to take a watch. Nick hopes to go to flight school after graduation and eventually serve as a P-3 NFO. With his excellent grades which he worked so hard for and his persistence to achieve his goals, there is no doubt that he will get his F-3 seat, and he certainly deserves it! Good luck Nick, looking forward to see you flying over my ship in your P-3!

Napoleon A. McCallum
Nap
Milford, Ohio
Applied Science
Supply Corps

To major in aerospace engineering, graduate from the Academy, go to flight school, be a great fighter pilot, be selected to be an astronaut, and to go to a planet with incredibly beautiful women was my plan to have a great life. It was a simple plan that I thought would work once I got accepted into the Academy. What I didn't count on was the success I had in playing football. Football became more important in my life and I enjoyed the attention it brought. It made my choice for staying at the Academy a difficult one. Meeting Roger Staubach and Eddie Meyers and having friends like Eric, J.C., Tony, John, Lenney, Dave, Mike, and Vince made the choice easier and enjoyable. I enjoyed my stay at the Academy even with sky rocketing Visa, Mastercard, and telephone bills which caused me to reconsider about the million for playing football. I don't regret my decision, but I'm always curious about what if I did go. I probably would have been filthy rich. Well anyway, I had fun with the friends I made and people I met, and that is what is important. God bless you all.

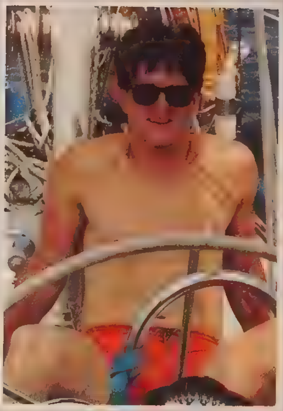
Martin W. Migliori
Kine
Scranton, Pennsylvania
Marine Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Kine came to us from Pa. via the Farmer's U (Texas A & M) with vast experience, a year of college, (Or should I say torture) and a shaved head that frightened the tourists when they visited U.S.N.A.. Migs quickly jumped ahead of his peers plebe yr. and thus earned his "halo"; and we all thought only the "Gang of Six" received that illustrious award. However, Marty did have his hard times plebe year cleaning up after Nap, but, Ole Man Graham always came through with a pack of bud's when he needed it! Youngster yr. Migs wanted to hit hard-little did he know that it would hit back harder. First, he took up Rugby, injuires followed and so did the "injured reserve". Migs also found he had to open his books this semester, but that didn't keep him from the cocktail hr. and Fri. night videos with Ron, TJ, Dozer, and the infamous Chowderhead. Consequently, his grades went down (Easy Mom, we're under a lot of pressure) Marty got his final blow of the semester at the Army-Navy game. When things got out of hand, little Marty thought he would break up the brawl-Look out for that overhand right-Down goes Kine-Nice punch John V.! Marty did, however, deal his own blow that yr. when he gave Kathy the rock-He's a lucky guy. Second class yr. Marty finally lettered in Rugby, but then things turned sour when Marty was introduced to the "Rocket". They didn't hit it off-Result: *F!* Senior yr., Marty was excited after his summer with the Grunts in HI and Migs funneled all his energy toward Rugby and then he snapped a few ribs (He only weights 145 lbs). Marty's healthy now and hopefully will stay that way Migs also hopes he can get out sometimes so he and Brit can throw darts and drink some serious suds at the now famous "Wharf". The Green Machine and Kathy will be getting a good one in Marty and we will all miss him-God's speed and Good Luck "Little One," you've been a good friend-Keep in touch!

TJD, FT, JP

David J Moore
Rave
Lawrenceville, New Jersey
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

David came to the Academy to escape work, responsibility, and decisions, and also so that he could use his hard earned money to buy a canoe instead of books for college. Well he got the canoe but no time to use it, instead got lots of work and yelled at. Feeling like a man about to go where very few have gone before, David went to NAPS and then to the Academy with his brother a few neighbors, and his cousin already there, so much for orignality. During plebe year he enjoyed himself a little bit more than most. He had girlfriends back home money left over from NAPS good grades from I don't know where and a car. He also had a spot on the JV football team. Well third class year was a sobering experience for David. His car blew up, his money ran out, he lost his girlfriend, quit the football team, and his grades went down. Oh well he still had his canoe, his work, and responsibility Things have brighten up a lot for David since third class year and now he is looking forward to enjoying life in the fast lane.



James B. Moosmann
Moose
Bowling Green, Kentucky
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

It has been said that "Once a hick, always a hick." Moose comes to us from Kentucky, as a 46th alternate, determined to disprove this saying; he failed. Fortunately this has been his only failure, except his futile attempt to settle down to only one woman and his chemistry brilliance. As a ploober, Moose earned his varsity letter in his beloved sport of gridiron brutality 150 lb football. This letter and his uncanny knack for being in the right place at the right time earned him a place in Lt. Paine's heart. He loved ya Moose, really! After one late night excursion ploob year, Moose decided to take youngster year with the "concept of duty;" until he got "stuck" with a one man disaster for a roomie. During this turmoil of a year, he thought he had found his "Love Boat." Lucky for him she "found another and pfft, she was gone." His depression turned him into a madman and he hit second class year with a vengence. He became more daring and managed to steal a firstie's girl on a Friday night "over the wall" and "into the river." His blood pressure rose so high from this incident that he was heard saying "No way. I don't want any part of this. I'm not doing a thousand days of restriction." How was that restriction anyway, Moose? With his checkbook in hand, Moose passed his eye exam, after three failures, and is headed for P-cola (or is that Nuke school?) in his '84 Trans-Am. Maybe down there he'll bottle his sweat — the girls love it. Good luck and Happy Flying; we love ya, Bollard head, really!

Admiral

Paul M. Neira
Paul
Jersey City, New Jersey
History
Surface Warfare

Paul, coming to theBoat School fresh from an enlightened Jesuit education at Regis High in NYC, found the academic challenge to be a breeze. Unfortunately, this left his too-fertile mind free to ponder other matters. To this end Paul spent hours building models and painting little men, only to strip them all down when he finished them all. Content to use his efforts in a professionally-oriented manner his first two years here, he quickly rose to the upper eschelon of the company. Finding this too easy a challenge, he decided to "test the system" second class year with his infamous "Freedom of speech" escapade. Resultantly, he quickly sunk to the lower eschelon of the company and earned the nickname "Bolshevik" from Ken. Lesson learned, Paul buckled down and flew right for the remainder of his tour of duty. He earned the admiration of many with his athletic feats on the intramural field, proving that there is a difference between being a physical specimen and an athlete. Paul, in a fit of apparent insanity, also put in a slight effort and pulled down a 4.0, just to prove to himself that he could do it. In a competition with Ken to see who could study the least, he won hands down. Still looking for that perfect woman to spend the rest of his life with (I actually listened to your ramblings), I trust she is waiting for you in Charleston. The list goes on and on- being too good a Salty Sam to pass censorship, having his sponsor as the CO of his 1st class cruise, dating a slew of women too numerous and onerous to mention, rooming with me for two years-it was truely the best and the worst of times. Until we meet again in Charleston, Slime

KPC

John W. Pietkiewicz
J.P.
Killington, Vermont
English
U.S. Marine Corps

"Some dudes just weren't meant to drive" . . . From the snow-clad slopes of VT. to the sandy shores of South Carolina, John managed to do just about everything wrong possible in a car without dying from it: In sunglasses (at night), speeding without a license, and wrecking Frank's car. Maybe his diet had something to do with it: A case of diet-pepsi a day, plus enough red-hot burritos and junk food to stock a 7-11. King Hall? Where's that? Maybe it was his unique standard of living. For example John's "Black Hole" (I'm not sticking my hand in there!) where anything from a $20 bill to last Tuesday's underwear could be found. He asserts that he has the best clothes of anyone, or would if he hadn't trashed them all. Just ask Spike (his punk rocker), Tess (his roomate Senior summer) or Sherlock Holmes up at U of M Seriously though his boxers would look good . . . on Ricky "Jabba" James. Now John wants a carrier so he and Danny can play basketball and room together as they sail off into the sunset. So, GOOD LUCK Johnny!

F.T, T.J., M.M.

PART
TOYS
Sup

Steven J. Ploof
Ploofer
Chaska, Minnesota
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

Arriving at USNA on crutches due to a broken leg, Ploofer began his career on the wrong foot, a trend he would follow all four years here. Already a distinguished partier when he arrived due to the extensive Chaska nightlife, he strived to break all known drinking and womanizing records, to the detriment of his grades and his eyes. Not one to let academics slow him down, Ploofer was out partying almost every weekend. His experiences at Army plebe year were without peer. Ploofer's varsity athletic career cut short with a volleyball-induced knee injury, he applied his beachbum talents to the Batt Ultimate Frisbee team. After a Protramid cruise which decorum prevents repeating here, he actually buckled down and took upon himself a position of responsibility as a p-rade judge. "How can you grade them when you haven't marched in one since Plebe Summer?". Nonetheless, his efforts resulted in his appointment as the Brigade P-rade Judge all first class year. The company was so pleased for Steve that they jumped from 34th to 1st in drill. First class year was a sight and sound extravaganza, as Ploofer went through women like the rest of us go through Kleenex. After going with the "Gang of 6" to see Springsteen, he continued the tradition he began plebe year at Army, giving his best friends a new meaning of the term "Glazed Donut". Really, it's been the best of times, and I for one will miss Friday nights at the O-Club "Here's to even looser . . . ." and listening to tales of your "drill" sessions on Worden Field. Hang loose and remember your best buddies!

KPC

Jeffrey A. Sigler
Jeff-poo
Houston, Texas
Economics
Naval Flight Officer

Jeff arrived at USNA fresh from the big city atmosphere of Houston and underwent immediate culture-shock. The Academy's attempt to confine him was quickly foiled as Jeff found his niche in the Glee Club. Through this organization he sang and danced his way from free dinner to free dinner, hosted by anyone from movie stars to the President. As the glitter faded in his eyes due to academic considerations, Jeff decided that he had a better future as an NFO than as a singer and became a geek first class year. Of course, far be it for Jeff to leave his world record for the most rack time in one semester undefended. Ever the playboy, Jeff was constantly in search of a blond blue eyed goddess to match his own self-proclaimed beauty. Sometimes going as low as to look lecherously at his roommate's acquisition. (Sorry Jeff, no trade!)

Cheerio, Jeff-poo . .. you'll be sorely missed!

JSS & KPC

Joseph S. Stewart
Fin
Windsor Locks, Connecticut
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

When Joe-Fin first arrived at Camp USNA, he was still a naive young boy from-where? - oh yes, Windsor Locks, Connecticut. Academy life soon taught him the ways of the world, however, and Joe quickly learned the difference between "grease girl" and "class girl". Joe's fast living sometimes got him in trouble though. Like the time Mr. Nice-guy invited 3 girls to one tailgater. It's a good thing they didn't all show up, huh Joe? And be careful with those beer goggles pal — remember "Scarface"?

Through it all, though, "Pooh" was always waiting at home for Joe. So that's where he always was whenever we had a long weekend. Joe's return was always greeted with particular interest, however, since "Mum" always came through with lots of delicious goodies. (Thanks for all the extra pounds Mum.)

First-class year found Joe with a new toy, his car. Easily recognized on the highway by the "FIN 85" license plate on his sleek, maroon SUPRA, Joe always drives 64 MPH now, (ever since an "official" Navy fan stopped him going 75 and gave him the inside scoop)

Just remember those things that had significant impact on our lives Joe — the 'Vous, the Whiners, the Brick, Washington in the rain, and, of course, November's phone bill.

Most of all Joe, thanks for being a true friend. I wish you all the luck for the future and hope you finally get that pilot billet you've wanted so much. Take good care of your woman and your car, and you'll always come out on top.

JAS

Frank J Taboada
Sandbrown
Los Angeles, California
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

A lot of of fruits and nuts come from California, and Frank was definitely one of them. For some reason Frank thought that Boat school was just another excuse for a party. Well when plebe summer proved to be something other than a day at the beach, Frank wasn't going to take it lying down; and he had a medical chit and new air-conditioning in his room to prove it. But as time passed Frank's laid-back attitude came through, as in the time he strolled through the company area clad only in his 'wares. Amazingly Frank's grades have improved every semester- although he has done absolutely nothing to justify that. All he has to show for study hour is a library of Sci-fi books. Actually, Frank doesn't really look Californian. In fact, he's the only Arab we know who doesn't have a green-card. Hence the name "Sandbrown." Speaking of nicknames, Commode-head will always bring a smile to those of us who recall the one fated night when Frank was swamped by three volcanic toilets. Otherwise, Frank is now the typical mid. He listens to Jimmy Buffet, watches Magnum P.I. religiously, drives a camaro, and spends all of his weekends with his "other roommate" up at Hood. Now he's on his way to Pensacola, and we know that if he's not with the eagles he'll be on the beach making up for lost time. GOOD LUCK, Frank, and "Don't sleep till you're dead"

J.P., T.J., M.M.

# Twenty-Eighth Company

Jeffrey R. Baldyge
Dayger
Cherry Hill, New Jersey
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

Jeff came to us via exit 4. He's the only oceanography major to make it through the Academy and not know how to do anything in his major. Jeff's four years at USNA have been one big study-break but he still made it, and with few problems.

Jeff made a name for himself one Sunday afternoon plebe year when he tried to take on the radiator in his room and lost. As a result, all of 6th wing was flooded thanks to his efforts. What adroitness!

Jeff had a good plebe year and developed both morally and physically (hah!). He had good grades and performed well as contact with his high school sweetheart kept him going.

Youngster year was marked by new horizons and card games, which were responsible for his plummeting grades. However, he soon picked up his grades but started beating up his roommate, who still hasn't recovered. Jeff's great study habits were contagious

Jeff was supposed to go on second class cruise with his two buds but at the last minute switched so that he could be with his sweetheart. The knife's still in the back, Jeff. He still managed a fun summer. Second class year was not pleasant for Jeffrey. However, he emerged from the smoke with his pride. Now he's a free man who plays the field with his 280ZX and enjoys it . . . sometimes too much Take care Mr. Grunt. You've been a true friend

SM

Scott M. Bamonte
Scooter
Floral Park, New York
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Scooter came to the Boat School via NAPS A year in Newport did nothing to help his obnoxious New Yawk accent and even less to enhance his manners or study habits

It didn't take long to realize that Scooter was not going to be a Rhodes Scholar. He skated through plebe summer yelling "No excuse, Sir." Plebe year was marked by good grades, mainly because he took the same courses for the third time.

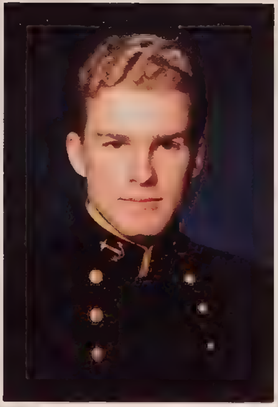
It was during Plebe Year that Scooter showed us his preference for female models . . .

Gouge finally ran out youngster yer as Scooter's grades started to plumet exponentially. He even got a zero on a mid-term.

Second class summer was interesting, highlighted by meeting every woman in Pensacola. Second class year brought with it Scooter's brain sive imitation as late nights and ' poor results became the norm.

He eventually bought his Firebird and things looked up. After spending a summer in Hawaii, first class year proved to be a success. I don't think anyone's worked harder than he. Best of luck bud and thanks for always being there.

S.M.



John W. Blakeley
Flakes
Mt. Vernon, Virginia
Naval Archetecture
Nuclear Power - Submarines

John arrived at USNA college with, THEM and their bag of pranks. Starting out plebe summer unnoticed, John was hung out to dry by Teater John had an assortment of roommates from Kane's candies to Lawheads lectures, and finally Bauger's intro course in drinking and Don's coaster ride. John was very studious. Weekends sophomore year were filled with women; with the help of beer goggles. As more priveledges came, John continued his studies on Wednesdays, to the detriment of Thursday mornings. But alas, a bright, cheery Cindy came into the scene. THEY began to lose their control and water wars, cheese, and little pink notes were replaced by Care-Bears, starry-eyes and a thumping heart. JMU became John's true vocation, with those loveable ASA's

An Engineer at heart, John was forced to settle for Naval Architecture, plenty of work and the pleasure of watching Superbrain cruise to a 4.0. Ah those wonderful Narc encounter group sessions were always a pleasure to listen to, with Spike leading the smile-bright category. By the way, John, how is YOUR bulk modulus?

Through the mire of '85 opinions and coach advice, John led company soccer to a stunning even season for the first time. THEY occasionally still visit, as the OOD found in his early morn' tea for the CDO's.

Happiness and satisfaction are evident in John these last few days, and we remember with a smile and a twinkle in our eye John at his best in the shaft Here's to the pillar of stability in a crazy world, your pal and roomie.

Don.

Babette R. Bolivar
Bette
San Jose, California
Oceanography
General Unrestricted Line

The 5', 3rd degree black belt "Flip" reported to 28th plt. leaving behind NWPS, snowmobiling, and a Corvette equipped with a TV and a blender. Bette was a squared away plebe from day 1- memorizing the entire reefpoints on the plane trip to Annapolis. She also led the company in single handed recons (if you count those with ML). Bette easily won the hearts of everyone who met her and with her puppy eyes could get anything. She received weekly boxes of PB & J as well as steak dinners from her "Flip" wardroom friends, she wore uniforms specially pressed and even received a car, "The Bomb," from her KILO Co. Cdr. Now that's a plebe with pull! However, things didn't always come up roses (even though her room was always full of them). Academic year brought below 2.00 grades and a new scrambled roommate, after the first announced before quarters "FY Bette!". After many calls to San Jose, Daddy's 'lil admiral finally survived plebe year with a stripe. Youngster cruise was also an experience spending time in a wheel chair but she still came back with long hair, a black tan, and a purple seabag. 3/c year turned 6442 into a boxing ring for KJ & BL for the right to Babes. Also 3/c Bolivar decided she loved inspections so much she joined EMBC 2X for improper anchor and running a 200yd dash with the OOD after taps. As if not enough a red Vette with USNA sticker and BOLIVAR plates was spotted by a smart LT. However after meeting a USCG ENS, Tom Sellek, she decided it was time to change. 1/c year she was the best 1st lt, on the CO's list, and got her first simultaneous A's in C & P. With a possible 1 kt ring from Tom awaiting, who knows the career 'lil admiral may settle for 5 & out. Whatever life brings I wish all the luck to the best roommate in the world.

WMY

### Larry S. Gage
Gager
Longwood, Florida
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

Scott came to USNA from sunny Florida after a year at Auburn. You know he's got to be crazy to leave a party school to come to Navy, but that's Scott.

He was perhaps the most gungy member of the 28th platoon over plebe summer . . . he was so gung-ho that it sometimes seemed that his own classmates thought he was crazy

Plebe year was not very exciting for Scott. He stayed out of trouble and got decent grades. Overall, he had a good year. He was the only plebe to have gold airborne wings and was surely headed for greatness at the Academy. Its too bad nobody else noticed

Youngster year went smoothly as his grades skyrocketed, along with his ego. His disputes with his Track Coach escalated and came to a pinnacle. So much for a varsity letter Scott.

Scott got another pin second class summer as he went to Dive School in addition to completing all of his other requirements. What a man! What an athlete!

With second class year came the realization that he would not become Brigade Commander. Oh well! There's always CNO. His grades fell and he made the smart switch from EE to General Engineering. It was during Christmas of second class year that Scott met Donna, the girl who has a hold on him . . . . maybe. If his making weekend road trips to Florida doesn't convince Donna, I don't know what will.

Scott finished first class summer with another pin (SERE school), a trip to Hawaii, and the distinction of never having a cruise on a Naval vessel. Smooth sailing, bud. Good luck

S.M.

### Caroline S. Gaulke
Chuck
Newark, Ohio
Systems Engineering
Special Operations

Caroline came from a little hicktown in Ohio called Newark (NOO-WORK to most people). However, Egg insisted on having her hometown pronounced as she pronounced it: "NURK, AH-HI-AH". Sheesh! What an accent! Anyway, Egg managed to survive the tearful dilemmas of plebe year by spending most of her time creating puddles of tears in the women's head. For some reason, the women's head seemed the right place to resolve all problems. Yup! Egg had troubles up to her ears, from the messed up chow calls to sharing a room with a ratey, happy-go-lucky conduct case Returning from youngster cruise wearing airborne wings and stars, Egg was ready to conquer anything (although wearing the stars didn't last long) She hung in there though. Egg was so professional, she managed to win the SS (Stormtroopers) award. "Carol" sure worked hard for it! Second class year rolled along and man! was she awesome! She managed to survive the tough courses given to her by Major Systems, USMC (unidentified systems major chokes) As the year came to an end, Egg was chosen as the Kilo Company Commander. She loved it! Having three stripes was a goal, a goal finally attained. Finally, 1st class ac-year came and Egg worked hard supervising her roommate on how she wanted her project proposal typed (what a late night!) The only disappointing thing was that she was not going to row crew. All previous years, she had lettered in both volleyball and crew but decided that grades were more important. Well, her perceptions of being a studious firstee didn't stop here. The 3 stripes just wsn't enough. "BSB" decided to desert her "now, squared away, reformed conduct case roomie", and enter the higher echelons of society by becoming Regimental Subcdr. Success at last! Egg, you've come a long way. Hey fleet! look out for #1, she's on her way. God Bless you, Egg!!!

### Richard K. Getty
Gich
Hawkinsville, Georgia
English
U.S. Marine Corps

What do I say about Rich? At first it was Richard, only Richard, but that soon changed due to his personality traits. We could have called him Stevie Wonder, for his keen eyesight, but the skin tone was totally wrong. That's why being a corpse was so appropriate at Halloween. (no make-up was needed) He had us all worried for awhile. When the sand on the beach was very white he would disappear were it not for his shorts . . . and tent. It was too tempting to move the tent away from the sleeping Gich and watch the blisters grow Always the stud, with his Billy Idol looks and flaming red hair, Rich was voted by his female classmates as having the best body during plebe summer. That might explain the enormous amount of female midshipmen with whom he has made "acquaintances."

Rich came to USNA with the intent to be a Marine Engineer and a Nuclear Submariner, but plebe grades enlightened him to be an English Major, and a Marine. Now he wants to drive a tank. A TANK!! You should see him drive a car, let alone a tank! Texas just wasn't a good state.

Seriously, Rich has been an excellent roommate; the best I've had. (Actually, the only one I've had) The Log, the Masqueraders, and the Musicals would not have been the same without his diligence and "the show must go on" attitude.

Good luck with the Marine Corps, Rich. I know that eventually you'll be back as an English professor, inflicting revenge on the poor middies. Fair Winds, Following Seas, and never use a preposition to end a sentence with

LCO

### Brent P. Goddard
Hamlet
Montpelier, Vermont
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Brent came to USNA from the BOOST program out of San Diego. He left the metropolis of Montpelier to enlist in the Navy, then decided that he would rather become an officer

I roomed with Brent all but the last semester when he left the company area to serve as battalion sub-commander. Rooming with Brent proved to be exciting, ranging from exploding Reef Points to the Sunday night fights. Brent has been known for his resourcefulness. When he received new T-shirts following a laundry fire, he quickly got the idea to give them away as Christmas gifts

Brent began as a chemistry major, then due to organic reasons, switched to management. He enjoyed all his weekends but always made sure to check on Sunday night to see if he had any tests on Monday. He earned his nickname Hamlet by collecting rack burns whenever possible.

Seriously, Brent proved to be a good friend and roommate. We have shared much over our four years at the Academy. Brent was lucky to meet a girl as nice as Kelly, whom I got to know well. I wish him luck in his career as a Marine Corps officer and especially in his marriage

CTK

Mark R. Henderson
Mark
Wauwatosa, Wisconsin
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Who would have thought the bald kid who lost his glasses overboard sailing, and couldn't stop laughing throughout plebe summer would be the first one to get married. Once his hair grew back, about a year after his first haircut, he had it all. Happily bouncing from one all girls' school to the next, reliving those infamous college days at Madison, where life was filled with Ted Nugent holidays and marathon beer belching, Mark had life by the tail, high grades, early bed times, and a pair of sponsors that would constantly find him female companionship for the weekends. Trinity College, Fall of junior year, Mark meets Lana. Mark thought it was love and she thought it was lust (until she was born again). Well Mark was on the road again until that historical night that we stopped in Dahlgren around closing time for "one last beer or six." Mark looks left, looks right and his eyes fall upon two fair lasses. From that point on his life was changed. One slow dance with Carol and he was hooked. Through it all Mark exceled more and more at school. He never did study much, bedtime for Mark came sharply at 11 whether he was at school or on the Wisconsin interstate. That morning's alarm clock was a concrete barrier. His driving skills improved greatly though and we thought he had it down until he couldn't find reverse one day and found another concrete barrier underneath the car. Which would have been fine except that it's hard to go any where with all four wheels off the ground. Overall we had some really good times and some really good beer. Mark, I really enjoyed rooming with you, no one could ask for a better friend. We laughed more than anyone else and it made the school almost bearable. Who else but us could laugh at the same Steve Martin joke 11 times. Good luck to you and Carol

YMCMBDGUATM
Best Fishes, Matt

James G. Johnson
J.J.
San Jose, California
Electrical Engineering
Naval Aviation

The "Enjoy King", AKA Slats, Flam, POW, Igor came to USNA as a second class ET with nuclear power qualifications. He opted for Disneyland before Uncle Sam decided to put all of his training to use, i.e., "Haze Grey and Underway". JJ's goal is to do it all with a girl named Irene. All of us on 6-4 know that he will have no problem. That is to say since he always seems to be "Up there" already, the Navy might as well give him something to do while he is there. Jim's sometimes hidden genius began to reveal itself to all of us even as early as plebe year. With some help from those other Californians he always found something to do; like Friday nite beach parties, February scuba diving, Santee-watersking, late nite movies and terrorizing local bars. He is the kind of guy who would never say no. He freely gave of himself and everything he had. He alone with Van almost put the Thrift Inn out of business, but he never asked a penny and usually supplied refreshments. JJ was the kind of guy that would rather lead than follow and I'm sure someday, somebody, somewhere will really give him the chance. He is a friend to all and an enemy of most cause if you don't watch out he will rub off on you and all hell could break loose. Once you meet him You'll never forget him and neither will we. GOD BLESS YOU JJ and most of all . . . . . . ENJOY!!!

JJR

Timothy C. Kane
T.C.
Haddonfield, New Jersey
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Tim rowed his way out of New Jersey and into the Academy where, upon entry, he decided his dedication towards crew had faded out and evolved into the area of late night sprinting. Tim is remembered well for his desire to always have one more and then see if he can become the world's fastest human as he rushes back through the gate and up for taps. Funny thing is Tim always made it on time. Since Tim's summer cruises weren't professional enough for him, he found time for extra cruises like the voyage of the Christina where he learned that for the first time his eyes could be going bad. Tim inherited the job of carrying the guide-on and no one was really sure if it was because of his previous experience, or if it was because he was the look-alike of his predecessor. The guide-on was a stepping stone for Tim to become company commander where people could look up to him to set the example. If they followed Tim's lead they would never have money from selling their books because Pete would have it and they would also end up taking a corpse to the Ring Dance. Whenever Tim has trouble falling asleep he just reaches into his closet of the past and laughs himself to exhaustion. T.C. is most famous for his unparalled and unequaled tailgaters that his family has at every home game that occasionally run a little late. Tim has been a great friend to all and will be missed, but anyone who has met him will not be able to forget the fun and laughs he has instigated or been a part of. Tim goes on to flight school where success, friendship, and happiness are bound to follow him. One couldn't ask for a more loyal and helpful friend. GOD Bless!

MLM

Christopher T. Kirkbride
Chris
Massillon, Ohio
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Chris walked into the confines of Mother "B" from the best policed area of Ohio known as Massillon. Fresh out of high school and eager to learn, Chris shared with me the pain, sweat, and humor of plebe year. Once academics started, Chris took off like a shot. He breezed through the first two years of academics, and then he ran into the brick wall known as the Rocket and Wild Bill. This wall slowed Chris down, but he refused to leave "Mech E" for another major. He has spent many weekends in the Hall proving his "I'd rather fight than switch" attitude. Other than academics, Chris has developed many new pass times since he first arrived here at USNA. His favorite pastime has to be the lovely Miss Denise. At first we thought she was all in Christopher's mind, but the Ring Dance finally came, and we all got to see her with our own eyes. Getting pretty women is not Christopher's only natural talent. He has the nose of a bloodhound when it comes time to sniff out a card-game. Sometimes it is hard to figure out what is going to come first, cards or Denise. Denise should stand a good chance so long as she joins him for Big Time Wrestling on Saturday mornings. I wish both Chris and his new wife the best in the world, fairwinds, and following seas.

BPG

### Steven A. Kowalkoski
Kow
Bay City, Michigan
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Kow came to the Academy a *well-rounded* individual, under the strict guidance and tutorage of the "Dink's Bros." In Fact to this day Bart's words still ring in his head "What are you, a glutton for abuse?"

Freshman year found Kow dreaming of being anywhere but here as long as Suzanne was with him, and he had the alleycat in hand. Steve's ascension to power came to an abrubt end following two words from Capt. Holcomb "You're Fired". Yes, what happened to the good old days when you could paint a monument, and get out of anything by writing the magic word "football." Armond and Jame's Kid "Moo" not only is educated as a scientist, but also has a degree in anatomy by subscribing to Dr. Ben's correspondence course which included Friday night videos at the Big Fella's Office, which has lead him to be thoroughly versed in the female body. Yes, "The Great Guru" has been on Safari with not only Daktari but Kowie Chickwood and the "Flying Cherokee Chiefs." Our man "Moo" is always on the go whether it be with Rognina and the Girls, on the Rum Cruise, in Baltimore's four star "Block", at St. Mary's church, and most recently around the world at the Ram's Head. Oh my who could forget Kow at the Brain-Cell-Bar B-Q and his now infamous statement "But I . . cough . . don't want anymore." To write of all of "Agent K's" adventures would cost millions of dollars and thousands of lives. But how can we forget the Fran O'Brien's Welcoming Committee, how tough he is on lapels, the nights before football games when he and Gregg would watch "V," Dallas, and Miami Vice, being cubs, Melvin and Kowtime. Kow, you're the best friend a guy could ask for. God's speed and our love goes with you . .

G-man, Face

### Scott W. Macolino
Maco
Staten Island, New York
History
Surface Warfare

Mac's first summer at the Academy was gruesome. He was worked over brutally from head to toe, as his unique hairstyle was mangled and his blistered feet received the Purple Heart. Luckily his summers improved throughout the years with a friend back home, as a third class; "going for the Gusto" as a second class; and his second home in Ocean City his final summer.

If the word "SWEAT" is synonymous with being an athlete, then it comes to mind when looking at Mac. From his interpretation of a cartwheel to his double fault at ceiling walking, Mac received the Gold Medal in Gymspastics. Through it all however, Mac maintained a manly status and was known to be the epitomy of sportsmanship on the athletic field.

Mac made many smart decisions at Navy. This, of course, is uncharacteristic of Italians but Mac made the decision to major in history, as did his idol, Harry. But his roommates left something to be desired

Mac, unlike most of us, found the "Thang" of his dreams in Karen. In doing so, however, he was forced to give up his car, Monique (which by the way has been outlawed in several states), his freedom, and a fortune in phone bills

Mac aspired to company commander during his first class year but I know its only the beginning of his naval career, no matter how short it is.

Good luck in the real world. You're lucky you're too close a friend for me to win the cowlick bet.

JRB

NAVY
LACROSSE

### Guido J. Lastra
Sarducci
El Paso, Texas
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Guido, "Julio", "The Lucky Mexican." You know life is tough when you get asked not only for proof of age but proof of citizenship. Somehow Guido transcended these barriers, though there was much hair lost worrying about his "walking the (L) edge." leaving his home South of the Border. Guido decided a year at NAPS would teach him a few things about college life. Little did he know just how expensive these lessons would be July 7th, 1981 almost didn't come soon enough. Plebe summer posed no great challenge for Guido, how can it when all of your firsties believe you can't speak English. Moving on to academic year, Guido became 28th co.'s Honor Representative. His wrist slapping technique proved quite beneficial, especially when "Steve" came aboard. While Saturday night at the Hilton followed by Saturday night at the fights was the order of the day for his first year, he soon graduated to youngster year and crashing Georgetown benefits dinners, (which he paid for in Quantico at the hands of Capt Grey). Second class year found Guido back in the streets of Annapolis where he moonlighted as a boxing manager, platiff's witness and quasi-parole officer (working out of his Silver Spring Office) Sailtramid and a Jeep closed our Guido's Second class year, (not to mention his bank account). With a breath of fresh Atlantic air and a full tank of gas (ok, 1/2 full), Guido got off to his final year at USNA. His dream of flying jets got closer every day as more and more people started to wear glasses. Guido's relaxed (?) attitude and good nature has made the Academy more tolerable for all of his many friends, these past four years. We wish him the best of luck in the future.

### Michael L. McKay
Squirrel
Randallstown, Maryland
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Mike waddled to Annapolis from Baltimore as an innocent lacrosse playing college freshman and thankfully for the rest of us, his family was close in tow. Aside from hollering at firsties about blinds. Mike had an uneventful plebe summer. This uneventful innocence all came to a crashing halt one Fall night at one of Annapolis' finer establishments. It was to be a night that changed Mike's life, not to mention the decor of Batt. Office. Plebe year also brought with it varsity lacrosse and if this didn't get Mike in top physical shape, sprinting back from the Hilton did.

Sophomore year, Squirrel stopped peeking around corners and let his real personality come out. It was then that we realized why he had been sent away to high school. Mac's penchant for women also increased during this year and because of this, an untold number of girls had their hands fall prey to Mike's water-logged greetings Mike's change of major to math made him realize just how much of an investment he had made in Pete's place. How else are you supposed to spend your book money?

After spending June week with Pete, Mike ventured out on a Protramid, which was really just his excuse to visit most of the drinking establishments on the East Coast

Mike's entertaining post-Army performance gave a new meaning to the dance, "The Worm." Senior year found Mike working on his juggling act and putting a lot of miles on his car. Mike has been a tremendous friend and a great inspiration to everyone around him. There isn't a guy more deserving of the best of luck and continued success he is bound to have

TCK

Roberta V. McKinney
Robin
Tacoma, Washington
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Robin came to the U.S.N.A. via the "Prep School" in Newport, R.I.. A determined chemist while there, she decided that chemistry would be her major at the Academy also. After a semester of organic, however, she realized that not only were chemicals hazardous to her health but also to her CQPR. Thereafter she was to be a lifetime member of the "Brotherhood". Sports-wise, Robin tried her hand at three: track, swimming and powerlifting. Powerlifting was destined to be her favorite and in it she did her best; she also finally got her chance to beat Army, doing so at the National Championships. Much like her brother before her, Robin didn't party, drink or over indulge in the other sex (not much anyway) and almost every weekend she could be seen either working out or studying for her favorite subject: THE PCE! Initial goals were to be on the Dean's List, graduate a chemist and go to nationals in track. Final goals were to graduate period and keep the Lord at her side. Final words from Mac: Keep the Lord close to you and regardless of grades you'll always know you're at your best. Catch ya.

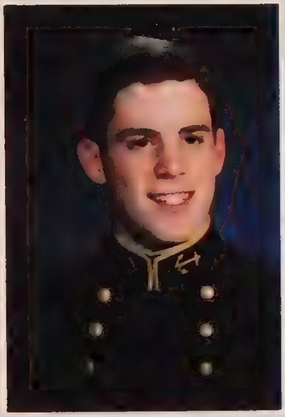
Thanks to my dear Godmother for all her prayers, support and love

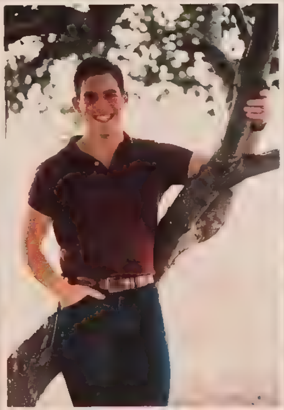
The Queen

Donald M. Mitchell
Don
Derry, New Hampshire
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Don slid into Annapolis from the top of the world. Unfortunately, he was befriended (?) by Ralphie and he continued his slide all the way to the bottom. He had started what became a 1413 day roller coaster ride. After this abyss, plebe year was fairly uneventful (isn't it always?) but nevertheless he began that climb. You know the one I mean. You're asking yourself if there's still any way to get off this thing. Well, he stayed on, obviously, and made it almost to the top. As a computer science major it was only the end of first semester youngster year before he saw those famed "stars". No sooner had he caught sight of life in in the firmament, the floor fell out, he found his stomach where he could taste it, and his body in the "shaft". There he had to live through a variety of ordeals. "They" would appear periodically, with no warning, leaving behind confusion and sliced American cheese. Other ordeals proved not quite so pleasant as the population slowly decreased, and the "shaft" lost a bit of its color. Sailing had become a virtual necessity at this point and Don could see his way back up pinned to a single horizontal stripe. First class year did indeed bring the expected series of ups and downs, but with each of those came lasting memories. Katie, nuke interviews, chili, Heidi, civvies (or lack thereof), Joanne, and California all bring back a smile (or a grimace). As I look back there's one thing about Don that I''ll remember more than anything else; it is how high that roller coaster can go .

Here's to you, Roomie!





Michael R. Molinari
Moleman
San Fransisco, California
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

The Mole was born a poor San Franciscan. But fate (and a little luck) brought him to the loving arms of good ol' USNA. It was here that he was able to meet and live with those from around the world: a cultural shock. But Mike was able to survive that shock (so the doctors say), and eventually moved his studying from the library and the stairwell to the libraries and his own room

If anyone deserved to graduate, the Mole deserved it the most. Anyone else would have gone insane studying to the wee hours of the night, 8 days of the week. An occasional perverted smile or laugh often made others wonder what made Mike's mind tick- sometimes he tried to explain, and they still wondered.

"No" was not in Mike's vocabulary, so he became everybody's friend when it came time for watch or duty. Usually this helped Mike because it gave him more time to study, wash his car, or strip and wax the floor. However, the Mole got to know downtown Baltimore well, as well as the locations of local cookie shops, on his excursions out into the unknown. Now that Mike has graduated he will become a whirly-bird pilot. Knowing how he can focus his efforts, he'll make it. Look out world, here he comes, with itchy feet and fading smiles.

Barbara J. Neumann
Barb
Baker, Montana
English
General Unrestricted Line

A native Montana girl, Barb heard numerous area jokes (What state is that in anyway?) Her "Neumannisms" such as "Oh my word!", "Darn!", and "Oh my land!" received attention as well . . . Nevertheless, she remained undaunted and adjusted well to her newfound civilization here at USNA. Because of her open, warm personality, everyone loved Barb—especially the upperclass. As a plebe she had to refuse one 2nd classman's wedding proposal at evening come-around!! Instead she opted for variety in her life. Indeed there were many-J., G., J., P., LT G. in Charleston (. . . I thought he had a guestroom)-oh so, so many

Having declined a Julliard scholarship for the Boat School, Barb managed to be the only undesignated music major at the Academy. This gifted girl boosted the music program at USNA by tooting her contrabass (no, it's not a tuba!) in the D & B, singing in musical productions, and soloing in Handel's Messiah. She also gained recognition as "That girl who sang the National Anthem at the Army-Navy game."

Barb survived EE with Leydorf earning the title of LTW; a Chesapeake storm on youngster cruise (Man-overboard!); and celestial navigation inspite of LT T.

First class cruise took on an added dimension as Barb found a special "Joisey" guy on Pier 23. It couldn't have been planned any better; the sub was supplied by the tender . . . "Gosh! How romantic!" The relationship progressed to the point that Barb gained even greater importance than his "Hooptie" . . . Who knows what's next?

Barb begins her career in the Navy with the long hoped for journey to China. She will surely achieve all her dreams and ambitions; her strong will and high spirits assure it. Good luck "Barbaaarrraaa", we'll miss you.

Love, S.G. and A.M.M.

### Eric W. Olson
Molson
Orofino, Idaho
Political Science
Naval Aviation

A Young man, a strong man, a man from the wilderness of Idaho. He brought all of us a better understanding of the word "liberal". None of us, including Eric himself, ever understood what motivated him to come to the Boat School. I guess it was all part of his "go with the flow" attitude. It just seemed like the thing to do. Since he was trapped Eric decided to make the most of things. Unfortunately he ran into a string of obstacles like Kenny Perrone, parking in New York, company officers, service selection and finally the idea of a five year service obligation. None of these obstacles ever proved to be too insurmountable though. Eric always managed to keep a six pack on hand and WHFS tuned in on his radio. His favorite pastime was sitting in Peabody's carving his initials in the table. As a matter of fact, he was satisfied just sitting at any quiet bar sipping a beer and talking about his favorite topics: politics and the meaning of life. What will probably be the most memorable things about Eric are his liberal outlook, his outstanding grades and the little Chinese he taught us Eric could always depend on his best friend, the Beast. He could go anywhere, almost, in it. Even USNA (legally) after spending first semester of first class year running to the stadium. Only in a Mitsubishi was his motto, later modified to only in a Misubishi and a tow truck. Eric's biography wouldn't be complete without the mention of his three years sailing with such characters as Z, Jim, Critter, Spaz, Otto and Mouse or his high-visibility, career-enhancing position as leader of the restriction squad. Good luck, we'll all be looking for your name and picture in *Outside* magazine, or in the *Washington Post* for instigating a nuclear freeze rally

MRH

### Lester C. Olson
Les
Rockford, Michigan
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Les was inducted with me on July 7, 1981. Leaving behind Mom, Dad, Marianne, Brenda, Marty, etc., Les joined the ranks of the Class of '85. Plebe summer was rough for Les. His ability to sing and a mysterious injury, which left him S.I.R. for 3 or 4 days, helped him survive Ralphie and Teeter.

When school finally started, Les came into his own. His only problem with plebe academics was a small experiment involving water, gravity, the BOOW, and the Lt. With the beginning of youngster year, Les blossomed. A typical day started with a quiet Les it's 7:15, and ended after 1 or 2. As he became more of a double E, the room became a haven for other EE's. The walls resounded with Bode plots, JFETS (which I never understood.)

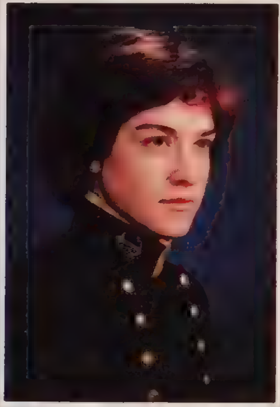
Having spent 4 years with Les, I've learned a lot about him. His music taste is widespread, but centered around Genesis and Rush (Both of which I'd never heard but learned to like QUICKLY). Weekends were easy to plan. Les was always gone with the D & B, in which he gained the lofty position of supply officer. Who can forget the alcohol poisoning and the 10 note solo. Les was always a knockout with the women. His conquests range from the ever-faithful Kim to some Woop named Bets. Once, his intentions misfired and a hand meant for a girl landed on Karl's thigh. Les's chief obstacle was the combination of academics and PE. They never cooperated to get him his stars

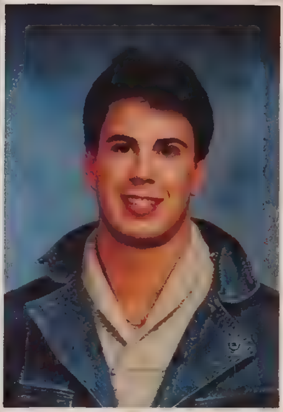
Seriously, living with Les has been a blast. Success in the glowing Navy is inevitable. Fair winds and following seas to a great person

RKG

### Kathleen O'Neill
Kathleen
Peabody, Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

Kathleen arrived from the North Shore of Massachusetts with a "wicked hahd" Boston accent which immediately attracted attention. Although she looks like she could fit into a marshmellow fluff jar, she has proven herself tough enough to pull through all of the Academy's rough times. An avid runner, Kathleen could only be stopped by tendonitis or stress fractures. Even then she was only more determined to swim or cycle herself to becoming one of Navy's top distance runners. Who else would go to a running camp in Michigan to swim in a cold, cold bay? That's dedication. In the meantime, Kathleen attrained her goal of selection for the Civil Engineer Corps. Engineering proved no great hassle for Kathleen. When not running or studying Kathleen could always be counted on to have a couple of sips of beer in town or at a hockey game. She's a small girl who sports a lot of gumption and will no doubt make her presence known wherever she finally decides to take by storm





### Kenneth A. Perrone, Jr.
Kenny
Danvers, Massachusetts
Economics
Surface Warfare

From the moment Kenny entered the University, he began setting the standard for the company by following the MHP to a tee. His ceaseless professionalism has been commented on by several officers over the past 4 years. He has even received some prestigious awards including the Distinguished Driving Cross and Racking Beyond The Call Of Duty, only to name a few.

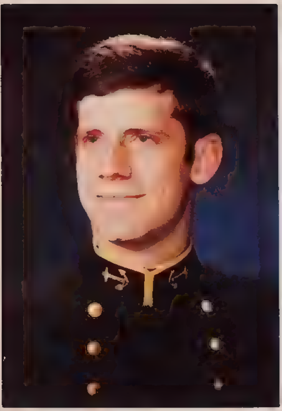
Kenny has really been an interesting roommate over the years. Just think, if it wasn't for him I may never have heard of, or come to love, groups such as the Psychedelic Furs or the Sex Pistols. Ken has introduced me to a new realm of musical genius

Tony came to Navy as the baseball team's top recruit. A misfortunate thing happened, however We missed the chance to see Kenny perform, due to a shoulder injury. This left a little more time to pursue his other favorite pastime, a girl back home named Krissy. Between the two of us, we probably kept AT & T in business for the last few years

All kidding aside, Ken, you have been a good friend and roommate. I think a great deal of you and I am sure that you will excell in any field you choose. I hope that our paths cross many times through the years to come, because friends like you are hard to find. Keep in touch and tell Krissy something for me: Tell her she's crazy

Love and Kisses,

RLW



Brian K. Reed
Bri
Bridgeport, Michigan
Electrical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Brian came to USNA from Bridgeport with a runner's body and Dottie in his heart. Not anymore! He has managed to eat his way into the body of a sumo wrestler and has won his way into the heart of his sponsor's daughter. How convenient! Along the way, Brian has enjoyed skiing, golfing and tennis. I have yet to see the ski poles fly, unlike clubs and rackets. His major would seem to dictate a lot of studying on his part, but Brian resisted the temptation and pursued greater endeavors, such as cards, T.V., crossword puzzles, the rack, and the Friday night wrestling matches. Adm. McKee decided that these services could be put to greater use in the Marine Corps. Among Brian's favorite cities are Los Angeles, where Chris's coat and aftershave were of some assistance; Philadelphia, where I provided some lessons in alcohol rejection; and Fort Lauderdale, where greater adventures await.

Now it's off to bigger and better things: Graduation, Marine Air, and Mary (better, not bigger.) Best of Wishes and don't do too much golfing while I'm out to sea

LCO

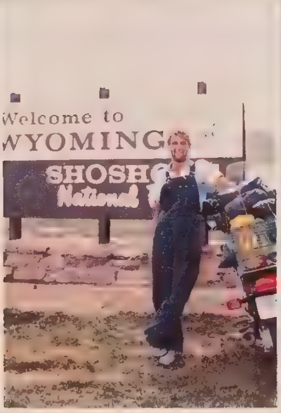
Karl J. Richcreek
Juan Jose Pedro
Orlando, Florida
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Karl came to USNA from Colombia via Orlando, and like most things from Colombia via Florida he should have been illegal. Karl watched a great deal of TV in Colombia, but all they got were Odd Couple reruns so Karl idolized Felix Unger as is seen through his clean car and "camera". He had only one reason to come to USNA and that was to fly. He would leave with either gold wings on his chest or angel wings on his back. Because of his love of air Karl took up Aerospace Engineering but to lessen the course load took all Spanish electives-his true first language.

Karl remained a company sport buff and with his magical soccer feet he helped the team. It was too bad they were not 4 feet higher so he wouldn't have to catch softballs with his chest. Karl had little time for a social life at the Academy and this lead to only two loves. The first ended quickly when Kathy wanted to hold the reigns. His second started on the wrong foot when she was injured by a swinging gate but through his obstreperous complaining Detroit soon replaced her. Now he spends every weekend out with her, either driving or cleaning.

Karl's life at school started off on the right foot when he became bestest buddies with the Kiser. With Kiser's help Karl was almost the first male from our company to depart But because of Karl's perfect study habits-all lights on and stereo low (so low he really didn't need one)-he was able to fight off the Kiser and win his way to be a platoon leader. With all of Karl's assets and desires there is no way to keep him on the earth or even in the heavens. Go for it.

BKR and JRB



Jeffrey S. Robertson
Robbie
Killeen, Texas
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

I have a painter friend who says he actually slept with Jacqueline Kennedy; or was it Jacqueline Bisset. At any rate I can tell I'm starting wrong- let me try again. Jeff was quite content to mope from class to class, slide in & out on weekends/days, sit at the computer 'til 3:00am, and play the slide trombone at football games. Content, that is, until he discovered WHFS and America. WHFS came at the Academy; America came in the summer of 1984. Armed only with a Rand McNally road atlas, a bottle of Glenlivet, and a tankful of gas he set out on his bike to discover America. He found these truths to be self-evident: the East is *only* a nice place to visit, and his only hope for sanity lay in the time tested challenge "Go West young man." Beer and doughnuts for breakfast isn't all bad. Jeff wanted only to graduate and realize his one sincere desire, which aside from fulfilling all of the requirements for membership in CJ's import beer club, break-the 135 mph barrier on his Sabre and having his cholo car appreciate to $4,000, was to complete the United Airline prep school at Pensacola and fly 747's at 100 grand per annum. His unflagging honesty apparently kept him from the A.F., so the Navy'll get at least 5 good years. From rebuilding everything from Stompers to crabs Jeff was a master of idle activities. He was also the king of adventure, especially in trips to Florida because "Hog's breath is better than no breath at all." Nothing depicts Jeff's willingness to serve his fellow man better than his computer project to streamline Ram's Head's service or his unselfish taxi service for tired runners, which earned him some restriction and nearly cost him car privileges. Thanks Tim. Just remember Jeff, nice guys don't always finish last, so as Duke says, be firm, fly low and stay cool

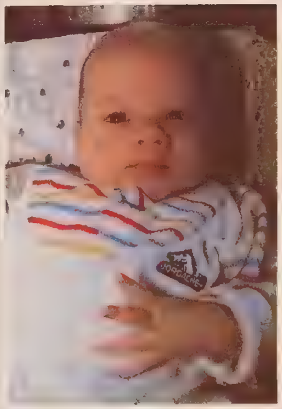
Joseph J. Rosati
Joe Mama
Buffalo, New York
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps

How Mama found the Boat School from Buffalo no one has ever dare asked . . . Joe brought with him a special talent to 28th company, a knack for the humourous and story telling. Mama has a way of saying the most insulting things without insulting anyone and always drawing a laugh His sexual encounter sessions are always educational thanks to his profound vocabulary. Mama's experiences as a mid range from being stuck in New York City with nothing but a subway token and a donut in the pouring rain to driving in his customized jeep with his lady and a six pack. Just throw in some pepperoni and he's in Hog Heaven. Who could ever forget water skiing in the snow, late night movies, ledge parties with 7 up, early morning movies, riots in Baltimore, daytime movies, West Street rumbles, oyster diving, and snow camping, and of course life guard duty.

If one cuts Mama he'll find Joe bleeds camie. The man has had one desire since NAPS, and that's to stay on terra firma. Its not unusual to find Mammy dressing up in comando gear and painting his face and snarling at himself in the mirror on a Friday night. In his under graduate studies he became quite proficient in late night chemical warfare attacks.

Joe can bring laughter in times of depression, relaxation in times of stress, and insanity in times of excess normality. Thanks for the four Mama!! Fair winds and following seas.

Enjoy, J.J.



Matthew F. Schatzle
Shats
Pass Christian, Mississippi
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Matt came to USNA directly from high school and mentally never left. I don't know how many times we heard the story about his H.S. grad cruise. After each leave period he came back glowing with childhood in his blood. (Or was it all that beer?) We wish ya luck in maturing.

One of his most unique characteristics was his tendency to exaggerate. Matt's vocab was filled with "always", "never", "the best" and the "finest", as in the "finest girl I ever met." Which brings us to the subject of the women in Matt's life. Who could forget Mandy or Kelly, those two fine southern women. It seemed like every other weekend Matt met another "finest girl I ever met", but he just couldn't find a girl that played basketball, tennis or golf as well as he could. (until Shelly-but we won't mention that)

Matt was never one to miss a good time. Second and third class years took him on a tour of the area colleges for excitement. He was banned from Goucher and wouldn't dare show his face at Immaculata after that terrible letter he wrote (all by himself). I'm sure Matt will never forget the last minute changes into uniform or those three minute miles we ran to make taps. First class year he found bigger and better things at the Fish Market. First class year also brought late night B-ball games (instead of studying), long hair (at the disgust of the LT) and a strong desire to graduate.

Well Matt, we're all sorry that we couldn't supply you with memories of USNA as good as those of H.S., but believe me we all tried. Good luck in the civilian world.

Gregg G. Sears
G-Man
Jacksonville, Florida
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

One of the notorious Monsoon Bros. who ruled the 28th Company, from day one: July 7, 1981.

Plebe year, G.R. was thrust into a starting position on the varsity football team for the last 3 games which included Army and Ohio State in the Liberty Bowl. Weekends found G-man raging around for a beer whereever he could find one, even behind St. Mary's church in 4 degree weather.

Youngster year allowed Gregg, along with the other Monsoon brothers, to experience Disco Dahlgren and the College Park scene. From Dahlgren for some cheap beer, to Frans, then on our rum cruise, was a typical Saturday night. Occasionally the boys would take their horror show to college park and terrorize the "Vous." Then it was back to Annapolis and breaking into Pinto's so we could get to Bob's. Gregg's broken toe didn't slow him down a bit when the owner let the wolfhound loose.

Second class year was yet another chapter in Gregg's book of games. He started on the football team again, and was All-American afterwards at the tailgaters. Road trips to Baltimore with Demps in the "Love me duster" to "See the bars over thar" turned into one big drunken debacle. Sundays were a very religious day for Gregg, the lunch course after getting up at noon, movie in the yard, team meetings, and a night of no studying.

First semester of Gregg's senior year was very rewarding. He was first team All-East and honorable mention All-American in football. Gregg is a friend that will never be forgotten. I'm glad I had the opportunity to room with him during academic year and football trips. I will never forget the times we had together while we were here at the Academy; on the practice field, or in the classroom. Good Luck and God Bless . . . . .

KOW.

John D. VanBrabant
Dogface
Royal Oak, Michigan
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

The third and final member of the Monsoon Brothers; Luey Monsoon. When the Monsoons put the show on the road we could always count on Dogface to live by his hormones while G-Man and Kow ended up drunk and in the corner. The only one of the brothers who graduated as an engineer, John didn't listen to "Cyrene Song" of Huey and Duey to become scientists. John was definitely GQ. Never a hair out of place and always the latest thing in fashion. This carried over to the varsity baseball team where he was a standout both on and off the field. Both the workbench and the weightbench were good to John (remember Florida). His love for UNO was nothing but a headache for Huey and Duey. Demps corrupted him and his study habits were never the same. Starting study hour at 10 p.m. was not uncommon for John, just the time the two Great Gurus were ready to bed down. John's leadership qualities forced him into plebe detail, much to his dismay. He carried on the tradition of skate 28's attitude toward the plebe experience in fine form. What John, Gregg, and I experienced together simply cannot be put into words. Gregg and I mean it when we say John is our best friend, we love him and the best of luck in whatever he does. God Bless and Good Luck . . .

Kow and G-Man.

Ricky L. Williamson
Rick-a-Lee
Jacksonville, Florida
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

The first time I met Rick I could barely understand what he was saying. He was a redneck southern boy who was into Country music and big-chested women. I was a Yank from Boston. Bruce and New Wave were the thing. I took him under my wing plebe year and we became roommates youngster year. A lot of people thought we were incompatible, but Rick was eager to learn and made great progress.

Our strong sense of professionalism and military bearing has been the binding force between Rick and I. Since Rick was a varsity QB and I was a varsity pitcher, we had a lot of extra time to work on the military area of our education. Rick tirelessly pursued perfection. In fact, I owe my spotless conduct and performance records to Rick.

Ricky had some problems with a long-distance-relationship but everything worked out for the best. He met, and soon became married to a nice Georgia Peach named Robin. The only problem is that we don't spend much time together anymore. (But I forgive ya, I'd probably do the same thing if Krissy were here.)

Ricky, we've been through an aweful lot together these past 4 years. We had our fights, but the good times far outnumber the bad. You're someone I can confide in and trust, someone I can talk to when I'm down. You've helped me out of more jams than I can count and even though I have a tough time telling you a lot of times, thanks for everything. You've been a great friend and roommate. Keep in touch. Be good and all the luck in the world to you and Robin. I'll miss ya, Williamson.

KAP

# Twenty-Ninth Company

Jose A. Alas
Hoser
Santa Tecla, El Salvador
Systems Engineering
Foreign National

My earliest memories of Jose are of him, totally clueless, babbling chow calls in broken English and fighting to do pullups. Jose, struggled through plebe year-but with a little EI from Macel and a lot of hard work-he was able to catch up to his gringo classmates. In fact he worked so hard that by his senior year, he was getting stars, aceing P.E. tests and losing his hair. Youngster year, Hoser loved those Dahlgren nights up where he belonged with Allicia. He had to break up with her however, because he found his true love over in Maury Hall. As a systems engineer, spent a lot of weekends studying. But he always made time to party with his pals and to visit a certain El Salvadorean Ambassador's daughter. Jose will always be remembered for his fine taste in cars, his impeccable concept of duty, his Wednesday night Oreos and milk at the Lt's and his nap in Ralph's rose garden. WAIT-I Know . . . It wasn't your fault!

I suppose you'll be going back to El Salvador to straighten things out down there. Buenos Suerte! Jose, you've been more than a great friend. You are a truly remarkable guy who we'll remember and love forever. Thanks for everything.

LCD.

Marc R. Alexander
Marc
Mechanicsburg, Pennsylvania
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Fresh from the back woods of Pennsylvania, the "Big Guy" came to us with a football in one paw and a bag of toiletries and assorted pharmaceuticals in the other. Well known for his patience and well-tempered personality, Marc endured plebe year in 29 with only a minimal amount of destruction to the room. Seeing the light, Marc became a "managerial engineer" and began beating the odds academically. (Meaning the computer predicted him to be unsat!) Youngster year brought many late night clear beers and trips to Ocean City with the boys and who could forget "Brains"? Youngster year also gave birth to the infamous Mr. Jack bout, which Marc and four others fought feverishly for 15 rounds only to be knocked out in the last round by heavyweight contender Jack Daniels.

The future finds Marc asleep in the ready room of some grunt airfield, just waiting to conquer the skies, and he'll do just that. "Bam Bam", you have a fine history of good times behind you at the Naval Academy: "Blue Angels, Preakness, Super Bowl parties and spring break to name a few, and plenty on the way. Thanks for making this place bearable and being a partner in partying. Good luck in the future and thanks for the past—Have a cup of motor oil and relax!

TOM

Ralph Arcaro, III
Ralphie
New Carrollton, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Ralph will be remembered for many things. B-Robe saluting etiquette, the consecutive days fried record, and lowest possible profile (What company are you in?) are just a few plebeian feats mastered by Ralpher. Youngster year, our hero rented the Sixth Wing Sky Suite with Bird, Blick, and Buzz who introduced him to terror from below and uneven parallel racks. After a semester as a math major (and a 3.8 QPR) Ralph headed for browner pastures with "Wild Bill," "the Rocket" and the rest of the M.E. gang (for another 3.8 QPR, and a 4.0 QPR, and so on . . .) It was said that if Ralph didn't get an "A" from "The Rocket" in heat transfer, no one would. Sadly, no one did. Ralph had several romantic interludes and provided the settings for a few, also (Ready, Break!). There was Deana in Dallas, "My Best Friend's Girlfriend," and of course Sporty. Living so close, Ralph introduced us to such unique establishments as The Cellar, the 'Vous, and The College Park Theatre. Ralph even once got his wallet "lifted" trying to show us a good time. However, our fondest memories of Ralphie are in his dashing gold sash displaying that dynamic hinney-wiggle perfected atop Philo McGiffin while sub-commanding that "Sound that moves the Brigade". (What the heck were you looking for walking all over the field at halftime?) Well, the end and beginning are here. Old acquaintances shall not be forgot. We'll be seeing you, buddy

Shawn E. Bai
Shawn
St. Louis, Missouri
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Shawn Erik came to Camp Annapolis from the Gateway City attempting to follow in his brother's footsteps. Shawn always had a talent for being practical. He set his goals high early (to graduate) and it looks like he is going to make it. Plebe summer was an enlightening experience for the young Missourian. He discovered early in his career that the Surface Navy was not what he wanted to do, and furiously began preparing for the Big Green Team. Unfortunately, Shawn joined the Academy at just the time when you needed to be smart to go Corps. We all hope he makes it still we can't help wondering what he'd done if he'd liked knockabouts.

Shawn realized early that hard work was the key to success at the Boat School. Many a night and weekend would find him burning the midnight oil in Nimitz. In an effort to improve his grades, Shawn decided to take Applied Science and still had trouble choosing a track. He didn't mind losing the weekends to academics though, he came to us with eyes for only one femme and is leaving us with plans of marriage. Tough to keep a long distance relationship going, but the girl is something special. Still she better be able to cook to satisfy Shawn, I'll eat anything, Bai. Hold on to the rice cooker Shawn, you may still need it. Put it next to the TV

The long nights with wires taught Shawn dedication, but he was always a hard worker. In fact his consistant desire to work hard and please his superiors earned him early recognition and a job as a breakfast cereal promoter. I am certain that these same qualities will stand him well wherever he serves.

--TSJ

### Earl C. Bowers
Squirrel
Poulsbo, Washington
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Earl reported to USNA from Poulsbo, Washington (where!?), dragon and all. When he wasn't painting his dragon, he, Geoff, Joe, and Al were busy turning Bill Few into a goblin and killing him off. It drove his roommates crazy. Earl was pretty good at this. His snoring often caused him to wake under a pile of books. How'd they get there?! Vito!!

Earl earned his notoriety however during first semester finals plebe year when the duty section had to pick him up at the Emporium bathroom. It was Mark's fault - ask Vic. He almost pulled a repeat performance first semester 1/c year taking his last final with the taste of Bloody's still in his mouth.

Earl has the best stereo and worst ear in the entire company. Starting on it youngster year and adding to it with his second class "stereo" loan, his system soon earned a following of listeners, some not so voluntary! You'd think it would have more than two volume levels - reverberating and off!

Earl's other forte was girls. Between an on-and-off-and-on-and-off-and-on-and-off relationship with Terri (how many times did Tom win that bet?!), he managed to work in another girl or two. First there was Stephanie who wound up becoming a Coastie. They were a perfect pair - both airheads. Of course Gordo will never forget how Earl spent 2/c summer! Now he's trying to snake a Jersey cop. Traci, look out!!

Earl originally dreamed of speed, but due to deteriorating eyes wound up in the green (money that is, not uniforms). From airhead to bubblehead shouldn't be too hard a change. As bighearted as they come Earl's always got an open ear. Good luck to you always in everything, and remember "To thine ownself be true."

TX

### Bradley I. Buswell
Buzz
Durango, Colorado
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Brad had a memorable four years at Camp Tecumseh on the Severn. A good student and an excellent military performer, Brad was never left without a striper position. This led to such great duty as restriction accountability youngster year (Wow! Look what this guy did!), "in charge of meal lists" first class year, and Thanksgiving duty every year. (Oh no, not again!) Buzz did use his share of three-striper liberty however. Ralph, Bales, and Spikey will always remember (even if Brad doesn't) his little pit stop at the gazebo coming back from Fran O'Brien's after partying Nuke Service Selection night.

Another thing Brad will be remembered for was his relationship with the girls. After dating Michelle from Pennsylvania, Brad must have decided it was too difficult to date someone so far away, so he found Chris. She lived much, much closer. When Brad moved out of company first class year even Chris was too far so he started dating Kim too. Everything was fine (well, almost) until Brad invited both of them to Colorado for Christmas. At different times of course, he wasn't that stupid. When he returned for the Dark Ages, boy did he have a problem. "I don't know what she's so uptight about!" Brad was heard to say.

Through the years Brad was always good for a laugh. We all laughed when he doused a beloved firstie with green paint for St. Pat's Day, and when he lost his wallet. (Why did you take your pants off in the street, Brad?) And we laughed when we heard about Brad's bathroom pep talk with Bird just before a blind date.

All in all Brad was a fine person and a great roommate. Good luck in the elite force, Brad. I'm sure the underwater seas will never be the same.

RA

### John D. Carver
John
Sierra Vista, Arizona
Economics
U.S. Marine Corps

John ascended to this institution from the scorpian infested town of Sierra Vista, Arizona. John's high school job at a prominent bank in Sierra Vista spawned his interest in economics. Many said that John took the easy way by going econ: a skate 4 years. That would have been the case until Ray Jean came into the economic scene. She found plenty of work for John to fill the "gap". John's love for economics was second only to his love for women. John was particular with women: a tight stomach was the important feature. Nonetheless, John was once easily persuaded to lower his set standards when offered sustenance by two portly Annapolitan beauties. No problem, John: the Cambridge plan would shapen them to your standards. John was well known for his uniquely convincing eloquence. I know of no one else who could walk into his first WMID meeting (totally ignorant to T.V. production) and walk out as the president, with complete control, 20 minutes later. Its a wonder Laura wasn't wooed by this same convincing eloquence. Perhaps "Please, please, please!" wasn't eloquent enough. Nonetheless, T.V. acting soon was second nature to John and stardom was offered him on Brigade Line: John was a hit. First class summer in Hawaii also brought offers of "star"dom: only of a much darker shade. Unfortunately John found to his surprize this call to "star-"dom was merely a "false alarm" set off in his drunken stupor. With airborne wings firmly above his right pocket, John jumped to the position of first set c.c. first class year. Tony and Nancy would have been proud of you. Now you know why they had so much confidence in you. We'll never forget him marching the company into Dahlgren instead of the P-rade field. I still say he was dreaming of the spicey evenings with Sue at the Dog Pen. Seriously though, John, you have been a true friend to me at USNA. I'll never forget the great times we had. If ever you need an engineer in your booming business in the future, Give J.P. a call. Friends forever,

J.P.

### John W. Clifton
Cliffy
South Weymouth, Massachusetts
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Who, me get a haircut? It was rumored that John once gave a damn, but he sure made up for it in his later years. From sixth at NAPS to a fierce race for last in 29, John has run the gamut in his military prowess. Had John been able to grow his hair to his waist the Beatles could have done a concert tonight. He had all the traits, the looks, the glasses, but best of all the attitude of Lennon.

Remembering things done (and these are the printable ones)

Hardened after a banner year of Prep School John hit plebe summer with a far too military attitude. But then the slide began. I still think that was when he had his last haircut. Immaculate room, Mr. Redenbacher. My how time flies

Oh what a summer to follow. Robi, John Paul Clifton, You guys got the time? Arnold, You earned your dinner tonight. Most people want to see Springsteen but not John- Peace Sunday was his style. What's come of Comatose and Mumbles? Ah, Hawaii . . . Peek A Boo and the chase is on, lack of money imposed diet, Riunite, getting back to Andrews with 34¢, cash. I guess they still thought they could make John into a military man man by making him COMGRU 10 2/c summer. Get the sweater and go and the nightmares began What Ring Dance? Spring Break '84: what happened? Don't ask John. Liquor line and B.C. gang did it, Why? cause I'll arrest you . . . OK. I'm leaving. Most people yearn for the Greek Isles. So does John, but to wipe them off the map. Malakas. The end of a fine career with VW INN and it just doesn't matter. John, couldn't do it without you but it was just a stepping stone (boulder maybe?) Don't strangle anyone and keep track of your abundance of money. You stayed a real person throughout, unlike many. Keep it up. Fly high, Fly fast.

REO

Laurence C. Datko
Larry
Ardmore, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Larry came to USNA via Newport, full of spirit and psyched for Navy. A man of great talent, Larry made Plebe Summer '81 fun for all of us in 29. Academic year brought success and some "great" Navy deals: Navy Water Polo, 3.0, shaving cream and with it regular visits to Smoke Hall. So life wasn't always fun and games. The youngster stripe opened new horizons. Fort Benning and jump school were only the beginning — a football game, a tailgater and Laura. Life will never be the same again. Systems Engineering brought with it new challenges and discoveries: TI 55's aren't that reliable, Venezuelan physics is no fun and Air Force officers make the worst teachers. Second class year began with BUDS and ended with Bethesda. An unforgettable semester that put an end to Maury Hall and gave Pasadena the name of "Army curse." 84, a new beginning DATKO style, has finally ended with a successful career. Larry will say goodbye to USNA as the 29 Co Sub-CDR and with the most beautiful girl in the world. Thanks a lot, you are a great friend. Good luck driving ships and God bless you.

JAA

Joseph A. Coen
Coenhead
Sound Beach, New York
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Joe graced the halls of USNA after leading a wild civilian life, but it did not stop when he entered the military. By doing chicken and Santa Higgins imitations and because of his world famous brace (eight wrinkles), Joe instantly became the plebe clown.

As an upperclassman, Joe found fast cars and fast women. His taste in women was indeed unique. As a youngster, it was a shotputter from Mt. St. Mary's and other "awesome" excursions; as a second class, it was "Horsy"; and as a firstie, he turned his affections towards oriental women. This led him to such far away places as Norfolk, VA. and Goucher College. Joe and Bird did some fancy juggling at Goucher. Joe also had his old fall back "Hanna", as a certain policeman could attest to.

As for cars, Joe went from a beat up old $80 VW to a Porsche 924. This instantly became the main driving force in his life. After the nuke bonus, Joe became an avid skier.

Joe's experiences at USNA were almost as interesting as his social life. His approach to academics could be summed up by his quote, "I've got a final tomorrow and haven't even opened the book the whole semester." He still didn't open it. Joe did enjoy sports, especially soccer, which he excelled at. Most of his time was spent in the rack though. Joe could sleep and sleep and sleep. He slept through classes, watch inspection, and Morning Quarters. It was so bad, he had to see the shrink. On first class cruise, he slept through a fire in his own compartment.

Joe was a natural born leader and relates to people very well. He was the main organizer of company affairs such as Army, skit night, etc. as well as trips to Ocean City. Good luck in all your endeavors. Everyone will miss your "Joe"-vial ways.

D. Alvin Dickerson
Al
Center, Texas
History
Surface Warfare

From deep in the Pine woods of East Texas came this epitome of a rugged redneck Texan or at least that is what Al would have you believe. He wouldn't even use his first name, Donald. It must have sounded too dignified. He always let it be known to those around him that he liked being called Tex. Although his height was, well, let us say below 5'8", he maintained the tradition of the great state of talking ten feet tall. Tex will always be remembered from plebe summer for his rendition of the "Yellow Rose of Texas". Plebe year he maintained a low profile, often being overlooked (or looked over) by his upperclass. (Sorry Tex) But during second semester he seeked to gain more attention from his superiors. Al found that dumping green paint on his platoon leader while he slept was very effective. The things Al loved the most were country music, barbecue spare ribs, D & D and watching his roommate clean the room. It is amazing that he ever made above 2.0. During study hour he loved to roam the halls, sleep, read fantasy books or anything but study. By process of elimination Al went surface. Even though he had some reservations about becoming a blackshoe, it is hard to picture him doing anything else. Don't worry Tex, you'll be a natural. From someone who will always cheerish your friendship, I wish you a long and prosperous life.

John S. Day
John
Lynbrook, New York
History
Surface Warfare

He came to be an engineer but soon learned fast enough. As a bull major, JS had enough time to pursue one of his favorite pastimes: sleeping. He also had the ladies chasing him, although if you ask him he'll never admit it. He finally took the initiative when he met a special young lady at AF 2/c year, and they've been going strong ever since. 1/c cruise left him with the inclination to go surface (so did the results of his precom). Remember Fred and Dino, alias Bozo, is Mr. Leung here? (click), stump man, UVA, OC, the wetting down party in Honolulu, a one inch sports article, making a rack is fun, Troll, HP, snakebites, hello is Jod there, the kind of gas stove with a flame, WOCO, a class clown, turning papers in at the final, Babs and KJ, BT and Hank, uh-good morning-how are you, tiki torches and beers in the jacuzzi, picante party, bagels, Mr. Bonner, bury that shirt mister, orders before 7, shut up-ugh, Johnson and nohair, sorry-not my station, hi guys, the pit, Air Force, Seattle, ESAD, driving on 295 with VH, that lucrative weekend in Atlantic City ($2500), Houston, Emerson, kick my butt, Eternal Father, the fine taste of cheese, Kathleen and Gena, the Key Bridge, who's that guy in the bathtub?, Doug-It's time to get up, sleeping through the winter, fizzix, red rum, the Sac, the sleep tape, the prettiest girl, AM, Tats, 55, Will you go with me?, AMF, drip, another banner day, time to get up, turn it upside down, call that thang, Martha, Vivie-Lot, Steve's, Princess, Yukon, WTF, siyonara slabovia, yeah yeah yeah, Travels, intensity squad, Pat and Kenny, VH with the watch on Bill, home to LI, and making it when we never thought we would. John, thanks for the laughs, memories, and the friendship. Smooth sailing in surface line and God bless.

Brendan X. Doud
Blick
Cincinnati, Ohio
English
Surface Warfare

Brendan, Brendamian, Blick or whatever you want to call him will probably be best remembered as a man who would vow to study and get something done and end up in the rack. Brendamian has a great propensity for the rack and can easily fall asleep seconds after hitting the hay. Bird will certainly attest to that. But when not in the rack or thinking about studying, Blick can usually be found with a cool one in hand. After all, "God created whiskey so the Irish wouldn't rule the world." A native of Cincinnati and an avid fan of the Reds and the Bengals, Blick often dreams of a hot bowl of Skyline Chili.

During plebe summer Blick was known as the "Boogey Man" for his inadvertent expulsion during SIP. Struggling through youngster year and the EE Department, he decided that two E's were a little too much; therefore, Blick moved to a single E. Brendamian had found new life and was actually able to take a weekend. Second class year was spent trying to catch up on everything he had missed the year before. Indeed, Blick tried to prove that no one could drink more than the Irish.

Mr. Aloof with the women, Brendamian changed his ways on special occasions, turning in top notch performances at Clarion and Goucher. Blick was always quick to revert to his carefree mode. When the heat was too much, Blick got out of the kitchen. The old Irishman was a tough one to corner, as K.K. would certain attest to.

Hopefully, Blick will find the woman of his dreams to sit by the fire and listen to Frank with him. HOBBLE! Good luck with the surface force, and may you be stationed in San Diego.

Peter H. Hanlon
Pete
Setauket, New York
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Surface

Following the Hanlon tradition, Pete came to the Academy from the great?? state of New York. His life was not only influenced by his forefathers but the "super-friends" as well because he was often found imitating them: as Spiderman he was spotted scaling the all girls dormitory at Goucher in search of the second floor bathroom. As Aquaman he again heard the call of duty, plunging into Annapolis harbor in proper uniform of course-underwear- to swim from Riordan's to the Afterdeck. Too bad he needed shoes and shirt for service.

When this mild mannered midshipman had his feet on the ground he accomplished many feats. Plebe year saw him demolish a dozen cannonballs and youngster year saw him become demolished by the foulballs-that is beerball. Tommy and he had a conspiracy which rocked the company. Firstie year saw him win the dance competition at the Navy-Notre Dame game; the judges thought that the performance was good enough to warrent future starring appearnces daily in Smoke Hall.

Everyone knew that Peter's closest friends were the honorable ones. He never missed the chance to have his pleasant little chats with them. Unfortunately this dynamic relationship was severed first class year.

Academically Peter proved that you didn't need to be an engineer to excel-"An engineer can't do that? It's easy!" Stars were a breeze and nuc-power of course. Who knows what next?

Just remember when things get too hectic, sometimes you just have to say "What the . . . ?" Uh huh! That's right! Take care and good luck.

BXD

Kevin C. Hollis
Birdman
Foley, Alabama
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Birdman flew into USNA from Foley, Alabama with a King in one hand and a pair of drumsticks in the other, ready to take on the toughest challenge he could find. Determined to be a EE major, he let nothing stand in his way, including professors whom he threatened with death. "Some engineer you are?" His academic endeavors culminated Firstie year in a brief flash or lack there of. Always one to set priorities, Bird could surely be found packing the Z in his 'flops and shades, stereo blaring, the Kings cooling and the engine running for another excursion to . . . Speaking of the Z, Kev thought that it was quite impressive until Brad impressed it more.

When not studying Bird could be found pumping iron, catching rays or heading to Goucher with Joe. As a matter of fact, after denial at Auburn he was constantly seen slithering to Mount St. Mary's or Goucher in search of companionship. With the number of women in his life he became an experienced juggler: dating one, calling another and writing to a third. It was like a big baseball game to him.

Bird never could pass up a bargain in the U.S. or abroad. From buying a $20 roll of film in Rome and a $5 apple in a Zurich train station to betting (and losing) $30 on the shell game in Boston, he proved his keen economic insight. (The hand is still quicker than the eye isn't it Kev!).

Seriously, though, Kevin has achieved many goals: a EE major, company commandership and Nuclear Power. Surely he will keep flying like the true "Bird" that he is. Four years together has been most fun. Stay proud! Stay bulky! And as they say in old Mexico—AMF . . . adios my friend.

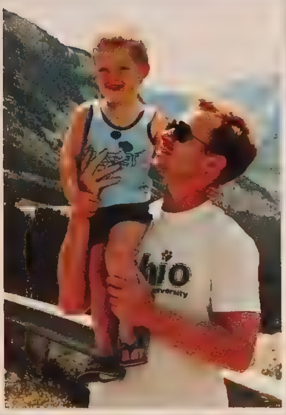
BXD

Tracy S. Johnson
Grandpa
Ralston, Nebraska
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

In following his brother's footsteps, Tracy came to Navy with high expectations and ambitions. And left with both fulfilled. During plebe summer Tracy became affectionately known as Grandpa, I guess because he had that paternal look about him. When Ac year came he went on so many movement orders for debate he had more weekends than the upperclass. Youngster year was spent doing much the same thing. He even managed to get good grades. Debate fell away, but don't worry Tracy- you'll get that sword (eventually). Tracy found his true love second class year television. Tracy was the only guy I never saw study and still manage a 4.0 or close to it. Who cares if every time the Oz saw you, you were in the wardroom? Tracy even liked TV so much that he got one for his room. It made a quick departure one day, though, under "exigent" circumstances. Not one to resist raw power, he indulged himself and got the Trans Am. First class year Tracy really became popular as ac officer. Who cares if he fried everybody up his chain of command, as well as his own roommate? Second semester found Tracy with 4 stripes and on 4-1. He didn't mind though. At least he could catch those weeknight hockey games at the Cap Center. His biggest service selection worry was where to take TAD. But why Lincoln, Tracy? Nuke all the way, he took the surface route. And he'll eat it up, just like he did everything here. Tracy, you've been a good friend who's taught me a helluva lot and helped pull me through this place. Thanks for the good times and giv'em hell in the fleet.

Jeffrey K. Kehlenbach
Bach
Arvada, Colorado
Systems Engineering
Naval Aviation

One July day in 1981 Jeff left Colorado, the land of skiing and Coors beer, only to find himself in Annapolis, the land of high humidity and "lousy weather". Jeff couldn't handle swimming through that wet Maryland air, although I think he did finally get used to it. Funny thing though, he never did seem to get the hang of swimming in water itself. Plebe year was a long one, and even though John P. left early, Antonio was always there to comfort Jeff. Some say it was just bad luck, but sometimes you have to wonder why it was that his plebe year roomies weren't quite all there. Jeff? Youngster year Jeff hit the books. During study breaks he managed to get involved in an occasional underwear ripping war, and eventually gained fame by going into a frenzy (pulling a Kehlenbach) when he was an unwilling participant. After spending 2/C summer with Gordo, Jeff returned to USNA a happy man. Kristen had finally transferred to Johns Hopkins. Every weekend he disappeared into the depths of Baltimore, returning Sunday afternoon, already looking forward to the next weekend. During the week Jeff worked until 11 and then hit the rack, thumbing his nose at the Academy's toughest academic year with two perfect semesters back to back. When he wasn't studying or in Baltimore he tormented a certain zoomie, who gasped in disbelief as the sheet poster he had hung from Mahan was ripped in front of the company at quarters. Jeff also gained notoriety for his gunginess, and always had a few choice words for that mandatory lecture or new policy. Returning for 1/C year, he was determined to get out a little more. Too bad the Rush concert was on a Thursday night, right? Take good care of Kristen, and I'll see you in Pensacola.



Thomas P. Jones
Tom
Phoenix, Arizona
English
Surface Warfare

Tom came to the Boat School via a two year stint at Ohio University. Soon after he arrived his parents bought a camper, sold the house, and drove off into oblivion. They finally sent Tom the address, though- a gas station on Hwy 1.

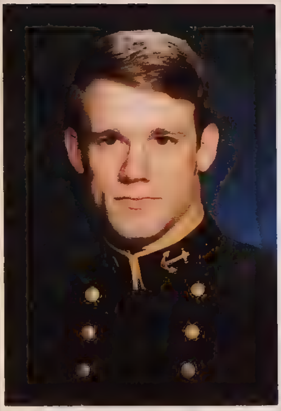
Tom had problems from the start in academics but made it through plebe year. This sent him looking for a cake major; settling on the sanctity of Sampson and Single "E". Following plebe year Tom went to Fort Benning to get his jump wings. It was there that Tom developed this strange adversion to the color green. But, I'll always remember those fun-filled weeks in Columbus and the river trip on inner tubes. I guess you couldn't walk because you were so cold, huh, Tom?

Tom's love of masochism continued as he joined the crew team. He did well when he wasn't flexing in front of the mirror. He earned his letter junior year and kept rowing-imagine that?!

Tom has always been confident, even though history dictates otherwise. For example, he got a hotel room before he got his Ring Dance date. I guess we should ask Louise if Tom really was "God's gift to the Marriot."

Honestly, Tom has been a great friend these four years and our times together will always be special to me. He's come a long way since his Tidy Bowl role at Ohio U. Looking forward to our trip to Aussie land. Just a little advice to all you girls- if you ever get serious with Tom, whatever you do, don't give him a watch. Good luck buddy.

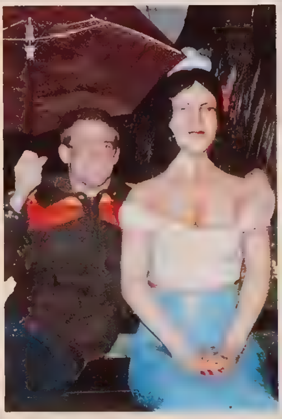
GWW.



Victor H. Leung
Vic
Antioch, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

A few words are worth a hundred thoughts: Mr. Lowng? Is that right? Antioch Panthers, Sir. "It's such a tragedy!" Sodacan. Martha. "God, I gotta go!" "Quick, get my roommate!" Q. So your order was . . .what? Aero lab. Seagull. Beachball. JS' elevator quals. Bus quals. No Toby, it won't explode. "No questions? Next chapter!" Maytag. #289. Burn Rubber. 'Cause my head is like a sieve "Nice room, but get rid of that smell." High! Shouldn't throw fruits out the window. She's not just a girl . . . Gunt. Stick up. Tacks. EJ. Wizard of Scamps. Extensive work. "Tracy does!" Orange juice left over. WOCO. Phoneboot. Frank in his mouth. Stall routlette. Yangben. Nebraska. "Burn the black book!" 0300: clack, clack, clack, #@%&*?–! clack, clack, clack. 0700: clop, clop, clop. Ellooww! Tipping the knockabout. Rubic. Troll. Dining-in—Anchors Aweigh. Cloves. "Hey! I'm pretty close at 155." Pecal Balls. The Bird Africa. In The Stone. Is This Your Party? Snake Bites. The pit. Orders Before Six? If you don't want to dance why did you come here? Crash The System. Fifteen Seconds. Moose Juice. Apple Fritters. Dust In The Gun Rack. Sleep Tape. Try Whiteworks. "You Call That A Tie?" "Nice Shirt." Bota Bag. Plastic bag. Don't come in! Ferro-fluid coupled inverted dome. Yes! Hurricanes and the O-course. It's my room. The Plebe de Espanol. Star Spangled Banner. Norbert. Riff-Raff. Turn it upside-down. Another woofer please. 95. GQ DZ. Sorry, no corfams. Gumby. Win, Win. Bird Seed. Well, you of course are wondering what all this means. Just read the first line for a clue. What is important is that you understand that Vic was an excellent person to share the last four years with. Oh yeah, I'll never forget my best friends, . . . . You guys!!!

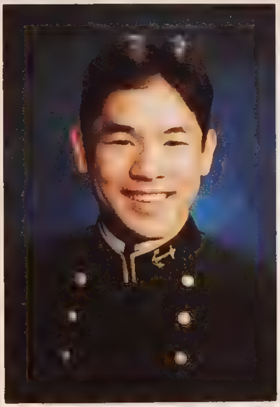
DJM JSD AMF



Victor G. Kreeger
Vito
Mesquite, Texas
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Two weeks of intense training under Cool Fred transformed Vic, Mesquite, TX-native, into "Midn. 4/C Kreeger, 142-lbs. of twisted steel, sex appeal, and one hell of a stud, sir!" With the start of ac-year, his roommates had to post a mop-watch to keep the sweat off the floor. All his geeking didn't seem to help much, though. His illegible handwriting soon had his name changed from "Victor" to "Vito", and I do not think he *ever* convinced Cool Fred that there is a World Ocean ("But Sir, they're all connected."). When he wasn't hoarding anything he could lay his hands on (crackers, roommates' chow packages, honey, jelly, etc.), he was berating his roomies for not dressing him before he went out ("You could see I had my geekers on! Why didn't you tell me to put my real glasses on!?!"). Youngster year saw a rise in Vito's popularity—he took "Animal" as a roommate. Vito's a really good guy—just ask Tony. Tony loved him. At Christmas the 3rd member of the Texas Embassy moved in—and 5 months later Tony moved out, leaving Vito with his roommate of the next two years. 2/C year saw Vito sweating the grades, except on weekends, when he and the zoomie could always be found in Dahlgren. That Texas hospitality came through, and those girls are still chasing him. Vic got his dues, though, becoming a two-striper first semester 1/C year. Second semester saw his worst nightmare come true—he got in Evan's squad

Vito is a true Texan, a fervent Cowboys fan, and stuck by them thick and thin, like he did all his friends. He remained a sweat and a professional all four years, and a procrastinator second only to his roommate. Good luck in nuke school and in the briny deep, and remember, "Texas is a state of mind."



Thomas R. Loeblein
Tom
Salisbury, North Carolina
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Tom joined us here at USNA with his mind set on two things, marriage and the black shoe Navy. However, as Tom watched time go by, and indeed he kept good track by proclaiming "tick-tock, I'm a clock," his ambitions changed.

After endless days of dueling with his razor Tom finally realized his true love was blood and guts, or at least blood. Thus he decided the place to be was the USMC.

Well Joe and I did talk him out of his high school love and even black shoes, but we did not have a confederate's chance with his high and tight ambitions. Well, two out of three ain't bad!

Single as a youngster for the first time in years Tom thought there would be no better way to meet girls than to join the glee club. There upon Tom, or was it Jim, began venturing to all ports mystical and mighty to become a TV star. But that just was not enough so what could be better for smoothing girls than buying a Porsche? Well try a pickup truck!

Tom soon realized what he had known all along, that it was not what is under the "Hood" that counts but what is in the heart; and nobody had a better heart than Tom. Tom would do anything for you; he would even send Navy whites to our rivals on the Hudson if need be.

Tom, if success is measured by what we do for others than we're sure you will be the most successful of us all! Good luck and God bless you! OUGH RAH!!

C.A.W.

Douglas J. MacKinnon
DJ
Sunnyvale, California
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Doug came to us from the town of brains, Sunnyvale, Ca. as evidenced by his QPR. Anyway he'll always tell you about how well he did at Hoybie's school. Doug has always been one to help out a classmate. Remember plebe summer? "Sir, I know the answer to that one", or "the prettiest girl"? Doug then waltzed into Ac year - how many ways can you fool with the upper class? "Would you care for some more chips, Mr. Seitz?" I mean you've got it made when they borrow your tapes. If he wasn't talking, Doug was drumming. He joined the drum corps and became a section leader, something the drums never had. A year later he found his way into the Trident Brass and as a 1/c became President. With the coming of summer Doug helped out another classmate by volunteering for a Pac cruise. Doug has always been a romantic, but one female he met really brought this out in him. Her name is Kathleen, but Doug just tends to sigh, the boy just plain got lucky. This same yougster year brought about many items such as THE STEREO, the b-robe burning, and the founding of the sixth wing gourmet club. Doug did find time to attend one ac-board only to be called a class clown by the Supe. Quantico didn't know what to think of Doug when he turned out to be a pretty good shot, but then introduced himself to the Capt., "Hi, you can call me Doug . . . . ., Sir!". 2/c year was a loud one for Doug's plebes and a few other 4/c that weren't his. He also raised his QPR which is sort of backwards, but not unlike Doug. His next fun was E.E., so he became a full fledged LTM Determined, he set out on 1/c cruise on an LPD, and to spite a little 'bull' he came out first in rank. Doug spent the rest of summer on "Detail", a dream come true for Doug. In summary, Doug kept a great sense of humor which helped us all get through.

VHL JSD

Geoffrey A. Losee
Darth
Garden City, New York
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Geoffrey came from Long Island
(From Garden City "High") just a smilin',
But when he showed up
And found the drugstore closed up,
He resorted to snorting his aspirin.
"Darth" is a rules and regs hater
And was a proud upperclass baiter
On a Saturday night
He felt a conduct form's bite
"Usurping", no third class on '"vators".
In grades, Geoff fought for a B,
But that caused catstrophe,
Until Oceanography freed him
And a 3.5 decreed him:
Immune to the nickname "Low C."
When Geoff ran the mile run
He said: "Man, this just ain't no fun."
He ran his four laps,
Then he collapsed
And hacking, said: "D is for done!"
Geoff's mind is what you'd call free
It frolics irrationally;
Though the discussion be serious
And the topics quite various
He always thinks "hobble-do-gee!"
Speaking of exploits of lust
And overdue modesty bust:
We rewarded his campaign
With a bottle of champagne
Andre', pink-a must!
A Glee Club tour was Geoff's favorite thing
And many's the time his bells got to ring
He drank lots of booze
And sometimes some cooze
Which was better than having to sing
Geoff dreams of nights out to sea
As a part of the "real Navy."
With a pot belly forming
Coffee pot warming
He fits in the job perfectly
So good luck to Geoff in his life
And Nancy, his impending wife
This story is done
I hope you had fun
IF NOT, TOO BAD- THAT'S RIFE!

PROPER ATTIRE
PLEASE
CHAPEL OPEN
800 450

Gordon C. McKinney
Gordo
Connersville, Indiana
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Gordo's years at USNA started by landing in the wrong airport the day before I-Day. He survived only to be issued the only B-Robe without a USNA crest. Bad luck I guess. Overcoming these and other obstacles, Gordo boomed into youngster year pushing the envelope, the height-weight envelope that is. Losing weight to fit into his t-shirt collection (the largest gunge t-shirt collection ever), his hobbies shifted from food and shirts to cassette tapes and food. With more than 200 albums on tape, Gordo never went dry when it came to tunes.

Among the most memorable characteristics that he held were his love of B-Ball, sleep, and Reese's Pieces Sundaes. When Gordo wasn't studying or dunking hoops, he was horizontal with his headphones cranked, a Pepsi in one hand and a bag of chips in the other. He liked the women too. It's rumored that he once kissed on the first date! Dates forced him to places like Walkersville, Md., where he locked his keys in the car in the rain and showed up late and soaking wet

Famous Naval Sayings like, "I don't care, I don't get inspected.", and "You just ain't cool without a hanger on your head." are credited to him. Gordo could always be found shopping for those $5.00 pair of shoes at K-Mart that would end up in his locker with the rest of his "Slime"

One might say Gordo-"Nubs" McKinney is an individual or one of a kind, I just say he's my roommate. I love you Gordon and whether you like it or not, "I'm your friend for life".

JAC

John P. Moulton
J.P.
Fredericksburg, Virginia
Electrical Engineer
Nuclear Power - Submarines

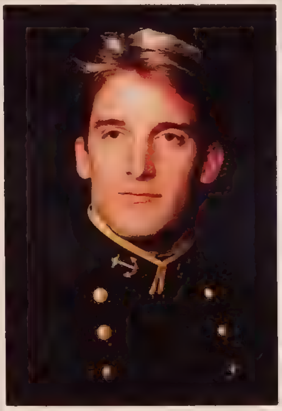
Bailing hay and milking cows was not what John wanted to do with the rest of his life. Instead, he wanted to study Zener diodes and become a Naval officer. Coming from a farm in Fredericksburg Virginia, John couldn't quite get the grasp of folding clothes. He reverted to his back home 'pitch and bail' routine. Much to his dismay, John's first two roommates, coming from Texan metropolises, couldn't understand his farmboy ways. Although he didn't live with them long, they managed to convert his musical preferences to the likes of Waylon and Loretta. Some would say that John didn't work up to his potential. However, when it came to females, he shorted out all circuits. His first memorable experience involved a cute young filly in "Dirty Thirty." Unfortunately, he broke the 'Laws.' When uncovered, he learned valuable lessons in midshipman conduct—about four thousand of them. As a result, he decided to look outside the confines of Bancroft Hall for companionship. No one can get picked up by girls just by walking down a street. That is, not unless you're John Moulton. While accepting food from two young ladies on a deserted side street, John found himself swept away to the land of Cambridge. There he was overwhelmed with ten of them. Too bad none weighed under 200 pounds. For the Ring Dance, John sent all the way to Florida for Pam. But after spending all that money he discovered that the grass was greener in his own back yard. While at a post ring dance gathering, he met Teresa—the girl who with he would spend the rest of his mid years. He seized the opportunity and with the speed of a striking snake, charmed her away from her Latin flame. All kidding aside, John, you're one of the hardest working persons I know. You've also been a good friend. God bless you in all your endeavors and may he cross our paths in the future so we can look back at our midshipman days and remember the great times we had.

Robert E. Oliver
Ollie
Alexandria, Virginia
Aerospace Engineering
Surface Warfare

Fate would have it that his MG would break down at the gates of USNA. Searching only for a water pump he soon found a gun and free clothes. But football took him away from all that. How could we ever forget Evan's hand in one of George Welsh's greatest moments. By the end of plebe year he had T.V. screaming "I give up." Nine room formals and one clock later he headed west for cruise. We are grateful for roller skates, Adams Class hiding places, Tijuana, cherry margaritas, "Over here Evan", and "This is the worst cruise eval I've ever seen." Continuing westward to Oahu and the Hale Koa, Oli spent his time tanning. Unfortunately the last ditch effort for cash fell short. Happy Samoans, fun in Travis, popcorn dinners, continent drift theorists and humid Oklahoma City. Sophomore year he sprinted (letter sweater in hand) to the VGEP office. He actually convinced them that he cared, but it was only a matter of time. Second class summer brought new friends such as Chief, Hugy, and "what the ¢&*% do you do York Barbell. "Underway on Rodeo power," York set new standards in O-Course procedures and proved that "Ray Charles runs faster than you do." Oli and Zander's fantastic voyage to New London got them in real good with the new C.O. Junior year- 99. 1 bothering snoor, long hair, camera trips and even longer hair. From Dean's list to weekly ac-trac sheets he finally hit his peak. Spring Break '84: Vagrancy, GTI INN bags packed, passing cops, Lizard man, and belly flops. Senior year writes itself. They call this fine tuning, Ollie, keep that in mind. Hope you make your million- I might need the cash. Give Jen half the ten, but I still think the picture came with the frame.

Fair winds, following seas and a happy life.

JWC



James L. Roberts
Grizzly
Hill City, Kansas
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

What can you say about a baby faced, self-proclaimed "bulky-stud"? Crew, cheeseburgers, and Diet Coke were Jim's motivation and fuel. He needed lots of both for his "bulky major". Jim was good at Mech E., until Reed hit him with a Rocket. Jim likes it there, though. He is, as they say, a glutton for punishment. If crew doesn't prove that then consider the following. He had a hernia for 5 years. One week after that was corrected he was seen running the Halsey stairs. Still not convinced? O.K., try this. He loves Kansas. Case closed. Jim loved USNA also. So much so that he adopted Tecumseh's facial expression, thereby earning him the nickname, Dr. Gloom. Well Jim, four years hasn't been too bad. Wherever you end up, keep pulling. Someday you'll get on a river that leads to the snow capped peaks of the Tetons.

Take care, stay away from those cowchips and be happy, always

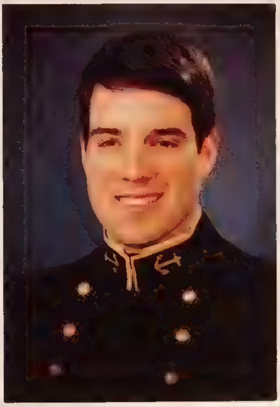
T.J.

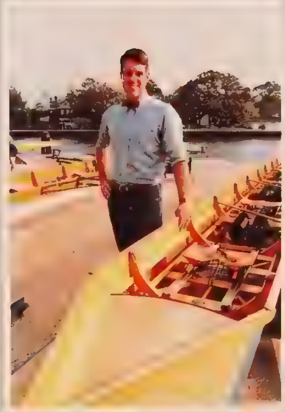
P.S.-Don't abuse that aspirin

D. Peter Schnorr, Jr.
Schnorca
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Pete solemnly believed that his time at the Naval Academy was well spent. He was one of the few to dare not only the wrath of the Mechanical Engineering Department but also manage a letter in Varsity Heavyweight Crew, and live to tell about it. The saying "2.0-row-and go" was never more appropriate. Pete's unending supply of good nature often made him the fool but always the friend of everyone who knew him. I think Pete will miss the Academy, but mostly Navy Crew.

J.L.R.





Stephen R. Speed
Weasel
Smyrna, Delaware
English
Naval Aviation

Anyone who picks up this yearbook and turns to this page must have a burning passion to find out what Steve is really all about. Well, that's a very short subject — he's all of about five foot nothing! Steve seemed to have his own formula for success plebe year — he simply kept a *low* profile, only rarely getting stepped on or mistaken for one of Bancroft's many rodents. Youngster year gave Steve a new lease on life with considerably more freedom He chose a double major: English and Liberty, hoping to broaden his horizons in both areas. Stephen had only one problem with those horizons — he was too short to see over them. By second semester 3rd class year Steve was so frustrated that he took to the bottle. Few of us knew of Steve's propensity for acrobatics until he decided to take up brake-dancing after consuming untolled amounts of wine at a B-ball game. He woke up with quite a headache, and a Payne in the posterior. Later that year Steve took another dive, this time into the sea of matrimony. (Lori and Steve had in fact been together since he was five foot four.) Time and space are running out on this microcosm of Steve's life, so let's get personal. Here's to Steve — a fine little man, with his head in the clouds and a stick in his hand!

Thomas A. Varallo, Jr.
Tom
Gambrills, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Coming from nearby Gambrills, Tom's move to USNA was, at least physically, not a big jump. Tom started his illustrious military career with an unforgettable plebe year; he knew it was going to be a long year when he described the discipline on his squad table as "about average." Being so close to home, Tom just couldn't stay away; what did it matter if he didn't rate it? The company officer didn't catch on for at least three months. This was only one of the Payneful run-ins Tom had with the company officer; funny how Tom's haircut was never quite right. If Tom was not at home, he was at his sponsors; it was only a coincidence that his girlfriend lived there too! With plebe year behind him and after a summer in the Med, Tom cruised into youngster year as an Aero major. Although he was never one to let class interfere with his sleep, Tom worked hard. Despite academic skirmishes with the Slasher and "Coach" Allen, Tom survived Rickover Hall

As busy as he was, Tom somehow always managed to save plenty of time for fun. Spring breaks in Florida and Colorado, and road trips to Ocean City, Williamsburg, and New York (110 mph?) are only some of the highlights of four years of breaks and weekends. If Tom wasn't on the road or studying (or sleeping!) he was throwing parties at his house; many an appreciative person in the company has taken advantage of the Varallo's generous hospitality. Tom's other activities have included concerts (how about that Rush concert?) driving fast, drinking an occasional brew, and looking for girlfriends

Despite a brief interest in the Medical Corps, Tom is Pensacola bound as a backseater. Best of luck to you; see you at Pensacola

Geoffrey W. Watts
Wattsman
Smyrna, Georgia
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Geoff was the old man in the company and he played his part well. Receding hair line, bald spot, medals, stripes, Geoff had them all. Patton, Jr. was the nickname he earned as a firstie during plebe summer. Those of us who know him well can see through the decorated exterior though. We know he puts his pants on *after* he pulls his socks up to his knees, puts on his shoes and tucks in his t-shirt. Speaking of habits, Geoff loved to entertain his roommates by singing for them. He would listen to the headphones and sing along with Harry, Kenny, or Sgt. Barry. How many pounds of bananas were lost in Scranton, Pa? Please, Geoff, learn to sing and tell time.

What does Geoff love? Blondes topped the list for awhile, but parties, comics, and sleeping are tops now. Sleeping must win. He can do it anywhere, anytime, in any position. Most popular are the face-planted-in the-desk and the comics-for-cover positions.

Probably because of the aforesaid, he was a great roommate. Most of my best memories involve him. Thanksgiving, Airborne, ripping the chain-of-commands shorts, Ocean City, and skiing. I loved them all and I'll miss you. Take care and save them pennies. We'll drink them someday

TJ.

Christopher A. Williams
Willie
Minnetonka, Minnesota
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Willie came to us as former Batt Cdr of NAPS His determination and dedication for hard work was first noticed by Gordo on I-DAY when Gordo walked into the room and saw Willie with sponge in hand cleaning the blinds. Willie's hard work led him to the company cdr position youngster year and found himself behind the grey walls of West Point 2nd class year as an exchange mid

As a Firstie, Willie capitalized on his MIR status He was always ready for that big weekend. (Boy, have we come a long way from those Saturday nights in Nimitz writing history papers)

Willie had never done much dating but, with one of his 1st big dates (Ring Dance style) he proceeded to the steady state. Unfortunately, the steady life wasn't for Willie, so he ended that romance and asked another girl to the Christmas Ball, which didn't work out either. By this time, he was ready to meet other girls, because the ones that wanted to marry and the ones that did vanishing acts were not what Willie had in mind. This didn't slow down Willie and his van. (It's amazing how that gas-saving CRX that he always wanted turned out to be a van.)

Willie has always been a likeable guy; but it's unbelievable how a guy could make so many friends just by having a "BIG FOOTE (and Family)."

Willie was determined for NAVY AIR from day 1. Never did a day go by that he didn't work out. (Both on the track and in the rack). And, how could anyone forget those ridiculous looking eye excercises.

But, the airdales couldn't be getting a better man Willie, with his ability and determination is destined to go places. He is also the kind of friend that everyone should have. Good luck and God Bless!

Thomas J. Williamson
Stork
Pensacola, Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

T.J. Williamson: man, myth, legend, or dessert topping? No, this mild mannered mid was just your everyday type of guy. Tom had a truely dynamic approach to life, always living in the fast lane. But that is just one of the many exciting and incredible deeds into which Tom plunged. Tom's typical day at USNA might include: an early morning coma, followed by inevitable bouts of class-induced narcolepsy. His afternoons were characterized by wild and reckless abandon-he could usually be found in the military review section of the library sporting a woody. As a result, Tom could inform you of the latest keels being laid. (Tom is a charter member of the Jane's Book of the Month Club). Overwhelmed by the exuberance of a trip to the library, Tom often retired to a suite at the Bancroft Inn for a twilight respite. Due to the technical nature of Tom's Mech E. major, he often had to go to outside sources - a perilous pile of paperback prose. If he was in a particularly spicy mood, Tom was sure to be found examining his collection of Hugh Hefner's illustrated guides to anatomy, followed by tension-relieving "self-hypnosis."

Tom's excellent leadership potential was only truely utilized by the D & B, where he was a top rate blower. But Tom reached the zenith of his Naval Academy career when he eeked out a determined D from Rocket Reed With his grades down and his hopes up, unfortunately his bubblehead burst. Now that his vision has cleared, Tom looks forward to joining the surface fleet and wearing black shoes.

We are sure that Tom will be able to channel all of his dynamic resources into his new career as blackshoe, and we wish success and good luck in the future

# Thirtieth Company

Ralph B. Arnold
Billy Bear
Maryville, Tennessee
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps - Naval Flight Officer

Brian made a switch when coming to the Naval Academy from his days as commander of the Junior AFROTC drill team and debate champion. (Those trophies made great spittoons!) He took on the strains of the Political Science department, and immediately excelled through intense studying. After a one year stint with the debate team, Brian stepped up to become an intramural regular, making a strong contribution to company sports.

Brian has since filled his time with partying, Wednesday afternoons at Pete's, occasional "Vous" attendance, visits to nearby sororities, and with a certain young lady. S. H. has taken good care of Brian, helping make him the likeable, layed back, cuddly, and fuzzy guy we all know and love. His friendship has been invaluable to us. His inspiring Hank Williams, Jr. music and "Big Orange" loyalty won't soon be forgotten. Neither will Brian. We wish you luck at Quantico and with the Corps, but we know you'll make a fine "Officer of Marines." The best of flying weather to you!"

DPT

James N. Baratta
Jim
Iselin, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

Jim was one of the few Mids who came to Annapolis from New Jersey. He was the youngest member of our company and probably of the entire class. He wasn't the bulkiest lad in the company, but the had a nose that was capable of emitting nocturnal noises so fierce that two of his roommates resigned to maintain their sanity.

Two things that Jim did most was rack and study. He'd rack during study hour and study in the wee hours of the morning. But the studying paid off. After moaning every exam week about how he was going to flunk every course, he'd end up pulling out the best grades in the room.

Although we were at each others' throats much of the time, we were roommates for the duration-almost. Nothing could seperate us-except success. Jim became first set company CDR and had to move into the staff room. While Co. CDR Jim rummaged through his basement locker and found a military bearing. On the parade field he was a veritable statue (see photo) As the junior cheese, Jim brought Dirty-Thirty to 1st place in colors from 35th. Not a bad accomplishment for a guy who could not legally buy beer for the first half of his set

Jim was lucky to have two very supportive parents and family (who look just like him) This support combined with his own talents are sure to lead to a successful career as a Naval Aviator. Good luck Jim and Go for it!

Mark

Danny H. Barron
Ho-Ho
Peachtree City, Georgia
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

When this well-mannered Southern gentleman stepped onto the grounds of the U.S. Naval Academy neither the Academy or the young man knew exactly what they were getting. Was this person just a warm-hearted, easy-going nice guy or was he here to star in a movie entitled "The Jimmy Carter Story?" Nobody really knows the answer even today

Whatever Danny's political ambitions, he has managed to become a very likeable fellow. He is one of the few midshipman you wouldn't mind to have going out with your sister or meeting your Grandmother.

Danny navigated plebe and youngster year with a large portion of his breeding intact, despite hairy firsties, sessions at the typewriter at 4 in the morning, and red-headed roommates. His etiquette and manners were above reproach. Who else could say "Thank You, Sir!" after having a soup cup thrown at them?

But alas, everyone must prove themself in some kind of wilderness experience and Danny Hugh is no exception. Danny's time of trial began second class year when he roomed with Poco and Aristotle. His reputation will never quite be the same. How was he to know that "Girls just want to have fun?" And hoooooohh . . . How can anyone be expected to live in an atmosphere of out-of-control "poots" and wild "tee-tees?" The times were tough.

Ho-Ho's humor was always . . . well . . . different. As the company drill officer he was able to put little bits of humor in some very dark places. They were called "Danny's marvelous marbles" and they "worked like a charm." Second semester found Danny in the staff room buried under mounds of paperwork. Imagine that: the staff room. Are you sure there are no latent desires for a future residence at 1600 Penn. Ave.? How would the White House look with a "No Wax Boys" sign on it?. If he ends up having any daughters named "Amy" keep a close eye on him.

JDE

Paul C. Brown
Brownie
Santa Barbara, California
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

Paul strolled in from the beaches of California to the shores of the Severn with one goal in mind, to become a Naval Officer. After plebe summer with the Fish, Paul's idol, and after surviving Geoff Voigt, Paul never looked back

As an upperclassman, Paul was occasionally known to stop at Franny-O's with Big Jim to "have just one". Paul showed an admirable sense of fair play, not discriminating by age, beauty, or species.

Paul was known for his good utilization of time. Always intending to be diligent, he was sometimes foiled by narcolepsy attacks. He was proud to have never started a paper until the night before it was due, but somehow, he always managed to pull it out. Paul was also well known for his imitations and skit-night performances. It has been said that he had as many personalities as classmates in the company

Second class year saw Paul become a raging terror for the plebes. They carefully avoided the feared Mr. Brown and room 4212. For the class of 1988, there was no avoiding their plebe summer Platoon Commnder, who straigtened out an Unsat group and taught them to accept nothing short of excellence

As first class year approached, Paul became set on driving surface ships. Paul became president of the newly formed Surface Action Group, and saw it off to a blazing start. Service selection came as sort of a turn around for this Poly Sci boy, when Admiral McKee chose him for the nuclear power program Paul takes with him a strong sense of dedication and the support of his loving parents, David and Mary Brown. You've been a fine friend, Paul, and we all wish you the very best of luck as a nuclear surface Naval Officer

Mike

Anthony Bruno III
Ants
Arlington, Virginia
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Ants came to the Naval Academy from the nerve center of the Navy, NAPS. This hub of professionalism gave Anthony the advantage he needed to excel, and he immediately set out to right the mistakes of his new classmates, most of whom arrived a full day after he did. I was glad to get to know Ants since it wasn't until then that I found he could converse without first saying, "When I was at NAPS . . ."

Plebe year behind him, Ants was off to Bermuda for youngster cruise. We may all assume that he had a good time since few on the island saw him with the exception of his personal tour guide. Cruise gave Anthony an insight to life at sea that set his mind about a career - fly at all cost.

During youngster and second class year our boy found himelf in many an adventure on the weekends. These innocent exploits often began with a backgammon board, an ale or so, and some willing cohorts. Let's just say that Ants likes cute girls with British accents, girls who dance on bars (cute or not), and a fun bar called Winston's (and The Dubliner, and Tiber Creek Pub, and . . .).

By first class year our Oceanographer had earned himself a position with "The Honor Guys" and the impressive title of Brigade Honor Liaison. The increased work load didn't phase him a bit. He handled it in a cool, professional manner. He simply stopped going to formations, marching and other nasty time consumers like that. He did have time to remain our Georgetown host from our second home in Arlington, however.

I must say it's been a great time buddy. The P-3 community can consider itself lucky (and hopefully not some AOE). You'll always have a grunt for a friend and I'll miss you. Take care and good luck.

Dave (The Monk)

Shawn P. Cassidy
Naste
Rockville, Maryland
Political Science
Naval Aviation

Shawn or Naste as he is known, entered the Academy and became an immediate leader. He was the originator of the secret organization known only as the NASTE, dedicated to alcohol, girls, and incredible parties. Who could forget "THE NASTE RAG GOES TO YALE" or the famous Air Guitar in the hall scene, when Shawn memorized the entire pro-book and changed his hair style in five minutes. Things went down hill after that as Shawn learned of the incredible strength of a certain female crew member at the Army-Navy football game. No one wondered where Shawn got his great sense of humor after the first of many great Capt. and Mrs. Cassidy tailgators, and how can we mention tailgators without mentioning the Friday Night "Doors" parties youngster year. Shawn always influenced the NASTE socially and when he snagged a certain townie he invited the unruly pack over for a toga party, which soon erupted into the SLOPPY JOE HOCKEY CLUB, in her kitchen. Shaw's success with the females entered a slump, when he made the Trinity pilgrimage. Then there was the ECAC Player of the Week that made a save on every shot Shawn took. After Shawn's short slump he was back on top better than ever. With his incredible sense of humor and innocent looks he attracted girls from everywhere. His immitations of E.T., the HULK, and YODA could easily have earned him academy awards. Shawn could never be accused of playing too rough a sport and for four years we let him know it, but with three striper libs, as golf Captain, he got the last laugh. Shawn abused the libs in the true style of the NASTE, and still got the grades. Now Shawn is headed for P'Cola to capture hearts and soar through the air. The four years we all spent together will always mean a lot to me. You're a great friend. Keep the NASTE in touch.

DAVE

Stephen R. Chapin, Jr.
Stevie
Westminster, Maryland
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Steve jumped straight out of the pages of GQ and into the ranks of 30 and despite the Navy's best efforts to make a military man out of him with short hair and geekers he still remained insufferably prep. Right from the start Steve went hard to work, especially at circumventing the regs. Ah, those nice afternoon runs down the streets of Annapolis . . . during plebe summer!!! And the car parked outside of gate 8. How else is a 'ster going to get home on weekends? Yet Steve's many talents did not end at just avoiding getting caught. As a varsity track runner he gained his letter under the friendly tutelge of coach Cantello. Even in track Steve seemed to consistently beat the system. All of those mornings "out running" plebe year must have helped; funny how he always seemed to be finished and back in the rack before we returned from out zero-dark-thirty formation. We still haven't figure out if Steve ran for love of the sport or because a letter sweater is more GQ than WUB'A'. That isn't to say that Steve got away with with everything Remember the extra weekend 3/c year that was foiled by Admin. Conduct? Enjoy any good meals at the library lately, Steve? Maybe if you had offered the OOD a candy bar he would have overlooked your four stripes. During 2/c year Steve became a squad leader and promptly snowed his people under in xeroxed paperwork. Fortunately his professionalism was offset by the bruiser Latin William Bachmann with whom he lived- some even say they were married. The Bird-Man, Bachmann nest was papered with xerox and bullfight posters. Despite the breakup of their marriage 1/c year wasn't bad to Steve once he picked 4 as his favorite number. The future is certainly bright for Steve. He will go SWO for now, but Law School is the only remedy for a preppy sea lawyer like him.

SLDv

Kurt S. Collom
Squirt
Salt Lake City, Utah
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Kurt hails from the Mormon city, where, after chasing black skirts during high school, he decided to try and chase some black skirts at Annapolis. Even without his glasses he soon realized that the colored skirts of nearby colleges were much more shapely. He survived plebe summer by getting a SIR chit and a chaplain for company to keep the firsties away. Too bad it wasn't contagious. Kurt skated by plebe year as a blower for the D & B, and, with the help of his roommtes, learned how to wax floors week after week. Now he can apply for a job as a MOQ after his seven years of Navy air. Youngster year was full of crutches, train rides to Hershey, and long talks with drunks in train stations. Gee Kurt, what about classes! After a lot of classes and cash, Kurt's second car became an airplane, next to his motorcycle. Flying and studying took up most of his time along with a nightly fumigation of his room while relaxing to the best of symphonies. How could someone so neat live out of a laundry bag? Being from Utah he should've remembered that engines don't start when it's real cold out. Kurt, you really don't need aero to fly, but I guess every little bit helps. First class year found him impersonating the Fruit-of-the-Loom guys in his plum(p) sweats and with more pipes than a smoke shop. After graduation Kurt's headed to P-cola to take back seat flying lessons. Best wishes for the future, with smooth flying under clear skys. Enjoy your gourmet cheese and coffee while relaxing to Beethoven's Fifth.

JJD

Stephen L. DeVore
Devo
Farmington Hills, Michigan
History
Surface Warfare

What prompted Steve to leave the Motor City and travel to Crab Town? It seems that his "love of the sea", as he told his plebe summer squad leader, caused him to leave the murky waters of the Great Lakes for the bluer Chesapeake Bay. To "Devo" it sounded like a good answer at the time, but his squad leader did not agree, and tore all of the buttons off of his shirt. Some people "don't get no respect"! But he learned his lesson and as a 'ster he made sure that everyone else learned theirs. Thus, during this year he auditioned for parts in *Puff the Magic Flamer* and *I Spy*. His career continued with Steve's own rendition of "Lettuce Entertain You." But, 2/c year the frivolity ended and it was time to think of a profession. Thus, while considering the "Corps", he decided to do an imitation of Napoleon with a Yul Brenner haircut. Of course this was just a phase, and later that year he vowed to be a nuke. But finally he saw the light; if it was good enough for Richard Gere it was good enough for Steve, "jets" were the answer. But, Steve is French, and therefore he shares the French sense of decisiveness; that is why he will be commissioned a Surface Warfare Officer. Serving as an example of a modern-day Napoleon, Steve has set out in his pre-Model T Blue Maverick to conquer the world. With his tenacity and intelligence he'll probably share Napoleon's success.

Jonathan J. Dorn
Jon
New London, Wisconson
Physics
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Whatever prompted this rugged farmer to leave the back county of Wisconsin to journey east only to end up here may be forever a mystery but whatever it was that produced this yearning didn't err in afflicting Jon. It's been said that Jon had the Academy figured out the entire time he'd been here. Even plebe year was a snap for him after he discovered early on that the best way to handle those troublesome firsties was to take lots of drugs and ignore them! The second part of the firstie solution was to join the Drum & Bugle Corps in order to make the best use of time *away* from USNA, something Mac didn't appreciate at all. Youngster year saw Jon drop D & B and take up varsity sports, namely 150 lb football in which he finally earned his letter and star first class year. Aside from football Jon spent some of his time studying physics but most of his time was spent writing letter after letter to his high school sweetheart, Kiersten, with whom he plans on sealing the bond shortly after departing USNA. According to Kiersten, being a pilot was not the only job opportunity open to Jon for his talents are unlimited. He could have easily become a plumber or manufacturer because of his skills with "leaks" and "taking inventory." Actually, Jon deserves a lot of credit and probably a medal for being one of the few who were able to maintain a hometown relationship. BZ!! In all seriousness Jon, I know you will make one hell of a pilot and an even better Marine. The Corps is getting the best in selecting you. Best of luck to you in everything, especially "daddyhood!" We'll all miss you so keep in touch!!

KSC

Jonathan D. Edwards
Jonny
Bothell, Washington
History
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Jonny hailed from the obscure town of Bothell, Washington when he reported here in July of '81. Despite his baby face and roguish good looks he remained true to his roots and maintained a practiced obscurity throughout plebe year with only brief exceptions such as being dubbed along with B-Dogger and Dadda-Disco as one of the "No Wax Boys." He emerged from the depths of youngster cruise wearing a submarine pin (always, mind you, scrupulously shiny) and many interesting stories about Australia. So tell us, Jon, is it true what they say about the percentages in Sydney? His dolphins won hin new found recognition which had its bad points because now people came to him to borrow from his jealously guarded record hoard.

From there it was onward and upward and Jonny proved that even preppy Washintonians have the adventurous spirit by going up to wild and wooley Michigan with Devo. Jon is the only person I know who ever managed to get a ticket from a Michigan cop. 78 on an on ramp is a bit extreme, wouldn't you say? After a long night's camping in minus 38 weather Jonny didn't complain a bit when he chipped his fingers off the door handle next morning . .

First class year saw Jonny put those silly games aside in favor of more dignified pursuits. Like the black tie only midnight picnic under the O-Club tree; or those late night religious "debate" up at Catholic U. Seriously though, Jonny can always be depended on to demand and receive the best: Member's Only jackets, a $3000 stereo, an RX-7, and company commander. For a man with such polish there is clearly only one service selection: nuclear powered submarines. So we all wish you good luck, bubblehead, in all that you do.

SLDv

Kent M. Fitzgerald
Fitz
Fort Worth, Texas
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Fitz came to USNA to prove to all of these Eastern folk that everything is bigger and better in Texas. Towering at 6'5" above the rest of us, he at least has an appetite that does his state justice. "Mom, when's Fitz gonna eat again so we can watch?" Perhaps Kent's most amazing feature is the tiny head he has perched on top of those tall shoulders, earning him the nickname "Pea-Head". Whatever his hat size, Fitz proved that both intelligence and demented humor can live in the same small area

One of the few survivng EE's (though one could question the intelligence of anyone CHOOSING to go EE), he even managed to make the Dean's List . . once. Fitz could always be counted on for his kind consideration of sleeping roommates while he burned the midnight oil. Wrestling matches with Jon or putting Devo in the shower were par for the course. Fitz wasn't always at the delivery end, however, for when he had MISTER Polk plebe year we saw just how much . . . er . . . "training" a man could take (which isn't to say it wasn't deserved!) Of course there's Dejarnette's classic question: "What're you looking at Mr. Wralstad for, d'you think he's cute?" Apparently whatever affection Fitz had for Wralstad disappeared 2/c year when he met Kirsten, the real love of his life. Kirsten was seen at so many events she practically became part of the company. Both standing BOOW with him and cheering for her self-proclaimed company sports stud, she always seems to be around. Still, it wasn't always that way and someday Fitz ought to tell her about those nights in Monaco on 3/c cruise.

Fitz hopes to wear wings of gold over his heart of mush; and Kirsten will be in the pilot's seat. Best of luck to both of you for a long and happy career

SLDv

Barry J. Goehler
Barry-wolf
Bellevue, Washington
English
Surface Warfare

Barry floated into USNA from the great northwest, crankin' Ozzy and Iron Maiden. He quickly settled into the plebe routine and breezed through plebe year with the help of Saturday night beers at Pete's, and on the heels of his keep 4-2 quiet campaign. When youngster year rolled around, he initiated the "1700 Club" at Dahlgren, a ritual he lead for nearly two years. The weekends were generally quiet for Barry. He spent them touring the countryside, usually in a taxi, (Where are you:? You get two guesses!) or seeking out UNKNOWN territory. His leave time was highlighted by his initiation into the 200 Club, at least what he remembers. Wherever Barry went, he was accompanied by his "goat" dipcan and bouncing mug. His aspiration to be a Surface Line Officer is strong, and I'm sure he will "Ace" SWO School. If his days at USNA are any indication, he'll be one of the best. We've watched him grow and mature, and liked what we saw. Gonna miss you, Barry! Best of luck and fair seas to you.

DPT

Christopher M. Holdstein
Chris
Woodbury, New Jersey
History
Surface Warfare

While walking down the street in his hometown of Woodbury, NJ, a stranger in a dark trench coat offered Chris some candy. Next thing he knew, he was running down the center of the hallways of Bancroft in white pajamas. It was a pleasure to be in Chris's plebe summer squad because after he told Mr. Vena that he was wrong, the firsties never bothered the rest of us.

The two things that Chris wanted to do from the very beginning was to letter in wrestling and become a Marine. Naturally, he ended up lettering in 150 lb. football, and going Navy Air. He never did know what was good for him, its not too late!

Academics not being his forte, Chris struggled endless hours with his books. Chris always knew more than I did going into the same exam; but once there, a remarkable thing would happen: his mind would dump all of that information to lighten the load. But Chris never did battle with the Axe-Board. At any rate he'll always be proud that he's an LTM.

One of Chris' special talents was his amazing ability to duplicate the sound of the wild boar's mating call. Chris performed this act for us every night from 2 am until the alarm went off. We were so impressed that we had to lay awake and listen. Chris is a great friend; he exudes warmth, charm, friendship, and sulpherous methane. Seriously, Chris was never to busy to offer a hand to any one who asked. What was his was yours. His perserverence with academics, and cheerfull attitude even when nothing was going right were attributes that will guarantee success whatever he does. Good luck, Chris. You will be missed.

Mark

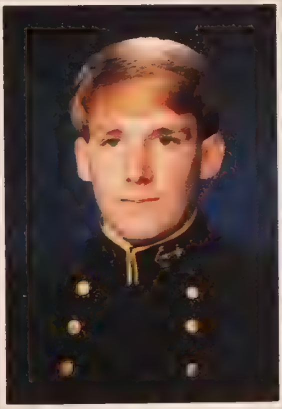
Kenn K. Kaneshiro
Kenn
Carmel, Indiana
Chemistry
Medical Corps

Rather than have someone else write about me, I decided that I would like to use this space to write a little about myself and the special people in my life. I was born in Bethesda, Maryland and have lived in the following states: Indiana, Washington, California, North Carolina, and Hawaii. Since my Dad was in the Navy, I grew up in the Navy and ended up in USNA. At that point the rollercoaster ride began. Plebe year was everything that I had heard and at least 1000 times more. I can proudly say that I had the most dedicated group of upperclassmen who gave me all the attention I ever needed at USNA. They made the rollercoaster go up and down so many times. However, no matter where the rollercoaster was, I could always talk to the two most dearest people in my life, my parents. Mom and Dad, I really appreciate the support and love that you gave me. Without you I don't know what would have happened. I think my 8 page letters, written while watching my weekend sport in the yard or at Nimitz Library listening to 97 WASH FM may have given you some idea as to what was going on at USNA. Now its my turn to return the favor. When the covers come off and go up in the air on May 22, mine will be off for you, Mom and Dad. As for my company mates, I look forward to meeting you out in the great white fleet. May we all have smooth seas and pleasant sailing. Finally, I love you Mom and Dad.

Scott G. Lansing
Scooter
Point Pleasant, New Jersey
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Scotty's Experience here at Navy is probably best exemplified by the law of physics that says "All things try to reach their lowest energy level". Being from Naps, Scotty had a head start on the rest of us. He showed us how to be layed back and how to believe that "It just doesn't matter." The only things he needed for a perfect day were his rack, comforter, a good book, and his Copenhagen. All of us in the "Naste" had some wild weekends together. How could we forget the sloppy Joe hockey game at Molly's or Scotty's rendition of 'dawn of the dead" after a Goucher bender. It was times like these that he came up with his infamous naval sayings: "Hey, fat girls are easy" and "Ya know, if she lost some weight she'd be really cute." In a nutshell, Scotty's development at USNA can be summarized almost chronologically as: Soccer, Marathon running, backgammon and chess, (which contributed to) general engineering and fat girls, then the buddy system, to finally NO girls. But its not that bad. Scotty is now a happy camper because "It's amazing what good a little Goucher girl can do." But in all seriousness, Scotty has been a very good friend and will go far in the service he chooses. The Naste says good luck and party up.

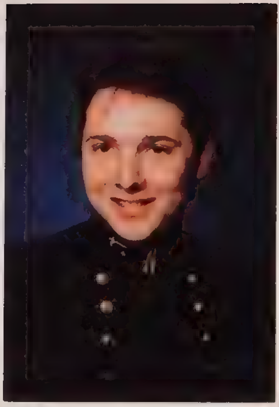
TKS



Joey E. Legaspi
Wedge
Chula Vista, California
Electrical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

To
Mike, Paul
and all the NUCLEAR SELECTEES
Get Outta Here!
I Never Want To See You Again!

Your's Truly



Paul E. Matthews
Paul
St. Petersburg, Florida
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Paul came to Annapolis from sunny St. Pete on his quest to find the legendary "Party School." What he found instead was the Naval Academy. He was so taken by the Academy's heritage and tradition (and lack of tuition) that he decided to stay and give the Academy a try. Paul soon realized that partying is not allowed at USNA and decided to join an ECA in which he could overindulge. He chose the Drum & Bugle Corps as his means of transportation to the real party-type schools and events and somehow managed to keep up this lifestyle for three years without burning out. Of course three years of constant partying is not necessarily without its drawbacks. Freud was rumored to have said, "Long term partying wreaks havoc on ones sanity" or something like that. This was one fact which Paul's plebes became intimately acquainted with (along with everyone else). Fortunately for all involved, after the three years had past Paul finally realized his mistake and took up his newest love, sailing. He participated on a sailing cruise to Bermuda first-class cruise, and joined the varsity sailing team first-class year, but most significantly Paul did the most logical thing available to him—he took his second class *car*loan and bought a catamaran. Now he spends all spring, summer, and fall on the water. Too bad for Paul summer in Maryland doesn't last all year long. We still can't convince him that Santa Claus rides in a red SLEIGH and not a red corvette! Maybe someday he'll learn firsthand. Seriously, Paul, you've been a good friend and we wish you all the luck in the world. Enjoy yourself and KEEP ON SAILING!!!

KSC

Michael L. Petouhoff
Aristotle
Livonia, Michigan
Systems Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

Mike rambled into USNA from the suburbs of Detroit, prepared to conquer every challenge. Plebe summer annoyed this philosophermid; he had to worry about such mundane things as standing at parade rest and he could not contemplate the destiny of man. Mike set a tradition of asking a silly, philosophical question at EVERY meeting we ever had.

After a 3.8 first semester, Aristotle chose systems engineering, and third class year found him putting up with Bachmann's Judo clothes and militant friends, DeVos latest and greatest concern, and my imitations. Mike soon found that weekends in Bowie were more fun than the hall, and he had to eagle laugh and hide when embarrassed. As a junior, he had to find something to do between weekends, usually "sharking" plebes, preparing Ho-ho for the Ring Dance, displaying yellow construction tags on company members, claiming both the greatness and uselessness of his major, and always seeking new concepts.

Senior year was Mike's shining moment, as he excelled at training plebes, creatively using his Visa card, increasing the length of his announcements, reaping the side benefits of six weeks in Los Alamos, becoming sportsman of the set in Batt football, and pondering every option concerning his admirers and service selection. There is always bad with good, and Mike had to push paper as CAO and Ops, and avoid Wedge-head's pledge can and lighter.

Mike has been an inspiration to me, and a great friend to all. We wish him success, happiness, and God's speed

Paul (Brownie)

David S. Prudhomme
Ger
Cincinnati, Ohio
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Dave, or Ger as he's fondly referred to, came to Squidland from Cincinnati lean, tan, and fully equiped with variable geometry ears. He seemed to have a few more downs than ups his first couple years and he almost left us for Hollywood. But, lucky for "The Few, The Proud," Dave passed up the big screen, and 30th Company has never been quite the same. Dave never had much trouble with the girls, but it wasn't until Pasadena that he truly became the confident womanizer he is today. A certain "experienced" blondie took him under her wing and Dave's had the advantage ever since. The girls quickly saw what a quality product they were getting in Ger, and they came from everywhere: Annapolis, College Park, Baltimore, and especially fourth wing (but that's another story). Academically, Dave slid through 3½ years of Mechanical Engineering with simple, old-fashioned cramming, but then he met the Rocket and was soon to join the ranks of the Generals.

Dave also introduced our band of merry derelicts to our favorite haven- Uncle Bob and Aunt Mary's. The times we had at their waterside party house were unbelievable. Some memories will eventually fade away, but I don't think we'll ever forget Rugby Road. Well, after the "Naste" hoists the last few brews and we head our separate ways, there's no telling what lies ahead for Dave. A career in green may await, or a life of filming videos, but one thing's for certain-whatever he does, he'll do it in style.

Shawn

Richard J. Rutkowski
Ski
Fairfield, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
CIVLANT

When Rich came to USNA as a plebe, he told us that his friends call him Ski, so ever since we've called him Rich. What can you say about a guy who calls his girl friend "Squirt"? Rich made a name for himself plebe summer, when the OinC, a Navy Captain, suggested that we all make lists for organization, and Rich stood and said, "Uhhh, I don't have time to make lists." Rich, still strightforward with senior officers, told the Commandant, at a reception, that he couldn't remember why he came to the Academy, he used to know, but he didn't anymore.

Rich has dedicated his time and athletic prowess to the rigors of his favorite hobby, excuse me, sport: pistol. Seriously, Rich was one of our first classmates to letter in a varsity sport. I bet Neil was proud and excited.

Senior year found Rich as conduct officer, processing Form-2's, urging the second class to change their leadership style, and searching for certain red stickers strategically planted by his roommates.

Rich wasn't the only one, the Academy couldn't remember why Rich had come either. Ski has been a great friend and classmate, and it will be the Marines loss that his talents will be going to the Civilian world and not to the Corps. We wish you all the best of luck and happiness.

P.B. & E.

Thomas K. Schill
Schill dog
Berkeley, Illinois
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Tommy brags about coming from the best city in the world, Chicago, where they have the best pretzels, pizza, etc. But he actually lives on the outskirts. He came in and played football for 3 years but decided he was too "fressh" for it and played rugby his last year at Navy. He came back from Youngster cruise with a Navy speedo tan that did not go away for a year. Having roomed with Tommy for a year I came to appreciate the Navy way to roll socks. They make great ammunition for his nocturnal noises. Tom was also good at arguments. He took in everything his Profs said and spit it all back out backwards. He was a student-instructor always there to help Danny Ho-Ho. Tom's social life was never without girls or brew but never them together. W.D. The girls really loved his athletic body and his lack of earlobes.

But really Tom's been a good friend and a good member of the Naste gang. We're going to miss ya big guy. Good luck always and don't forget to check your dosimeter

Thanx Scotty

Craig B. Shelden
Shel-dong
Walla Walla, Washington
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Nobody knows how Craig came to USNA, either in a crate of Washington State apples or in a truckload of nuclear waste, but he's here anyway. Craig has had his share of notable events, from keeping his roommates awake with his obnoxious snoring, wierd humor and off-beat jokes, to letting his body become the same color as his hair - well, we'll just say that the sun and Craig don't get along well. After all the little stuff, his greatest adventures concern girls. The twins, hometown honies, and "Livy-Livy-Livy" all say he's cute, on the good side Dahlgren girls waiting for their goggles and Las Vegas conventions balance out the bad side. What are those conventions for? Craig's hunting ethics can be changed. His hounds hate it when he goes duck hunting, because after his ambush, they're working forever to clean up what's left Squirrels have placed "Beware of Falling Sneakers" signs at the bottom of every outdoor flight of stairs too. Submarines are a natural choice for Craig, he's glowing about the same brilliance as the reactor. The pay is a lot better than that from a cattle & wheat farm (you can buy a postcard of his home anywhere) and a lot less work. Craig's favorite possession is a poster of an H-bomb explosion too. His farming experience helped Craig handle plebe year -but don't worry, he saved it until he was the company adjutant. Someone mysteriously tied his hands and it all came rolling downhill. Overall, Craig is a decent fellow to have as a friend and to have good theoretical debates with. The sub-community will be getting a good officer in Craig, and he'll do his best to be the very best. Good luck in your career, and may your sub never deploy during the whale mating season. Ping-ping!!

JJD

Mark V. Shigley
Shigs
Daton, Ohio
History
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

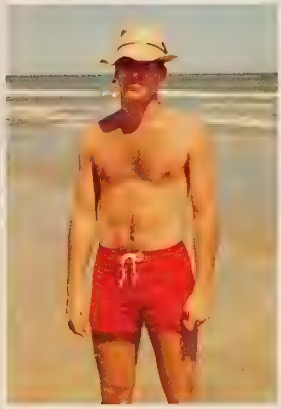
Mark arrived at USNA from . . . well, no one really knows-even Mark. It seemed that every time Shigs figured out his home address, his folks would move away on him. But Shigs had a permanent dwelling place for his 4 year stay at USNA- in his rack. After a year at Tulane and with a brother already at USNA, Shigs was well prepared for the endeavors of plebe year- he slept through it. To keep this hobby well procured, Shigs chose a strenuous history major that suited his nocturnal needs. Mark may have read a total of 15 pages while here, but that did not hinder his think-while-type term paper writing ability. if Shigs didn't know enough to write on a subject he'd make stuff up.

Being highly impressed with the gray ship Navy from two summer cruises on the Navy's finest major combatants, Shigs saw no other option but to choose Marine Air.

While awake, Shigs was an endless source of comedy. If problems got you down, one glance at Mark would make you realize how fortunate you really were. Seriously, though, Shigs had no serious side (he left it in Havre deGrace). His casual, crazy outlook on life. The terminal number of heartbeats exercise theory - was enough to keep us all sane(?) over the four years at USNA. This enthusiastic spirit in Shigs will take him far in all he does.

Mark, I'm sure you won't miss our snoring, but we'll miss you and always wish we could have a few more years together. Good Luck Always. KSF'A!

Jim and Chris



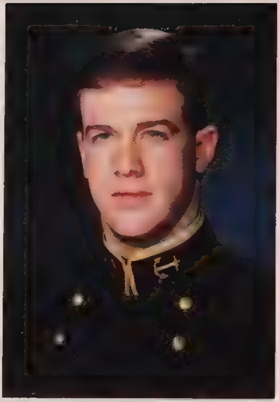
Scott G. Smith
Smitty
Tulsa, Oklahoma
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineer Corps

Scotty came to us from Tulsa, Oklahoma as a tall, quiet, and shy tennis star. He managed to stay in the background during plebe summer, but became the object of DJ's wrath when branded a "no wax boy" along with Ho-ho and Dufers. Smitty knew he was in trouble when the tennis coach nearly fried his squad leader for disrespect. Smitty was therefore instructed to make an overhaul to become a contributing member of 30th company.

Upperclass years saw the Giraffe as one of a few Mech-Es breezing past the Rocket and Wild Bill. His tennis improved along with his social life. Who could take a girl named Betsy Turkey to a date at the tennis center and then be late for taps?? Scotty is probably best known for his laid-back manner, voice, and expressions, such as "career, dubious," "loving it," "I don't tink toe," and "of course, way to go" . . . . Senior year was definitely his best year Together, we imitated the Smash, terrorizing the Wardroom by singing the praises of Riggo and the much-maligned Skins. Smitty then ventured out to accompany Wolfboy on the "Where's my ring!" weekend, he often saw Deb (the g.c.), he returned unbelievably late from leave, and he got too tall for unrestricted line. Way to go waiver master!!

Scott has been a fine friend who we all like and respect, and without whom, we all would have had a lot fewer good times here. Best of luck, buddy. Hope to see you in California.

Paul



David M. Taylor
Dave
West Seneca, New York
Physics
U.S. Marine Corps

Dave came from the Great White North with one quest in mind-to follow in the steps of his father and older brother-and become a Marine. Too bad nobody told him about all the Navy stuff we had to do first-if only there were a Marine Corps Academy. Plebe Summer went well, as soon as Dave mastered the art of rack making and eating with silverware. Dave, how hard is it to talk to a firstie with half of a piece of pie in your mouth? Dave didn't really care what the menu was, only that there was lots of it. You could sit next to him at the table, as long as you remembered to keep hands and feet well clear of Dave's mouth

Youngster cruise, if you can call it a cruise, was great. Sailing the blue Atlantic to Bermuda and back; good times. By the way, how did you get poison ivy THERE?

I didn't think Dave had too many friends back home. The way he spent his summers going to Fort Benning for Airborne and then to Colorado for SERE School. "The Boys" up north did convince me otherwise. I now have a new definition for the phrase "to drink".

Dave also had this terrible habit of collecting "toys". If terrorists ever tried to overrun the Academy, I would feel safe in my room-thanks to the arsenal.

Academically, Dave chose to be a Physics major and still had over a 3.0. Ranked first almost every semester, he worked his way out of company senior year. Even the job of Deputy Brigade Cdr. didn't change his helpful, easy going attitude. Too bad the job was so taxing he didn't have time to make his rack-all semester!

Dave, you've been a friend for four tough years. I'd stay four more if I knew you'd be here too. I'll miss you dearly. You'll be an asset wherever you go. Lastly -listen to your dad- be a monk!!!

Ants

David P. Turner
Pat
Charleston, Tennessee
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

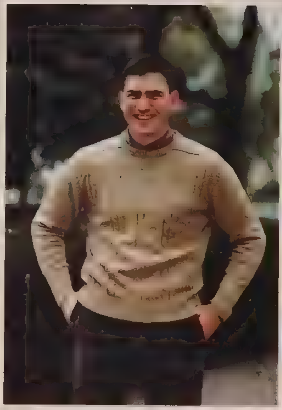
After winning all the glory that could be got in his hometown, including 27 varsity letters, Pat decided to try his hand at greater acheivement. In coming to the Academy, he gave up the singular success that could be won in a small town and found himself struggling to succeed in a different environment. Pat cried, sweat, and bled (Excuse me, Sir, Ahm blaiding) through four years to grow and become a strong leader and excellent classmate.

During his time at the Academy, Pat was occupied with the fun of Mechanical Engineering, his soap opera with "the twins," and his intense, competitive involvement in company sports. On weekends Pat partied with friends and tried not to waste too much beer by throwing it or "losing it." Right Stuff had his "stuff" tested by maniacal profs and torturous roommates who made "Pudgy Jokes," but has passed the tests and come out on top.

If you could tolerate his rebel flag and hillbilly accent, then you'd find Pat to be a sincere, amiable friend. Pat could always be counted on to do a favor or perform a duty (despite a little complementary whining), and can be counted on to be a great officer.

Good luck as an NFO and in all you go for!

BJG



Edward C. Waigand
Ed
Daytona Beach, Florida
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Edward emerged from Sandcrab High destined to be a tall pine among tall pines. He soon felt more like a shrub after close encounters with the Electrical Engineering Department. Finally after four semesters of abuse, he decided to embrace the open arms of the brotherhood of PhySci. Perhaps this slight academic pitfall was a product of rigorous Academy life itself. Ed was the epitome of the shy, unobtrusive, All-American boy with great aspirations to serve in the submarine fleet. This image was irrevocably shattered youngster year, however, by one brief but action filled weekend in Georgetown. Ed recovered physically in good time but mentally he would never be the same (and neither will the television in Anthony's room). Youngster year also marked the beginning of the end of Ed's sub career as he took more time to answer mail from his ever growing flock of women.

Even after Ed's moral change he remained professionally intense and began getting his hair cut shorter (like every other day) This course led him to pursue a career in the Marine Corps.

This new aspiration for life as a Marine and his continued adherence to staunch professionalism earned Ed the position of Brigade Drill Officer. Still being somewhat shy it took Ed a while to announce his good fortune. It may have been a full fifteen minutes before the entire company was aware of the advent of Ed's three stripes and personal phone!

As Ed's adventures at USNA come to a close, we look with anticipation upon his future career. I don't know that TBS is quite ready for Ed, but I'm sure he'll do a great job in the FMF. Good luck in everything you do and take care. We have faith in you buddv

Troy F. Watson
Watman
Springfield, Illinois
English
U.S. Marine Corps

Watman watroom watfriends watfaced watwenches watness watjokes watwounds watmobile watweekends watwife(?!)

After a reserved Plebe year of making fun of his squad leader and singing the Bud song, Troy blossomed into a thoughtful, considerate, vociferous, taunting, sarcastic, obnoxious, fun-loving, competitive, and athletic officer and gentleman. Watman had a rather sedate youngster year in which he terrorized his superiors into leaving the wardroom during any sporting event. Wormy seniors were not the only targets, roommates and classmates were also fair game for the wat-tongue. After mild socializing at Pete's or Dahlgren with Smitty, Bear, Ace, Naste, et al, Watman would relax by wrestling with Ebor or by playing bulldozer or "slam-bam." Second class year brought increased responsibility and leadership oppurtunity, as well as Wednesday afternoon Visa card abuse and road trips to terrorize other communities. First class year saw Troy cast off his watwildness and turn his attention to domestic concerns as he clamped on a watball and watchain. Throughout his four years, Troy has received strong support from home and maintained close ties with his past by showing admirable respect for his parents and telling stories of his old friends, like Hank.

Watman will be remembered most for his interest in sports, his own athletic ability, and his sardonic, yet realistic and straightforward approach to everything. The Marines and Michelle will get a great guy when Troy leaves USNA.

Good luck in everything!

BJG

Eugene J. Wolski, Jr.
Gene
Reedville, Virginia
General Engineering
U. S. Marine Corps

Gene came fully prepared to enter USNA by toting his bag of toy trains, paint brushes, and little metal men. Since no one told him that there were academics involved as well he never developed a real concern for that aspect of the Academy; unless of course he was between novels.

Gene had a difficult time adjusting to the relatively small Annapolis area at first, having left a home in bustling, metropolitan Reedville. He soon felt at home, however, once he found that even here the beer was cold and his hobby magazines still reached him. (The wheat we planted in his locker also helped - and there was always enough dirt).

Youngster year we found that Gene liked to sleep - a lot. He would often claim he wasn't feeling well. I think this rose more from a desire for more sleep and a fresh influx of free recreational pharmaceuticals than from any germs.

Second class year this southern bred engineer was off to snow country. Yes, rather than the popular pilgrimmage to Florida our boy travelled to the Great White North for spring break. Gene was quickly befriended by the natives, however he did have one or two minor difficulties. He came out on the bad side of a dispute with a glass of scotch (or so); this would eventually earn him the title among the Norsemen of Gino - the Fin Sarducci.

The following summer Gene ventuerd to the West Coast and glorius Tijuana. He behaved well there aside from some minor smuggling."Nothing for me today, thanks".

Gene is headed for TBS after USNA and I have no doubt that he'll do well. Hopefully we'll see each other in the FMF once we leave Quantico behind. You're a great friend and always will be. Take care of yourself, buddy.

Dave

# Thirty-First Company

Donald P. Alberto
Don
Klamath Falls, Oregon
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

Annapolis is a long way from Oregon, but with a little persuasion from a well known Track coach, Don made his way East to attend USNA.

Youngster year found Don struggling to stay above water in academics, while on the weekends he could be found in Dahlgren. Spring Break saw Don and Al roadtripping it down to Florida.

Second Class year Don moved in with Joe and Paul since Jay and Al had decided to, or had been forced to retire. Wires, Weapons, and other academic wizardry were responsible for keeping Don up until the wee hour of 0100 on two occasions (or was it three?). With the beginning of second semester, Don began to intensify his most important goal, finding a date for the Ring Dance- no problem. Spring Break took Don to Ft. Lauderdale by way of the Mardi Gras. The trip was pretty exciting until the "fog" forced us to spend the night on the side of the road.

First Class year saw Don returning to USNA for Plebe Detail- a real "terror" indeed. Mono set Don back but shot his grade upward, and second semester found Don wearing stars. At Service Selection, Don's "hard work" paid off and he became Pensacola bound.

Don, best of luck to you in all of your future endeavors.

P.J.S.

Joseph C. Canvin
Joe
Annandale, New Jersey
Ocean Engineering
Special Operations

Joe headed for NAPS after graduating from North Hunterdon High School in 1979. He saw the light and exited NAPS before committing himself to the Uncollege. Joe became a Zoology major at Rutgers and discovered floor parties, but Joe was caught looking into the light for too long. The resulting blindness got Joe an appointment to USNA. Joe then gave up the freshman life for good and surprised everyone when he returned for Youngster year. The first weekend found Joe barhopping to and from the Happy Buzzard before the Annapolis Police Dept. objected to his ghostchasing antics. The next few weeks in the Hall set Joe into the academic mode required of an Ocean Engineer. Joe fenced for Navy and earned his first of three varsity letters. Second Class year started with Joe looking for a special friend (he's still looking). During second semester Joe became a fluid dynamicist and a mathematician. He used his calculator to compute and recompute the price of his car. First class year brought Joe a new 1984 Camaro and a cruise out of Hawaii. Joe's future plans include a return to the Island Paradise to find the Golden Rocket. At Service Selection, Joe's dreams and hopes of Special Operations was realized. Maybe someday Joe will find out what a Spring Break is.

Best of luck to you, Joe, in whatever you do.

P.J.S.

Anthony J. Cardon
Chip
White Plains, New York
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

New York has certainly had its share of special citizens, and Chip is truly among that group. He hails from the Manhattan subburb of White Plains, a city whose only claim to fame is the name on a combat stores ship and duck tape. Kind of makes you proud- ay.

Yes, Chip hit the deck plates running plebe summer by telling one of his firsties to do something that may have seemed appropriate to him at the time, but is probably physically impossible to do alone. Although this remark made the months of July and August quite unpleasant for him, it had little to no effect on his appetite as he constantly deprived his classmates and their VC squad leader of the last danish. Throughout his Academy career, Chip's passion for academics was far outmatched by his love of physical exercise thus depriving him of that valadictorian spot he always wanted. On the social side of life, Chip was a true road-tripper. Yes, there was much time spent cruising in Brad's "Goldie" or in "The Truck" drinking beers and comparing stories with Brad or Steve, or Mike or Paul, or just about anyone who would listen. The topper of them all being Mardi Gras second class year. What a time!

Chip kept himself busy by attending Jump School, and by joining the scuba club and almost any other ECA he could get his name on. Although service selection proved to be bit more nerve wracking than was first expected, the troops in the Corps will bark a lot louder now for their newest Luey. No, we're serious, the Marine Corps was made for Chip and Chip was made for it. Lot's of luck, OOH-RAH, and best wishes, from your friends Brad, Mike, and Steve.

Oh yeh- you didn't want that Jeep anyway

Christopher J. Carra
Chip
Darien, Connecticut
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Leaving behind a high school life filled with excitement, fun, parties, and girls, Chip came to us from Darien to amuse us, at first, with his vocal abilities, being the voice that we would hear time and time again calling the cadence during our guided platoon tours of the Yard. His experience of previous years as a Sea Cadet served him well during that first one at the Academy, allowing him to adapt quickly to the demanding life at Mother B. It was easy for him; his body went through formations, classes, comearounds, and the like, while his mind remained lost somewhere in the twilight zone, from which it would not return until the beginning of youngster year. By this time Chip was working at testing a breakthrough study method called osmosis; he never failed to impress us with the multitude of different ways in which he managed to balance his textbooks on the tip of his nose for hours at a time, all of this while lying on that Big Blue Magnet around which his life revolved. That year also brought an opportunity for him to become a longstanding member of the E. M. B. C., where he was reminded by a certain Major that there was a tailor shop at USNA, and that it did perform waistline alterations

Second class summer found Chip trying to prove his swimming talent in the fountain between Michelson and Chauvenet. This again provided for a prompt return to social activities in Smoke Hall.

Frequent trips to Goucher brought sweet Elizabeth to his life, and the once charming, suave, and debonair lady's man became Elizabeth's charming, suave, and debonair man

First class year brought increased responsibility. As a skipper in the Academy's sailing team, he cleverly avoided buoys and docks, but had a near miss with a brick. "Race for a case, Mike". Buena suerte, amigo

Jorge and Billy

Michael I. Christman
S. Head
Annapolis, Maryland
History
Naval Aviation

Well Mike, it's bad luck to say it, but it looks as if we may graduate. Mike started off on a good foot as one of Dan Mack's boys, but Rock quickly discovered a few things which NAPS had not taught him (just how many seats does an F-14 have?). Rock, then took Mike under his wing and got him on the right path. Plebe year soon found us at College Park, watching John mangle taxies, maintaining the Jeff watch and relying on Cane to get us to the hall on time. It was about this time that most of the Brigade discovered the Homestead (CYC), Fremont and Mrs. C. Two out of three were gifts appreciated by at least six classes. When the crowds got too big, we could always escape in the Hotel Fairmont, a trusty machine, despite the ding in the side. Mike practiced the famous 1.7 mile event; he probably would have won a medal if we hadn't always been so thirsty one length out. Despite great temptation, Mike displayed the ultimate judgement and superstition and survived an Ac Board, trading jokes with Rich in the waiting room to be cool as Lt. S. (gallows humor). When Mike was not amazing us in the classroom, he was showing us his stuff as a sailor, beginning with the crew of Spitfire and finally as captain of the team. Four eyetests and a lot of sweat was what it took to send Mike to P-Cola, partly to fly and partly to hold John's leash. We'll always remember JB, A1A, Luc, Rock, the Arthur party, Hippie, Al, Bob, Rick, Skip and Destito and the rest of the stories and people that made the trip fun. We can only say to him, "Stop playing with your ears!" Fly high friend; be free

REW

Gard J. Clark
Gard
Jamestown, New York
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Dan Mack's protege. Clark, what are you? "I'm a lean, mean, fighting machine, Sir." A 2.7 average plebe year just for a challenge. A foot operation at AA General and non-stop rack

Youngster year, and Gard moves in with Fremuth and Guido Martino. "Hey Russak, do you know what this stripe means?" Justine! Messing with Guido for amusement; Guido's grades plummet while Gard's climb. More rack. "The Beast." Maybe he really does have an evil prescence

Second class year and it's Powder as a roommate. 3.7 average. Gard runs out Bechtold without even trying. Rack goes in Bohica's class, and everywhere else "If I were in charge of this place, we'd sleep all day and get up at midnight!" All-nighters. The Clark-monster. Pat Benatar and pipe smoking. Conferences with Steve-O to "grease the wheels." I'm torquing on the Naval Academy. Got this place wired! ("No, you've just got the schematics!") "I like Jenny." ("Dave, I miss Justine.") Dockside. VISA. Rack is inherently good

First class year. Los Alamos. Massive quantities of money. M/LT Clark, USN, 3-striper, MIS Liason Officer. "This place is great." Uninterrupted rack VGEP. Nuke power. $2400. Dealing with 0-6's "What's a Gard Clark?" Top 100. Goodbye Stu Master's Degree

Gard Clark — Computer Wizard — one of the finest midshipmen to pass through the Naval Academy. Synonomous with motivation, drive, and the will to succeed. Best of Luck to you Gard, in the submarine force and wherever life takes you

D.A.P.

Michael J. Cortesio
Mike
Des Moines, Iowa
Economics
Surface Warfare

Yeah buddy! Mike came to us from the awesomely, exciting state of Iowa. Now most of us knew that Iowa was a state, but who better than Mike to expound its diversity, superiority, and far reaching advancement. Corn, enough said

Mike withstood the rigorous training of plebe summer with the greatest of ease. Despite all of 82's efforts, he still found plebe summer hilarious

Mike started a vigorous Navy swimming career Plebe year in JV which led to fantastic seasons on the infamous 6th Batt. swimming and waterpolo teams. Although much effort was expended in the pursuit of winning records in both sports, not even Mighty Mike could pull the teams through. At least the pool was safe. Mike's other athletic endeavors included fieldball and Batt. lacrosse (player-manager)

A note should also be made on the significant number of ladies swooned by Mike, but even the stronger half of the scoring machine had an occasional setback, like the Hitler impersonator and the Family Picture. Whether it be a night out at Cheap Dick's or an evening with the infamous Scrump Brothers, a good time at the bars was guaranteed when Mike was torn away from his books

As we jog down memory lane we will never forget the road trips to Shenandoah, Liberty, and Atlantic City, Spring Break '85, the hike, the proposal, the crippled kid, the 85 mug, and the many other experiences. As Mike heads to the mighty surface navy, we wish him the best of luck. So what if he'll never wear Calvin Klein underwear. He doesn't need to He's got his own, limited edition, autographed bike

Marcus W. Flagg
Marc
Ridgefield, Connecticut
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Marc came from California . . . no Vermont well somewhere, anywhere he stayed longer than a week he called home. Plebe year was fun and games and he instantly became a "Youngster J.G.". The year took Marc as far as his sailboat could go, even at times when the boat didn't go Youngster year, Marc quickly dropped the J.G. and grew his hair. With the assault vehicle close at hand, Marc was never seen around Canoe-U. Second class year brought Friday night happy hours, bad grades, and many road trips. With the good times come the bad, but Marc always managed to get back across the line. First class year, Marc (a youngster at heart) took it in stride. First, the tower, then the swim, followed by the accident, kept him alert, but living in the project, certain modifications had to be made to accommodate his luxurious living. Now Marc has done everything a mid could do and many things a mid should not do. God, I am glad he is on our side, especially with the luck, the good luck that took this physical scientist to flying jets. I wish Marc all the best in Navy Air and good hunting in P-cola

USMC Norm

Jorge A. Gaviria-Jaramillo
George
Bogota, Columbia
General Engineering
Columian Navy

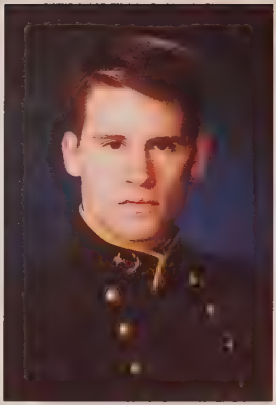
Columbia exports many items: Coffee, bananas, marijuana, and Jorge Gaviria. Thirty-one had the rare opportunity to get to know one of these products: coffee. When most think of a native Columbian, they imagine "Juan, the coffee-picker," but when any member of thirty-one think of a native Columbian, they think of an articulate, well-mannered, self-assured naval officer—a Latin Lover. Like all men of his kind, there are skeletons in his closet—Oriental skeletons, but that's another story. Jorge came to us from the Columbian Naval Academy, where they still practice the rites of hazing and physical punishment. After that, he thought it would be easy coming here, but he never realized just how easy it would be: whenever he was asked a rate, his answer was inevitably, "No speeek Ingles, Sir!" Plebe year, Jorge learned to master the English language. Miraculously, he spoke fluent English youngster year; however, he had not quite refined his taste in American women. When the Beach Boys sang about "California Girls," they hadn't met Laurie C.; but Jorge did. Second semester, Jorge joined the EMBC with Billy and Chip Their incriminating exploits led them to NASAP The class made a group decision not to drink while under the program—the Trinamic Trio managed to get toasted every weekend, still on restriction. So much for honor. Jorge's two big loves were Dee and Lee. Dee was a British-schooled Thai beauty; Lee was a Classic, Undaunted, Nymphomaniac, Terror. Dee returned to Thailand gracefully on good terms; Lee made a spectacularly infamous exit—and was deported. Unfortunately, Jorge will not be with us after graduation as he returns to the Columbian Navy and pursues a very promising career in his homeland In Jorge's case, as far as we're concerned, the guns will always be up.

Chip and Billy

Edward G. Gunning, Jr.
Ed
Yardley, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Ed made great strides as a midshipman after starting out a one of two on Neil Bourassa's infamous "Red Star" list. Things swiftly began to look up for him though, and many would say that he is a model midshipman. Many would; Mark and I would not. After four years, Ed is virtually helpless when it comes to making his bed, a fault which stuck out blatantly in our otherwise spotless room. (I've got first and second off, you have third and fourth, and Mark has a youngster! We don't need to clean the room till Christmas") People look at Ed and see a company soccer coach, NAFAC committee chairman, International Ball chairman, and honor three-striper. Mark and I see a guy standing there with multi-colored drawers pulled exactly half way off, no more-no less, plugged into a four hundred dollar Nakamichi tape deck saying "Mein Name ist". Being the sociable guy he is, Ed bought a van for the express purpose of roadtripping with his friends. As it turned out, when not with Debbie, he had trouble keeping himself awake while beating Mark every weekend by hundreds of miles on the odometer. Mark and I will be forever Grateful that Ed turned us on to the Dead. The Buzzard is no more, but listening to WHFS and choosing from our combined awesome album collection (mostly Ed's) kept us relatively sane on our Long Strange Trip. We hope he will be happy forever with Debbie, who he finally decided to ask after a year of public opinion polls and one almost fatal dry run with an empty ring box. Stay lucky friend, and we will all meet again at Terrapin Station

Rich



Robert W. Hall, Jr.
Bob
Verona, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Bob Hall came into this Academy prepared to excel. Events became confusing in the early part of Plebe Summer when he could not understand why his squad leader hated him and wanted him to go home. Not to be considered slow, Bob soon realized that Rainey did not always mean what he said

Bob spent most of plebe year studying hard and writing letters to his high school sweet-heart Carla, now to be his bride. I guess every good man has a weakness. Bob, who was that girl in the chapel? Waiting for those "white shoe" days, Bob survived his first experience at the dark ages and progressed into youngster year where he roomed with the "Las Vegas" man and the guy from the "right side of the tracks." Youngster year was a quiet year for Bob as he put many hours into studying in Mitscher Hall

Bob decided that first semester of second class year would find him residing in the Fort on the Hudson—it was closer to Carla. He proved Navy's superiority over the Woops by being ranked first in his company up there The first time the boys from thirty-one were able to see him in over half a year was in Pasadena where we were relieved to find out that the stiff necked Woops had not affected our boy. You may be able to take the Navy out of the party but you will never be able to take the party out of the Navy

Bob considered asking Carla to marry him at the Ring Dance but was talked out of it (sorry about that Carla) but he soon made up his mind during the summer

The class of 88 showed up on July 7 to find Bob in charge with five stripes. The summer ran smoothly and first semester of his last year rooled in. Bob spent much of his time road-tripping up north to see his lady. Bob is finishing up his Academy days as regimental Cdr. He is a man well respected — Good luck

Andrew L. Hamby
Drew
Crystal City, Missouri
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

After doing it up at Crystal City High School, Drew headed East for the Naval Academy Drew began plebe year by fading into the woodwork But AcYear gave Drew his due. His second class was the legendary Big Bad Bernie Berman, or whoever she was. Drew punished his body plebe year hoping to become a Navy coxswain Youngster cruise impressed Drew so much that he couldn't remember what ship he was on when the Dant asked him. "It must have made a helluva impression on you." Third class year found Drew putting his roommates on plebe rates. "Hey, it's my stereo." Second class year started and Drew changed his major to General Engineering and watched his grades plummet. Drew briefly entered the used guitar business. His gambling cost him his hair at Pasadena. First class summer found Drew on a real Love Boat cruise lost in search of Bermuda. Upon arrival, Drew discovered diving and mastered one-handed moped driving. Drew met someone special at Goucher in the fall and reached a higher plane of life—one in which academics only interfered with sleep and time on the phone Drew had '69 Corvette ragtop which looked much nicer than it ran or stopped. "What are you doing this weekend, Paul?" First class year allowed Drew to show everyone his unique taste in clothes. The Big Green Team signed Drew on service selection and Drew found the 8-1 Barber Shop

Best of luck to you, Drew, in all that you take on in your future

PJS

William B. Harrington Jr.
Billy
Sumter, South Carolina
Marine Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Billy "Bubba the Hormone" Harrington showed up at USNA with a smile on his lips wondering where all the girls were. Dismayed but not undaunted, he spent his four years here searching out beautiful girls wherever they may be found—strike that—make that anything with two legs and hair longer than his. Actually, he maintained high standards for his women. Athletics, academics, and military activities (what is that anyway) all took a secondary position to his active pursuit of female companionship. Plebe year his pursuit was temporarily put to a stop when the OOD caught him and "unauthorized" females on a USNA sailing vessel William seemed to be more than just interested in the sport of sailing plebe year. His exploits took him as far as Hugh Hefner's mansion in L.A

The great feature about William is his personality Although he went through more than his share of the disipline here at the Academy including 160 days on restriction, he never seemed to let it bother him. Practical jokes, girl hunting and an ever ready smile are his traits. He could keep anyone laughing until, it hurt. An extremely smart individual, he spent most of his time finding something to do besides study. Where is Bill? Try the wardroom or steerage Yet, when Bill wanted to excel, he would get results He was one of the few individuals who studied only an hour for his Thermo exam. He still pulled out a good grade.

The fall of his first class year saw William lettering as number 33 for the 150 football team. He surprised his classmates by showing a serious side of his personality and taking the X.O. position in the company Again, William did well when he set his mind to it. Although Bill is leaving behind many broken hearted women, he should find new challenges in P-Cola. But more importantly, Bill will remembered by all as a great friend

Stephen C. Krotow
Kro
Media, Pennsylvania
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

Steve came to the Academy with sole purpose of getting it over so he could fly his jets He came with many tales about the metropolis of Media, PA and a yearning to see if there really was something better During plebe summer Steve excelled in showing class loyalty, "Nice bilge Krotow!," but even Villeran's sneer couldn't stop him from calling lovable Jorge as nasty a name as could be heard at any time. Needless to say, after another fifteen minutes of superbracing, Steve was not very popular. Plebe year saw Steve begin his social life with "Trish-the-dish," "Wicked Wanda," and a cute 15 year old. (He needed some companionship after poor Wilber died of suffocation in a pair of white-works) Besides other abuse, Steve also got winked at by the red-eye, chastized for playing AC/DC Easter morning and the questionable use of a pair of scissors. Living nearby was great for Steve. Who can forget the green Winnebago with all that beer. Also, Dad's car came in handy for springbreak in Key Largo; who needs a tent?

After Atlantic City, he caught a lot of abuse, but his good friends couldn't be happier for him Steve was a veteran of four years of Co. basketball and fieldball, and Scuba club. With three-stripes, a certain lady, and a hot, white Camero, Steve was one happy firstie

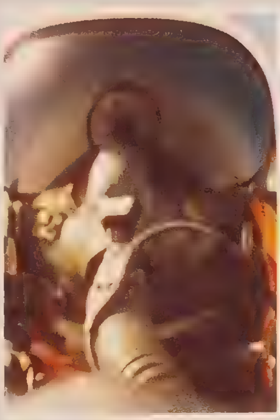
We are all looking forward to the day when Steve lands the first C-5 on a carrier Good luck in the years to come, and wherever you are, we hope the commissary has a big supply of combs

Brad, Chip, and Paul

Ashley E. Lightfoot
Ashtray
Shreveport, Louisiana
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

One of the few guys you have no doubt will survive. Ash is the kind of guy who has fun regardless of place, time, situation, circumstances or anything else Being of North Louisiana farm stock, he learned early to tell it like it is, do it like it is, and live it like it is. Ashley was wrapped up in this place, but wrapped up in his own way. Hear him on the airwaves playing the Monster Mash and making lewd commercials. See him at Dahlgren Hall, lording over his music-video system. People dance to what Ashley wants to hear, or they don't dance See him on T.V., singing at the Whitehouse. Those Glee Club tours were paid vacations! (Sure they were!) Along with the variety of terrain Ashley covered, came the variety of women he discovered. His recovery from the harem scene came somewhat with the "No more Mr. Nice Guy" routine. Ashley's love came as suddenly as his switch from Navy to Marine Air. One day hair, the next day, none. One day working on his car, the next driving at ungodly speeds to see a sweet thing at Wake Forest Univ Some would call it unpredictable I'd call it Ashley

K.B.R



James D. Luther
Lex
Severna Park, Maryland
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Jim Jim Jim Jim Jimmy Jimbo Lex,,
What can you say about a guy who decides to go Marine Corps while he is in the service selection line Spontaneous?, but that's just it Jim can take a perfectly boring day, time, party, study hour, you name it, and turn it into a stinking, stupid good time. He'd give you the shirt off his back, but then rip yours off your own and have everyone laughing sick. Being from Severna Park had its advantages and drawbacks. Party at Jim's. Being well acquainted with the local skirt, involved some dexterous juggling, but who had who wrapped? Good thing calls were local, or the phone toll would have been ten bills Where's Jim? Phones Weekends saw Jim doing every activity known to mankind Live for fun, fun to live He wanted to peel potatoes for the Navy but since there were no billets, he'll be satisfied for a while with an M-16 and a burr-head as long as they don't also shave his eyebrows About the middle of first class year, Jimbo was struck by what some would call love, but in his case, no one knew what to call it. A paradoxical miracle? He might call it the need for the three "c's" One thing for certain though, of those qualified to slow down a bit in life, Jim could be [illegible] He's had and shared enough fun and wild times to go around many times

Bradley C. Mai
Brad
Columbia, Missouri
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Hot Spits! It's Brad Mai, fresh from Columbia, MO. A town which, by the way has been totally repossesed by the local Sears manager. Brad came east to Annapolis, possesing the true "Call of the Sea" and prepared to give his all for the Navy, though he'd never even seen an ocean before. Plebe summer was easily conquered under the watchful eye of Villerain and "Cool Roy" Roommates Steve Krotow and Mark Flagg soon tired of his sick enjoyment of uniform races, and his noisy habit of chugging water 24 hours a day

Over the following three years Navy lingo gradually replaced his midwestern dialogue, until phrases such as "Right I know", "Your Mother's a Smurf", and the ever famous "Plebe Halt" echoed throughout the halls of 8-1. Brad was the epitome of the Company Guy as well as an academic and athletic stud. Losing Waterpolo and swim teams were had each year along with great, freezing cold Fieldball games. His other pursuits ranged from scuba diving and jumping out of airplanes to buying a foreign car and massive quanities of Miller Bottles

Brad's leave was spent road tripping in "Goldie" where many beer drinking good times were had with the likes of Severs, Cardon and Cortesio. Trips such as UVA and Notre Dame were classics, but none rivaled the trip to Mardi Gras. Many Hurricaines were consumed at Pat O'Briens leading to a complete loss of control. Police, handcuffs, and bulbuous bows were soon to follow, but a good time was still had by all.

All kidding aside, there's a Nuclear cruiser and a captain's chair with your name on it. Best of luck to a great friend and we hope you find the dolphin of your dreams

Mike, Chip, Paul and Steve

Peter D. Martino
Pete
Villanova, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Pete came to Annapolis from Villanova, Pennsylvania with Reef Points already memorized, an aspiring striper from the start. Never one afraid to offer his advice, Pete earned early recognition by suggesting the wearing of insignia on rain gear.

Plebe year passed quickly for Pete, who as a member of the sailing team, escaped many weekends at USNA and enjoyed the privilege of team tables Academically, he was at his best, boasting a 3.7 average and developing a love for submarines

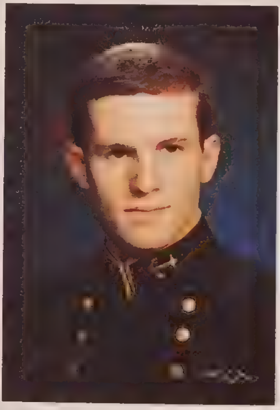
Youngster cruise left Pete wearing silver dolphins on his chest after sixty-plus days submerged. He was now even more determined to be a Bubblehead. In the Hall, Pete was 3/c Company Commander, full of new ideas, but finding academics more difficult. As a NAFAC delegate, he paid the price in grades for a week of no taps, no classes, and the company of a pretty young lady.

Second class year Pete discovered that Systems Engineering wasn't for him, that PolySci was really his niche. Never one to quit, however, he decided to stick it out. Sleeping through the march-over in Pasadena almost tarnished his perfect conduct record; luckily, amnesty was granted. His new toy, an IBM-PC, and his strong drive as Chairman of the Car Loan/Show Committee boosted him along and kept Systems far from his mind

First class year was great for Pete, leaving him on top of the world, driving a new Mercedes, selected for Submarines, and wearing three stripes on his sleeve. His outstanding job as CAO and organizer of company parties earned him new respect, and he achieved his four-year goal of stripes by being named Regimental Adjutant

We wish Pete the best of luck in the submarine force, and in whatever fields he pursues. His drive for success combined with his computer and financial skills will certainly land him at the top wherever he goes in life

D.A.P.



Michael E. Merren
Mike
Las Vegas, Nevada
Airospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

The right stuff came to us from the hot deserts of Nevada with the dream of one day becoming an astronaut. A legend in his own mind, Mike brought inumerable stories of his adventures and conquests. We fondly remember his story of the four stunning beauties from Des Moines—"I don't know who picked up who, me or them Well, let's put it this way-it was a very exhausting night." His bedtime rituals drove his roommates crazy plebe year. Revenge came when Bubba and Horey set the alarm early for pre-airborne training—six hours early—there goes Mike hopping down the hall wearing week-old, wet, sweaty PE gear at 11:30 PM. Youngster year Bob and Chip took over; and Mike with his 100 watt per channel 6-foot high speakers stereo system won all stereo duels playing Saga and Berlin once . . . again and again . . . Even though his body was at USNA, his mind was in the land down under—searching for a blonde, blue-eyed, Olivia look-a-like—the unattainable dream. Second class year found him rooming with Rob Fullerton . . . Rob is no longer with us . . . . First class year Mike continued to impress his peers with his big red Corvette and his superhuman abilities . . . for example, his indescribable ability to hold his alcohol . . . At the formal dining-in, "Where's Mike-passed out in the back; so bad was he, that he didn't make it out of the room at the calling—needless to say ole Chip was cleaning up soon thereafter. Well Michael met the girl of his dreams at Hood and the dreams of Australia came to an end.

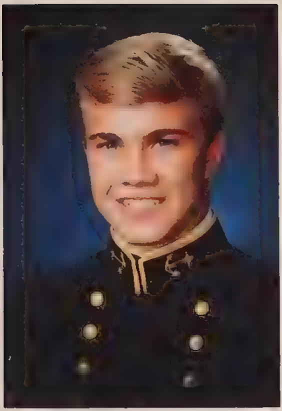
In all seriousness, Mike we have enjoyed your friendship and support and only wish the best for you. Good luck in Navy air and we're confident that you'll get what you want—a space shuttle

B., J., C., C.

John C. K. Milligan, IV
JCK
Gahanna, Ohio
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Woe Annapolis! The most massive, delinquent, massive mid to ever stride the decks of Bancroft Hall is gone. Children scream, women moan, and strong men sigh relief. JCK came here via NAPS from Gahanna, Ohio. With him came memories of home, The General, Bunny, Jim, Sam, the P's and Darla-Baby. Also, John brought with him the collection of Milligan stories which entertained us all during our incarceration. As John settled in, more Milligan stories were created — all true, of course Plebe year, with LCDR Animal, the College Park Taxi, tubing and the nobule, was only the beginning! Youngster year saw John lettering as a grappler Unfortunately, a neck injury ended his wrestling career So John "did what he had to do" and joined the sailing team Believe it or not, he was a good sailor, but more importantly, he was good at getting doctors out of jail and coaches out of the water. Second Class year saw John in Smoke Hall, yet again, for his longest tour. First class year brought a new beginning for our hero as he was molded into the "company guy." Though he started off strong, we all knew he wouldn't last. The Army week outing sent him to Smoke Hall yet again. John's early experiments, involving the throwing of flightless fowl off roofs, gives John the needed knowledge to fly. His unique philosophy on life will serve him well as a Bad Naval Aviator Though John is leaving Bancroft Hall, never to return I'm sure, the Milligan stories will live on.

MIC & REW



James F. Peters
Peterhead
Oregon, Ohio
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

What do you call a guy who drops from 150 lbs. to 118 lbs. so that he can wrestle with half of one knee and only 75% of the other? I call him crazy, but a better word is probably intense.

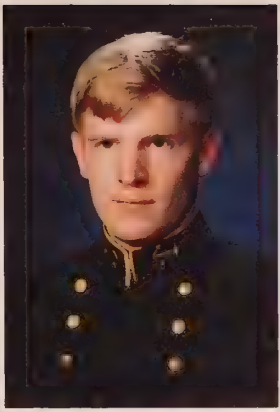
In his four years, Peterhead got a well deserved reputation as a gouge-hound ("colaborate to graduate") and a varsity rackster ("Go to bed Peterhead"), but he can get more done in 2 hours than most people can in 2 days.

Peterhead came to us from underneath a huge rock, somewhere in Ohio and quickly enrolled in the Dan Mack school of good deals. "Ask not what you can do for the Navy, ask what the Navy can do for you." PG school, Dead and June week leave, PR club, no-marching chits, etc., etc. Yes indeed, "let's face it Captain" Peterhead deserves far more than the Navy has to offer, and he'll be the first to tell you so.

2/c year was a lot of fun for us, "huh Jeff, huh?" "Yeah Peterhead, it was." Rugby roadtrips in the van, Army in Pasadena (No, you don't fit into my clothes), the Playboy mansion, airplane spins, and the knots (variety, not quantity). But when it came time for wrestling season, he devoted 110% of himself and was rewarded with All-American honors.

Peterhead "picked" subs for his 5 year obligation, much to everyone's disbelief. We both know that he wanted to put his Aero major to use as a Navy Pilot, but Bancroft Medical decided that his calling was 200 ft. under at 20 knots instead of Mach 2 at 20,000. No matter though, I'm sure that he'll succeed at whatever he does. I know we'll see each other again in the near future- when I collect my hundred bucks.

Jeff



Norman L. Peters
Stormin
Dunedin, Florida
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Grandfather Norm, came from the Marines, anything to get off Okinawa early. At first he was shocked but quickly learned to grow his hair. Plebe year found Norm in G-town at "his bar". Youngster year, he fell into T-tops, rough nights and eventually Dahlgren Hall. While at D-hall, Norm practiced in snaking and caveman approaches. Eventually he found what he was looking for! Second class year brought grades, the famous leadership-history paper and lots of yelling. Finally, first class year, I can jump from airplanes but the tower? To bed this big Marine wants to be an AMO, but I guess somebody has to do the dirty work. Best of luck.

Marc

David A. Porter
Dave
Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Dave came to the Naval Academy as a budding intellectual from the midwestern city of Fort Atkinson, Wisconsin. He leaves as a changed man, conservative in his ways, yet liberal in his views, his greatest love no longer for learning, but for his fiancee and his new home town, Baltimore.

Fourth class year for Dave was one of arduous work on the Debate Team. This physically demanding sport afforded Dave the opportunity to keep a low visibility. Not only were late meals a norm, but Dave saw more weekends away from USNA than many upper-classmen. He finished off the year appropriately, submerged for seventy days.

Third class year saw Dave sporting his silver Dolphins in Dahlgren Hall Saturday evenings. His searches proved fruitful, for he was soon to meet his one-and-only. Back in the Hall, his favorite pastime became loud acid rock, but he maintained an incredible 4.0 academic average!

Dave began to sing a different tune during second class year. Suddenly, Physics no longer seemed attractive, nor did the thoughts of going to Nuke School. Dave began to mellow, even selling his Zeppelin albums. "Surface Line, mighty fine" was now his motto. All that remained fixed in Dave's mind was Karen, his bride-to-be, and Baltimore, his weekend refuge.

As a firstie, Dave again saw the light (and the dollar sign) and decided he was really meant to be a Submariner, and is soon heading to Nuclear Power School. He rounded off his sports career at USNA as a full-time intramural ref, and true to form, lived by the thought that "weekends were made for Baltimore."

We wish Dave the best of luck in his marriage to Karen and welcome them both to the Elite Force. As a naval officer, a husband, and in whatever Dave chooses as his life profession, his determination and dedication will certainly bring him success.

PDM

Jeffrey A. Reeves
Jeff
Maryville, Missouri
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Jeffrey Alan Reeves left the wonderful country life (pigs & sheep Jeff?) of Mo. to play football at USNA. Though Jeff developed a good rapport with Coach Welsh (C'mon 16, throw the ball!) football wasn't what it used to be. So the quest began for Jack La Lane and his porta-gym; sailing was first (grinding boots), then karate, and finally Rugby. Youngster year Jeff thought about the U of Mo. at Rolla (sure it's a good engineering school, I believe you), but Milligan's advice finally soaked in and he "saw the light" and overcame his desires for home (white picket fences and Kenna). Jeff's early years were interesting as well-plebe summer roommates, trips to College Park, the eviction, and the roommate competition (you did what in John's hat?). Things weren't always fun and games though, as Jeff spent his fair share of time in Smoke Hall. He has always felt that USNA is a great place to be from, but not a great place to be. But, despite putting up with four years, he's had many good memories like the visit to the Playboy Mansion, winning the rope competition, Ring Dance, Rugby parties, Spring Breaks, Ocean City, etc., etc . . . All he really needs is the beach, the sun and a tall cold blonde (Miller or Budweiser) to make him happy. He's always had good luck with the females, but what can you expect from a guy who's ego is as big as his bicep? Jeff has made Sherri and Mrs. C proud. He's headed south with a smile on his face and jets on his mind. Good luck in flight school.

Mike, John, and Peterhead

### Kenneth B. Ross
Mr. Slippery
Apple Valley, California
English
Naval Aviation

Yeah, I thought about putting in my real biography, but who is going to read this? I mean, I've got 45 lines to say whatever I want. Probably the only lines I'll ever get anyone to print. Hey Mom, I'm published! Ed just walked in. 'Ed, is it cool that I write my own biography?'' ''Yeah Ken, biographies don't apply to you.'' Ken comes to us from Sunny Southern California . . . . It's not that kind of biography. I could dedicate a few lines to Sleeze, or to Billy. I mean I *owe* it to him. All I have heard for the last three weeks is ''Kenman, gotta get those biographies done.'' ''Kenny, where are you going?'' To work out Billy. ''Take a break man, go excercise your fingers, work on your biography.'' Billy, you're all right. So here it is. I always knew it would be a pain in the tail to graduate. I don't want to leave this place. That means I'll have to start working. You have four years of memorable times, with the best guys, and they want you to give it all up and start worrying about where to buy a sofa. Whether or not to buy TV dinners or tupperware. Chip just came in, worried about which stereo to put in his BMW. Now that is a significant problem

So they give you some MIF, a handshake, and a big book with a lot of pictures. The MIF is spent, Mom gets a fine snapshot of your back, and this is on a dusty shelf. Gotta look foreward. Mom, I want to go fast, launch things, and wear a helmet. Can't do it with you, can't do it without you. Gomer, I got a double muff, a sleeping bag, and a good passed down sense to ''wing''. Linda, I've got a toothache and I hope I can't afford you Ellen, I love you, and always will. USNA, thanks, but don't make me a EE prof

### Charles L. Schott
Bullethead
Pemberville, Ohio
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Chuck came to USNA from Pemberville, Ohio and quickly established himself as a hard-charging, dedicated individual with a stubborn will that more than made up for his quirks.

Chuck started plebe year as a proud member of the D & B, but the long hours of practice kept him from his books. Living with Gard and Stu was certainly not conducive to study, and Chuck learned early that late-night studying was a necessity, but it also earned him the title of ''Champion Sleeper'' in class. A visit to the Ac-Board made Chuck even more determined to make it to the finish line

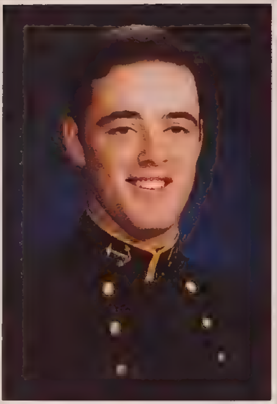
Youngster year brought better times for Chuck He stayed out of grade trouble by spending his evenings at Nimitz Library and even putting in a few overnighters there. Chuck and Lisa B. were going hot and heavy until she discovered there were other mids who didn't spend their weekends in the library. Already a die-hard surface-liner, Chuck joined the YP squadron and discovered weekends on the water

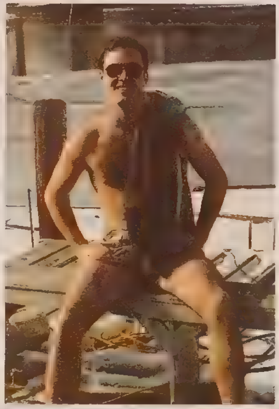
Second class year found Chuck living with Drew and the red-haired step-child. In Pasadena, Chuck had trouble finding the head, but he did end up with the bed to himself. The plebes learned to fear Mr Schott, though he flamed less than he had as a youngster

First class year found Chuck driving the Rustmobile, in charge of the company wardroom, patronizing erotic mail-order companies, and in love with Lisa W. The distance between Bowling Green and USNA made sailing rough at times, but the leave periods sure were fun! Service selection turned out great for Chuck, who got a DDG out of Pearl. Look out, Hawaii!

We wish Chuck the best of luck in the fleet, and in whatever he chooses as his life profession. Chuck's dedication and spirit will no doubt bring him success

DAP





### Paul J. Severs
Sevs
Slidell, Louisiana
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Paul followed in his father's footsteps by coming to USNA and soon learned the secret to success. Every weekend he could be found in one of Annapolis's finer establishments or with his sponsors. If not at one of these places, he was probably on a cockroach safari at The Happy Buzzard

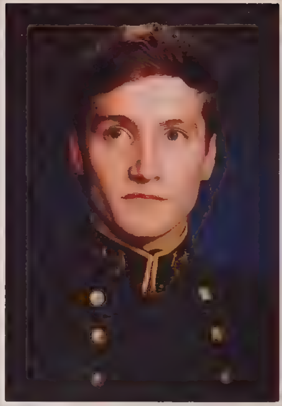
Plebe year Paul found his sport - Fieldball - and soon gained All-American status among his teammates. Youngster year got off to a good start Shortly after trying to exorcise a house owned by the Annapolis Historical Society, the local police, shore patrol, and theJimmylegs escorted him back to the Academy for an important meeting with the OOW. Later that year Paul ventured to Florida for a ''get back to nature'' camping trip Next time - sleep in a tent, not in the car. Second class year Paul became a fluid dynamicist and a mathematician. Spring Break found him on his home turf with most of the company at the Mardi Gras, where adventures were had by all

First class summer Paul ''cruised'' to Hawaii in the Hotel Williamette in search of the Golden Rocket. He never found it but made a lot of friends in the process Paul reported for Plebe detail in his first class cruise machine - a blue firebird. When winter finally came Paul could be heard saying, ''What's this ice doing on my windshield?''

Paul survived his years at USNA in style He finished in the top of his class as a mechanical engineer. Not even the Rocket and Wild Bill in the same semester could stop his success

Paul selected a Spruance out of San Diego at Service Selection. I know you'll do great in everything you do but I'm going to wish you luck anyway

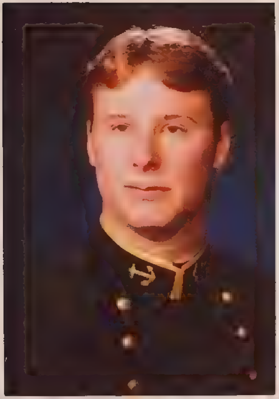
JCC



### Charles M. Sims
Charles
Richmond, Virginia
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Charles arrived at USNA from the booming metropolis of Richmond full of enthusiasm and energy. This abundance of energy was shortly placed into practical application when he met Joe R. and mere survival became a consideration. ''Does he really hate us?'' Academic year saw varsity squash and academic success come his way, although he could probably have made good use of a land nav class. Nobody gets lost coming back from the stadium. Halloween proved to be an omen for things to come as Charles exhibited boxing techniques previously hidden to bring revenge upon a trick-or treating classmate. Joining the cannoneers provided Charles with further danger filled moments, such as the 1000 on 4 rumble at Army-Navy, which those four tough cannoneers won, and his experiment with breech loading a cannon with his face By the way, she still wants you to shave your head! Second class year saw the standard of living in 31 improve dramatically as long weekends were the rule rather than the exception Not one to look a gift horse in the mouth, Charles took to the road in search of the college social life he had missed. Also during this time he decided that beating up on a small squash ball was too little a challenge, and Navy Boxing was the recipient of a determined and successful All-American his first year out

Carefully nurturing a reputation for being less than cordial with plebes, Charles was inducted into the Flaming Hall of Fame when Chewa opted for Civiant. As Lima Company Commander, Charles saw that 82's legacy came down hard on 88. Rapidly developing a hard corps image, this facade melted in the face of a forgettable Marine Option cruise and some wonderful gentlemen clad in green. Seeing the glowing ''light'', he decided that Nuclear Power was the place to be. Simply stated, Charles has been a remarkable success here due to his admirable sense of dedication and integrity. He is the greatest of friends, and we are better for having known him



Mark A. Walker
Walks
Pasadena, Maryland
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

After passing up Johns Hopkins and a career in professional football Mark made his way down Ritchie Highway to become a submariner Coach Szlasa quickly gave Mark a chance and for a while it looked like we had a lacrosse stud among us. The coach moved along, however, and so did Mark helping found the 6*TH* Batt Lax dynasty along with Eddie, Jim, and Rich. Mark spent much of his time at USNA in bed, sleeping, studying, and wiggling his feet there He was always ready to lend a dip to a friend in need, so we saw a lot of people like Ken Ross. Mark found it more and more difficult to study as the semesters rolled by, and easier and easier to hold down the corner seat in the wardroom for hours at a time. He finally watched himself right out of Nuke Power and into the best thing that could have happened to him. Well, he's going to marry Tina, of course, but that's no big deal, he says. I think Mark was the happiest man in the room when Ed got his phone, because then he could call Tina from bed, and check more frequently on the Dead hotline Standby P-cola. Mark will probably try to fly with his bandana on his head and a tie-dyed flight suit on his body. He always put a smile on my face and a couple of donuts aside. Fly high Mark, and I wait for our long strange trips to come together again

Rich

Richard E. Webster Jr.
Dirt
LaPorte, Indiana
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Rich began his "*Long,* Strange, (he'll tell you) Trip" under the tutelage of Dan Mack. From Plebe Summer on, Rich tried to find a blind man's niche, first as a pilot then as an NFO, as a SEAL, and lastly as -ooh rah- a Marine. Professionally Rich had much trivial info on the tip of his tongue, a fact which confounded Joe Rainey and saved his tail more than once. Lalu stories were soon added to by tales of USNA- College Park trips, Milligan, 854788, Sir; G's in space; rescuing Cane from drowning, sort of; and, always, getting the dirt. Loving USNA as much as he did, it took him three years to stop lighting towels, books blotters, newspapers, shower curtains, and himself on fire (yes, really) Wednesday afternoon libs at Pete's produced 1830 motivation tables, which Plebes and plates alike feared. Unfortunately, the plates fought back (see above photo) More than a little superstitious, Rich used up all of his luck on two Ac-boards and Service Selection, leaving little left for winning bets from Milligan, Honor elections from Mike, racking up 200 demo's without anything over 3000, and his beloved TR-8 (oh, but it looks good in the driveway beside Rt. 50). We heard "Won't Get Fooled Again" before every exam, every game and every time Rich got frustrated, all at "maximum velocity." In, short, more times than Ed's tweeters could handle. Now that we've discovered the dents in his head that he had been hiding with hair, we can send Rich off to the Corps and call an end forever to the Webster Rules. Bad Craziness. Semper Fi, bud

# Thirty-Second Company

Raymond M. Alfaro
Mango
Mililani, Hawaii
Electrical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Before coming to the mainland, Ray had lived a casual life. After all, his home on Oahu offered everything a real flip could desire: sunshine, beaches, a very moderate climate, and all the cute Japanese tourists one might care to chase. So Annapolis came as a real shock to Ray's biorhythms. For the first time in his life he was exposed to something utterly foreign to him. It was called ambition, and it existed in abundance at the Boat School. His uncharacteristically low grades and mediocre performance indicated that his first semester was a period of adjustment. By his second semester, Ray had adjusted to the strict military routine and had learned to ignore all frustrations including the frequent wars between his roommates Steve Idziur and John Deranian. All, that is except for the cold Maryland winters. I'm sure Ray will never become accustomed to cold weather, though. As a senior, he still wore aloha shirts in January; with a down jacket of course. Mango, as he came to be known, earned every out-of-company underclass striper position imaginable at USNA through his stellar performance. All his efforts were rightfully rewarded in his first class year, though. He held the two easiest billets available: PLT CDR and MIR. Although Ray has enjoyed his stay at USNA, his only true joy is in returning to Hawaii. Pearl will welcome him upon graduation. Good luck in the fleet, Ray

Simms

John R. Borneman
Borns
Boyertown, Pennsylvania
Ocean Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

War heroes are not born, but are transformed from ordinary mortals from Boyertown. Born's adventures began as a member of the 150 Football team. However, he soon learned his destiny lay not on the Gridiron, but down a much more important path. In an effort to prove his manhood, Borns choose SERE school over summer break. This POW camp, staged by zoomies, was no match for the wits of Borns. John led "The Escape" that made "Escape from Alcatraz" look like Sunday school. Upon return to the Brigade, the love of professionalism almost cost his roommate civilian clothes privileges. John's first command was 2/c year when he lead the troops of lightweight football to a regimental crown. His AM1 missile launcher continued tossing Hail Mary's for the wondermites his 1/c year, but of course this was all overshadowed by the epic tale of the Wild Panthers when three stripes were lost in the ensuing battle. Alert to the situation and quick to the challenge, John found himself holding these precious three bars. John soon developed a uncanny habit of losing step. Sweetheart-to-be saw visions of nuclear glow but soon realized it was Marine Corp green. Seriously, John was always there to listen. Straight answers were not always the response, but good intentions were. Best wishes and don't burn your lips on the Irish coffee.

DM

Edwin J. Brzezinski
Brez
Wausau, Wisconsin
History
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Ed came to the Boat School from the sleepy little midwest town of Wausau, Wisconsin. When people first met Ed, they thought he was a prime example of a 'Geek'. After they got to know him, most people realized how correct their first impression was. Ed always seemed to be studying, even on Saturday nights when he could be out on liberty. Not satisfied with only one major, Ed decided to be one of the chosen few who are privileged to have two majors. After taking six semesters of over 20 hours a semester, he finally got a break first class year when he only took 18 hours second semester. When he wasn't studying, he was playing with the Drum and Bugle corps. After four years he was rewarded with the position of D & B Ops and got to live on 4-0. For Ed, the sweat pump never slowed down until he was a firsty. After keeping the room clean for three years he decided to be messy for a change. Ed's motto became 'It don't matter anymore', but the Admin Conduct system just wouldn't leave Ed alone. Following the infamous Pink Panther incident, Ed found himself demonstrating the excellence of his uniform appearance at the Early Morning Breakfast Club. Ed has the one survival trait required to survive at USNA. He can sleep through any and all alarms, music, and efforts to awaken him. This skill will come in useful in the submarine service. Ed came to USNA as a clean cut, God fearing individual who listened to classical music. After four years at the Academy, Ed has been broken of the majority of his good habits, and has sunk to the same level as the rest of us. He will be an asset to the Silent Service, and will be remembered by those of us who don't forget. Best of Luck Ed

C.W.S.

Julianito G. Bucayan Jr.
Jun
Iloilo City, Philippines
Applied Science
Philippine Navy

Jun came to USNA with one "real" plebe summer under his belt. He attended the Philippine Military Academy for 2 months before becoming a foreign exchange student. This Filipino didn't have the easiest time adjusting to the life of a plebe. His English was, at its best, horrible. When asked a rate, Jun would blurb out an answer so fast and indecipherable that it had to be the correct answer, right? Well, once in a while there would be a brave soul who told Jun to repeat his answer. Predictably, he would give the same indecipherable answer or an "Excu-me-sir?" The longer you were around Jun, you found that he gave the same indecipherable answer to every question. When academic year came around Julio spoke his first fluent English: "Hey guys, you got the GOUGE for the test?" Along with academic year came the infamous K.I., who struck fear in every plebe. Jun survived 3 semesters with K.I., but it took its toll. Jun turned into a "flaming" youngster to compensate for his plebe year

Youngter year was Julio's "coming out." Without the burden of knowing rates, Julio's English miraculously improved. Julio settled into the groove of applied "sleeping," finding the gouge, and memorizing everything there is to know about firearms Julianito has a very unique style of leadership that suites him to a "T." It is unfortunate that the U.S Navy will not reap the benefits of this officer. Who knows? Maybe some day I'll be able to say that I know the CNO of the Philippine Navy, he is a classmate and friend. Even though Julio learned a vast amount of English here at USNA, I learned only one word of Philippino: MABUHAY!

MPS

Christopher P. Burke
Burkie
Dorchester, Massachusetts
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Burkie comes from a nice neighborhood near Boston. At home he has been known to spend a lot of time in Garvey Park. The Bud Man has been known to make several stops there daily. For his time spent there he has earned the reputation of P.B. (park bum). Burkie came to the Academy via a visit to NAPS. It was there that he embarked on a long career of beating on his roommates and earned him the nickname Massachusetts Mauler. Also at NAPS he became a member of the Polar Bear Club. While at the Academy he found a family member he never knew he had, Uncle Jimmy. A visit to Uncle Jimmy's was alway's good for some laughs, story telling, good food and of course plenty of beer (4 or 5 anyway). One weekend of 4 or 5 will always carry a BIG memory from the contest at MEMORIES, which he won, flip & Kick. Another job taken on by Burkie between rounds was that of a diplomat. He worked very hard to improve on the Irish and English relationship. This job found him in many strange places, particularly the streets of Silver Spring at 4am. He has also been found in several other strange places such as sleeping in the Crusader, in a pile of leaves wandering the streets of Newark, and the steps leading OUT of the Balloon. Well good luck and always remember you should not get into bed feet first, and if you do, don't forget the rest of yourself

STM

John V. DeNardo
Doughboy
Streamwood, Illinois
Systems Engineering
Surface Warfare

John came to the Academy from a suburb of Chicago. The invention of the now infamous "DeNardo Rack" became his first claim to fame. After the summer, John adapted well to Academy life as Plebe year brought good grades with a minimum amount of work. Things soon changed, however, as the Systems Engineering major came into play. John began to buy caffeine pills by the case struggling to survive second class academics as he was often seen studying all night and excercising his rack muscles during the afternoon. First class year saw John take on the job of company operations officer. Intent on being involved in all aspects of his job, John was seen early every morning practicing leadership by example with the Batt PEP team. A true organizer, John arranged for a number of girls to come down from New York for a formal dance. Too bad he forgot to include himself in the arrangement. First class year also saw the introduction of road trips. Prior to coming to the Academy John had already demonstrated a great deal of skill behind the wheel, and he continued to excel in this area at the Academy, discovering that guardrails and a borrowed Porsche just don't mix. Although John sometimes does not get all his desires fulfilled, he promises to have an outstanding future in Surface Warfare. Good Luck and may fair winds and seas always be with you

Jo and Bear

John R. Deranian
Deranged
Bedford, Massachusetts
Naval Architecture
Naval Aviation

Before descending upon USNA, The Wildman got a warmup run in at that last bastion of Dixiedom-the Citadel. Fully loaded with tales of terror and torture, John was armed and ready for plebe year. In between tales of woe, John put his magic lips to work for the blowers and beaters. Fortunately for us, plebe year got the tales of "El Cid" out of his system (though we do suffer occasional flashbacks). Youngster year found a new John-the Karate Kid. At the stroke of midnight he shed his clothing to practice before the mirror for an hour-circling and swishing. Three weeks of abuse (and the discovery that it was hard work) robbed the world of a second Bruce Lee. The rest of the year was peppered with Boston vs the oil industry debates. Having a waistline larger than his chest John got into Nautilus over 2/c summer. Enter a new reason to admire himself in the mirror (with a brisk salute). 2/c year brought him some good things-a car from daddy, an article in Shipmate (Yes, an illiterate engineer can write), a chance to flame, and a loving, understanding company officer. John surprised us all with four stripes 1/c year - 2 for adjutant and 2 for sub-cdr after the great purge (like the kind they have in Russia). His lovely reading of the morning announcements brought new life to quarters

Seriously, John has been the straight guy for a lot of my jokes and pranks over the years. If not for his patience and support, I would probably not be here writing this now. Thanks John, I know you got what it takes to get what you want out of life

Maddog

Robert S. Duncan
Simms
Houston, Texas
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Simms came from a squared away family in the city of Houston, Texas. From day 1 he should have had a quick and easy climb to the top. Unfortunately, he had to contend with the ever changing Maryland weather. His accomplishments in the first 2 years were shrouded by a dark cloud, leaving him virtually unknown to his superiors. Luckily, sunny skies were forecasted for the next year as Simms was promoted to 2/c company commander in the second semester. His room was so squared away, even his 2 roommates were 3 stripers. With one year to go, it looked like the halo effect would take Simms to graduation with fair winds and following seas. After all, he was a plebe summer company commander, and fall set company commander (well, at least until midterms). Simms ran into rough seas when he tried to revive the Pink Panther of the 8th Wing Players. In the blizzard of form's 2 that followed, Simms saw his stripes being eroded away along with several weekends. Since then, his future looked brighter, in the way of postgraduate education. He received the Navy Burke, Marine Corps Burke, and the Olmsted Scholarships. As long as our distinguished graduate stays away from the Maryland weather, it looks like he has a bright future ahead of him. Good luck, Simms Aloha

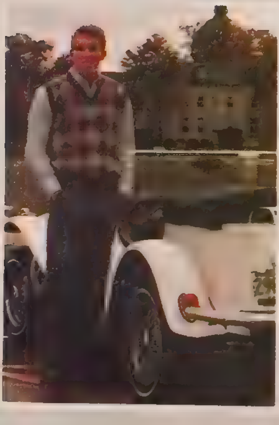
MANGO

Robert C. Earle
Chuck
Farmerville, Louisiana
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Chuck came to the Academy from Farmerville, La. Plebe year was quite an experience for him as it was for all of us. As our Company CDR, he did his best to keep the upperclass happy. Just how many sheet posters did we make anyway, Chuck? Next time he'll know not to kid his roommate about Santa Claus. Some will turn you in for an H.O. for anything. Chuck, could you say that again? I didn't quite catch what you said the first or second time

Then came the endless years of engagement. So I guess you're really going to do it after all. Mr. Partier is going to settle down to just one girl. It's almost hard to believe. Second class year brought out a new side of Chuck. One particular Coke machine that blocked our door after a barrage of water saved the life of more than one plebe. Finally, first class year arrived, with it came *THE CAR*. Now, don't get me wrong, this was not just any car, this was a remake of a 1929 Mercedes. Too bad it wasn't made for the Annapolis winters or for more than two people

Seriously, Chuck has always been willing to help a friend in need. We all hope Chuck and Andy all of the happiness in the world



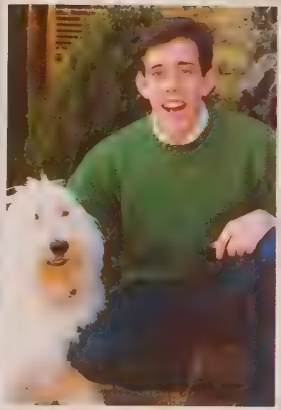
Robert J. Etkins
Rabbit
Crofton, Maryland
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

As for what concerns me in particular I have only in my life carried to an extreme what you have not dared to carry halfway, and what's more, you have taken your cowardice for good sense, and have found comfort in deceiving yourselves. Perhaps there is more life in me than in you.

-Dostoevsky-

To my brother Dave, '84,
Final Score: Etkins' 2
USNA 0

Let's quit while we're ahead!



William A. Fitzgerald
Fitz
San Rafael, California
Electrical Engineering
Surface Warfare

Fitz came to the USNA scenario from the northern Cal. scenario on a senatorial appointment type deal. One could never accuse Fitz of being quiet, for he overused the English language. If he didn't have a word to fit(z) the occasion, he would make one up, thus creating the infamous Fitzisms (scenario, deal, Molly). There was some mystique about Fitz that made total strangers want to talk to him. When given the chance, he would captivate his audience with his unique Fitzean philosophy. In this fine institution of immaculate cleanliness, Mr. Entropy balanced the entire delta "s" of the Academy with the condition of readiness of his room. However, Mr Entropy did have at one time a "deck" that was the "standard" for 32 and a "Concept of Duty" bulletin board. Fitz was the exact opposite of the typical EE stereotype - he was athletic, gregarious, straightforward, and carefree. Fitz never worried about anything academically because Mango was always there. He even refrained from talking to his profs on academic subjects, but instead he discussed social, everyday "type deals". Because of Fitz's extremely friendly, outgoing personality, he was always fun to be with, even when his Ring Dance date was snaked. We'll never forget Princeton, Georgetown, New Rochelle, and those hot radiators. It was great to share a desk with you although I never saw you through the wuba trou, porcelain bath tub, candy wrappers, and the mounds of disarranged books and papers (gouge). Fitz has been a great friend to both of us and our families. We speak for all when we say you have earned our respect and admiration We'll miss your cheerful smile, outlook, and positive attitude. How will we wake up and go to sleep without "Up and At'em" & "Colors?" Good luck Fitz

BG & RG

Daniel J. Flint
Dano
Northboro, Massachusetts
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

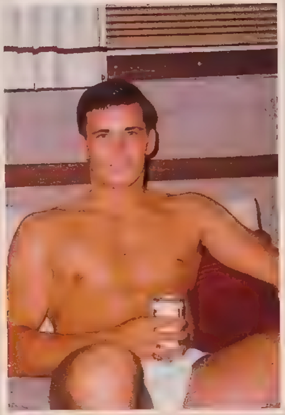
It is a rare occasion to have a man of Dan's character graduate from USNA This stocky, young gymnast from Northborough walked into his first year at the Academy with a definite plan of action. Even though he continually modified his plan, he always KNEW what he was doing He wanted to be a Mechanical Engineer, but kept putting turbines in refrigeration cycles, so he KNEW to change his major to General Engineering. When he received his car loan he KNEW he wanted a corvette, but found out it was too expensive to keep; so he KNEW he had to buy a VW bug instead. It just goes to show you that people who think they KNOW everything, bother those of us who do Dano is a man with talent. He is an artist, gymnast, leader and friend. Youngster year saw Dano back in the groove of hard work and dedication. He ate, drank and slept gymnastics until he became an integral and driving force for the team. Dan came to the Academy with a sweetheart, but found out that the single's life was for him. He has more friends that are girls than I have friends. Everyone has a special friend and Dano's can be characterized by late night ice cream runs, egg nog, foggy windows, Army-Navy '84 wine glasses, and . . OOPS! When thinking of Dano, think of camping trips that last as long as the beer does, a one time vacation to the wasteland of Nebraska and a handful of goo on a dark, rainy night, Mother B wrestling matches, Radar Telecommunications Oscilloscope with the quote "If we get caught, it's yours and I've never seen it before," diesel in the gas tank of the Corvette, "Should I or shouldn't I" . . . "You should!," and "Shh, be verwe verwe quiet; I'm trying to put turbines in refrigeration cycles." As a leader, Dan has the ability to "lead a fish out of water." As a friend, he'll break a leg for you. Best Wishes,

MPS

Jeffrey O. Hein
Jeff
Troy, Illinois
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Jeff came to the Academy from Troy, Illinois. It was clearly evident during plebe summer that he was going to graduate quite an academian. One day while being quizzed over the Yard Gouge Jeff was asked to bestow upon his classmates his knowledge of Bilger's gate. He responded in a confident and robust manner, "Sir, Bilger's gate is named after RADM Bilger." Good thing he decided against a History major. Applying his talents in the field of engineering Jeff established himself as a successful and capable student. He lead a fairly "normal" life as a mid during the first three years of his tenure. That is of course, if the word "normal" is defined at the Academy. After spring break of second class year a startling metamorphosis occurred. His intersts in "social affairs" really emerged. In fact, he became so successful as a lady's man that he was able to recruit girls from Auburn University (two of whom he never met) to come to Crabtown for the Ring Dance. Needless to say, the entire experience proved to be "The Dates of Our Lives!" In the fall, things became even more exciting because Jeff was co-founder of the "New York Connection." This endeavor was really highlighted at the ARMY-NAVY game when four guys had to entertain fifteen girls (Life's tough all over). Somehow he made it back. Jeff's leaving for Orlando after graduation to learn how to drive subs where he is sure to be a success. Hope there's enough head room. Best of luck always and Godspeed

JVD



David S. Lawton
Dave
Winchester, Massachusetts
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

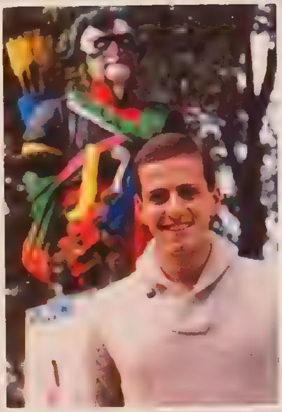
Dave arrived from Winchester on a high having been the MVP in lacrosse and winning all the senior superlatives. He almost completed Plebe summer too, but he spent the special graduation activities, warmly referred to a Black Sunday, in his room with his roommate. Come academic year, and the return of the Brigade, Dave was fortunate enough to live across the hall from some very sympathetic youngsters, making him one of the few plebes we ever saw standing in line at the Mid Store with record albums. He set the trend for his grades, performance, and striper potential early and remained at the top of the class throughout his four years at the Academy. However, this success at the Academy unfortunately did not extend to spring breaks. Plebe year found him in the polar bear club at Daytona Beach. Youngster year he ended up having to leave his roommate's parent's car in a junkyard in Florida after concluding that cars do need oil. Determined to make his second class break a success Dave entrusted "Borneman's" Travel Agency to plan his dream trip to Mardi Gras. Small overlooked details like no transportation and no place to stay found Dave instead in Atlanta. Dave followed his youngster cruise in the Med with a solo trip through Europe (sorry Dave, I ran out of money!) Second class cruise included skinny dipping on Pensacola Officer's Club Beach. Dave also enjoyed a semester up at West Point. Only he could have motivated his Army Plebes to protect him from the upperclass during Navy Week on the Hudson. Taking his final cruise on a sub Dave confirmed his service selection indecision. His service selection changed as quickly and as often as Annapolis weather. He finished his Academy career as battalion commander, a fitting tribute to his hard work and determination. Dave will go far in the submarine community and whatever follows. We wish him the best of luck in the future

MAS, MS, CAR

Robert C. Loria
Bobaloo
Belmont, Massachusetts
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Bobaloo came to Canoe U. from the outskirts of Boston. He had a leg up from the start, his brother Chris in '83. Bob took after Chris in about every way but one - Bob never got caught. Bob always checked out the angles and only played by the rules when there was no other choice. Most did not realize Bob's other side and all the moons he spent with the gang behind Bob Ward's performing quality control on cases of beer. I wonder if they ever found all the empties we hid under the tables at the Hilton. 3/C year brought Rackrat, Rogo, and cigarettes in his nose and ears at Army. Second class year Bob lost his knack for avoiding trouble-perhaps due to the company he was keeping. He eagerly started the year on the right foot with a hazing charge that went to the Dant. Undaunted, Bob continued to terrorize the whole plebe class. Too much of a good time at Army brought another near miss with a 5000. His troubles had just begun though. He had a new roomie in a two man room with a third roomie in the closet. A massive Dorito fight lead to ET's discovery of the third roomie and more trouble. After the removal of the plague from the company, Bob started 1/C year after a nonstop summer. A truck, a tat, jump wings, two phones in his room, and a 3.75 (no major but good grades)-what more could a guy ask for except to be a MARINE. With his pride and professionalism Bob will make the Corps proud. Fair winds and following seas

Rackrat and Maddog



Daniel Matzke
Chief
Newark, Delaware
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Danny boy came to the Academy with a vague impression of life of a midshipman, but adjusted with little difficulty after shunning an early desire to once again enjoy civilian life. Having been recruited to play ball, Chief showed up with a big stick and proved to be a morale booster with his "articulate" chatter in the outfield which consisted of a ritual just short of a rain dance. The pow-wow lasted three great years. Voted as having the best wrestling Yellowjacket's body, upon receiving one askew stripe Danny was labeled as a Matzkemorph, which was physiologically betweem an ectomorph and a mesomorph, but unlike any other being. Sometimes a man of many disguises, but always one with a golden tongue, he earned himself a rep as being both debonair and the Whaler. Chief was definitely a socialite - He never limited himself, but would converse with everyone from the youngest to the oldest in any given night. Dan got some expensive four wheel treatment for narcolepsy when he kissed the windshield of his 'vette, but did not suffer excessive brain damage as was exemplified by a 3.0 QPR, surviving both the Rocket and Wild Bill in a demanding Mech. E. major. Dan employed his charismatic leadership abilities and command voice as a deep selected platoon commander with a follow-up as P.E. officer. The shrill of his unforgettable voice will undoubtedly echo through the halls of Bancroft for years to come. Following nuke school Danny boy is being beamed up to the Enterprise. Good luck buddy, and thanks for everything including a clean desk

BGW

Steven T. McAllister
Steve
Carney's Point, New Jersey
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Steve came here from Carney's Point, New Jersey. He is backed by a strong father and a mother who is behind Navy 100%. After getting off to a rocky start, Steve settled down and found his place at the Academy. This, of course, was in the rack. When liberty was sounded, Steve was seldom seen. He really enjoys the good things in life like eating, girls, eating, cars and of course eating When there was a party to be had, he was usually the person asked for help. He is great at getting things organized, and he makes a pretty good Kamikaze too. Steve is a real diplomat. He has an incredible Knack for dispersing a crowd. You might think that he is a nonathlete. This not so. He was player coach for the brigade champion ultimate frisbee team. Steve is an awesome story teller. He can make even the shortest story last forever. He was always good at inciting incidents between his roommates. He would sit on the other side of the room and pit one roommate vs. the other. When push came to shove, he would sit back and laugh. This tactic often backfired, and he found himself on the bottom of the pile. Good Luck.

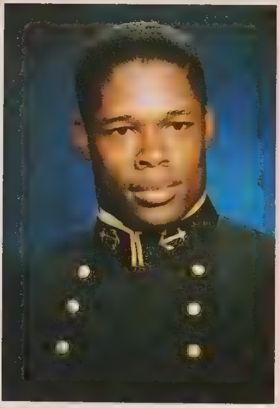
"Don't have too much fun in Pensacola." Tina

CPB

Michael J. Moore
Bruiser
Lawrenceville, New Jersey
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Mike resides off Exit 7 off the infamous Jersey Turnpike, but nevertheless he is still a good dresser. Mike made friends right away plebe summer. The firsties liked him so much they allowed him to occasionally drop in on his other buddies in regimental land. Mike didn't stop there. When the Brigade returned, Mike made a friend for life in Deputy Dingalls. Mike didn't always spend his time socializing with the upperclass during come-arounds, his afternoons were spent pounding flesh for Navy Football. Mike's football highlights include the Syracuse game, which he played in Orangeland in front of his sweetheart to be and the Army-Navy game despite Navy's loss. Who says Political Science is easy! Mike is a proud four-time member of the All Academic Board Team. Not only was Political Science easy, but the PCE's were also a summer's picnic for Mike. Mike enjoyed this aspect of his military education so much that he took an accelerated course during his summer break. All of these prestigious honors may award Mike the distinction of being "Anchor-Man," and don't think he hasn't thought of a thousand ways to spend the thousand dollars that comes with this noble title. Service Selection is still a blur. Green looks good, but NPQ for 18 lbs overweight with only 9% body fat may look better. With graduation under his belt, his only desire is to obtain an "Excalibur" to accompany his commission. Mike is definitely a "Hot Item"! Just ask his Mom. Best wishes and remember, you can't be a MIR forever!

DM



Stephen L. Panico
Louie
Elmont, New York
Applied Science
Naval Aviation

Like all cool people from the Island, Steve is an excellent lacrosse player. It's no wonder that he's the goalie since his mass takes up the entire goal. In fact, it isn't very often that a varsity athletic coach will tell a player to stop lifting weights because he's getting too big.

Steve does everything in a big way, from studying to partying. We've done more than a few road trips to Phillie and the like, with Steve being our answer to Animal House's Belushi. Steve gives new meaning to the phrase "like a bull in a China shop."

The big Ragu is more than just big and bulky. He's usually seen with a smile on his face and is known to be as reliable a friend as anyone could be. We're going to miss Steve as he heads out to where real pilots come from, P-cola.

We'll all miss you Steve, but no one who knows you as a true friend will ever forget you. Don't break the plane, fly it

JRV

UNL
INTRAMURAL

Curtis D. Pfeiffer
Fife
Burwell, Nebraska
Naval Architecture
U.S. Marine Corps

A native Nebraskan, tough from four years of football and many more of throwing hay bales onto truck beds, Curt came to USNA with the confidence and determination of a bull. If you weren't tough enough to hack it like a man you ought to get out of the school altogether. Fife has never known the meanings of the words "can't" or "quit "

Some of us found the challenge of academics enough to keep us busy at night. Not Fife. Louis L'amour books and a 2230 "lights out" took up Curt's evenings. However, in order to maintain a 3.5 QPR, Fife resorted to taking notes late in his second class year. What a culture shock

Many people, when they meet the Waylon Lovin' country guy who has all the time in the world and a bank account that can support any needy roommate in debt, attempt to convert him to a rowdy, carousing modern party animal. Wrong move. Fife is his own man and stubborn as a mule. Few people know that after a day of tubing down a Nebraskan river, barroom pool games, arm wrestling at the Y'all Come Back Saloon and cases of Bud, this guy would still drive the getaway car in a raging storm for two derelicts that just confiscated two three-foot wide steer skulls off a ranch gate.

Fife's tough exterior is under calm control. He's a man of few words but a big heart. We watched each other's tails and survived everything in stride and with a smile. I'll always remember him as a man I respect and admire. I wish you only the best Curt, since I know you can do it the best. We'll be with you in the fleet

DJF

John D. Rasberry
Ras
Corpus Christi, Texas
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Words will never express the appreciation I have for this institution. Annapolis will always represent to me the place where I shed my boyhood and became a man. From the ten months of servanthood to the last days in the caverns of Rickover, I have been challenged to my upmost potential—Morally, Mentally, and Physically Academy life is an unique form of life designed to bring about the lowest of lows and highest of highs an individual could wish to experience. I have gained from experiences which have caused me to seek God's presence in every avenue of my life and to humbly bow down in thanks for His Son. I am now ready to go into the world and serve my Lord and my country. Glory be to the Lord! ISAIAH 40·28-31

Christopher A. Ryan
Chris
Alexandria, Virginia
Political Science
Naval Aviation

With a proud military heritage Chris arrived at the Naval Academy having graduated from NAPS South, Fort Hunt H.S. No one trusted Chris at first because he was too good to be true. We soon realized, however, that he was sincerely the nicest guy in the company. In fact Chris had it all; good looks, athletic prowess, and an uncanny aptitude to meet the right people. Was that really his picture on the cover of the physical fitness brochure? The 1/c adopted Chris sometime during Plebe Summer and hooked him up with their sponsor (and everybody else's) John Vorndick. Chris resembled Toucan Sam of Fruit Loops fame with his knack for sniffing out all the good deals at the USNA. He enjoyed all the benefits of training tables plebe year as a kicker for the football team. He later worked with the radio broadcasters as a spotter in the only paid job of the PRC. To maintain his massive physique, Chris had to lift daily What could have been a better deal than Weight Room Supervisor with sign-in and drill exemption. When Chris Ryan volunteers to escort debs, he ends up with the Attorney General's daughter . . . Sounds perfect doesn't he? Well almost. Chris was never really in the running for the Rhodes Scholarship. Perhaps if the Academy offered majors in Animal Housology or Fred Flintstonology??? He was an annual summer school participant to make room for repeating his favorite classes, EE and Diffy-Q's. Could making up football plays in class account for his low QPR? Chris was a proud member of the positive leadership Plebe Summer Club and went on to lead 32 as the only full semester Co. Cdr. in our class. If knowing how to relate to people ever becomes important, Chris will have a great advantage over the rest of us. Chris will be truly proud to fly for America(n).

MAS

Mark A. Schaeffler
Right Ace
McLean, Virginia
Political Science
Naval Aviation

After spending a year of high school in South Africa and a year at Prep School in Minnesota, Mark decided to go a real college and thus arrived at USNA in July of '81. From the start Mark invoked his unique humor which served to aggravate, humiliate, and always enlighten both classmates and fellow mids alike. After spending spring break at crowded Cocoa Beach, Mark opted for St Tropez and Palmya which he visited on youngster cruise . . if you call 3 days underway a cruise. July brought Kari, Kari brought happiness, happiness brought a relationship, the relationship brought separation, Mark bought a ring, and his bachelor days are now limited. While maintaining a QPR of 3.0+ and wearing stars for a semester, Mark consistently did Rip Van Winkle impersonations for Profs and classmates. Perhaps he was dreaming of his travels to France, Japan, Korea, PI, and yes, even Bismarck, North Dakota. Army in Pasadena included champagne, jacuzzis, an '83 Seville, and a scarred nose received in the Swedish baths. Mark's 1/c summer was highlighted by his discovery that Navy Air was the only way and 4 weeks of camp counselor duty at USNA that only cost him $400 He looked upon it all in a humor-filled manner that only those who know him (and possibly Gary Larson) can fully appreciate. I doubt I'll ever meet many if any, as witty as Mark . . . He made Annapolis bearable at unbearable times, and was for me a roommate I'll never forget and always respect . even after he's married!! United we will fly

CAR

Matthew Shihadeh
Matt
Satellite Beach, Florida
Physics
U.S. Marine Corps - Naval Flight Officer

Matt arrived at the Naval Academy with three possessions: a baseball bat, a black pen to sign his nuclear power bonus check, and a change of underwear. At least the underwear was of some use. From the very first Matt established himself as a standout. His ability to construct nearly life size models of Mt. Everest on his plate and then consume them was awe inspiring. He almost had a full plebe summer, but he spent Black Sunday in his room. I know, I was there too. Matt experienced academic trouble early as he received a couple of "B'"s plebe year. After that he settled down and took academics more seriously. Not one to challenge himself, Matt chose physics for a major (sorry, I had to get that in). He was what you might call an athletic chameleon going from baseball to crew to rugby and, finally seeing the light, he ascended to intramurals. By far the most dramatic and unpredictable change which Matt underwent during his four years at the Academy was one from submariner to Marine aviator. We have theorized that more than just his car got damaged in that car accident, which he will tell you was caused by that crazy lady driving in her own lane while he was performing a perfect three point turn in it. Come to think of it though, Matt did show Marine-like intelligence youngster year when he vomitted in Annie's Bar for ten dollars. He would have made the Great Santini proud. Matt says that he wants to be an astronaut some day and he is the only person I know that I seriously believe could do it. He has the potential to do anything he wants. We are all looking forward to the day that with great pride we will tell our families and friends that Matt Shihadeh is a friend of ours

-DSL

Michael P. Skelly
Ho
Key West, Florida
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

This Key West waterskier crashed through the gates of Canoe U. having just enjoyed a year of real Navy pay and liberty at some New England prep school with a group of guys that stick together like glue with every intention of taking ol' USNA by the horns and showing us how it's done, which he did. Skell's experiences at the Academy have been greatly varied and far too abundant to explain them all. So here goes

Army-Navy 1982 Ho and TS, Crabtown (Herndon, USA) T-shirts, kids won't stay home, nightly phone messages "call . .." Mother "B" wrestling matches, front shaft football games, Radar telecommunications oscilliscopes, turbines in refrigeration cycles, dead baby jokes, "Wake up Lefty, we just slept through formation," "He comes, He sits, He leaves," "Follow her she'll never recognize the bug" "Hey, give my buddy the strongest drink you've got, he's just seen his blind date," Honor Investigations, "I got'em," R. C. Airplanes, "Hey, you can't go out with her, she can beat you up." These are but a few of the experiences that are engraved in stone in our memories of Ho.

With a perpetuous smile and unceasing great sense of humor, he kept us all going. It has been nothing but a pleasure to know a man comprised of the best leadership qualities one could build and one I will always respect and look up to Best of luck in everything you undertake Skell. We'll be with you in the fleet.

DJF

Peter D. Stamps
Pete
Summerville, South Carolina
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Pete was destined for megastripes at USNA until the end of the first week of classes plebe year. That weekend he was "Had" by Jim Beam and a Mad Dog while practicing his sword manual at a wedding. Another alcohol related conduct offense would cause this fast-tracker to fall on his sword, inflicting wounds from which he would never fully recover. The countless weekends he spent in his room in complete uniform did, however, enable Pete to obtain an achievement never before accomplished by a midshipman - omniscient memorization of the MHP. The Statman, as he was now called, could give you the reference number to any regulation correct to three decimal places, your class rank from your whole man multiple and last grade on the PCR, how many breast strokes you needed combined with your 220 split in the mile run to get a "B" in PE, info on financial investment and tax loop holes, and the percentage of Mech E's who quibble for test points and lose. This wealth of knowledge (not to forget the other kind of wealth) and his KAYPRO would land him the appropriate job as Admin Officer first semester first class year. With the aid of a modem and 50 feet of telephone wire, Pete accomplished many tasks at the speed of light, including breaking into NATS. Hacker, as he was now called, was content enough to just change his schedule from three 5 N's to four youngsters. The phone wire also enabled Pete to carry on midnight discussions on metaphysical topics ("Don't my actions speak for themselves?") with Pamela (should be a typo) - the green glow from his KAYPRO illuminating his face (get used to it). Pete, you will always be a true friend and too generous a person. You are sure to be back on the fast track in a career you service selected when you graduated from nursery school Godspeed

- RG.

Curt W. Steigers
Steigs
Des Moines, Washington
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

Curt hails from Des Moines (pronounced DEZ MOYNEZ) in the state of Washington (or confusion), NOT Iowa. Curt always wanted to be in the Navy, as evidenced by his general knowledge of naval history which he acquired before he reported to Boat School. Many of us in 32 tried to tap his seemingly endless store of information during plebe year is we had the necessary time or patience for the lengthy explanations. When Curt wasn't explaining the Navy to us, he was either reading one of his dimestore novels or going on one of those many extended weekends with the debate team, that is until he finally bought his Fiero first class year. Someday Curt may outgrow his weekend lust for driving aimlessly in the Maryland winterland for no purpose other than to burn gas (and rubber) and evade those friendly law enforcement officers. One thing Curt probably will not outgrow is his unique taste for music; in his own immortal words, "I like both kinds: country and western." I have every confidence Curt will continue a fine naval career in the Skimmer Line with as much energy as he pursued life as a mid

Robert G. Vaughan
Rob
Rockville, Maryland
Aerospace Engineering
Surface Warfare

Rob flew in to USNA from nearby Rockville destined for success He excelled academically as evidenced by his strato-QPR. His athletic abilities were never doubted as he pounded pavement for "Cantello's Castaways", experience which would come in handy later for daily brewski runs to his sponsor's. Coupled with his good looks and modest charm, Rob was the All-American mid in addition to being a hit with the women (although he couldn't seem to hold on to them). Rob made friends quickly in thirty - two; whether it was his easygoing personality or his mother's charm, home-cooked meals and care packages as well as easy access to G-town we'll probably never know. Hospitality was and is a typical Vaughan trait (how many families fight about who gets the privilege of taking little brother and his friends back to Canoe U.?) Second Class year was the year of reckoning and the recognition came. Rob, Mango, and RSD became the 9-striper room as ET succumbed to their continued halo of perfection. Ring Dance brought him several dates but the Auburn sunrise just didn't work out. Undaunted, Rob returned to Annapolis for further laurels on Plebe Detail. His initials had taken on new meaning. As Regimental Gopher, Rob was exposed to the world of megastripes and 4-1. After enduring CDR M's hack for a little "misguided" Black Sunday spirit, he was content to be a member of the ranks and a non-marching platoon commander. The remainder of First Class year brought road trips to the NY Connection and midnight football He'll find the right woman yet. With hopes of Navy Air vanishing with his perfect eyes, the surface line community gained another distinguished USNA grad. Fair winds and following seas always. Remember, grey ships go to [redacted]

PDS

PS- "Don't Go Back to Rockville"

J. Richard Venable
Rich
Sherman Oaks, California
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Rich left the sun and warmth of Calif. to come to USNA, but made a stop at prep school in Minn. The first time I met Rich, he was doing his usual complaining about something. You always knew when something was wrong or is not going his way, because he would make his opinion known in his own unique style

Rich started his sports endeavors as a crew jock It only took him a year to realize that it was not for him. Now he makes his claim on the Rugby field

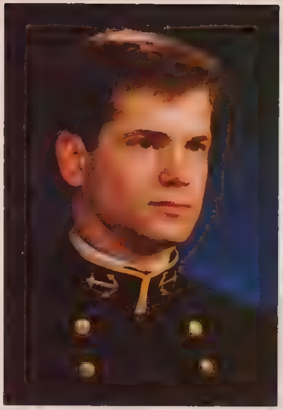
Rich had many romances throughout his four year stay. All of them ended abruptly, except for his last that is destined to end at the altar

Once the weekend comes, Rich is not seen until 6:29 on Sunday, in his usual "semi"-trashed state This is a reason why he went from Mech. E to General He spent too much of his time partying and not enough time where it counted (ha-ha)

Well Rich, it has been 4 years I'll never forget You have been a true roommate and friend Thanks for all the help and encouragement you gave me. I'll never forget it. Don't forget all the good times and especially don't forget Ragu, Mac, Dan, and Burkie

Remember one thing. The world was never against you

SLP



Bruce G. Wain
Bruce
Kinnelon, New Jersey
Applied Science
Supply Corps

Batman flew in from a New Jersey prep school with a solid swimming background. His plebe summer mobility was hampered when a spirited square dance ended with a debilitating knee injury Rehabilitated, he swam for 2 1/2 years, earning 2 N-stars and many stories of away meet happenings

His 70-day youngster summer break let him lifeguard at Ocean City and party with the wealthy The big guy was tangled by a Heather from Newark, De., he polished up his state trooper avoidance skills with his many trips to see her. The affirmed Ironman's automotive motor-coordination skills lead him in no time from a Celica to a 280ZX and a USAA preferred customer rating

The management scholar found an open door to a Supply Corps career, where his business acumen will best be used. A good storyteller, Bruce entertained many with repeats of his numerous stories, "Hey, did I ever tell you about . . .?". Even the repeat stories were humorous Bruce encouraged everyone with his determination and intensity in sports and academics. He always had style, from his All-American looks, and GQ wardrobe, to fast cars. He is the prototype officer and gentleman More importantly, he is an honest and fine friend Bruce will do well no matter what he does, and we all wish him fair prices and following requisitions

Fitz

Gregg D. Whitfield
Weedhopper
Denver, Colorado
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

I CAME - From all those places, realizing only too late that those 4 free years at Purdue might have been more my style, but I wasn't never no hippie man, I swear it!

I SAW - The system at its best and at its worst, never expecting too much and never being disappointed. I was giving some of the best buddies you can get, without whom I would have never made the final leg. To Dickie, Rich, Wicky Woo, and of course my roomie, thanks, 'cause no man is an island Bottoms up to the loves that lost me, to the one that has found me, and to those in between. Another round for Dr. Porsche, 'cause if there's no water pump, you don't have to fix it. But always remember this, if you don't want somebody to write about it, don't do it!

I LEFT - Without the eyes for wings, or any trace of desire to wipe salt spray from my face. Here's to turning around and attacking in the other direction Will I ever return? Only time will tell, but I think not, though neither will I ever forget. I'll have to find those footless halls without you, Uncle Sam, but thanks anyway, dude! Godspeed and all the very best in life to those of you who have helped me do up this four year lifetime. Four down and five to go, but I ain't complaining . . . Keep that nose up!

Glenn E. Witt
Bear
Westport, Connecticut
General Engineering
Surface Warfare

Rick, as he called himself, came to the Naval Academy from Westport, Connecticut. He quickly was christened Dancing Bear during Plebe Summer because of his unorthodox boxing style and resemblance to a koala bear. Bear also made a name for himself in the area of academics. As an Aero for three and a half years he developed the Witt corallaries to the motto "You don't need Aero to fly." His were: "Aero makes it tough to fly," and "You don't need Aero to graduate."

First class year saw Rick become an active member of the girl chasing travelling team. Many miles were covered and many good memories were made on these excursions. On the other hand, Bear was not always the luckiest of lads. There was the day, for example, when he ran into one of his sports cars with the other on I-95. It was always his good nature though that pulled him through the hard times and made the good times even better

Bear may not have had luck on his side, but he sure made everybody else lucky to be his friend these past four years. Fair winds and Following seas

JVD

# Thirty-Third Company

Selim B. Abounader
Nader
New Castle, Delaware
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Selim is the type of person that when you first meet you say "What did he say?" at least that is how we all remember him those first few weeks of Plebe Summer. We then began to understand him as he in turn came to understand us. He became a fully recognized member of the platoon after his personal rendition of "A Yellow Bird". It was from this point that Selim became one of our best friends.

He quickly mastered the art of Triple-Reverse-Psychology and practiced it regularly on those around him. Selim could always be counted on for his expert advice. His skills were all encompassing, anything from Middle East Politics to domestic squables.

Overall, Selim was that person who you could always rely on. His good natured, easy going personality helped us enjoy the good times as well as the bad. We have each become a better person by knowing him for it was he who helped us to know ourselves. We want to thank him for all that he has given us and wish him for all that he has given us and wish him the best in everything he does. May he find true happiness in all his pursuits. We have great confidence that he will be successful as he travels west in his quest for life

RFH & TWK

Marya R. Bandyk
Mar
Dearborn, Michigan
English
Supply Corps

Academics were never Marya's strong point, nor were athletics. This ballerina from a midwestern high school just wasn't prepared for what she was getting into. Plebe year Bandykar went on stage with "Blind Alley." Cuey and Monica and all of the gang guided her through, even though this plebe and her civies led all of them to restriction. She didn't calm down youngster year, especially on her Saturday night flights back from Georgetown.

The Fall of '84 brought a lot of accomplishments and experiences, including her engagement to Charles. She did finally become Public Relations Club president, even if 2/3 of PRC is from 33rd Co She even got her own phone.

Well Mar, we were as different as night and day in many respects but when it got down to the nitty-gritty, we could count on each other for help. You did a super job of mellowing me out so I could enjoy life a little more. Thanks for being you and for being there when I needed it. I wish you and Charles the best of luck for a very happy future together.

Susan

I know I came here for you, Mom and Dad, but I stayed and made it through for me. Thank you for all of your constant support. I hope I can give to others what you have given to me.

Christopher P. Benson
Chris
Hollywood, Florida
Oceanography
Medical Corps

Chris came to us from Hollywood. Not the land of the stars but rather a thriving city of which he was very fond. After spending a frigid year at NAPS, he lost all of his eighteen years of tan and became the famous mid from Florida with no color

The early times at USNA were hard pressed and mainly uneventful. Rooming with a free-flying Mech E and a strongly opinionated Political Scientist proved hectic when combined with pressure-filled academics. Life for Chris certainly was not easy as he attempted to settle into a professional and mild-mannered life-style. It was an ardent battle for he was constantly forced to lower his brain functions to associate with the maggotry

Leaving USNA to indoctrinate midshipman canidates brought out some of his hidden attributes, and his subsequent return was marked by the emergence of his famous hernia. This left Chris in grave pain and discomfort. Chris took to eating, sleeping and performing necessary bodily functions all of which were done above and beyond the call of duty

In saluting Chris, we cannot but remark on his sense of responsibility and his desire to do things the right way. His consistency of purpose left his mark on all of us which we are all proud to carry. He was someone we could rely on during the rough times. None of us will forget his frequent peering into a Biology book and saying, "This stuff is sooo interesting!" and none of us will forget what he has done for us.

Robert B. Dishman
Dish
Glen Burnie, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Engineering Duty Officer

Glen Burnie, Linthicum, Ferndale, wherever Dish decided to call home it didn't really matter. Dish was the local favorite when it came to his traditional company theme parties. Between Hawaiian Luau's, Western Square Dances, and Bahamarama's, these joyful get togethers brought us all together to eat, drink and be merry. Giving everyone a chance to just get away from it all.

Dish, the ballplayer; better known as Stiff's prize second bagger; Dish the MECH E or maybe you knew him as the Rocket's favorite student; or Dish the striper, regarded as the CDR's right hand man. However you remember him, Dish was all this and much more

Dish always seemed to somehow manage to find the time for a little of everything. Time to get the RX to the course for a leisure 9-Holes while rookies learned to sail. Dish, of course had advanced in his nautical skills to the Hedonist class of sailboats out of treacherous Round Bay. BEER/VIN TRAMIDS included tactics in over the side docking, human towed array, and watersking 101. By the end of a cruise the crew was generally quite bushed from the day of heavy training.

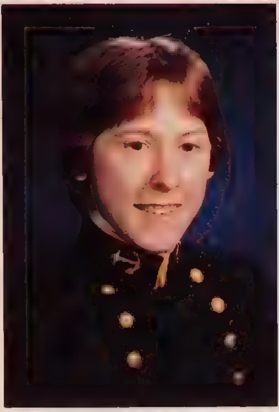
On the serious side, Dish is a special type of person who can be remembered by each of us in many ways. Our feelings for him are best left up to the personal experiences and memories shared with him. The best compliment that I can pay him is that he is a true friend in every sense of the word Therefore from one friend to another I would like to wish both Bob and Tami the best of luck for a happy and successful life wherever it may lead you

RFH

Robert C. Earl
Crisco
Boulder, Colorado
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Crisco found himself plebe summer with two physical negat roommates which shot down his impressions of the Academy. One of the sweat kings, he found certain things better than attempting to shine as a Navy Wrestler like sitting on the head during intramurals. Short Horn's heart strings were tugged by Maggie, but alas! the relationship ended there. Youngster year held a different story for Dinky Tug he became half a man on the streets of Philly. Crisco, naive in his drinking ways, foolishly trusted clique members to provide him with liquid refreshments. He also consistently did himself wrongly when it came to women— Arden and alcohol did not mix. He spent the majority of youngster year as a near-hemophiliac. Second class year dawned with Crisco leaving the majority of '87 in charred embers. Once again, he proved his drinking stature (on the west coast this time), and passed out with little more than a towel to cover him. Alcohol took control again at the camp. Always a gentlemen, he proved his hospitality with one of Tray's mom's friends. He met up with one of the H.B. twins, which although not a lasting relationship, proved to be invaluable on the short run. Crisco made the most of the American dollar in the P.I. Then came the great drought of 1984. He came to the plate many times only to hear the familiar thud of the ball in the catchers mit, and the long lonely walk back to the showers. A veteran of both Red Brigade ski trips. He will always be remembered for his 400 pound bench, his missing layer of stomach muscle, and Zeezo the clown. Fair seas and following winds!

The Clique



Jan M. Edmiston
Jan
Little Rock, Arkansas
English
Supply Corps

Jan arrived at USNA on July 7, 1981 geared up for a rewarding four years as a chemistry major for the Navy. Plebe chemistry and calculus proved that the powers that be would not tolerate this goal. So, she hastily changed her major to Graduation, via Sampson Hall, and began enlightening the world with philosophy, term papers, and an occasional technical course. Boats and wires gave her the dubious honor of being a 2 year ac-board veteran, but she weathered these storms and prevailed.

Always the avid athlete, Jan donated her talent to a struggling Navy softball team. When she wasn't able to spur them on in the winter months, she plunged whole heartedly into intramural basketball, where she was affectionately known as "The four year rugby player."

First class year saw Jan leading company subsquaders on early morning jogging tours of the yard during the week. On weekends, she was finally in a firm enough academic status to enjoy the ultimate midshipman goal-liberty

After graduation, Jan will be "haze grey and underway" to fulfill a lifetime dream. We know that wherever her ship may steer her, hard work and dedication will lead her to success. Her friends will miss her but wish the best to a friend who could always be counted on to be there. Good luck, farewell and following seas

DSS

William H. Gabel III
Gabes
Baltimore, Maryland
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Gabes was fourtunate in that plebe year he got to room with a future CNO. Some of his highlights included meat squad, restriction muster, and a little action on the side. Youngster year was highlighted by a YP cruise and night-putting with a ROTC. Youngster year saw what little morals Gabes had retained disappear. Using popular mottos like "8 to 80", he displayed his usual choosiness with women. He and the Toad travelled to Hood, and on a return trip, Gabes went South of the Boarder. Vamos Muchachos! Soon thereafter, the legend died. Pam walked into his life and has been pulling him around since then. Second class year saw Gabes locking out on plebes and other helpless civilians-unfortunately he could not transfer patoom-power to the football field. He did, however, achieve national recognition in Pasadena. Unaccustommed to playing, he netted a big five yards for Army. Our hero took the big plunge in the spring, romantically proposing to Pam in Timmy's Bar and Grill. His second class loan went for not only a ring, but also a Cordoba with rich Corinthian leather. First class year found Gabes starting (finally) on the varsity team, as well as lettering. He took over the throne in the wardroom, and turned his attention to academics. He ended the semester with a record 2.5, blowing his chance for anchor man. Good luck in getting in the Corps- and travelling to new and exotic lands, and meeting interesting people, and killing them

The Clique

Richard J. Goffi
Goffster
Aurora, Colorado
Aerospace Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Rich came flying into the boat school looking to fly out again. His eyes let him down, though, so his second love came to light; Money. Rich proved many people wrong by working easy, playing hard, and still getting stars. Rich spent a semester commuting to school when he took a sabbatical at the Air Force Resort in Colorado Springs. His good times, however, did not make the brass at home happy. So Rich spent his first class year living fast and easy off the hard work of his previous years. Weekends would find him driving 300 miles for a good date, or flying anywhere for a little R & R. Though rest or relaxation never entered into it. His first love, however, was always skiing so most winter weekends would find him taking advantage of the "Friendly Skies" to jet home to the slopes in search of fresh powder

The Skimmers are getting a good man and a great friend in Rich and may fair winds and following seas be with him wherever he may go

CBT & DSS

Robert F. Haidvogel, Jr.
Haids
Big Flats, New York
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

What can I say about Rob except that after four years of rooming with the crazy Lebanese, it is a wonder that he did not go crazy. We somehow managed to endure Academy life through thick and thin, good and bad, from beginning to end. Bob, oh! excuse me, rather Rob (he hates being called Bob) came to us via the planned and growing community of Big Flats, N.Y.

Plebe summer went by smoothly for Rob and his physical prowess earned him the respect of the platoon. Ac year began with Haids as C.C., a new roommate and the upperclass to deal with. Having done that successfully, he ran into trouble youngster year which brought major changes in his life He soon overcame this with weekly chow packages from Mom and awesome tailgaters at home games. Rob became more popular with his classmates Second class year when he began applying his "teach while you learn method" in EE. A squad leader position, an extra roommate, a memorable Ring Dance, the Bahamas, plebe indoc, beertramid, Golfing 101, Keuka lake, and meeting a certain young lady made life more enjoyable for Rob. His hard work and dedication paid off first class year when he served as Company Commander, a position he truly deserved.

Rob has been a friend to us all and a good example to follow. His patience, good humor, and his ability to accomplish any task successfully earned him the respect of others. Thanks, roommate, for the good times, the memories, and the friendship that will last forever. I wish you the best of luck in your Naval career and other endeavers you might undertake, knowing full well that you will succeed in everything you do.

God bless, take care, and keep in touch.

Roommate #1

Thomas W. Klimczyk
Tomas
Olean, New York
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

T K. was nothing but trouble from the start. Just ask his roommates (all 5 of them). Our association with Tom began after his first two years of various encounters with mustard, noxious fumes, and the Mama's and the Papa's. The Odd Couple decided that he was harmless so they took him in, but he turned out to be more than they bargained for. After learning that he was no longer roommate #1 he took to the the sport of amateur wrestling. He soon discovered that if you mess with the lion you get mauled. After this he diverted his energies to indoor sports

Tom became domesticated at the end of his youngster year when he met "her". Life after this would never be the same. His new found love and his new car consumed all his time and on weekends he was known for his famous disappearing acts. First class year saw him head into troubled waters but the problem was soon corrected with the much awaited ring. Academics was not one of his strongest points but somehow he managed to achieve his goal Of "2.0 and go." His life seems headed for clear waters with a future marriage, 2.4 kids, a brief stint in the Navy, and finally the pursuit of fame and fortune in the outside world.

We wish him the best in all his endeavors wherever they may lead him. Thanks for the memories, good and bad, for you will always be remembered. Good Luck, and the best of everything to you and Deb in your new life together.

SBA & RFH

Julie J. Krepsz
J.J.
Corona, California
Chemistry
Supply Corps

I'm sorry we didn't meet sooner, but it turned out okay.

All my love forever,
Lannes

Stanley A. Kulsa III
Stas
Poulsbo, Washington
Naval Architecture
Nuclear Power - Submarines

What in tarnation is a Poulsbo? You might think it is some new fangled knot to be learned during plebe summer, but actually its the podunk of this Middy on scenic Liberty Bay.

Stas came to Canoe U. with the love of the sea in his blood and desire for adventure in his heart Coming from a Navy family, rich tradition has been a part of his heritage and he did that heritage proud as a midshipman. Stas cruised through plebe summer like it was sunny summer Camp Annapolis. Nothing ruffled the cool of this Iceman. Ac year found Stan involved in Masqueraders and excelling in academics. This guy could learn more about Naval Architecture by watching *Magnum PI* than anyone I knew. I won't call him a wardroom rat, but every night he returned to the room humming the latest commercial jingle. Stas bounded back and forth between roommates until he settled in with the "God Squad" first class year. First class year brought other changes for Stas, for biggest came in the form of a love life. Who would have thought this mild mannered Pole could manage relationships with two lovely gals on opposite coasts even while they knew about each other. Stan you were a sly one

Soon Mother B. will send her children out into the world to make their place in society. I wish you a life full of joy and laughter and all that God has in store for you. Remember always dare to do greatly

God Bless, JLV

Paul A. Lankau, Jr.
Hippo
Nanuet, New York
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

The Peen came to the Academy for four years of a free education, five years sucking it up in the fleet, and then life with Linda. He roomed with a guru and a sweat, which he quickly traded for a Toad. Plebe year found him sleeping with a watch on his ear and virtually skated through. Through his usual New York tact, and politeness, Hip endeared himself to many. The loudest man in the Brigade earned his nickname $P^3$ in his attempt to tube everyone out of cruise. All for one and one for one. Youngster year found easygoing Paul with yet another unfortunate roommate The financial wizard, destined for Wall Street, wisely invested his money in hat pins, knife collections, and country music. Mr. Touchy-Feely tended to fantasize about football while drinking-then tackling roommates in O-coats in front of Timmy's. After losing his woman, he turned to better beauties like Cheri. After damaging the sidewalk on a drunken endavor he woke up with abrasions, contusions, and a hangover. Alcohol and Paul were like water and fish. Taking control of elevators, ice-machine, and getting kicked in the head were all examples. Second-class year saw Paul getting kicked off the track team to play intramural football, eventually getting reinstated and excelling. The eating machine proved his worth at the camp by downing 45 ribs at one setting. The aura of destruction's achievements include 4 cars, a wheelbarrow, numerous sunglasses, radar detector, and the elevator. The word indestructable does not apply. First class year arrived with Paul falling off roofs and picking up sweet babes at Hood. Paul's looking forward to uncommissioned ships for duty. Haze Gray- I've been forced this way.

The Clique

Susan E. McGill
Suze
Washington, Pennsylvania
Applied Science
CIVLANT

Susan came to the Naval Academy from the depths of Southwestern PA 'cause she liked a challenge. USNA didn't let her down. Plebe year found her answering to to the nickname "Stoneface" coined by her 2/c. Youngster summer was an adventure in itself fighting the wind and waves in a USNA Yawl. Youngster year proved to be a bit more trying than she expected, but by the end her blood was flowing "green". It was all systems go for Marine Corps after crawling through the mud for a week in Quantico 2/c summer. First semester 2/c year found Susan as a "Squad-mom", a job she thoroughly enjoyed and performed very well. A wrench was thrown in the works second semester when she ended up in the hospital feeling like a pin cushion for the number of times they tried to start an IV and missed. All the nurses could say was, "Boy, you have tough skin". The advent of 1/c year brought much relief, although NAVMEDCOM had its own ideas-namely taking away USMC (what else is there?). On the civilian front NASA looks the most promising.

Cross country and track helped Susan keep her sanity throughout her stint at USNA, although her impatience with injury hampered her recovery many times. Susan's tenacity kept her going when all else went awry, as the old saying goes "When the going gets tough, the tough get going", just don't forget to come up for air, Suze!

Just to add a few words Susan. You have been by me through it all. I never would have made it through here without you to put me to bed after I was partied-out and passed out. Our study habits were totally different, as were our athletic endeavors and partying styles. But, yes, Garfield did grow on me after a while and so did you. Thank you, Susan, for everything, and best of luck to you always.

MAR

James A. Pierce
Jamie
Summerville, South Carolina
History
Naval Aviation

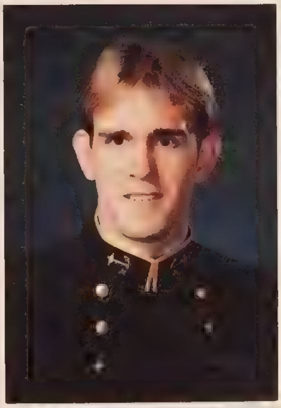
Jimbo came to the Academy with a great-looking girlfriend, innocence as to the ways of the world, and no body. He will leave with non of these He spent plebe year rooming with Budda, and then did himself wrong by trading him for Hippo. Jimbo played host to the Loveboat Crew at grandma's house. Youngster summer saw him join the ranks of the unattached. Dahlgren introduced him to wine, women, and slam-dancing. Jamie found that the older they get, the worse they get, so he concentrated on the 13-16 age bracket. Crisco introduced him to his present wife who has led him by the nose ever since. Commissioning week '83 found Jamie writing on windows in Frans. blatant P.D.A. on the dock, and spread eagle in the gutter. Second Class year held a trip to Pa. in store for Jamie as well as becoming the Bean-masher and Shovel Man. In Pasadena, a crazy old alumni slugged James in the face, followed by a death defying trip through the streets of L.A. Then came NL 303 mess night. First class year saw the return to Hood and the sequel to Shovel Man. Locked out of his sleeping quarters, he cuddled up with a nice warm tire. Jamie's high hopes with his secret admirer, Cristy, were quickly sent back to old Willy Wonka upon realizing she was the dreaded Oompa-Loompa of Dahlgren fame. Remember . . . . buddies come last. Navy— it's not an adventure, it's just a job.

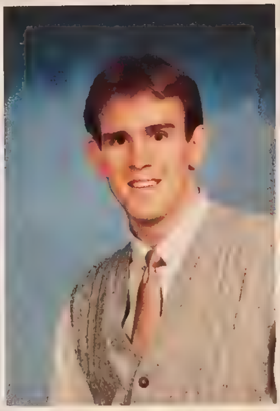
The Clique

Lannes B. Rasnick, Jr.
Lanny
Virginia Beach, Virginia
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Who knows the real Lannes B. Rasnick? Only I.

All my love forever,
Julie

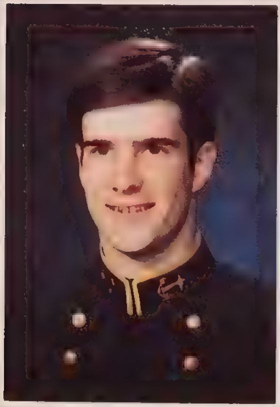




Jeffrey G. Rocha
Stick Man
San Jose, California
Naval Archetecture
Naval Aviation

The Toad entered USNA from northern California, need we say more about his preferences? Jeff was a social maggot; his vast background in dating (two) left him well prepared for the women (?) which would soon flock to his body. Jeff did roommate duty - - - he suffered through the Zuek and the Peen Plebe year. Plebe year saw Jeff as the Hermit; then came the release of the hostages in both Hawaii and California. Youngster year brought about Toad getting ugly and "no can do women." He met Jeanine and Black Easter. Then came the first trip to Hood and the sandpaper woman, then a return performance. The trip to Pensacola was highlighted by the O-course performance and back alley antics. Following his trip home for the summer, the dry spell started - 123 days of nothing . . . Second class year he tried out for 150's (again) and got cut (again). Army was on his turf, and Mr Lane-change and everyone else got loaded with some friends for life. The year also saw the first of the brickwinnings, and it wasn't even worth it. He also left O.C. for a little Elfin magic, which he also dumped. Mr. Leverage suffered a slipped disc and other damaged members when his cat-like reflexes failed him. During first class, year, Jeff won the brick often. The leading advocate for the card table, Jeff is responsible for cards, stoagles, and sunglasses. His only goal in life is to fire up the barbeque and live next to the weightroom. Be all that you can be.

The Clique



Charles W. Schiefer
Chuck
Baltimore, Maryland
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Those who knew Chuck well will always remember him as the hopeless romantic. He didn't earn this reputation right away though (or maybe we just had trouble defining his personality). It seemed rooming with Mahagov for two years had stunned his emotions into submission.

Second class year brought Charles back to reality, where we discovered his love for the "Balmore" Orioles and women problems ("Women, you can't live with 'em, you can't live without 'em.").

Chuck was a jack-of-all-trades: fisherman ("Chris, let me tell you about rockfish . . ."), tennis player ("Man, you should have seen me in high school."), and philosopher ("Put that on the quote board!").

Chuck once dreamt of becoming captain of a ship but those dreams turned to nightmares after the Parsons and it was Navy Air forever after. This meant changing his image, so Chuck dumped the Honda and bought himself a Fiat first class year.

However, some things never change and Chuck's quiet determination will always prevail. This will lead him to success in the Navy and beyond.

CPB

Donald S. Selvy
Selvine
Sierra Vista, Arizona
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Don flew into Annapolis from somewhere in Arizona with simple aspirations of flying out four years later with a career in Navy Air. An Aero major was the only choice for him till one Prof told him to reconsider. Don spent all his time proving him wrong till his heart was stolen by a lovely girl from Baltimore one night in the 'Pen. From then on Don was nowhere to be found on any weekend or the occassional weeknight. Roadtrips to Baltimore and fancy dinners and formals left Don poor but content as he coasted through the Space Cadet program. Graduation finds Don off to P-cola for his life-long dream to fly jets, with wedding bells to follow. Navy Air got a good pilot in Don and one of these years he just might make it through VTNA

CBT & RJG

Robert R. Sham
Shim
Sacramento, California
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Rob reported to USNA from NAPS, wise to the ways of the Navy. Under the brilliant leadership of Charlie Brown, Rob developed into a madman of a midshipman. Possessing probably the BEST Chinese body in the company, Shim-Sham used his attributes to chase women (mostly in uniform!) Plebe year Rob got caught with a walkman in his locker. He obligingly mailed it home, and brought back a large jam-box to hide under the desk. No sense in disobeying orders! Youngster year he came out of his cocoon. He returned brown as a nut (like burnt toast!!), and chased more women. Part of the cookie-throwing abuse team, Rob did his time in Dahlgren. Then came the five grand Restriction was a good time for room 8429

Second class year had Shimmy moved downstairs to the Bat-Cave. College hi-jinks included Kamakaze's and a fence which resulted in a flat head Afterwards, he left a present on someone's doorstep as well as catching some Z's in a friends parents' bathroom. He met his Swedish women who "craved his body", but left him for the fjords of her homeland.

Then he bought his car, and he drove it, across the country, and then he flipped it. Two and a half times, then it was totaled. He replaced it with a Z-28 Killer Bee (which he promptly took 28 pictures of.)

His woman: true love flared as Rob became the real Anchor to the Ground. Good Luck will always follow Rob—He's had his share of bad!!

JAP

Charles W. Sharkey
Chuck
Springfield, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

After spending a year at St. Joseph's University, boyhood aspirations were fulfilled when Chuck came to Annapolis. Much of Plebe year was spent on the basketball court. Autumn weekends saw the arrival of Sharkey tailgaters. Mom and Dad did a tremendous job. Originally consisting of just classmates in the 33rd Co., these post game events grew over the four years to eventually include the entire company and numerous personnel

Youngster summer started with a short period of sailing and Annapolis night life. After summer school, cruise brought the Med and a trip through Europe. Youngester year was spent attending to the duties of Class President which included organizing "Local 85" and the subsequent steak and lobster dinner and 2 for 0 party

Second class year saw the arrival of stripes. These combined with a re-election as Class President insured that time was well spent. As one of the Mess Night organizers, hard work was rewarded with a memorable gathering in McGarvey's with CINCPACFLT. The Ring Dance was great, after all how often does one arrive via garden party, champagne laden yacht, and bicycle propelled carriage

Following a mini-forex cruise with Japan, Chuck began first class year with four stripes Pep rallies and weekly meetings with the Dant insured that there was never a dull moment. The time Chuck gave the Dant a pair of "My Butt's Behind Navy" panties will not be soon forgotten.

What a future holds in Orlando and beyond is in God's hands. The past however has been made great by the many friends here at the Academy Good Luck '85!

William D. Smith III
Tray
Indiana, Pennsylvania
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Chris's honorary roommate, Tray spent more time in Zucco's chair than the Zuke. The twin sweat king, he is the epitome of laziness - a good workout consisted of lifting the sheets to climb in the rack. Youngster year saw him wasting time with both Sue and Sherry. Inconsiderate of his friends, Tray locked his exhausted loyal following out of the room whilst chasing the Schwabenburg, but he still found time to kick Paul in the head. On the same line, he woke up poor Chris at 1130 (AM) following his escapades at the Holiday Inn. Second class year had Tray returning from summer leave with glazed over eyes and a leash around his neck The camp brought about great lines like "Does anybody know anything about this bottle of whiskey?", followed by his usual alcohol-induced mellowness. Pasadena found him tamed by Lynn, but he still had enough energy to ruin Jeff's chances for companionship. Then came Spring Break (emphasize break) He returned single, with his hopes for marriage dashed, yet revenge still looms high on his list. Ocean City gave Tray the chance to try out his new wheels. Mario Andretti spun out, lost a mudflap, earned a $50 ticket, and almost got kicked by a pony. He met up with Nancy H. Bagg, but this time the Raid on Entebbe failed. First class year saw Tray's best efforts at a road rally tubed by the spastic Toad. He also managed to win the brick for Brickus Maximus. Spidey lived at Army, except when he tried to climb a drainpipe. Mr. One-up will be remembered for his glutious maximus perfectus and his "What's half-speed" attitude. If the rack goes, I go with it. My post is here.

The Clique.

Julia M. Spinelli
Jule
Albuquerque, New Mexico
Physical Science
Oceanography

Julia came fluttering in from Albuquerque with a set of purple knee-pads and a smile. Taking the low-profile approach, not much was seen nor heard from her plebe year. Most of her free time was spent playing volleyball or taking refuge in the fieldhouse locker room. Then came youngster summer and YP cruise. Diesel fumes and rough waves didn't agree with Julia too well, so she and Dramamine became best friends. Volleyball season rolled around and she earned her first varsity letter along with a star for an Army-Navy victory that will be long remembered. Unfortunately she didn't spend as much time in the books as she did in the gym, and the combination of Statics and Maj. Slusher got the better of her. Having had enough of engineering, she went the way of the chosen few-the Physical Scientists. Second class summer proved to be a fun time. Jule decided the Corps wasn't for her when the ticks in Quantico showed their lust for Italian blood. Back in Annapolis, Myrtle became a life-saver. Every weekend the two-mile march out to this fashion-mobile became a tradition. She wasn't fancy, but she got us around. Firstie year was a breeze for Julia, and if it weren't for the 40-year swim she would have had stars. Her four years here brought many good memories—Smitty's sponsors', the twins, volleyball road trips (hic!), getting lost in D.C., Waneeta's, Boston, Espo and of course pizza parties on 3-0. Through thick and thin, Julia kept a sense of humor and a smile on her face Her energy was contagious and she brightened every room she entered. Those of us whose lives she touched will always remember her for her laugh and her smile. Julia, we wish you the best of luck in the coming years and know you'll succeed in all you do.

MZD

R. Scott Steadley
Steads
Springfield, Virginia
Ocean Engineering
Surface Warfare

Although Scott came to us after a year stint in the U. of Oklahoma NROTC unit, no one knew where he would be returning to during leave. Scott's four years here covered three moves by his parents, sometimes without a forwarding address

Scott, a quiet fellow by nature, seldom voiced his feelings, though they did not go unnoticed. The pictures, or the lack of them, under his desk blotter reflected his current mood When the bad times came, the pictures went (even Mom and Dad)!

God blessed Scott with superb musical talent. When words could not express his feelings, his magical fingers would give his guitar a voice that could. It was said that the only curves Scott had an eye for were the smooth curves of his guitar. I disagree, for many young women fell prey to his tall, handsome appearance and gentlemanly stature.

Scott's leadership ability was reflected in his positions as Vice Pres. of O.C.F., Company drill officer, and Platoon Cdr. Scott's academic career culminated with a B.S. in Ocean Engineering despite the efforts of the Rocket, whom he failed to survive.

Scott is a friend for all seasons with an abounding love for others that is second only to his Lord Jesus Christ. Hold fast to your faith and success will follow you wherever God may send you.

SAK & JLV

Craig B. Taylor
Troll
Edmond, Oklahoma
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Craig came to the Boat School all set to be a Marine Engineer. Well, one out of two ain't bad! Craig quickly discovered that engineering and weekend road trips in various states of inebriation were mutually exclusive, and became an historian.

Craig's early years at USNA included destroying the U.S. balance of trade by importing Molson Golden in quantities befitting a large army and achieving his Dahlgren and Fran's quals all in one year. It was in Fran's he met the soon to be Mrs. Taylor and we haven't seen him on a weekend since.

Plebe detail found Craig working 9-5 setting new records for inefficiency for the outcasts of Tango Co. and returning home (?) at night. First class year put Craig in a new company through no fault of his own. Word is he didn't like the view on 7-2. Trying to get used to the altitude, a new C.O. and a new company gave Craig some settling problems centering around the question of when the work week actually ended. He was sure it was 12:00 Friday though the Lt. begged to differ. But this didn't stop him from a good time and some new good friends. Craig is off to the Corps with Amy in tow with some fond memories and a bright future.

RJG & DSS

James L. Vandiver
Jamie
Durango, Colorado
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Jamie came to us from across the Great Divide, a Bible in one hand, and L'Amour in the other. At home, newspapers hailed this high school running back as a perfect "10". Once at the Academy, his energies were devoted to a higher calling, the illusive "3.0" Suddenly, in the midst of year 3 1/2, his USNA widow fell prey to a wrestling poach . . . I mean coach. Enter the "eyes" of Texas. And then came early mornings with the Sax. Coincidence? Our suspicions were confirmed when a Christmas road trip home laid a track through the Panhandle to avoid the icy roads up North. First semester firstie year found Jamie in true form, juggling the lee helm of OCF and 33, and wondering if time spent on Honor Boards would send him to Ac Boards.

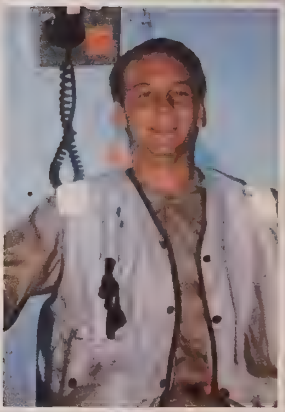
Jamie possesses that selflessness and dedication found in few. He leaves us with a tear in one eye for close friends departed, and a gleam in the other for those many to come. The skies will be even friendlier with you up there. Always your Bro'.

RSS

Kenneth C. Walls
Kenny
Bowie, Maryland
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Kenny traversed the long distance to USNA (all nine miles) to start Plebe year right. He roomed with a genius. He served his restriction after being caught with his pants down during a formal inspection. He spent much of his time sneaking out to party and broke all sorts of regs. Youngster year found Kenny and friends taking the Astro-turf during the big snowfall. Upon returning Kenny felt a little hot (anti-freeze?) and shed some of his clothing to roam the halls. The end of youngster year brought the woman into his life. Long phone calls (and phone bills) took up most of his free time. Second class year saw a change in Kenny's roommates—from a genius to a China-man and a balding nut. He continued to dominate the soccer field and spent his time with the "wife". Then came the Ring Dance and pretty good time. First class summer dawned with Kenny's travelling the countries of Europe. He lettered again in soccer, leaving his little brother to take charge of the family sport. Many a night was spent playing Trivial Pursuit with his quick thinking roommate. He spent many weekends at FIJI and the Voo with Jamie H., and proceeded to carouse and wander the streets of C.P. Whatever . . . On to bigger and definately better things.

P.S. Thanx M & D for all the help and love through the years.



John K. Winkler
Winks
Creve Coeur, Missouri
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

"We gotta get out of this place." From day one, Winks knew that he had to get out. John's time at Navy seriously infringed on his pilot career. Luckily, soccer, hockey, and a special friendship with Jeff, kept John out of trouble. After finishing first plebe summer, John straightened out his priorities and he became a proud partying animal. John's bagger plebe year hit a snag second semester when John, Shoe, Kenny, and myself all joined EMBC. From that day on, John's motto became "They can and will fry us all". Somehow John's Meck. E. major did not interfere with road trips to places such as Duke, UNC, Cornell and an incredible Bruce Springsteen concert. John won't forget the easy semester Senior year when he breezed through both Wild Bill and Rocket. For some reason John's motto became "They can and will fry and fail us all." Who knows? Some things I'll simply never understand but as John says "Hey, this is college". Having a twin brother at Navy really helped the Winklers, how else would have Jim gotten two stripes? John's endeavors include becoming a test pilot, living to be forty, and being able to always act like a kid. I'm sure John will acquire all of those goals and so much more. The Navy isn't getting a yes man when it gets John, It's getting a leader, something this world needs more of. Good luck John, your on your way, now get out there and kick some . . . .

G.R.W.

Gilbert R. Wolfe
Gil
Clinton, Maryland
Political Science
Surface Warfare

Gil came to us from the bustling Washington suburb of Clinton. He set the pace for the next four years by commuting home regularly plebe year whenever his role as 33rd company screen wasn't being fulfilled. Never one for strenuous mental activity, Gil chose Political Science and used his abundance of spare time to party, work out, and road trip. After a bout with soccer, Gil decided that an easier workout was needed for him to stay in shape so he gave sado-masochism, oops, I mean crew a try. His partying ran into a brick wall second class year when Gil collided with Mess Night. 30 days on the EMBC sobered Gil only slightly, and with much skill he kept Peyton Place, err Clinton from finding out about his little escapade. Sorry Mrs. Wolfe but no clues will be revealed here. First class year saw Gil temporarily enter the Spanish Navy and he spent a summer drinking Cognac and chasing European women. Gil entered USNA Community College and acquired transportation his senior year and was never seen from again on the weekends until graduation. Road trips to Duke, UNC, and Va. Tech kept Gil occupied on the side. Graduation will see Gil going to California in search of his goals of a beautiful wife and financial prosperity. He will probably end up figuring out some way to commute to Clinton however and will end up being the only part time SWO on the west coast. Good luck in all your future endeavors and especially in becoming a happy, rich, and prosperous lawyer.

USNA
60
32
CO-33

# Thirty-Fourth Company

Edward A. Alberts
Steady
Syracuse, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

"I came from the 'cuse' and to the 'cuse' I shall return "

My DAD mentioned to me when I started high school that there was some navy school in Annapolis, Md. that would pay me to go to school, I figured that was a bargain I couldn't refuse. I didn't know much about the military then and then again some things never change

There were some all time classics that happened in the last four years: the sorority party at Maryland (me and the Dan thought we were invited); the Christmas dance (I thought Holmesy disowned me); the many dinners at the Hall house (thanks Prof. & Mrs.); New York City (I'm lucky to be here); Marine Corp option cruise (Hawaii-yes, Marines-wrong); the bull and oyster roast (clear the tables); the annual Christmas skits; Mexico (the party van and unicorn club).

The thing that made this whole place bearable is the friends you make: Holmesy, Q, Z,- the Dan, Moto, Chambones, Rauchers, Mac, Rocket Deano, Wildman, Clarkers, Steve, Joey, Brian, Andy, Duff, Lacrosse teammates and all those 2/c who go out more than me are just a few of the greatest people in the world.

'I owe a special thanks to those people I love the most; my MOM and DAD, my brothers MIKE and TIM, my sister MARY PAT and all the relatives that supported me during my stay here. Thank you GOD

Steven James Belair
Steve
Massena, New York
Naval Architecture
Surface Warfare

Steve hails from Massena, N.Y., somewhere close to the North Pole. His parents dropped him off on I-DAY with his mother's last words being: "THE NAVY WILL STRAIGHTEN YOU OUT." Well his parents have yet to make another trip down (something about bus rides home and not being loved) and his mother is still waiting for the Navy to straighten him out. Steve's first roommate, departed to fly helo's in Nicaragua, so a new innocent roommate appeared. Steve soon took innocent out of his mind and put beer in. Numerous civie trips to Georgetown and Baltimore 3/c year found Steve and Andy indulging beyond repair and staggering to the local Army-Navy hotel. Steve was always gentle on the women: letting them down easy by never calling them again after he was through! One of the numerous Sunday evening excursions he forced upon Andy found them restricting till Easter: 5000, BLACK N WINNERS! Steve came in a Karate Monster and left a Rack monster. As for 1/c year: CRASH!! SEE YA, A.P.T. What can a guy say to such a sweet rendition of all of his worst qualities? Except maybe . . . Guilty! and we know who's having the last laugh. A special goodbye to those besides Andy . . . BPD, KNW, DAB, SQUAT and part 3 of the PTA—SDC

SJB

David Allen Brodeur
Dave
Sunnymead, California
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

As you enter mission control, the music's so loud it spins you around. The flourescent diodes on the amp peak out once again as they flash to the beat of music. Dave sits in front of his computer, programming a new graphics routine. Such a scene confronts anyone coming to see Dave. Ever since stopping his self-abuse by switching from EE to Phi Sci, Dave has time to play, whether it be programming, fixing cars, doing a party, or just listening to music. Fortunately, he also has time for his friends, and many a time he has helped us out. Good luck out in the real Navy Dave, It's been a blast knowing you. Keep in touch wherever you go.

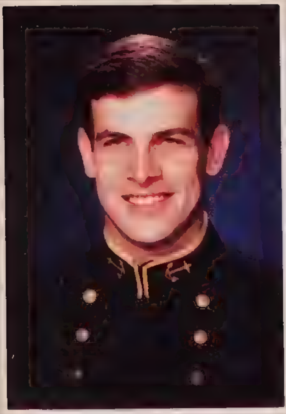
Robert L. Burgard, Jr.
Burgs
Lambertville, New Jersey
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Every year at the beginning of July, half the graduating high school seniors from New Jersey are sworn in as Midshipman at the U.S. Naval Academy. Not to be left out of the horde escaping down the "Joisey" Turnpike, "Burgs", in his own round-about way via Philly, decided he'd follow in his father's footsteps and get his degree from Navy. Many times he regretted turning down his ROTC Scholarship to Penn State but he never gave up.

Always the quiet, easy going type, Burgs always got stuck with many undesired duties. Plebe year saw him rooming with "The Mutant" and his squad leaders stuffing him at the table in a feeble attempt to put meat on his bones. The last three years he was rescued(?) by a hall rat and a flaggot. Keeping his head low helped him avoid many a flying put-down which taxed his sense of humor beyond repair.

Rob has always put others ahead of himself. His loyalty was true and his friendship welcome. He was always there to listen, or at least appear to listen, without cutting in. He often returned from his short jaunts home with an off-the-wall quote from his home town newspaper or a dumb airline pilot joke from his father, if he could remember the punch line

His desire for Navy Air spurred him to a new major and new academic heights, bringing him closer to those severely reduced NFO billets. He finishes his four years with his three great loves: His Celica GT-S, his Dobermans (which he does not let ride in his GT-S), and his NFO billet. He took a lot of ribbing from his two favorite roomies. He would have gone Corps with them if his father had a Mameluke to pass on instead of the Navy's cheap imitation (well, maybe not). He has a fun four years to look back on and a great future to look forward to.



Steven Douglas Chambers
Chambones
San Clemente, California
History
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Most of us were in junior high school when Steve joined the Navy. In fact, Steve wasn't much further along in his own education at the time A high school dropout, Chambones has proven to us all that talent and excellence can be found in unexpected people. For this we thank him.

Steve's wisdom and worldly experience helped a lot of us grow up in our four years at the Academy I'm sure some of our late night philosophy discussions could solve the world's problems if taken seriously.

A lover of good times and beautiful women, Steve never let being a midshipman interfere with his social life. Franny O's and late night, very long distance phone calls bring back some exciting memories

The nuclear Navy is lucky. Steve chose it to serve his obligation. His grades may not be the smartest, but Steve is definitely a winner.

Moto

It was the best of times, it was the worst of times, and it was full of good friends. Here's to memories and Moto, "Dan", Wildman, Clarkers, Bulkhead, and Slob. Thanks and love to my family for the love and support that pulled me through this place. It's a nice place to be from

Laurance Robert Clark
Shoes
Jackson, Mississippi
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Bob "Boob, Shoes, Clarkers," Clark came to the Naval Academy from the heart of Dixie, Jackson, MS. Bob, or Robert as he prefers, found many friends in the Officers' Christian Fellowship and was very active in that organization. Aside from that he spent his time pulling "all-nighters" to keep afloat in Mech E or at times conducted experiments with me to determine the ballistic effects of a bag of water

Bob never ceased to thrill us with his muscle expositions and sumu-wrestler poses. Ever the idealist Bob strove to attain his goals with a vision many of his peers admired. Bob is going to Nuke school and has aspirations of becoming the next H. Ross Perot. Good luck and Godspeed Bob, you deserve all the great fortune your future will bring. Let me know when you want to become business partners. Anyway, I hope it's not adios but hasta la vista.

ALO

Scott David Cull
Scooter
Durand, Illinois
General Engineering
Naval Aviation

In the summer of 1981, a young man from Durand, Illinois, a small town outside of Rockford (or is it Rockbank?), came to the sunny shores of the Naval Academy. Thus began the naval career of Scott David Cull. During plebe summer Scott had to contend with the ever changing moods of his first squad leader, Rick "Fid" Forbes. When the academic year rolled around, Scott found himself rooming with a pair of "unique" individuals, the Lunar Man and Doogs. When these three weren't having tennis balls shot at them from the 2/c across the hall or hanging the Lunar Man's laundry out the window, Scott often found himself spending time with a new friend, the kid with the kamikaze haircut from California, Jonas. Little did he realize that he had made a life long friend and verbal sparring partner. The year passed quickly and soon youngster cruise was in full swing. Scott found himself in beautiful San Diego, living at home with his new roommate, Jonas. There he became fast friends with the kamikaze's sister Nae and spent lots of hours on the beach. Youngster year was marked by the arrival of the '69 Mustang, one tough car, and Scott's other roommate, the Warrior. Soon 2/c summer had come and gone and 2/c year had begun. Having the Cull mobile helped pass the year quickly, although the long walks to the car were . . . long. Anyway, the year was marked by the rekindling of the old hometown flame, Jennie, and another new roommate, Mr. Duvan. Then the big one finally arrived, first class year. 1/c milestones included the USNA 500 racetrack, the computer deal, and the Yo Mama mobile. Well, in a nutshell, that's the Naval Academy career of Scott David Cull. Exciting, wasn't it. A few details may have been left out but one thing's for sure, the Academy has never seen an individual quite like Scott. He'll always be remembered for his sense of humor, off the wall antics, and good friendship. Hey, Vato, FLY NAVY!!!

Brendan P. Daly
Bubba
Durham, Connecticut
History
Surface Warfare

Brendan arrived at the boat school after spending some time in the real Navy as an ET. Plebe summer was a picnic for such a spirited individual. He kept the rest of us laughing with his uncanny sense of humor and abundance of songs and cadences which could be heard as Marchin' Mike strutted its' stuff. Brendan enjoyed the life of a Glee Club member touring the country and meeting numerous available people; something he's continued to do for four straight years. Studying at the Sinnetts and trying to understand Kat and her friends were other fun times. Stairwell slap fights and long discussions of home were common. 2nd class year Brendan couldn't seem to find a roommate and wound up with a Woop and a 1/c LAX stud (Duffs). What an up and down year; two timers, injuries and late for EE exams. Cupid launched his arrow and the lady's man has chosen sweet Caroline B. as his future wife. 1st class year, restriction, Smackey, and just putting in time. Best wishes to a true friend as you challenge the fleet

LC

There are those I won't regret leaving. Two glaring examples are Smackey and Vicky. There are those I will truly miss: Moto, Chamebones, Bulkhead, Skinhead, TPOD, Holmesy, Duz, the Stereo Man, Clarkers, Duz, Bubba. B., Trotts, Q., Schmeddy, Gus, Rocket, Deano, Petite, Brian and so many others. Thanks to the History Dept. for the greatest education ever. Special thanks to Garen, Mom, and my family. To Flipper: We've our whole life ahead of us-THANKS. To Mark: Carry on the legacy.

Mike-see ya soon.

Robert H. Duzan II
Duz
Rochester, Indiana
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Cinderella story . . . Rochester, ID. A former enlisted man, now turned officer What can you say about Rob Duzan? Well, you might mention a number of things. I'll just name a few. How about the patrol sock, Mansfield, philosophical dicsussions, Ping Pong all nighters, the movies, movies, movies.

Wait . . . it's in the hole! Rob's philosophy on life was a simple one, "if you can't beat 'em, go to sleep". But seriously, I think we can all breathe a little easier knowing that a certain little green man is flying around up there, keeping our way of life intact. Come on Rob, give us one big "Ooh Rah"! Always remember, like we used to say on Team Banzai, no matter where you go, there you are.

John Allen Ellegood
Doogles
Redbank, New Jersey
Chemistry
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Entering John's room, you will find him either asleep, smoking his pipe, or hard at work on a chemistry problem. John is a distinguished member of the club, noted mainly for his high grades, wacky sense of humor, and lack of rhythm. John's preoccupation with Dungeons and Dragons causes him to mysteriously disappear for long periods of time on weekends. It remains a mystery as to which is more important in John's life, his bride-to-be, Georgette, or his Porche 924, however with all the bucks John will put together as a nuke he'll be able to afford both. Yes, John is devoted to nuclear power. If you turn out the lights he glows. Nuke! Nuke! Nuke!

100
NAVY
10
LACROSSE

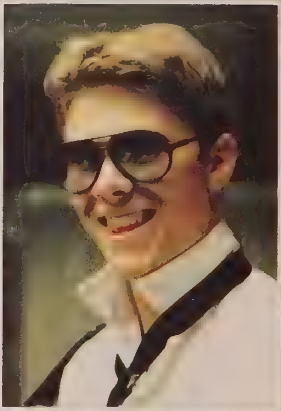
Jack Q. Hall
Q-Ball
Annapolis, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

"The race does not always go to the strongest or to the fastest man. But sooner or later it goes to the man who thinks he can."

These past four years I have always tried to set my goals high and at the same time have some fun Basically, I have accomplished the goals I set when I came to the Academy. A good education, a college Lacrosse career and a stepping stone to the future, just to name a few. However, what I did not expect from the Academy was a group of friends that are FANTASTIC. Bucky, Rob Tillery, "Reees", RAPIDO, Mac (squirrel), Mac (Club 34), Rauchers, Chambones and last but not least of the list are Duff, Wildman, "Z", Holmsie, Steady, MOTO and TPOD. These friends have made the entire experience worthwhile.

Believe me, this place would have been the pits had it not been for the greatest parents and Lacrosse fans in the world. Thank you so much for putting up with me and "The Boys" and for making everyone who came to the house feel like part of the family.

P.S. Don't worry Whiteman I didn't slum you, have I ever?



Steven W. Holmes
Holmes-dog
Chesapeake, Virginia
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Just before plebe summer at a Blue and Gold dinner a retired Captain told me to "remember that once a day is over it's over — forget about it and start the next day fresh." He also said that no matter what you do try to have fun. I've tried to remind myself of those thoughts every day and to live by them - I think I have. Sure it's been a lot of work but it was also a lot of fun. My four year stay in "Club 34" wouldn't have been the same without Duff, Bucky, Rob Tillery, Reees, Rapido, Mac, Rauchers, Wildman, Motto, Joe-mama, the Dan, Chambones, Rocket, Steve, Dean-o, and of course Q-ball, Z-man, and Steady Eddie. The friends I've made while I was here made it all worth it . . . maybe (sorry guys). A special thanks go to my Mom and Dad, my brothers Mark and Jack, and Trisha and Jeff for all their help and support. And now it's off to Pensacola to learn how to punch holes in the sky (not New London-sorry Dad)

Richard Charles Jordan
TPOD
Ramsey, New Jersey
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

The DAN came to USNA from Ramsey where he was all-everything (and anything). Plebe Summer was a shock but Rich adjusted quickly. It only took him until Jan. '85 to get his locker squared away. Rich had a joke for every occasion and he kept the boys laughing in even the darkest of times It might even be approriate to call his sense of humor, legendary. Generous to a fault, paydays found Rich "handing out five dollar bills at the street corner", or buying lunch for bag ladies. Sports were always high on the DAN's list, but knee surgery slowed him down for a while Youngster year and ended a budding football carrier. TPOD's second class year promised to be another classic but his attention was distracted by a young lass, named Traci, who soon became a friend to us all. After waiting four years to be able to drive, Rich lost his driving priveleges when he nearly ran a Chaplain off the road.

Without a doubt, Rich has made our time here bearable, even enjoyable. His never ending enthusiasm and incredible imagination will carry him far in his life, as a Naval Officer and far beyond.

TWM

Yes, it's true! It was shakey, but nevertheless I made it! It's been a long haul but there were always exhilerating experiences which broke up the monotany. I'll always cherish the friendships I've developed. Thank You Moto, Herringbone, Ball, Schmedy & Z. You've made the whole experience worth it.

It's been a joint effort! I'd like to recognize some of the people who supported me all the way, my Mother for her unwaivering love and support, Uncle Jerry my greatest Navy fan, my sisters for their love, the Cunninghams for opening their hearts and home to me, my little brother for the experience I've always wanted, and Traci for her beautiful friendship. Last but not least I'd like to thank my roommate Tom for helping me in more ways than he knows! Our friendship is the greatest thing I'll take away from here

I Love You All

Jonas A. Litonjua
Jo
San Diego, California
Physics
Surface Warfare

There are people in this world who will always do things the hard way, Jonas is one of those people. For instance, he crossed a whole continent just to attend college. He left the sunny, bikini-laden shores of the Pacific to come to the humid, muggy shores of the Atlantic. Instead of going to UCLA, where college is fun and home is only a day away, he came to USNA where life is miserable and home is years away (so it seems). Plebe year was full of requests from his squad leader, "Hey, Jo, ya gotta do me up."

Youngster year found Jonas teamed up with his partner in crime, Scooter Skull. He decided to change his major from History to Physics. Who needs good grades? Second class year saw Jonas without his "Trace" of California and with a new roommate. He traded in the Warrior for a short philosopher who wasn't sure what was real. With many late night room discussions on life and love, not much else was important. First class year came sooner then expected and found Jonas without a billet. Being too good to waste, Jonas was given the awesome responsibility of P.E. officer. He took on the position with great enthusiasm and made a workout for the company sub-squad that would give Bruce Jenner a heart attack. He liked the job because it gave him a chance to use his new baby PC Jr. Jo and PC will make a great team in the fleet.

Robert James Luman
Rob
Titusville, Florida
Electrical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Rob, as fate would have it, ended up at USNA instead of the University of Miami with a full pre-med scholarship. To this day he has refused to reveal the method by which he arrived at this decision to anyone. Perhaps it was Judy's fault!

Rob did extremely well academically, as expected. There hasn't been anyone in the history of the Academy who studied as much as Rob does, nor has there been anyone who even approaches Rob in his ability to . . . oops! better not mention that! It's amazing that Rob was immune to the halo effect that he so richly deserved. He tried so hard! He would have made the Supe's list just about every semester had it not been for the military performance grade. No justice.

Rob, all our friends I'm sure, consider themselves very fortunate to know you and to have you as a friend. I know I do. Don't forget the solid stream after the tailgater, the relief in back of Halsey, when you collided with that post on Hospital Point, all the times running, playing tennis, helping with Engine Math (thanks), movies, just talking at about three in the morning, and to get your duty sections in on time! Best of luck in Nuke Power. Have a happy and productive marriage, Rob. You and Judy deserve each other (take that as you will, but it is meant in the positive sense). Keep in touch or I'll send you a bomb in the mail

SLN

Gordon G. Mangente
The Warrior
Killeen, Texas
Physical Science
U.S. Air Force

Gordon settled quickly into the Academy lifestyle. He was a trendsetter from the very start - - - he would highlight the Brigade Bulletin and make use of his desk boxes and others were quick to follow. Gordon's spirited attitude towards the Marine Corps earned him the nickname "Mandingo Warrior", or just "The Warrior".

During second class summer at Quantico, Gordon lived up to his reputation as a bona fide blood-and-guts killer Marine. No one could match his accuracy with the M-16 and no one could clean a rifle like Gordon. Gord breezed through the confidence course, obstacle course, and stamina course leaving most of his classmates in the dust. With his cammies and airborne pin, Gordon was truly cut out to be a Marine.

Unfortunately, Gord is from an Air Force family and so he feels he should continue the tradition by applying for an interservice transfer, however we all know that Gord will always be a Marine at heart.

Pooky

Thomas William Marotta
Moto
Cranford, New Jersey
Oceanography
Naval Aviation

Tom came to us from beautiful downtown Cranford, near that wonderful city of Newark. Plebe summer was serious business to Tom and he managed to get through the entire time without smiling He thought that this showed his commitment, but "old Stoney" soon learned that you could still enjoy yourself here at USNA, especially after living with the "Dan". He impressed us all with his ability to point out the intuitively obvious and earned the name of Moto. He also proved to be a good friend and sometimes party animal, as long as it didn't interfere with his work. From being the bombardier on our Mexican roadtrip to kissing the deck after Army, Tom proved that he could destroy his body with the best of them. He was always willing to lend a hand as he proved by cleaning up after the Dan for 3½ years and with his lectures on everything from finances to Steam. We are all indebted to his family for the hospitality they showed the whole gang and for the waterskiing. Thanks Mr. & Mrs. M., and thanks Liz for the brownies.

Navy Air is lucky to get Tom and I know he'll be successful in all his endeavors. Thanks for the friendship

CHAMBONES

Brian L. McDonald Jr.
McD
Ocean City, New Jersey
Physics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

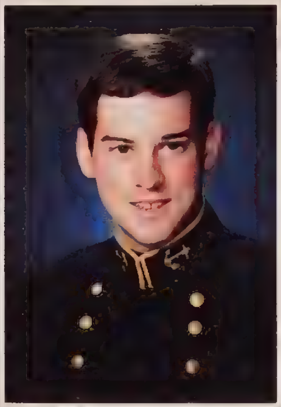
Everyone called him B.L., but his close circle of friends knew him as Mr. Vice. We spent 3 years trying to occupy his mind with things other than blackjack tables and bars. In his senior year the effect snowballed- he didn't give up gambling or Molson and became the scourge of the Jersey Shore. He has spent most of his life either running or lying on the beach- always being in fast motion or no-motion.

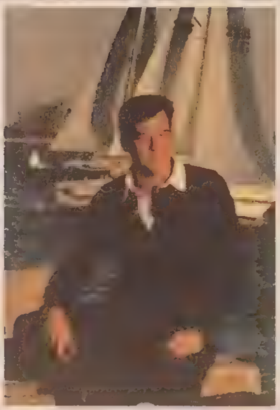
His more notable accomplishments include making the tower jump, playing Superman down the escalators of Munich, surviving the barbed wire fence behind Halsey and downing Hairy Buffalo Punch from a trash can while disguised as a punk rocker.

After narrowly escaping from 2 C-5 flights (we're still laughing about them) Brian set his sights on Orlando and nuclear power. Take it easy, B.L

GDP SLP CMR JFM

My thanks to my parents for all their support, my sister- a special person whom I'll always remember- and to my friends, who made it all worthwhile.





Robert Alger McLean III
Skinhead
San Mateo, California
Mechanical Engineering
Civil Engineering Corps

From the booming metropolis of San Mateo, Bob entered the Academy as a young, disillusioned man and left as an old, disillusioned boy. During his often interminable stay, he set new standards for room cleanliness. This, coupled with his incredible organization, earned him the name "Slob" which seemed as fitting as any. Bob tried his best not to let the Academy interfere with his social life and even kept very respectable grades Time not spent sleeping, in class, or both was spent on the athletic fields. He first tried his hand at lacrosse but he soon decided that the small pads protected his body too much. He turned to rugby to alleviate this problem. Even after the most punishing games or practices, Bob made it a point to conceal his pains as best he could. This courage was surpassed only by his amazing demonstrations of common sense. With these many attributes and his tremendous desire to retire as a naval officer, he would seem more than adequately prepared to perform his duties in the restricted line. Bob will always be happy in his Navy blues or reds or purples or whatever color he sees them as

CSR

I want to thank the boys in the back shaft (you know who you are) whose friendship and humor made this place bearable and my family for their never ending love and support. A special thanks goes to Michele whose love and understanding gave me strength and hope

RAM

Joseph Francis Monaghan, Jr.
Joey
Baltimore, Maryland
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

"Where you from plebe?" "Bawlmer, sir." We knew it was trouble from the very beginning. Living so close, Joe had excellent opportunity to display his total disregard for regulations and authority

He was the missing link, the club gigolo, the Dead head, the lacrosse stud turned rugby president the scourge of area colleges and the personal burden of anyone having to do with academics; but most of all, he was trouble. Trouble followed Joe everywhere but it never seemed to catch him until that ill-fated morning in Charleston. It's like he always told us, " . . . . . the mind stops working." It stopped working again in Hershey Park. This time it was a dancer from New York. Will Joe ever learn? Probably not. His aquisition of the party van didn't help matters either

When Joe came to USNA we didn't know his parents were part of the package but they proved to be as much a part of us as Joe himself. The Club would not be the same without them.

Good luck in the Marines, Joe. You know you'll have a great time wherever you go. P.S. Squeak, squeak, squeak.

GDP, McD, SLP, CMR

First I would like to thank my friends Dean and Chris along with the many others. If it was not for them I would never have survived. I can't forget the guys on the Rugby team, especially Pig and Kevin They have given me my most memorable moments at the Academy. I would like to thank Mr. George and Anita Benford and their entire family for putting up with my antics for four full years. Finally I would like to thank my Mother and Father, and my brothers Mike and Kevin They have provided the love and support necessary to survive this institution. I thank them for everything they have done and I want them to know that I love them very much

JFM

Scott Lyngklip Nasson
Scott
Bridgewater, New Jersey
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Scott came to good ol' USNA with some high objectives, but, like most of us, he had no idea what to expect of the glorious Academy life. He originally wanted to enter the Navy's small but elite medical program, but soon realized that Oceanography was not the right major to do it from. He then applied for VGEP, but the overload was again too much and he finally settled into the "normal" academy routine. He is now thoroughly enjoying his studies, and hopes to someday use his Oceanography expertise in the fleet.

When Cream Puff arrived he was probably as normal as you could expect of a New Jersey High School graduate, but something in his adjustment process must have changed his personality. "We shall require a substantially new manner of thinking if mankind is to survive," said Einstein; Scott took this statement literally, and the Academy will not soon forget his strange sense of humor that resulted. Unpredictable, meaningless expressions began to fall from his mouth like hair off a doughnut during youngster year (it's contageous), and in his first class year he began creating all kinds of artwork which gave him free reign to express his dementedness.

Who would ever have thought that Scott would find himself in his last semester here wearing the stars of the Supe's list and the stripes of the Batt adjutant. Scott, you have what it takes to change the world however you want to. Don't ever let the world run your life, just stay in control and keep your own personality no matter what the world throws you. You're a good friend and you could always be counted upon to offer a hand or a laugh, or even just to lend a ear. Happy hunting for life's happiness. You've made the Academy a bearable experience. Good luck!

ROBERT

Agustin Leopoldo Otero
Goose
Washington D.C.
Political Science
Naval Aviation

The "Goose" hails from the great city of Washington D.C.- and it will never be the same. Nicknamed "Chuckles" early in his plebe year, Gus had to overcome the stigma of being the laughingest plebe in the company. He will also be remembered as tricking everyone in the Club into thinking he was going Corps with his tough-looking recon haircuts- and then "punching out" to go Navy Air.

Whatever the situation, Gus was always able to shed a little humor (sometimes very little) onto the scene. If it wasn't his Rich Little imitations it was his water ballet routine at midnight. Of course, any of his friends were especially vulnerable when they decided to go to the head (is no place sacred anymore?).

After Gus met the little lamb of his life, liberty time just wasn't the same. Nothing like investing time in a member of the opposite sex, huh Gus? I have to hand it to the Goose, though, he's smarter than we thought- barely getting by academically plebe year with minimum gravy so he could jam on grades later and consistently made the C.O.'s list. We all wish Gus and Lisa fair winds and following seas. Good luck in P'cola-kick some tail. It's been a great four years. May God bless you for the rest of your life.

LRC

Gordon Dean Peters
Dean
Louisville, Kentucky
Physics
Naval Aviation

Gordon Dean came to us from Louisville, KY, the town of fast horses, fast women, and women that look like horses. Dean did not slow down when he got here, being accountable for many of the memorable moments we have had during our four year stay. After being rudely introduced to wine, women and song his plebe year by his roommates and friends, the Phillipines made an excellent playground for his summer cruise. Youngster year Dean discovered Goucher College which proved to be a valuable resource to host an unforgettable birthday party for the Rocket.

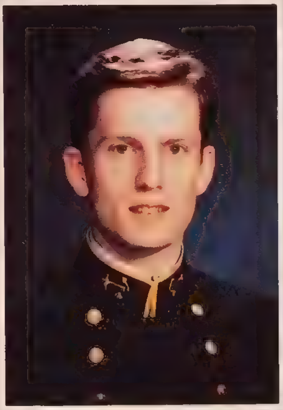
Too much of a good thing found Dean dropping his EE major and seeking abstinence from his prior indulgences by writing his famous blood oath. Dean mellowed out drastically, finally emerging as our 1st semester Company Commander, proving himself to be a natural leader of men by leading the Club to our traditional place in the Color Competition. After a long, drawn out battle with the Marine Corps, Dean finally decided on Navy Air so we will see him in Pensacola. Good Luck.

JFM SLP CMR McD

Thanks to my family for all their love and support. Special thanks to my temporary homes in New Jersey, Baltimore and Woodbridge.

To my friends, we've been through the best and worst of times together, may we never lose touch. My love to PAS.

GDP



Steven L. Pettit
P.H.
Tuckerton, New Jersey
Mechanical Engineering
Naval Aviation

"P.H., What does P.H. stand for?" Everyone had their own interpretation for Steve's nickname, but it actually means perpetually happy - a state that he remained in most of youngster year. He quickly became renowned for his beer drinking capacity, his black hole antics, his award winning smile, his obnoxious laugh, and his continual struggle with the Mech E department. To go out with Steve meant a guaranteed good time. His smile and that cute little kink in his nose attracted girls like a magnet.

Steve is, without a doubt, our resident car expert, at least he's helped us tear up a few.

Having survived the Phillipines and 4 years of this beloved institution, he is ready for anything. See you in P-cola. Go Navy Air!

GDP, McD, CMR, JFM

The people, even more than the events, have made this adventure really worthwhile. I would like to thank Mom, Dad, Ken, Sandi, Mom-Mom, and Missy for their love and support. I would also like to thank my "Friends For Life" for the great times that we have had and the experiences which we are about to encounter.

SLP

Charles Scott Rauch
Skinhead
Lakeland, Florida
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Scott came to us from sunny Lakeland, Florida, a fact he rarely let people forget. From the very moment he began Plebe Summer, Scott was always looking for the bigger challenge. This search of Scott's convinced him that it was better to be seen than heard. Scott wasn't even seen his last semester here as he attended a real school, Maryland, on the VGEP program. This unfortunate touch of reality was a result of his earning a 3.5 as a Mechanical Engineer; a fact even more impressive considering he spent more time helping other people as the "company brain" than himself and rarely going to bed after midnight. After envisioning the accomplishment of his goals-VGEP and nuc power-Scott relaxed and blossomed as a partying animal Using his small town, Florida bred social abilities, Scott discovered Georgetown, purple clothes, and moon shoes, Scott took that same academic and social intensity onto the athletic fields where he was renowned for his cool, levelheadedness and sportsmanship. After trying 150's football and rugby, broken noses and bright stars led him to his final resting place, company sports, where he excelled. His classy sense of humor, indomitable will, intense dedication, and invaluable friendship have left fond memories with his classmates and promises to stand him well in his naval career under the sea

R.A.M. III

I owe everything to my family (Mom, Dad, and Eric), my friends, and especially J.S. I couldn't have done it without them.

C.S.R.

Christopher M. Rhodes
Rocket
Akron, Ohio
Applied Science
Naval Flight Officer

His nickname is the Rocket. Every girl who asks why gets a different response but they all find out the truth in the end. He is a legend in his own time. His rocket trail has been blazed from his hometown in Akron down the east coast, the midwest, and even over to Munich, Germany. Despite his infamous social life he has managed to earn a degree in Computer Science finishing well above a 3.4. If midshipmen were given hazardous duty pay, the Rocket would no longer have an excuse for being such a miser. He takes with him a broken leg, a broken nose, a broken tooth, and various splinters from Goucher floors. The legend and the marriage proposals from certain females will surely continue as the scene moves from Annapolis to Pensacola.

GDP McD SLP JFM

Many thanks to Mom, Dad, Tim, Laura, Eric, Gordon Dean, Joey, P.H., McD, Duey, Wade, Beast Man, Mac, Moto, Herringbones, Nancy, Joe Sr., Earle, Ethel, Marge, Brian Sr., Beth, Wagner, Pete's, Budweiser, and the many others for all their support over the last four years. I owe you more than I can repay.

Duane E. Schroeder
Duey
St. Francis, Minnesota
General Engineering
Naval Flight Officer

Duey continually stunned us with his latest-fad polyester wardrobe. He was either ten years ahead, or behind of his time. We can't figure out which. Duey knows how to live. He was either dragging us off for a backpacking trip through the Smokey Mountains, showing us a *good* time as we stumbled from Beer Hall to Beer Hall across Germany, skiing circles around us on the ski slopes (what do you expect from a person who comes from a climate that is perennially *cold!)*, or dancing his way to Georgetown. It seemed like every time we had some leave time he was MACing it to Europe (we think it had something to do with the beer). He bounced from sport to sport until he finally found a home as the Judo Club President and the most valuable member of the team (as he tells it). Just don't grab him from behind? Somehow, he managed to hang onto his Aero major until almost the very end. That's O.K., Duey wanted to be a General Engineer anyhow. Thanks for the good times Bud. We'll see you on the ski slopes (in P-cola?).

CMR, GDP, SLP, McD

Andrew Patrick Trotta
Trot
Pine Bush, New York
Marine Engineering
Surface Warfare

How can you fit four years of the Academy into a few short lines? That's nothing; it can be done in a single word only . . . sshh. Originally from the bustling megalopolis of Walker Valley (they keep the street light in Pine Bush), Andy sought only to continue his life of lollipops and licorice-whips once he got to USNA, but the poor guy had to room with Steve. Youngster year itself could fill this space. Highlights? Well, let's just say that uniforms and regulations never played a very big part of their weekends (or days?) . . . the rose in Georgetown . . . "no thanks we're dancing together" at Trinity . . . the fine aroma of Hood's Minnie Mouse . . . Molly's field-day at Army-Navy Pasadena . . . his "little pillow" and, of course, the BLACK "N". Little more needs to be said (except, maybe, one last little sshh!)

Now let's talk about his love-life. Oh, you devil, Andy. First it was who? Ah yes, Marie. Too cold though, right? Then there was "Buy me gold" Darcy. Too warm. And then on his third (and undoubtedly final) crash into the bowels of love, was Karla. Just right. And that was all she wrote — and that's probably all I should write as well, except for that one last word . . . sshh!

SJB

I am forever grateful for sshh! I can only smile when I look back on all the GREAT times I've had here. Love to Karla, thanks to RCJ, DH, KNW, SQUAT, JOE, SDC, DAB, BPD, and JW.

APT

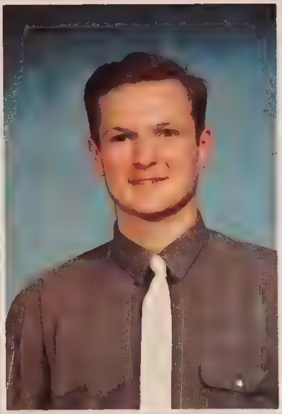
Kayle Newkirk Watson III
Whalin Kaylin
Fort Wayne, Indiana
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

At 6'4½", you would think Kayle played on the varsity basketball team, but he forsook being a b-ball star to play volleyball. Known as Whalin' Kaylin, he developed a reputation as the hardest hitter on the East Coast. I think he hits so hard to work out his frustrations at being a Mech. E. Mech. E. has also affected him in other ways- most evident in the art and non-sensical sayings he produces with fellow lunatic Scott. Kayle, you've made USNA bearable and even funny. Good luck in the Corps, its been a long strange trip, and thanks for the glassware.

J.A.E. II

I am truly endebted to my family, close friends, and all of those great people who supported me these last four years. You were there whenever I needed you, no matter what the reason. Thank you Mom, Dad, Brenda, Dawn, Beth, Richard, and Chad for all of the love and guidance I received from all of you. Thank you to the long list of friends (too many to list here) who showed much love towards me. I love all of you very much.

K.N.W. III



Wade Marion Wheatley
Wade
Ewa Beach, Hawaii
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

That Which Does Not Kill Us-
Makes Us Stronger.

Kevin Lee White
Kev
Tacoma, Washington
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Kevin came to USNA by way of Washington State, the enlisted Navy, and finally NAPS making him the oldest classmate in our company; though he rarely acted his age. Due to this experience he became our plebe company commander, never to rise to such heights again. The advent of youngster year found Kevin with the roommates he'd stay with for the next three years. He brought with him an alarm clock which could wake the dead but rarerly Kevin, despite his sleeping in positions that would make a contortionist proud and his roommates wonder if he was human.

Youngster year also brought Kevin's first in a series of USNA romances. He seemed to fall for a new girl every year. This one, however, also lead to Kevin's only major conduct offense, despite the warnings of his roommates. Much to their relief, second class year found Kevin falling for a "real girl" he met while dancing in Dahlgren. Spring found Kevin buying a talking Japanese 200SX (an imitation Celica). As a firstie he found his car invaluable in taking him to and from Virginia to see his new girlfriend, Melinda. Early in the year, Kevin ran head on into the realities of his Mech. E. major and only by logging over 30 hours a week sleeping in his chair did he manage to save his major and see Melinda on an occasional weekend. These visits lead to an engagement by New Year's.

Throughout his ordeal here Kevin maintained a level of cheerfulness and maturity which would manifest itself in the form of towel fights, his toy gun, and his makeshift squirt-gun. He has remanined a loyal and steadfast friend who could always be counted on to listen and give sound advice, but he still can't pronounce NEW JERSEY properly. It's still a shock, Kevin a Marine?!

Thomas Scott Wild
Wildman
Grafton, Virinia
Applied Science
Supply Corps

Hindsight is easier than foresight. There were more times than I could count when I complained about USNA. As I look back on these four long years, I know I would not have wanted to have gone anywhere else. In some respects, I don't want this year to end. Leaving all the boys of 34TH, especially Shoes, Chambones, Eddie, O McDonaldvich, Gordon Dean, Rocket, Holmesdog, and Duff is going to be hard. Rue, Stubs, Saxman, and Didder have also meant a great deal to me, but unfortunately were not part of the 'Club'. Having the privilege to play four years of college baseball at Navy was a dream come true.

I would have never made it without the love and support of my parents. You always took the forefront of my complaints, and help me keep things in perspective. You never left me. For my best friend Rick Wilson, you are more of an inspiration than you will ever know. For a special friend in Perry Hall; thank you for your support Celeste. My greatest thanks goes to God, because without him this experience at USNA would have never been possible. He got me here, and he carried me all the way through it. My life at USNA will be an experience I will never forget.

Ronald A. Zaleski
Z
Mt. Carmel, Pennsylvania
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps

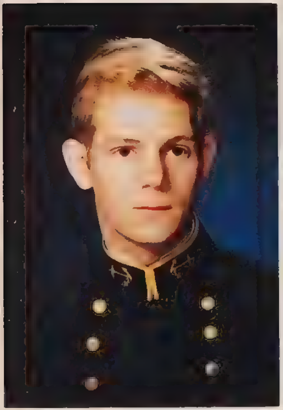
My parents brought me to the Academy on July 7 and somehow they never left. Although home was 200 miles away, whenever I needed help or guidance, they were right by my side. Without them I would have never made it. I could never thank them enough or show them the appreciation I feel.

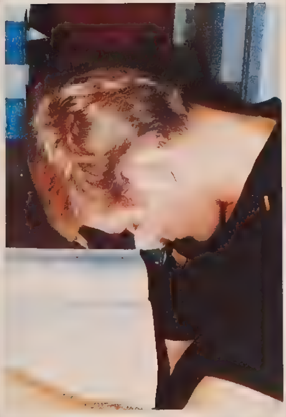
The two best experiences I had at the Academy were the friends I made in the company and playing football. To the guys of the Club, Bird, DAN, Moto, Holms-dog and Steady. A group of priceless friends who I will never forget. And to the guys who graduated before us, 'The Greatest'' (Duff), Travis, Mike, Pat, Oppie, Joe, Dino, J.R., Jim, and Stien.

Football at the Academy was highlighted by the togetherness of the team. Thanks to guys like Dirk, Greg, Goody, Mark, Cow, the old dogs Paul and Pete, and especially Burger and my on the road partner Pimp, the years of playing were more than worthwhile.

Finally, a special thanks to Mr. and Mrs. Hall, who opened up their home and made me feel like part of the family.

# Thirty-Fifth Company





Richard J. Abresch
Dickie
Dunedin, Florida
Political Science
Nuclear Power - Surface

Dickie showed up at the Academy with A.A.A. a day early. Arriving with a mustache and a keen appreciation of the military life from NAPS, Dickie was an instant success with the upperclass.

Dickie was always willing to go out of his way to help others. One time while staggering down the street he offered to drive home a fellow lush. After getting him home, he wanted to repay Dickie by driving him home. Hand to gland finally found a use as Dickie escaped unviolated and forty dollars richer

Second class year saw many unproductive Wednesday afternoon and study hours. The highlights of the year were getting qualified as bartender with D-Day. While his outstanding professional development and leadership (and his inability to shirk duty) earned him the privilege to do Plebe detail. The summer was filled with pep, complaints, and Weidemanns with Chuck and Bill (I have to go!).

First class year brought the road to oblivion with D-Day, weird music and hall monitors in Carolina, tag team Volkswagen driving to the Brickhouse, private green alerts (where's the pumpkin?), stuntman training on the hood of the green machine "Turn off the wipers", bowling for melon shooters, encounter with the spaceman with the boys, and of course an induction into the US hall of fame.

US

Timm Bechter
Flash
Liberty, Missouri
Ocean Engineering
Nuclear Power - Surface

Flash roadtripped to us from K.C. to play baseball for Navy. The change in lifestyle shocked his system thoroughly but not as much as his summer roommates who quit early on. He was immediately such a favorite with the firsties that they could always be heard calling "Bechter Ho!" A lot of his charm can be attributed to his noncomformist thinking - if it was different, then Flash liked it Flash's music taste or lack thereof, was continually a source of controversy. His range of tastes went from Zeppelin to the Child Molestors. He just had to share it with the brigade. As a D.J. for WRNV he was dismissed of his duties after an unauthorized 2-hour punk show hit the airwaves. After 2½ years on the baseball team Flash finally decided to hang up the spikes and end the running feud with Stiff. He then directed his talents and agressions to the boxing ring. Plebe year #1 departed, Flash ventured to N.J. (his apparent true home) and found #2. He then saw both, then neither. Then temporarily single, we knew it wouldn't last. Hooked (#3) again in K.C. he spent increased time with the boys: Barry, D-day, Chuck, Spike, and Dusty. First class year brought bowling, watermellon shooters, Michelob Classic Dark, coaching basketball, the Black Flag trip, more "in search of's", the mohawk, Barry's departure (to augment Haji's), the end of the Van and a new RX, freedom (finally) and an induction to the US hall of fame

Eric Edward Bowman
Chuck
Malibu, California
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Eric came to USNA from mellow Malibu without any friends and quickly lost ground. Those who dared to approach him named him Chuck in honor of his brother Charles, to whom he bore a striking resemblance. Chuck helped US all out with our homework, unfortunately our underdeveloped mental processes could not follow his train of thought. Chuck was so smart he beat study hour to bed. He once did a whole semester of ES300 homework on a single sheet of paper.

Chuck first proved he was truly the "Cream of the crop" by saving the carpets at Army our sophomore year. He further made a mark in lightweight crew as he spent countless hours rowing and getting Herpes Simplex 18 on his hands. He was invaluable to the crew team, lettering sophomore year, as his wide load (keg legs) lowered the KG of the crew shell, thus improving the dynamic stability at the expense of giving the coxswain wet shorts.

After spending 90 days underwater, he chose the Silent Service as his service selection. Not that making nuc was such a great accomplishment for Chuck, after all, Chuck aced the Rocket.

Senior year brought "I got 'til March!" Storm Bros., Watermelon shooters, the spaceman, and a nomination th the "US" Hall of Fame

US

James Carroll Clody II
Jim
Richboro, Pennsylvania
Systems Engineering
Naval Aviation

Jim is one of the most amazing persons you could ever meet. His tenure at Navy has been nothing but fun for the big man. Jim breezed through Plebe Summer except with a slight problem distinguishing between his left and right. "Your other left Clody." Plebe year and football followed hand in hand as Jim breezed through with the only setback a knee injury while practicing for the Liberty Bowl. Youngster cruise came along and found Jim terrorizing San Diego & Blacks Beach with a side trip to Las Vegas. Youngster year also found Jim back in a cast with the other knee injured. The Doc suggested Jim to try something less "strenuous" than football. So he took up an unviolent game called Rugby. He even talked his roommate into playing. He moved up to the "A" side in his first week out. Jim also found no problems with his Systems major 2/c year along with Rugby. A trip to the famous VOUS with Ed proved Jim had aquired even better party skills. While Eddie was being physically mauled outside Jim proved this by ordering "one more pitcher." 1/c cruise found Jim stopping in Mayport for a visit with his roommate. Upon meeting Burke's running mate, Ens Mark Clapp, Jim decided to comment on the officer's name and proceeded to rough up the poor man in his stateroom 1/c year began with Jim losing a run off for Rugby V.P.. This didn't bother him as he soon became the infamous Rugby Bus Cdr. and making sure everyone knew it including the Dant. Along with this came the coveted title of Bullwinkle the Moose and Chief Mulekicker and sidetracked by making the ERU select side. Jim has done so much to make life here better for his friends. His easygoing personality and humor are unbeatable. Good luck in P'cola and don't be upset when you become the 2nd best Navy fighter pilot

RBW

HOFBRAUHAU

Edward Charles Culpepper
Edstein
McLean, Virginia
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

One thing must be stated before we begin— it is all but etched in stone that Eddie will be the last person to ever get married. Eddie came from McLean, VA with delusions of grandeur, however he soon reverted back to his old ways by paying his roommate to run across the hall naked, and ambushing him at every opportunity. He honed his wrestling skills this way and lettered as a plebe. He derived his greatest enjoyment in life from seeing Ralph in pain, more often than not selfinflicted. Plebe year culminated in wild parties that saw Eddie getting the squad-leader he always wanted (and not letting go). Hump days were brightened by his letters from the Druggie. He always kept us smiling with his antics: smoking cigarettes, lighting matches, measuring contest, midnight swims and useless recons. The UVA weekend will live in infamy and the floor of Mickey D's will never be the same. Second class year Eddie realized weekends were more fun than wrestling. Weeknights in town were made easy by the Capt's sticker on the Generic. His antics continued: cocktail parties, Susie Wang, Ralph's transmission, playing traffic cop and Generic rescue missions. His ultimate antic was Army/Navy 1st class year where he exposed his true self. His most notable attributes included Felix Ungeritis, unwillingness to part with any amount of money and becoming intoxicated at the mere sound of a beer opening. Eddie's been a great friend and always will be. Despite his zaniness, you could always count on Eddie. He's ready to join the Marine Corps, but is the Corps ready for him? By the way, he was engaged at Christmas first class year. We'll miss you buddy!

Christopher Francis Dierkes
D.H.
Chicago, Illinois
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Chris came to the Naval Academy from the Windy City of Chicago. As a plebe, Chris had a relatively easy year. The reason for this was that he spent most of his time in the library. A few of his upperclass did not even know who he was until June Week. Chris was a dedicated mechanical engineer until he was done in by dynes late in his youngster year. A firm believer that "If you're going to do anything, go all the way", Chris did just that - - - all the way to Management.

Segundo year saw a drastic change as Chris and his roommates formed a special organization known for it's dedication to plebe indoctrination. The "Tool Shed" made a special effort to correct wayward plebes and guide them onto the right path. There were also many weekend exploits. There were wild rumors about Chris and his roommate making a midnight raid on Hood college, frequenting a very special place in Baltimore (I'll never tell) and something about a wild ride from Pasadena to San Diego in a rented firebird.

Chris was my roommate for the last two years, and was the only person at USNA that never needed any change for the machines. The reason for this was that since Plebe Summer he received letters with 35¢ taped to them. Yes, Chris will be remembered for many things in this little Garden of Eden, but ultimately for being the leader of the infamous "Luce Hall Gang". Fair winds and following seas Chris, best of luck in the fleet.

Buzzy

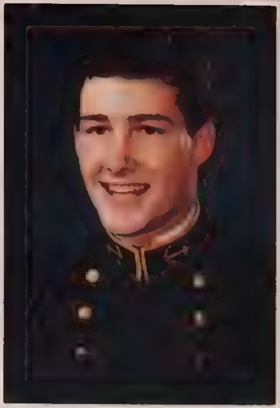
Daniel M. Donovan
D-Day
Chesterfield, New Jersey
Ocean Engineering
Special Operations

D-Day hitchhiked his way to USNA from Exit 7 and straight into our livers. He was best known among US for his insatiable quest for the ultimate (cheap) bar. His IN SEARCH OF partners included Haji, Vogt, Dickie, Flash, Chuck, and Spike. Whenever the Green Machine wasn't in high speed action, Dan always could get his buddies there just as fast by thumbing it. D-Day went to Dahlgren so much it got to the point where the girls would introduce themselves to him. "You're Dan Donovan I've heard of you." Seems like D-Day and the boys celebrated a B-Day every weekend. Dan also was a hard worker His motto was WORK FOR BEER, and he lived by it. Even the Wabbit agweed. "Not a very impwessive mid, more intewested in partying it seems." D-Day's home was a haven for US. We gave him our tired, hungry, and thirsty masses and he gave US the frig & the Barrel

Dan captured the irony in Naval Academy life by keeping a quote board which the US crowd considered a great honor to be a part of. Examples included: "It won't be the first or last time you fail," "Move out of the way so I can cheat," and his favorite "Without sex there wouldn't be anyone." In the company Dan kept a low profile. If they only knew all the regs he broke. Never one to miss a chance to party cheap, D-Day always made the tailgaters and mess nights (bartending quals). Junior year saw him shirking Plebe Detail like the rest of US and nonproductive Wed. nights.

First class year brought the Road to Oblivion and not getting lost, beer bongs, searching the security files at the Spaceman's, more quotes, more IN SEARCH OF trips, leading the THANGS, private Green Alerts, his first "serious?" girlfriend, backing down the highway at Army; "Look at that fool!" "Hell that's D-Day!", and of course an induction into the US HALL OF FAME. "It's been real!"

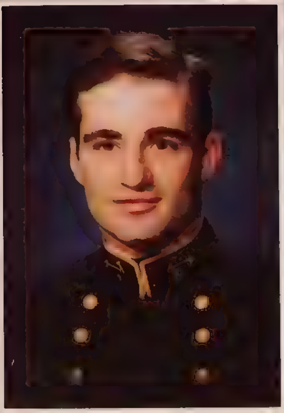
US



Timothy I. Dougherty
Doc
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania
Economics
Surface Warfare

Doc graced the Academy after squeezing b NAPS, and was soon to make his mark here Plebe year was pretty much a breeze for him mostl because he never was around. Rowing a boat u and down the Severn 5 days a week kept him out o trouble, and on weekends Bean would take hi away to his aunt's house. Let's talk grades. For years Doc's been making everybody's GPA loo great. A's and B's are a dirty word to him but C, are righteous. You might say he really excelled o the Rugby field, but that's when he went. Practic was another dirty word to him. He always had good excuse, "I really need the time to study Major." Actually he slept. I adopted Doc after Pleb Year and was given the job of waking him up fo everything. He finally got himself an alarm watc that only cost 20 bucks which had a relay alarm o it. He would set it to wake me up, I then would wak him up. He got a kick out of the idea. Doc did hav some good traits so don't get me wrong. You coul always rely on him but not for returning borrowe clothes. I remember one night Doc did a late night exit with my Levis in hand. Upon returning he changed back into uniform but left my Levis at the wall. It was so nice of Doc to leave his ID card in the pocket so the OOD had no trouble returning the pants along with a duece. Just simple! Doc always found some way of cheering up the most miserable person and make life here a lot easier. His crazy sense of humor and antics such as putting toenail clippings in a present your girl sent, kept us all laughing. His guitar playing kept us all amused all through study hour while we tried to study. We'll all miss him cause he's been the best buddy to all AWARDS: PROJECT 21, PROJECT 35, and induction to the "US" Hall of Fame

Bino & US



Leonardo Miguel Gonzalez
Gonzo
Silver Spring, Maryland
History
Naval Flight Officer

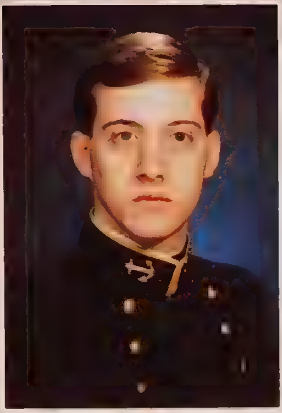
Lenny hails from nearby Silver Spring, only a 40 minute drive from USNA, unless of course you're Lenny, which cuts it down to 30.

"Whiteshoes" Gonzalez made quite a spectacle of himself during plebe summer and was a well appreciated "screen" for his 3rd company classmates. He made quick friends with the Batt CDR that year when he poured a half-gallon of milk over his head, and they got together each evening to discuss menus backwards, etc. Lenny's sense of fun and humor were so well appreciated, the 3rd Co. Officer thought he'd share the wealth and sent Len to 35 to cheer up Capt. Bob. There Lenny turned over a new leaf. He was also a fixture in Capt. Bob's office as he badgered, vexed, bedeviled, plagued, harassed and begged him to sign yet another special request chit, the way he did with the Profs for extra points. But, that's what we love about Lenny.

When you think of Lenny you think of: Wednesday morning bagels and afternoons at Mums for oysters and beer, a die-hard O's and Skins fan, smoking stogies in Ron's room, and going out for a beer at Riordans as a plebe after hop watch—waving to the scurrying second class trying to make it in for taps. The sight we'll always remember of Len was the picture of professionalism on 2/c YP cruise with his old wool Navy ball cap, crewcut, geekers, stogie, beer gut, no socks, and up to his elbows in the MSD. The memories of times shared in P-Cola and Newport will last forever

When he wasn't watching the Skins or hanging out with Ron, he was sure to be found safe in the arms of his cutie named Terri. He gave her a special rose and engagement ring, and we expect bells for them shortly after graduation. Best of luck, love and success for the two of you, Len.

RNF



Brian S. Hale
Scottie
Hampton, Virginia
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Scott Hale came to the Academy after serving a year-long sentence at The Citadel Consequently, he was already adapted to the rigors of military life, and began excelling immediately in such elite groups as "The Gruesome Six."

Scott also brought with him, to the Naval Academy, a few unique and distinct academic ideologies. He set very low goals, and then met them. "Why study? What I know I already know, and what I don't know I can't learn tonight." After brief interludes with most of the academic programs offered, he finally found the easiest one and settled in. His one true, academic love was E.E., and he spent a handful of semesters enjoying the same.

Hale lent his talents to a variety of sports at the Academy. Among his successes were J.V. swimming, sailing, Varsity lightweight crew, company soccer, fieldball, softball, battalion rugby ("Get it, Doc!"), and youngster boxing. "I wasn't knocked out. I just got hit, woke up on the canvas, and can't remember anything."

Scottie also proved to be quite the Cassanova, sharing himself equally with numerous teen-age girls from Annapolis to Hawaii

First class year brought VISA, MASTERCARD, VISA, MASTERCARD, VISA, MASTERCARD, more teen-age heart throbs, wardroom movies (hard core), more fibs, and VISA again.

Hale is joining the "Green Meanies" upon gradution (if Equitable doesn't REPO his butt first!) W.W LIVES ON!

Spike

Edward F. Kenyon
Ed
Binghamton, New York
Oceanography
Surface Warfare

Ed came from New York with a style all his own. His deep voice rivaled any baritone at the Academy. Luckily, he didn't use his rare gift to sing. That, we prohibited upon his debut in the shower! Instead Ed directed his musical talent in the jazz ensemble which delighted us many times.

Ed's solution to most problems was sleep. He could be found in the rack most afternoons and was noted for his numerous marathon sleep sessions on the weekends. He would awaken with his usual guiltless humor, complete with hair-do, to again face the world. His motto, "Man was meant to be in the horizontal position, with or without woman" will be remembered by all who knew him well. Even though Ed slept a lot he somehow managed to spend all his money, as well as some of his roommates'

Another memorable aspect of Ed was his "beautiful blue eyes". It was not unheard of for girls to stop him on the street and say, "You have the most beautiful blue eyes that I've ever seen!" Yeah, Ed was known to have swept numerous 16 and 17 year olds off their feet with one gaze.

On a more serious note, Ed was known for his down-to-earth analysis and good advice. His analytical ability served us well as company sub-commander, in that he defended us from multitudes of admin work. He seemed to have great insight into problems which burdened his friends. Ed spoke what he thought and always gave his honest opinion (whether we wanted to hear it or not). This combined with his sense of humor helped more than one of us through some tough times. We will always value his friendship in the years to come. Steam on, steam well.

JSO & RMR

Tony Kwon
Ton
Staten Island, New York
Applied Science
Surface Warfare

Ton came to the Academy aspiring to be a success. It didn't matter what he was successful at, just as long as it meant more money. Unfortunately, he didn't know what to expect when he got here and quickly found out that there wasn't much money to be made as a mid, especially a plebe. He was also terrified to learn that he was expected to swim. He brought a new meaning to the word "rock," soon becoming familiar with all of the pool tiles. He preferred the saying "Better not seen and heard," and his classmates were often heard to ask "Tony who?" throughout his plebe and youngster years. Ton had to suffer through a variety of roommates (including 2 sweats, 3 crazies and a mad scientist), and his great sense of humor, generosity and friendship made him loved by all (not to mention that it saved Bino from debtor's jail). He also amazed his roommates through his Saturday ventures into town in search of the perfect fried chicken, his preference for exotically loud and strange clothes, his eating ability, his funky dances and his cheerful smile. Ton's academic prowess was also widely talked about. I'm not sure if it was due to his reading books like Winnie the Pooh ("But, I've never read it!") or having too many classrooms disappear on him (" I walked through the door and the classroom was gone!"), but I do know that Ton just slid by half of the ac boards, much to the chagrin of the Wascally Wabbit. His theory was more TV equals better grades. Military excellence was Ton's middle name. He was the only mid who actually wanted a 3/C YP cruise. He displayed his professionalism on 1/C cruise by not knowing the difference between port and starboard, mistaking a star for a plane (thus losing a bet with the OOD) and failing to properly read the pelorus ("bearing two-hundred and ninety degrees, sir!"). Ton will be a great addition to the fleet and will be missed by all, especially me. Take care and good luck, little buddy!

SGT

David Joseph Kyto
Dave
Marquette, Michigan
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Young D.J. came to the Boat School to escape the freezing reaches of Michigan's Upper Peninsula and the even more frigid women found there.

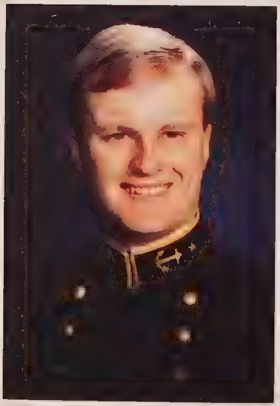
In Civlant action, the Don Juan gallantly shared his finds with his less fortunate comrades in a memorable series of blind dates. Dave really hit rock bottom when he generously encouraged, and nearly convinced, a friend to dance with the lovely lady at the next table-unbeknownst to have only one leg. Afterward, Kato's rule for rating women (divide by 2, multiply by .5) allowed us to evaluate his harem more objectively.

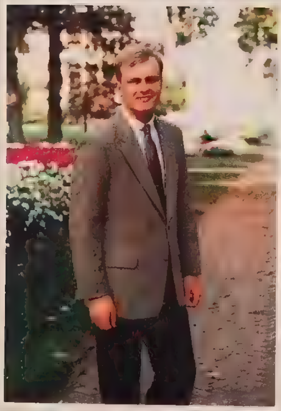
Thankfully, women were not all that Dave shared. His sponsor, the infamous Colonel, more of less adopted many of us and provided the gang with weekends of bacchanalican excess.

As a Firstie, Dave employed his well-honed AGI techniques as Batt Ops. From this vantage point he supplied the company with dirt from across the brigade and the earliest warning of forthcoming policy changes.

Deceived by his academic and professional excellence, the Grad Education Committee elected to unleash the Finn on a real school before making him work for his living. His hard work, staunch loyalty and twisted sense of humor will no doubt make an impression where ever he goes. Godspeed, my friend, the silent service will never be the same

MFM





Daniel J. La Fave
Dan
Spearfish, South Dakota
English
U.S. Marine Corps

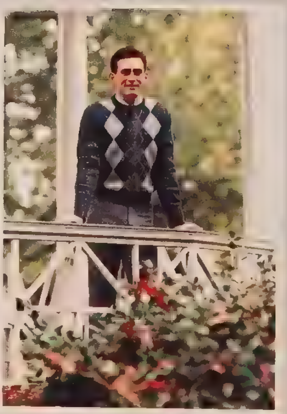
Ears oozed out of the Badlands of South Dakota determined to dispel his aura of innocence. Unbounded idealism made him one of the worst sweats and geeks in the class.

His choice of major promised a dash of culture As most other victims of this discipline, however, his passion for sophistication soon outran his meager intellectual ability. The most disturbing evidence of this malady was his penchant for playing classical music despite a total inability to distinguish one piece from another. La Fav (the French pronunciation we all came to know and love) also fancied himself a connoisseur of alcohol-a delusion which he enhanced by frequent sampling of continental beers and liquor. Unfortunately, his real tests was betrayed by the booze he disposed of in greatest quantity-National Premium.

His proclivity for spouting long words in an endless stream of banality was nurtured in a celebrated acting career at USNA. He was a natural for the egotistical lead role in *Kings*, but this performance was exceeded in the following year's spectacle when Dumbo attained godhood. Sadly, Dan's athletic career was worse than any Greek tragedy. His boxing ambitions were interrupted by medical complications and his quest for gridiron glory was shortlived.

Nevertheless, his outstanding record and brown nose procured for him the coveted co. cdr. billet as a firstie. His tenure of inspired leadership produced the memorable promise of "carbonated bliss" as a reward for marching well. The company's response· "Where's Spearfish?" was less than enthusiastic. After a semester with the Wabbit, Dan sank back into oblivion and drifted toward a graduation which found him (surprise, surprise) donning the uniform of a Marine. Semper Fi

MM



Rob B. McClary
Spike
Charlotte, North Carolina
Naval Architecture
U.S. Marine Corps

Spike, the black sheep of the family, came to US as a third generation McClary. Spike's uncompromising standards of personal appearance were immediately apparent. "No, Sir, it was neatly folded in my locker." Never one to use the press shop, (barbershop, laundry, cobbler shop, etc.) Spike always managed to come up with someone's clean clothes. (remember, there's a fine line between thievery and squatter's rights) Along those lines, the only thing that grew faster than his beard and eyebrows were his used album collection. Not one to complain, Spike represented his views with his excellent cartooning which was soon banned from the Log due to questionable subject matter. Spike's illustrious rugby career found him constantly at Bancroft Dental for refitting of the Tooth

A typical night well spent: kosher dogs and B-yards at Pete's, rugby songs at the Wharf, blindman and brothers at Dogpen, the fairy fatmother, "Spike, are you on a weekend?"!

Academically, Spike should have been a cartoonist. Along with his academic excellence, his professionalism earned him coveted billets in project 21 and project 35. As Spike's liberty and transportation increased second class year we saw him less as his time was dominated by the Koala Bear The time was well spent, for at the Ring Dance, as D-Day foretold minutes before, the chain was locked

First class year brought Wabbit imitations, creation of the Thangs, more cartoons, the truck, more sponging off Boss, mustard plate, cooking burgers at Spaceman's, even narlier smelling feet, the road to oblivian, watermelon shooters and gutterballs, food eval chits with trips to see Deputy Dawg and the return of the beloved Chickwich, and an induction into the US Hall of Fame.

US

James Robert Miceli
Jim
Wilmington, Massachusetts
Mathematics
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Jim came to Annapolis from Massachusetts with a strange Boston accent. After surviving Plebe Summer, he spent most weekends all over the East coast with the D & B. Jim's roommate, D-day, taught him the art of drinking cheap beer Third class year, Jim continued to breeze through academics, maintaining a Dean's List GPA. He was always with Joanne. As a Second class, Jim kept his car very close to USNA. However, no one could ever find it because he spent almost every weekend in Princeton, NJ with now his fiancee Joanne. After driving a couple hundred miles each weekend, the State Police soon had his number. After the Ring Dance, Jim spent some time in New London to find out about the Submarine life. When the Skipjack was in port, he was on the road again to New Jersey each weekend. After cruise, Jim got his turn to run the plebes during detail. Now, in first class year, he still spends a lot of time in Princeton, but also goes out for those crazy, highspeed rides with Chris and Andy every now and then. Naturally, after graduation, Jim is marrying Joanne in June. Then, four months of duty in Boston, Nuclear Power School in October, and, most important, a family.

Michael Fred Morris
Moron
Mount Vernon, Illinois
History
U.S. Marine Corps

Michael Fred (Moron) Morris has been a figure of great notoriety ever since his arrival at USNA. Being one of two redheads in the company, he often baffled his classmates who were attempting to learn his name and hometown by appearing to be a perfect clone of Tim Bechter. His "Uncle Fester " ID photo plebe summer will always be a source of general laughter and mirth

Mike has a sweet-tooth unmatched in the brigade Especially impressive were his gorgings of Sweettarts.

Mike's deeds of daring do while at the Academy included two transatlantic voyages; one to Spain, the other to West Germany

In his first major leadership position, as vice-president of a mess night, he made epic efforts at not only fouling himself, but allowing the formality of the evening to descend into chaotic bacchanalian rites

Continuing his love for order, he became 35's admin. tsar as co. sub-cdr His good-natured disposition in handing out admin. nightmares with a smile, and receiving them back with a hearty "thankee" will serve as inspiration to all of us in our future leadership trials

He will be remembered best perhaps by those who know him most intimately for his propensity for profound thought and philosophical bent. Many a night has found him slumped over his homework in a dream-like stupor, which made us question his consciousness. However, when asked if he was awake, he would promptly respond, "I'm just thinking guys." Whatever he's been thinking of it's certain that Mike has a future of intrigue and success as a fighting philosopher in the Marine Corps

DJL

Michael Steven Nies
Boss
Tampa, Florida
General Engineering
Special Operations

Mike took daddy's Lear Jet in from Tampa and set up shop in 35 With hair that never seemed to grow, move out of place or yield to ice, rain, sleet or snow, he became a sensation with the weekend inhabitants of Dahlgren. As winter rolled around the Boss kept repeating in shock, "does it get any colder than this?" Yes, Boss was in for a surprise but somehow he kept his tan. A certain history professor wrongly foretold of Jugheads academic demise "I somehow doubt if Mr Nies has the mental capacity to handle it here at USNA". Mike proved him wrong by going General his senior year, pulling a 3.2 and being granted special weeknight liberty as the Wabbit's most improved student

His paycheck and allowance came in handy especially in supporting his dependant, Spike: "Gee Boss I'm a little short can you spot me?"

One of Jugheads major triumphs was passing the pilot's eye exam despite late night Aero labs and treacherous Visine bottles filled with DMSO; "Gee Boss I knew it stings a bit but c'mon be a man." Jugheads image was complete upon his aquisition of a new 300ZX; let's see . . . $7000.00 loan, kept $2000.00, and bought an $1800.00 car - $E=Mc^2$??

Fran's reopened none to soon for the Boss as his leather jacket and Break Dance sneakers saw little action in Pete's

First class year brought another ankle operation, the whirling dirvish, countless impromptu flights to Detroit, more six pack bowling, the road to oblivion, b-yards at Pete's, and induction into the US Hall of Fame

US

John S. O'Neill
Oblomov
Hamilton, Ohio
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Halling from Southwestern Ohio, John brought us a touch of culture and restraint. At first, throwing us off guard with his mild mannerisms, we soon learned he had definite plans and priorities

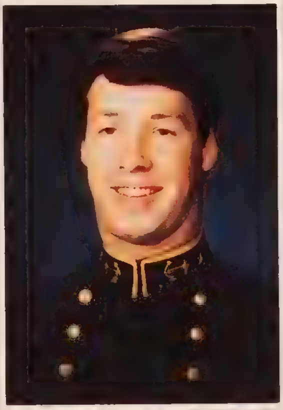
John combined the seemingly immiscible elements of athletics and academics. He epitomized the die-hard rugby player. When a twist of fate took a twist on his ankle, finishing his Plebe season, the Oblomov bounced back and lettered during second class year. Somehow I think he really enjoyed wallowing in the mud in near freezing temperatures with a bunch of guys; all the while chasing around a slippery ball and beating each other senseless, but that didn't seem to affect his mental ability

John, never one to get uptight about grades, excelled at the "well rested well tested" Ideology. When the going got tough he was more than once heard saying "In a hundred years what will it matter; I guess it is time for bed." Once he discovered this secret to success, John strung together a series of five 4.0's.

John's innate ability to remain unruffled regardless of the circumstances earned him the respect of his classmates. For those close to him, more than once, his cool-headedness kept us from broaching the point of insanity. Not surprising, his trend of success culminated as company commander.

For those that have had a chance to live and play with him we say it has truely been our good fortune to have endured this experience together. We wish you the very best in the Nuc Power program and your future.

EFK



Dale Andrew Ormond
Dale
Silverton, Oregon
English
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Dale left some unknown place in Oregon to make his mark on the world. So what did he do? He joined the football team to avoid the limelight. What better way to hide a 6', 200 lbs., 18 year old? With no regret or remorse Dale avoided all P-rades and Plebian pitfalls and tribulations. As an added bonus, he was able to break the dumb football player sterotype with his outstanding QPR as a semi-literate English major

Congratulations were in order until everyone realized that for his first three years he hadn't bothered to learn the names of anyone in the company-including those in his own squad. About that time Dale switched from the passive to the active mode of life. He stopped playing football and began chasing women from Pensacola to Pennsylvania while driving a broken and weary Lemans (a car having seen better days, having very few left). All the while Dale never missed a meal and ate massive quantities of food in record time. All leftovers were gathered and horded in his locker for months to feed the rats: Adm. McKee finally met Dale on a pleasant morning and welcomed him into the underworld. That might keep him out of sight again (as usual), but I've a suspicion that he'll find some way to haunt us.

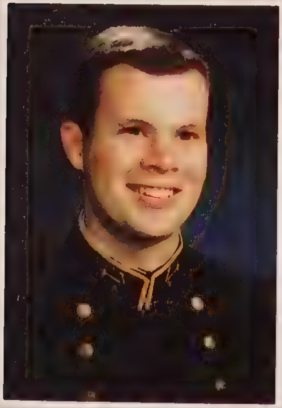
R.M.R.

**Roger S. Phelps, III**
Rog
Montclair, New Jersey
History
Surface Warfare

The Baby Gerber left his home in Montclair a mere helpless cherub who was soon to be cast amongst the horrors which lurked behind the walls of U.S.N.A. Despite his naivete, however, Rog was quick to learn that the key to survival at this fine institution was to hang-out with the right group of people. It was in pusuit of this end that our innocent young New Jersey Eagle Scout became a full-fledged member of the "Gruesome Six", and the fabled Early Morning Breakfast Club. Always concerned with appearances, Roger decided to share his room with a Black "N" winner during firstie year.

The onset of second class year brought about a few changes for Sherm. When not terrorizing plebes or participating as a varsity Musketeer, Master Phelps could be found following in the steps of some of the greatest Wardroom Rats in Naval Academy history. Second class year also exposed the subservient side of Roger's personality when he got engaged to the First Battalion Commander (though to this day he denies it). That's OK Rog, we all know who wears the pants in your relationship. (or do we?) Rog never could resist a woman in uniform.

Best of luck to you and Andrea and have fun with the Skimmers and may you have fair winds and following seas.



**Reginald M. Rhoe**
Dusty
Anderson, South Carolina
Chemistry
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Reg burst into Academy life ready for the challenge. Singled out immediately by our favorite Firstie, "Do you think you're special Mr. Rhoe?" Reg said, No, but Dusty really was. He never got mad at anyone, but had the uncanny knack of telling someone exactly where to go when modesty prevented the rest of us from comment.

Dusty survived as a chem major, spending half of the time in lab. Of course Reg complained most about the "Ding-Bat" in EE. Some questions are left unanswered because no one knows the full story about Mrs. Bob. Reg claims that while the Capt cleaned the garage, he and the Mrs. cleaned the dishes. Right Reg, sure. He sure got a lot of winks for helping with the dishes. Room standards became a concern 3/c year, but soft guilt-trips persuaded roommates that didn't care.

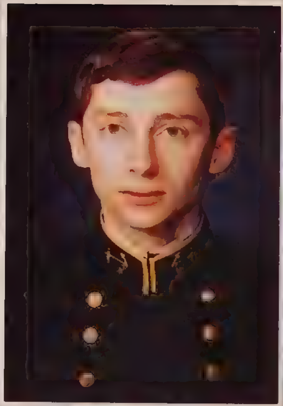
Who could forget the '84 mess night and Dusty's toast, "Here's to the host with the most, who can boast . . . etc, etc! Hell, he was drunk. That year Reg and Flash endured the lovestricken New Yorker and the early morning love notes-long distance. Also, Reg adopted the Chem Dept Chairman for a sponsor (That's how he graduated a chem major). Reg had other schemes. The Drill Team kept him off Worden and Los Alamos presented him with a neat profit. The last was his choice of service selection. So, as Reg prepares to delve beneath the ocean blue, our wishes of good fortune go with you.

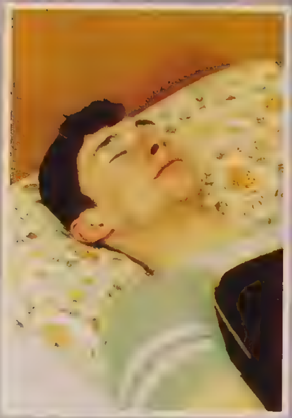
TPB & EFK

**Mark D. Rubino**
Bino
East Islip, New York
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Bino arrived here from south of the border getting a ride from an unknown. He might of driven himself except he has no drivers license. He's waiting till he gets married to get one. "Dolores doesn't mind driving me guys, She's a nice girl." All girls are nice girls to Bino. So what if they go to the Academy. Bino spent plebe year writing letters to N. Mexico. The next year he finally got to live with the girl. Then began the soap opera. It wasn't until 2 years later that Bino found a local cutie & rid himself of the old headache. Senior year rolled around and Bino disappeared from dinner to study hour. He never would say what he did but we know he kept going back for more. His great accomplishment at the Academy was getting his N star in Rugby even though his friends had nothing to do with it. He also was crowned Boxing co-captain after 3 years on brigade boxing. He would make every meeting (if Dolores didn't come over.) Mark got a lot of heat for being a nice guy because they are few and far between in this place. Bino changed a little due to pressure. His lectures to Doc about being righteous second class year didn't help except that Doc gave them right back 1st class year And no one should be allowed to forget the Saturday night that Bino couldn't find the bathroom or just didn't try. His roommates found the bathroom stashed in the corner. Bino sure knew how to keep a bank account, empty that is. Since he had no money he relied on his VISA card which was always over his limit. He kept saying he would pay it all off at the end of the month. Accomplishments: Graduation, Project 35, and induction into the "US" Hall of Fame

TID & US





**Andy William Thompson**
Yoda
Sitka, Kentucky
Political Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Andy came to the Academy from the bluegrass of Kentucky. He managed to impress his plebe summer superiors early by proving to them he knew a great deal more about the military than any one of them. It was a well known fact that Yoda had a larger professional library than everyone else in the brigade combined. As an upperclass, he spent many hours studying technical manuals in order to stump some hapless plebes in games of baseball. Usually the quiet type, Yoda made a big impression on plebes who tried to slack off in their rates. Plebes could always be seen running into the nearest room in order to avoid one of his come-arounds. A.T. never played favorites with any of them, he hated them all. A firm believer in plebe indoctrination,he even named his room the "TOOL SHED." A.T. never seemed to have much luck in the math and science classes. Therefore he spent many hours in the rack trying to hide his depression. Besides racking, there 2 other things Buzzard valued very highly: weightlifting and his car. A powerlifter (masochist) by choice, he could always be seen lifting massive weights and drinking gallons of liquid protein. Rumor has it that when Buzzard gets his varsity "N" letter, he is going to sew it to his blanket. No one saved harder than Buzzard did for his car. During his first 3 years at USNA he never ate anywhere but King Hall. Every part of his paycheck went toward his 1984 Trans Am. If the J-legs only knew that this innocent Mid had almost succeeded in breaking 7 times the legal speed limit in the Yard, who knows what might have happened. And of course there were the trips to that square place in Baltimore and Hood College not to mention being a member of the "Luce Hall Trio." Good luck in the Corps Buzzy, don't let that flying banana catch you!!!

D.H.

Steven Glenn Trost
Steve
Washington D.C.
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Steve came to us from that enchanting island in the far east called Japan. Being a navy brat, he never really had a permanent home. An expert in naval life, he decided to impart some of his knowledge into Dan, his naive roommate from South Dakota. Steve tortured Dan by awakening him with storm effects ranging from raging GALES and seas to rolling his rack. Sometimes, Dan was found taped into his rack with rolls and rolls of toilet paper. How do you think that happened?

Plebe year, we saw Steve venture out into the Chesapeake in all varieties of weather with the sailing team. Although he never got his letter sweater he did get more than his share of women while sailing to exotic islands such as Bermuda and ENGLAND. His girlfriends spanned the globe ranging from a daughter of the British Attache to the daughter of a wealthy Texas oiler. Of course there were others, but their relationships were too short and too many to mention. When he was not with his girls we saw Steve develop several bizarre idiosyncrasies such as his fixation with bayonets and swords-objects he used to get his point across His eaglet imitation complete with squawky voice and flapping arms often caused his roommates to flee for their lives

Steve hated to study and was often found in either his rack, the "potty", or in the wardroom. His lack of studying almost caught up with him once, but when Captain Bob made it painfully clear that academic deficiency was directly related to a lack of weekends, Steve studied harder the night before a test.

First class year, Steve settled down with Gail, the most likely candidate to tie the knot with him. To better his future Steve chose to spend his naval career as a submariner. Steve is truly an elite person and it is only befitting that he become part of that special force We'll all miss you, especially me

T.K.

Raymond Burke Wellborn, Jr.
Burke
Summerville, South Carolina
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

As one glances at Burke's picture, there is always a stir of excitement and the question is undoubtedly raised "Has Dr. Leakey really found the missing link to man's evolution?" Although Burke has hidden in closets under the guise of "Trogus Wellbornus", Burke is actually more comfortable in his role as the redneck Marlboro man. A physical scientist, Burke liked to confine his studying to the Ward room. He always pulled out the grades though- a winning smile to the prof with a casual reminder that "Oh, my Dad's a Captain" proved much more effective than studying. The smile didn't work for everybody though. An excellent wrestler, Burke found himself "in the Doghouse" with the Coach, but that's only when he went to practice. Tired of being barked at, Burke decided to distinguish himself as a Rugby player; however, the goal was not to score but to be the cleanest and best dressed player on the field. Thus "G.Q. Wellborn" was sure to get enough pictures for his "I Love Me" photo album. This is not to say that the girls didn't love him either. He took great pride in his womanizing. Not one inclined to romance, he once took a girl to a funeral home for a party. Maybe a movie would have been a little more hoppin'. Of course the movie would have been Conan so that Burke could further terrorize his roommate with a rifle and bayonet. Burke needed the strength of Conan in order to operate the unique push-start ignition system on his car. Actually it was his buddies who pushed the car two miles. Hopefully the F-14 in his future is self-starting. As the "greatest future pilot in his own mind", you've been a great roommate and a better friend. Good luck Buddy

JCC

Wesley Allen Whitbeck
Wes
Seattle, Washington
Marine Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Wes came to the Academy wide-eyed and bushy tailed like the rest of the guys in 35. Pumped and ready to go, Wes started out with a bang plebe summer getting into as much trouble as he could. First he joined the D & B to see how fast he could piss off the first class. Finally the hot Md. weather took its toll. Later Wes calmed down and settled for the Pep band and Babtist Student Union during the academic year. Those were too safe, or boring after awhile, and Wes discovered he could find more trouble to get into later. Youngster year also brought Marine Eng. with a direct line into Nuc power. It seems the Marine E's formed a closely knit crew because Wes was seldom seen around the company during study hour. 31st & 25th company seemed to offer a lot more intellectual aggrandizement I suppose. Women seemed to play a big part in Wes' life. This plebe year romance was not enhanced however by a loveletter sent from a secret "admirer" within the company. The dirty culprit even gave a false room number - that being the 8-1 head. Wes dropped romance till first class year, or had it dropped for him, until he could handle a 3000 mile romance better. At least this one will result in a wedding. Even first class year brought trouble. He seemed to have a knack for making things difficult for himself. Let's pick a fight with my short roommate and see how quickly we can piss off a new company officer. It didn't take long for the "Wabbit" to take away a few weekends and spoil a good time by disapproving some perfectly good special request chits. This special talent kept a lot of us from Lt. W's wrath. Thanks Wes. Well maybe Wes didn't deserve the trouble he got into, but it was quite a pickle, and was all his own. Anyway, who could tell if Wes was NOT having a good time? He spent too much time in the wardroom or talking on the phone. Well Wes, you made it. We thought you would, in spite of the "Wabbit".

# Thirty-Sixth Company

Bern Jacob Altman
The Alt - - - -
Silver Spring, Maryland
Naval Architecture
U.S. Marine Corps

This unique young man with the legs of Earl Campbell, upper body of Woody Allen, and a nappy head Mr. Ray wouldn't touch, has never had his name pronounced correctly. "It's German" is a phrase heard at most introductions.

"The Boss" doesn't have a bigger fan, nor does James Bond - Alt's got every album of both of them, including bootlegs! He goes all out in everything he does. Goes skiing once? New skis. Ice skates once? New skates. Biking? His true love - $800 bike. ("Cycle," Sorry, Alt. Shorts tight enough?) He is truly one of the toughest competitors you ever want to meet.

Alt is a man of diverse talents - expert horseman, rubberbandsman (Scooter was his only peer), Army Week canstacker, and noted autor (The Good Book, Vols. I, II and III.) Plebe English was his favorite class here - probably because he had such a crush on his prof

Anonymous in 2nd, Alt left to become Supermid in 36. Everyone thought he'd just gone back to Hechinger's again

Indiscriminate eater ("the floor's clean"), expert knifehandler ("got it down in TJ"), unparalleled Mr. Spock, and a man who could turn trousers into shorts quicker than anyone - this is the Alt-man. You're the greatest, buddy. You came to us "magnificent" and you're leaving even better. There's gonna be no stopping you

Robert Kyle Armstrong, Jr.
Bob
Nashville, Tennessee
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Bob spent a fun filled year at the Naval Academy Prep School before coming to USBA (the B isn't for bogus-or is it?). Yes, Bob gets very excited at times. One way you can tell is by listening for his voice-you see you can hear it no matter where you are-just ask his Plebe mungheads from summer detail. Change seemed to dominate Bob's 4 years here. He saw so many girls while he was here that he is a gossip item from here to Virginia-even by the State Troopers. Bob couldn't stick with changing only girls, so he changed majors from Systems to General Engineering in order to have at least a little free time. Roommates were another variable in his life-at least until first class year when he found his long lost Siamese twin brother Federco. You see, Bob was also known as Hansuella Zambini, half of the world famous pair. Amazingly, they didn't recognize the resemblance for 16 weeks, but when they did they immediately started to wear identical socks so people could tell they were twins. Some things have been constant though-Bob has been a fixture on our successful intramural teams, and he usually ends up at TJ's on Saturday nights with the boys. Quantico is lucky that they're getting Bob, not just because he'll help out with the highway costs, but because he's a special person. We all know he'll be great at whatever he does, but we wish him the best of luck.

JRS

NAVY
RESTLING

Robert Calvin Barwis
Bob
Quakertown, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

I-day began with Bob sweating like a pig all over his new roommate, and the whole year seemed to be one big, rude awakening for the big guy. The navy seemed a far cry from beloved Quakertown High and his hometown sweetie, but, like all mids things changed. Bob fit the football image well, fat and happy. His days consisted of meals, football practice, and more meals. When second class year began, Bob finally realized classes were not optional. He also found he needed some EE knowledge to repair all the appliances he broke, including a window that a chair just wouldn't seem to fit through.

Robbie had a good time investigating such places as the Hospital Point shed, Dahlgren (H.J.), and the Mitscher Hall projection room. When he wasn't with a girl, the Big Burrito was left to watch them, even if freezing and passing out were hazards.

During his free time, Bob had the opportunity to contemplate life, attitudes, etc . . . Indeed Bob, you are a vector! ("Brains" will varify this)

You had some great times with football and met a lot of great friends. You have been a great roommate and a good friend (even when we gang up on you) Tim had the squeakers, Chuck had the stinkers, and Bob had the drippers. Make way for the Bear!!

CPW & TMM

Daniel G. Bedell
Dan
Fort Smith, Arkansas
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Dan arrived at USNA four years ago from the Midwest with one goal in mind: a free ticket for the highway to success. Over his four year visit to Annapolis many things changed in Dan's life, but his goal remained intact. Plebe summer saw Dan viciously attacked by a BIC disposable razor and a solid oak door. Not to worry; he's not a bleeder The only problem he had with the remainder of the year was choosing between a major in Rickover or something in Sampson. He chose the former and spent three years regreting it. Dan was so tired of being a plebe that he slept right through youngster year. He was the type of guy who went to sleep when he was tired and woke up when he was done sleeping. He still doesn't know what alarm clocks are used for. Junior year was one that drove this poor Razorback to drink After being awarded the "Brick" for his elegant taste in women, he decided to enjoy a little midweek "Happy Hour" in room 6258 with his two roommates. I still think we deserved a black "N" with a star for that. Hell, it did happen over army week. Oh well! Dan sped through senior year in a shiny BMW and as he heads to nuke school in Orlando, I wish him the best of luck there and everywhere

George J. Bereska, Jr.
Geordo
Baltimore, Maryland
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

George arrived at the Academy from a prominent well placed family and a private high school

George went down in history with, "Hip it and spread it." George panicked first semester Plebe year with a 2.3 but avoided studying the next 3 years and still mantained a 3.5. While here, George logged more hours than any Mid ever, and was a natural as Wardroom Dictator. As "puppet" fieldball captain, he followed the teachings of his mentor, B. D.

Memories: *Mack the Knife;* hugging the bowl; Guano Bum Gouge; "Captain, we've had a reactor scram." "Who stole my . . . "; Lobster in the Wardroom; Puerto Rican crabs; Ouzo and the Water Street heave; the Blast and belly dancers; Bob, Jr.; Phil Collins and the power sign; interior decorator extraordinary; Bawlmore this and Bawlmore that; "I'm right you're wrong, shut up"; "My car is where and you got a what?"; stuck in the gate; snaked in Girard's; Second Class Alley parking pass; the Color Squad; squad parties; SLEEPER . . . . . See ya at dinner: Kev See ya in seven; dinner's on you·

Greg

Madeline Marie Casity
Lynn
Murfreesboro, Tennessee
Oceanography
Naval Flight Officer

Lynnie came to "the prison" a wide eyed and innocent Southern belle missing Ricky and home (in that order). She depended on Snoopy, Snoopy, Snoopy, and every once in a while Snoopy. Pretty girls always seem to have a tough time at this school, but Lynnie proved tougher and beat the system.

Why, did such a talented writer choose to study manta rays and barnacles, I'll never understand. Then again, anyone who enjoys getting up at 6AM for Varsity Track road trips isn't all that stable either

We always saw Lynnie cheering her heart out at football games. The Brigade seldom responded in kind, but this didn't prevent this persistent lady from trying. I still remember afternoons at the Sinnetts, teddy bears, and Snoopy. During youngster year, Lynnie kept cheerin', but decided to dive instead of run. This former gymnast soon excelled by earning All-American honors by her second year.

2nd class year was a big one for Lynnie. 2nd class summer, flying, Steve, etc. If that weren't enough, she went to West Point for a semester. Once again, this fine athlete excelled, earning A's in soccer and diving. Lynnie was converted. She didn't even go to our ring dance, but she went to Army's.

First class year: Plebe detail during summer school; one day notices on cruise, detail, Batt Staff, exams, and weddings gave her plenty of time to prepare. Scott was always there with flowers, but they got too expensive. Now Lynnie has permanent ones. Oh yeah, Snoopy, Snoopy, and Snoopy. All in all, this Air Force Brat has made a name for herself at the Annapolis Penitentiary. Soon to be a Navy pilot, with a new beau who likes ice cream as much as she does, this charming little pixie from Tennessee has been a wonderful friend. Thanks

Michael J. Coury
Mike
Center Valley, Pennsylvania
Political Science
Naval Flight Officer

Mike came to the Academy from Center Valley, PA, with visions of flight in his mind. One year later, we find Mike "exposing" his true nature on the beaches of Damneck. Yes, Joe R., Tom C., Kevin W. and Mike will not soon forget what the flow of strange liquid does to a man's character. Nor will Mike soon forget what happens when you mix drink with Shippensburg - a time of immense proportions in Mike's life. (In the morning, Mike knew what and where, but seemed to have forgotten the how and why.)

However, in his tireless quest for female companionship, he has been never known to stray far from a certain cute Irish girl back home. Be careful Mike, you may find yourself before the altar before the year is through!

Four years, and several ulcers later, we find Mike throwing all his eggs into the NFO basket. As his roommate, I can attest to the fact that Mike's daily habits will not soon be forgotten - nor will his sense of humor and friendship.

JRL

Bruce G. Davis
B.G.
Prairie View, Texas
General Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps

Bruce will long be remembered here at the Academy not for his academic or athletic excellence, but for his ability to always look at the bright side of things. In his third year Bruce decided that Mechanical Engineering wasn't quite challenging enough for him so he switched to the more demanding General Engineering. Convinced that Maryland was only a satellite of Texas and that he had seen it all, he rarely ever ventured far from the Academy. On one of his few journeys from the Academy Bruce found companionship one weekend at the Vous with a drunkard and a drug addict. Known for being able to bring out the animal in women, Bruce affectionately named the first of his many women the "Wolverine". Being the shy person that he is, Bruce preferred to arrange his dates through the use of the blind dating service offered at the Annapolis City Dock. Bruce loved to ice skate, and one of his favorite spots was the area in front of Luce Hall where he received a concussion and a shoulder injury while doing his famous Mary Decker imitation. He frequently had trouble getting his priorities straight on weekends, and usually ended up getting "nothing but behind". Bruce proved to us all what the word "dedication" really means and that he had what it took to become a varsity athlete by becoming a member of the track team for two whole weeks. A true friend and a leader by example the Marine Corps can stop looking . . . they've found their good man.

BLH & EFP

Norman Geatz Fitzpatrick
Fitz
Merion, Pennsylvania
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Yo! Norm hails from the city of brotherly love and has the brothers to prove it. Loud-yes, fun-yes, crazy-yes, military-no. Pleber year brought us Norm (call me Fitz) and the bad attitude from NAPS. In the hall: Fitz validated plebe year, lived and died by the gouge, rated the wardroom as a youngster, and coached Rudy to the hand cream. He entertained the bullpen for 2½ years, until coach Duff got a bit much for him to handle. "What does it say on your birth certificate, "I must have fun?'" Norm graduated to the rugby team and having played before, added more to an already great team. One of Fitz's claims to fame was an "End of Summer" party to end all parties. Those of us that were there will surely remember it, even that little bald guy. Duty was the only time you could find Norm in the halls; he managed to dodge that sometimes though. Otherwise, you'd have to search the bars, rugby pitches or look for his wife to be, Mary Lee to see Fitz. The final choice was a hard one: Almost a Marine? We would've love to see you with a skinned head Norm. We still have one question to ask, did you or didn't you win that election for class president? It was fixed. You've made a lot of friends here, and we'll never forget you. We gotta date for "End of Summer" 85, 86, 87, etc . . . See what I'm saying? "Howyadein?"

CPW

William C. Gigliotti
Gigs
Lexington Park, Maryland
Physical Science
Naval Aviation

Gigs came to the Academy in order to become a pilot, and I for one am glad that he finally made it. Anyone who can tell you the history, characteristics, and maker of any plane ever made, can reel off any number of flying tales, and can be so uncompromising about his eye precautions deserves to be a pilot. The fact that he changed his major from Applied Sci. to Physical Sci. in order to protect his class standing is just one proof of his determination to make it. But Gigs found plenty of things other than flying to keep him busy. Not the least of these was varsity soccer. He and coach Meyers had several differences of opinion, but Gigs managed to play for 4 years and letter 3 times. One interesting fact about Bill is that he was never without a girlfriend. He changed from Ellen to Wende in a matter of hours during Sophomore summer. Gigs interests other than Wende include windsurfing, skiing, golf, duck hunting, scuba, and joke telling. But what some of us will remember about Bill was his uncanny ability to empty a room, thus living with him for 3 and ½ years wasn't always easy. It would have been 4 years, but he unexpectedly got promoted to Batt. Sub-Cdr for our last semester here. He was undoubtedly the only 3-striper with a class A offense, a 2.35 grade point, and no A's in performance. Those qualifications aside, he was a good choice for the job because the 3-striper libs were not wasted. I mean any man who would shin the mast of a yacht moored by the Hilton stark naked can't be all bad. Gigs' other exploits include nearly getting arrested for drinking illegally on an old bridge, dating as a plebe, numerous illegal excursions, and the "Black N" offense of drinking in the hall. But the restriction is past and the future looks bright. Take care and do well.

Bruce L. Hacker
Hack
Springfield, Ohio
Applied Science
Supply Corps

Bruce is a fine individual who "danced" his way into the Academy plebe year. A homeless Navy brat, Bruce apparently has no place of origin. He is a very attentive listener who has the unique ability to fall asleep during Bible studies, classes, formations, parades, or any other important military obligation. We are all glad to hear how the Academy has made Bruce quick. It now takes him only three minutes to write his signature

In his youngster year, Bruce had a brief encounter with a female which left a "Thorne" in his side Because of this encounter, he has decided to punish all women by not dating them, and turning to computers.

Yes, Bruce Hacker, the man, the athlete, the modest weightlifter who displayed his trophies for only 70% of his time at the Academy. Bruce Hacker, the swimmer, the originator of the "run on the bottom" crawl (somewhat inefficient, but he did pass his swim tests). Bruce Hacker, the master of fashion who appeared in "Ebony" magazine with USNA regulation P.E. gear, goat shirt and all. Bruce Hacker, the dedicated CO CDR who was insulted by his 3-striper liberty and refused to take it.

Well, Bruce we love you. You're destined to reach the top in your profession. Thanks for the good times, stereo, phone, stapler, and pencil sharpener.

BGD & EFP

Nancy Lynne Heckman
Nancy
La Crescenta, California
Aerospace Engineering
Naval Aviation

Nancy made her marks on the Academy in ways that no one else would. She was a 2 semester three striper (pseudo-three striper that is). Who would gress that Nancy leterally wore the marks of the Fencing team captain (bruises and stripes) and when she wasn't in season, had the three striper libs to go with being Editor of this fine historical masterpiece. Which brings about another bennie— THE PHONE!!!

No, Nancy wasn't born a first class. The first three years she spent working for everything she achieved senior year. A 2.5 Aero degree is just another feather under her little Ensign cover Nancy never did make it big with B.D. but she had connections in more important places, like the Wardroom, (LaRochelle) and the MidStore (LCDR Herbert) What about those skiing weekends with the coach second class year??

Though we were never your typical roommates, we both respected the others privacy and lived a generally blissful life. Nancy is the type of girl who would do anything to help you out. I know if I ever need anything, she'll be the first to lend a hand Thanks Nanc

CLS

Jay R. Linder
Twilight
Pasadena, California
Physical Science
Surface Warfare

Jay Linder traveled some 3000 miles from sunny California to experience excellence in education, rigorous sports, and outstanding professionalism, but mostly, because the schooling was free. Jay quickly gained a reputation during Plebe summer for sound and level-headed comments which earned him the nicknames "Twilight" and "Tangent man". Seriously, once you get to know Jay, he shows a side that most never see. His activities outside the Academy (and some inside) are quite noteable. A minor fiasco took place at Shippensburg College where Jay attempted to find out if the girls of Shippensburg live up to their reputation. They do! Although Jay was briefly disoriented for a moment that night, two girls will never quite forget him. However, Jay was not always this popular with the women of surrounding colleges. Deflated tires, missing car keys, stuck in the mud, racing Z's back from Maryland U., and an intimate relation between his car and a tree are just a few of Jay's adventures. As his roommate, I can truely say that when Jay likes what he is doing, he does it well. The Navy will get a fine officer from Jay Linder, and those who befriend him will find him a true friend.

MJC

Martin S. Medve
Marty
Pueblo, Colorado
Mathematics
Naval Aviation

From Pueblo to Newport, Marty was ready to go to Pensacola. Did he forget about USNA? No, he slept through it. Between sleeps he rowed with the plebe heavyweight crew and won the Eastern Sprints, and, he managed a 4.0 his junior year while rowing. How does "$M^2$" get a 4.0 when he sleeps all night? He was well rested. Tutoring me through wires and weapons was the closest he came to opening his books.

Setting records via recording them nightly was his evening activity. All the while his stock in Memorex more than tripled. Excursions with his Hubbard buddies were, to say the least, wild and wet. The showers? If only we had camaras in the room upstairs. The first mid ever to park a boat for an entire semester in the yard, and drive it to the N Dance. Senior year Marty was a member of his own private Nautilus club, and he majored in water dynamics (Skiing on the Severn). Marty turned USNA into his own amusement park.

Militarily, Marty decided that stripes weren't going to interfere with his sleeping habits, so it was. No, the Maryland police never saw that blue 84' Trans Am fly by. Escort took away his only excuse to stay under 90 mph: Don't blink.

NAVY AIR is next and his nap is almost over. Cheryl woke him up and will be with him in P-cola. Look out airways, there are no cops at 30,000 feet.

NGF

Thomas C. Mikkelson
Mick
Canton, South Dakota
Applied Science
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Tom came to the Academy from North, I mean South Dakota. Mick, to his friends, started out as one of the crowd to survive plebe year but then realized that was not what he wanted. Tom became Company Commander for Plebe Detail and then for second semester of our first class year. Tom decided that he wanted to be a bubblehead and like so many things he sets his mind to, he accomplished it. It does not take much "arm twisting" to get Tom to drop what he is doing and go out and have a fun time. The arm twisting gets easier if you mention TJ's and Kathy. Tom likes cars and can be seen driving his Saab Turbo around on weekends. There are four words that are fairly accurate in describing Mick; Decent, Intelligent, Capable and Kind. Tom always has an ear open if you feel like talking. He believes in close friends yet is friendly to everyone. Among us lucky enough to be his close friends are Bob, Jeff and Tom. Mick, thanks for being an understanding roommate, a close friend and for just being you. Good luck and God's blessings.

TFS

Charlotte Dee Monk
Char
Thibodaux, Louisiana
Oceanography
Supply Corps

Charlotte hails from the deep So. where men are men and women are women and sheep *are* scared. Char became my roomie 3/c yr. My luck has never been as good since

This soft spoken Louisianan is ever a lady. Warm, generous and forgiving to even the most vile; Char has touched all our hearts with her sweet smile. Char is the eternal socialite, with the devil's twinkle in her eyes. Always on the move with a keen eye for the boys, Char finally caught her man (or did he catch her, completely by surprise?) during Xmas of 1/c yr.

During her time at USNA, Char has lettered in VB, and indoor and outdoor Tr. She even took a dip in the pool, but she decided that drowning wasn't her cup of tea. Moving at her own pace, Char carved lots of fun out of a somewhat bitter time here. Char remember: The incredible handbiting door, all of those "last" diets, our wise talks on love, life and parental units, Army/Navy and the Wolverines, cattlecars and 2/c cruise, the plebe summer that wasn't, the Thanksgiving that almost vanished, bulletin boards, broken fingers by D.B. who was, is, and always will be. TM.

Here's to candlelight dinners in King Hall, *cases* of DP, the untimely demise of *my* pumpkin, the late night *baseball* game, complete with beer and toilet paper, Thriller and the dance queens, and arm wrestling - guess we both won huh?

Hugs and fond memories,

S.M.W.

Timothy M. Morgan
Tim
Beloit, Wisconsin
Physical Science
Supply Corps

Tim got confused with directions to the University of Wisconsin and ended up at USNA. At first Tim wanted to be a pilot, but shortly thereafter his eyes failed him thus leaving NFO as his next wish His lungs were next to go as asthma was discovered. With nowhere to turn, Tim looked to the Corps . . . porkchops, beans, toilet paper, etc.—the Supply Corps. The only bad part is that his body continues to age at a rapid pace. Tim held to the belief that obscurity and the motto "out of sight, out of mind" were best as he battled through the early years. With no black marks and considerably good grades in respect to effort, Tim accelerated to the position of Second Class Batt Commander

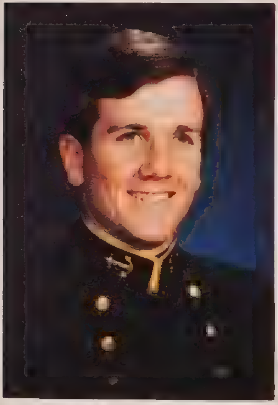
The little guy started to lose interest in professionalism as he found that all were not as "relaxed" as he liked. Tim began to excell in other fields: the good things in life. Such exploits include the Magic Bus, O. C. trips, U. of MD. birthday cake eating contests, the NBL, sleeping in cars after Fitz's party and his most well known incident—the trip to Disneyland. Someday he can take his wife and children to see *his* trashcan

Tim spent most of his free time enjoying the simple loves of his life- drinking at Mike's, rooting for the Cubbies, and paying hommage to his special temple.

Tim is a special kind of guy; although his hands were cold and clammy, he was the warmest inside Always a dependable friend, Tim was always there for all. Thanks for being the third leg to balance the room. *You* were the glue

The Supply Corps is lucky to get somebody like you, just keep the sideburns and waistline tight

RCB & CPW



Daniel Thomas Newman
Danny
Staten Island, New York
Mechanical Engineering
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Dan was a living legend here at USNA. Call him tasteless, obnoxious, call him an article adrift treading on thin ice, Dan was the limit here at Crab City He had absolutely no fear, once taking an anchor shot to the head without complaint so his YP could win color points, but when he started to wear a Mets helmet in downtown bars in N.Y.C. those of us who know him begun to ask, "brain damage?" Dan also had no morals as anyone who played basketball with Ireland's answer to Moses Malone can attest. His style of clothes is brutal-bright purple neon jacket, cherry red sweat pants, black high tops and a Mets helmet, give me a break. Dan is also a man of absolutes, for example ERA and love are right out. I mean this man calls Dianne Cannon a bimbo! Yet there is something you gotta like about a man who worships Jerry Lee Louis and bought a sky blue 55' Plymouth Savoy with his car loan. "Newman you are a menace to society." Anyway, now Dan's set on opening a bar with midget bouncers in Hilton Head, S.C. but till then he'll smoke, he'll curse, he'll drink his coffee black

Edward F. Pierson
E
Gaithersburg, Maryland
Physical Science
Naval Flight Officer

To hear him talk, one is led to believe that Eddie always had the hardest teachers in the hardest courses. A true scholar, Eddie sampled both the Mech. Eng. and the Management majors before deciding on Physical Science. But Eddie always managed to entertain himself and those around him! A dedicated football player, Eddie earned himself Rookie of the Week in his first varsity game. For an encore he decided to ruin his knee in the last minute of the game. Although the knee healed he was forced to retire in order to "concentrate on his academics." That didn't keep him out of Georgetown though In fact, his home phone number for weekend sign-ups is identical to that of the "Vous!" Eddie knew the town like the back of his hand To demonstrate this he took his friends "four-wheeling" in a jeep through a local citizen's backyard Eddie wasn't always a wildman though. At one party he decided to take a nap in the attic Its just a shame that the resident dog there used it as a litter box. Ed was a true nature lover. He was convinced to eat raw venison, sorry, Ed it really wasn't peanut brittle! Yes, Eddie was pretty tough. Ironically, a "snake" himself, he couldn't stand the actual reptiles Bears weren't his favorite either. Convinced he was sleeping in a haunted house, Eddie woke up half of Charleston with a scream when he was visited by the terrifying "Teddy Bear". Luckily he's not afraid of heights. Ever since his secret A-6 ride as "Major" Eddie, Ed has channeled all of his efforts to becoming a pilot. No one was more determined or more deserving. Good Luck, Ed . . . you didn't win the Heisman but your still # 1!

JCC RBW

David L. Ruiz
Dave
Kalispell, Montana
Applied Science
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Lou-eeese Ru-eeese! The very sound of his name strikes fear into the hearts of members of the Navy-Marine Corps team. To many he has been a shadowy figure, but to those of us who know him . he has been *A living breathing Mexican-American!*

It hasn't been pretty, but I've seen the Ruizman reduce nuclear-type LCDR's and boats profs to jello, and then slowly slurp them off the plates they called life! "Now I guess you'll take your medicine

Dave Ruiz . . . . the man . . . . the chameleon maybe you know him as Buzz O'Shannigan, or Earvin Magic or Skip Caray. "Don't forget to take your ticket stub down to the Men's outlet for a free tie."

Rumor has it he's been married for a while now Maybe it was all those economy-sized bottles of Flouriguard he's bought! "Gee Dave, sure is a nice bathrobe, plaid and all!"

And who will ever forget that smoldering, June night when he cruelly sent some 400 insects to their bloody deaths. "Oh . . the carnage! "Boy, that is one nice bulletin board. You guys eat all that stuff or what?"

Shibbit. I'buh don't know. How am I subbosed to know. All I wanna do is work a weedeater

Semper Fi,
Duff

Christy L. Sahler
Christy
Tuson, Arizona
Applied Science
Supply Corps

Christy Lee Sahler is a typical south western girl from Arizona. Christy was a lost sheep plebe year and unknown youngster year. She was much involved with volleyball, which she lettered in Second class year. Christy always disappeared at the library with her study partner. Her grades were good, but the material actually studied is questionable Part of her studies must have been geology, because Christy ended up with a rock on her finger Christy took up jogging first semester of first class year to visit her study partner out in town. When he left for Orlando to study Nuke Power, she became a familiar face at company activities. This added some life to the company because of her ability to take a joke and every now and then give one. Christy's first class cruise on "The Love Boat" on which she gave boxing lessions during her free time, was a truely memorable experience. Christy gave up volleyball first class year and supported company intramurals. Christy never passed up, or was that out?, at P-rades, and second semester helped lead them as company sub-commander. Now that Christy and Brian tied the knot graduation day & Brian got accepted into the Supply Corps, the Corps have a husband and wife team that they will never forget

Wherever she and Brian end up, we all wish them the best of luck

TFS, TCM & NLH

Thomas F. Schwarz
Bagger
Severna Park, Maryland
Mechanical Engineering
Surface Warfare

If Tom had gotten his papers in on time he could have just gone down the street to the Naval Academy, but he didn't, so he took the longer route via NAPS. Since he was from NAPS, I'm sure he sat back and laughed to himself about all of us green plebes during plebe summer. Because Tom lived so close, plebe year he was able to participate in certain extracurricular activities that were supposedly forbidden. Two such ECA's were Karen and Kathy. During this same year Tom also made his wisest and most cherished decision. He decided to major in Mechanical Engineering. I swear it must be pure determination and stubbornness that has caused Tom to fight such a battle in the trenches to remain a Mech E. Or, maybe he wanted to stay in the major because of the professors

After plebe year, the Beav and I picked up Bagger as a roommate down in 8-2. Bob wound up next door and those turned out to be the early days of the "Fearless .Foursome", which reached its peak junior year Throughout first semester senior year members of the opposite sex applied weakening strains to all four corners at different times. Even with all the distractions Tom has had, his corner always remained strong. Speaking of all those distractions, who will ever steal his heart away? Could it be L.B ? Hmmm? Whose cousin did you say she is?

Tom enjoyed helping people. Whenever someone needed a favor or needed to use Tom for a sounding board, Tom was there. Thanks Tom for putting up with me for three years. I wish you the best of everything in the future and may Coronado be in your path

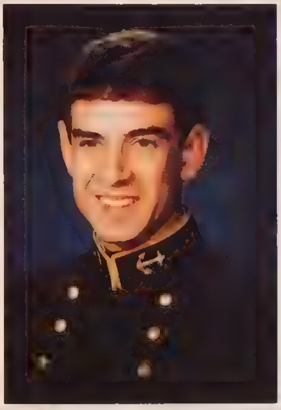
TCM

Jeffrey Raymond Swartz
Jeff
Orchard Park, New York
Mechanical Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Fiderco Zambini, alias the Beaver, alias J R Swartz, came to USBA ("B" ain't for BOGOS, is it?) from the Buffalo Bills, his favorite team in the world to hate. He only pretended to like them After a gloriously uneventful sixth wing plebe year where he ran cross country for Olympic Al and tried his best to look like wall tiles, Jeff moved the family to 8219 and began a fantastically bland reputation as one of the wierdest people at USBA. He quickly took to wearing yellow bikini underware and collecting hockey pucks, then settled down to gain a greater understanding of the M.E. department Beaver played a number of company sports, and left his mark at the Academy (right on a goal post actually.) Jeff kept cruising history, and soon found himself wearing 3 stripes for some unknown reason Adm. McKee was so impressed, he asked for Jeff's autograph, and the Beaver soon began glowing in the dark. Large phone bills gave away the lust Jeff held for K.K.K., a pegleg girl from Puerto Rico, and it's been said we'll soon see them hobbing down the isle toward the maternity ward. The Question is Will the baby have big ears, too?

The smartest thing Jeff did while here at USBA was to room with Hansuella Zambini, his long lost Siamese twin All the luck in the world to you, Jeff It's been real and fun, but not real fun (but it is done )

UFB man, UFB. — Hansuella



Gregory S. Sweeney
Sweens
Cincinnati, Ohio
Physical Science
U.S. Marine Corps

Greg came to the Academy from Cincinnati after a short detour at NAPS He drank his way through Plebe year with the rest of the 36 Plebes. Youngster year was a little different. A spot of trouble with a loose mouth and an evening in Frans (in accustomed attire) could not blotch his perfect image. Youngster year he quarterbacked a brigade championship football team and also started playing Rugby, where he found his nitch. He lettered in his second semester of play but was plagued by injuries after that. A shoulder here, a knee there, operations everywhere. Greg always worked hard for grades that never seemed to come out as good as they should have or as he told us they would. First Class year brought some changes Responsible jobs, changes in musical tastes, better grades, and undying Marine Corps devotion. The big surprise came after Christmas when the die-hard bachelor announced his engagement

Memories: cannabalism, Keacher's Sled Dog, saving Knapp Shoe, Forensic Phd., Maryland-Clemson, highway streakers, fire doors, the Doctor and the Wave Machine

See ya around,

Kevin & George
P.S. We'll enjoy the dinner.

**Charles Pfennig Watson**
Chuck
Los Altos, California
Oceanography
U.S. Marine Corps - Aviation

Chuck came to the Academy from a Minnesota prep school with the intention to excel. Being from the San Francisco area, we all knew he would be different. We never expected this though. Plebe year Charlie studied, sweated, and studied some more- once volunteering to be section leader. His concerns centered on two things he was losing-a girl back home and his hair. With time, he gave up both. Chuck came into his own as a youngster Being the stand up comic that he was, he entertained roommates and friends with his Phil Collins haircut, impersonations, and different outlook on life. Never wanting to sleep in the top rack, Chuck became a rugby player and spent more time in medical than on Hospital Point. Chuck, "the special case", lettered in the end. A veteran of such excursions as the NBL, Ocean City trips in back of the love wagon, and the Magic Bus, Chuck was a valuable member to his roommates. Finally senior year found Chet involved with daily changes in service selection and his new found love—Lori. He settled on the Corps and marriage.

Thanks for making the unbearable times bearable and making us all laugh. Keep Scratching!

RCB & TMM

**Susan Marie Weaver**
Sue
Gridley, California
Oceangraphy
Naval Aviation

Sue, proud citizen of metropolitan Gridley (the rural ½ of) CA, arrived at USNA in search of a pilot's license, a free education, and a good time. She'll get the wings, God knows she's had a great time, and -2 out of 3 ain't bad. Classes never bothered Sue-she could always sleep right thru them. Besides, all her energy was devoted to rowing varsity for NWC. When Sue wasn't rowing or sleeping she was busy being the best friend we've ever had. Her smiles and antics kept us laughing (was it at or with her) for 4 years. Who can forget the plebe yr painting of Mr T, walkman at Chem finals, or all the NWC trips . . . where's the ice cream? 3/c cruise was Sue's 1st encounter with Mr Brew. How 'bout those 5"-54 guns! Turkey day 82 meant Playgirl, run, and a losing battle with Fido and Rover. "Let's go on the choir trip" . . . "But I'm not Catholic and I can't sing" . . 2/c summer was spent almost missing Spanish trains, not quite seeing the Pope, "St Paul's outside the city walls church," "I only faint in the best churches," and how 'bout those Italian boys! Ac yr '84 found Sue reading the Gridley Herald and rooming with Char, stroke of the Var 8, living at Patton's, sneaking out to 2/c parking (stadium), and opening her own car wrecking service (90 mph wasn't *that* fast). Finally 1/c yr . . motoring, vatoring gatoring-"How do you cut a chicken?" Co. Adj . . "See me ASAP-Bobby D.", no more than 3 Doo Dads, pennies for Mr T, "Look my nails have grown another mm," cruising to Philly Susan style-"can you change a tire?" Yunk Ladies, please, those Deil Pickles, it has begun . . . again, let's hear it for civvies, weekends, shot-putting, Nerfmo, and Visa. We know you're ready for P-Cola and real life. Sue, take it from Snobear Bertram, and us, you have touched our hearts and souls more than you know. We'll never forget you or the 5 B's of 2/c summer! Like fly high ok? Love,

AAB and CDM.

**Kevin A. Worsh**
Kev
Marshfield, Massachussetts
General Engineering
Nuclear Power - Submarines

Kev came to the Academy from Boston via Bridgeton Prep where he skiied every day and studied, some, at night. He brought with him words like "wicked" and "pissa", shopping in thrift stores, and a wardrobe unchanged since high school. During his Plebe year, he played lacrosse but learned more jokes than lacrosse. Kev was caught with his pants down during 3/C cruise and as a result joined the EMBC. It was during his youngster year he thought he would see what U. Mass was like, but he can't remember. In his second class year he picked up Rugby and dropped Ocean E. A die-hard NFO from the beginning, he shocked us all by going from 30,000 feet up to 300 feet below.

Memories: a night at Chatham P.D., divining rods, organ presses, Kev change the channel, GUESS WHO? crash-the-gate-crash-the-gate, lunching with muckitymucks, Good-N-Plenties, you know you're in the wrong part of town if you see writing on the walls, rugby songs, Zambuca and Drive-ins.

KEV, even the best of us have to wake up sometime. See ya at dinner,

George

KEV, where did four years go? we almost made the Olympics, dinner will taste good.

# In Memorium

John Michael Marshall

To Live In The Hearts And
Minds Of Those We Leave Behind
Is Not To Die.

# Those We Left Behind

# THE BRIGADE

Fall Staff:

Commander: M/CAPT Patrick Butler (25 Co)
Sub Commander: M/CDR Arthur Sterrett (1 Co)
Operations: M/CDR Kimberly Horine (14 Co)
Adjutant: M/LCDR Richard Hartman (2 Co)
Administration: M/LCDR Gregory Beyke (22 Co)
Supply: M/LCDR Bradley Buswell (29 Co)
1st Lieutenant: M/LT William Higgins (18 Co)
Drill: M/LT Edward Waigand (30 Co)
Parade Judge: M/LT Steven Ploof (27 Co)
MIS Liasion: M/LT Gard Clark (31 Co)

Spring Staff:

Commander: M/CAPT Stuart Munsch (11 Co)
Sub Commander: M/CDR Mark Little (24 Co)
Operations: M/CDR Arthur Sterrett (1 Co)
Adjutant: M/LCDR Tracy Johnson (29 Co)
Administration: M/LCDR Roger Phelps (35 Co)
Supply: M/LCDR Forest Thola (13 Co)
1st Lieutenant: M/LT Michael Lester (22 Co)
Drill: M/LT Edward Waigand (30 Co)
Parade Judge: M/LT Steven Ploof (27 Co)
MIS Liasion: M/LT Gard Clark (31 Co)

Chairman: M/LCDR Dennis Barham (19 Co)
Vice Chairman: M/LT Kent Smith (26 Co)
Deputy Vice Chairman For Education: M/LT James Polo (20 Co)
Deputy Vice Chairman For Investigations: M/LT Michael Skelly (32 Co)
Coordinator: M/LT Edward Gunning (31 Co)
Secretary: M/LT Todd Gardner (15 Co)
Liasion: M/LT Anthony Bruno (30 Co)

Honor Officer: LT Schlientz

Fall Staff:

Commander: M/CDR John Edwards (11 Co)
Sub Commander: M/LCDR Michael Greenwood (5 Co)
Operations: M/LCDR Deborah Shroyer (10 Co)
Adjutant: M/LT Thomas Hobbib (15 Co)
Administration: M/LT David Magnoni (13 Co)
Supply: M/LT Robert Racoosin (6 Co)

Spring Staff:

Commander: M/CDR Gregg Olson (2 Co)
Sub Commander: M/LCDR Todd Olson (18 Co)
Operations: M/LCDR Lisa Caputo (14 Co)
Adjutant: M/LT Michael Gilday (3 Co)
Administration: M/LT Susan Speith (10 Co)
Supply: M/LT Randall Hugenroth (11 Co)

**Captain James Turner**

*Ms. Felicia Walker*

1

## First Battalion

The Fighting First Battalion led the way in establishing uniformity among its member companies this year. Before mid-term exams each company had renamed itself with a *professional* nickname. Fighting First, Fighting Second and on through Fighting (alias Slack) Sixth. Although the First Batt. boycotted the transom painting competition for Army-Navy, considering it highly unprofessional, we did show the world how a pyramid should be built at the 3rd Batt. Spirit Challenge Pep Rally. While Capt. Turner has been attempting to square us away on the drill field and make us proud to wear our leathers to formals on Friday, the lady who has kept the Batt hanging tight is Felicia Walker, the Batt Secretary. All in all, we've had a good year. Both first and second set staffs are happy to say, "First batt, you done good."

Fall Staff:

Commander: M/LCDR Andrea Webb (5 Co)
Sub Commander: M/LT Mark Waterman (3 Co)
Operations: M/LT Michael Phillips (4 Co)
Adjutant: M/LTJG Jeffrey Horton (6 Co)
Administration: M/LTJG Anthony Orlando (2 Co)
Supply: M/LTJG Anne-Marie Maraoui (1 Co)

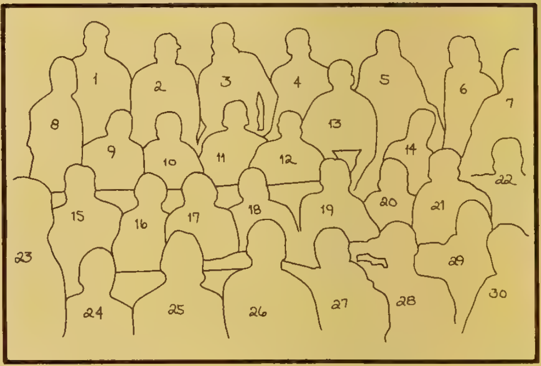
Spring Staff:

Commander: M/LCDR James Kyser (4 Co)
Sub Commander: M/LT Matthew Fletcher (6 Co)
Operations: M/LT John Hannink (5 Co)
Adjutant: M/LTJG Floyd Devine (3 Co)
Administration: M/LTJG Edward Digges (1 Co)
Supply: M/LTJG Paul Jenkins (2 Co)

# FIRST COMPANY

The members of Fun One once again proved that the mids could get the job done without losing their cool. In first semester parades, the boys managed a casual eighth place overall without those dreaded morning practises. First Company finished fifth overall in first semester colors. The year was a great one for parties. I'm sure no one will forget the trips to Ocean City, Goucher, Hood, Mary Washington, Florida, and Philedelphia. Dome, Manchild, Napoleon, Octopus, Wild Bill, Smolte, Buddah, Bo, Spike, Scrims, Smoothie, Trashcan, The Lone Wolf, Jabba The Hut, and Aushwitz are all nicknames we will never forget. The green alerts were great, the work was hard, and the friends in Fun One were the best ever.

LT John E. Cohoon



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13. John Sims
14. Randy Reid
15. Mike Bryant
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18. Ellen Fain
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24. Jennifer Henry
25. Angie Bartosik
26. Ray Braxton Stewart
27. James Lennox
28. Kyle Cozad
29. Mark McDonough
30. Jim Evans

**Not Shown:** Willie Lawton

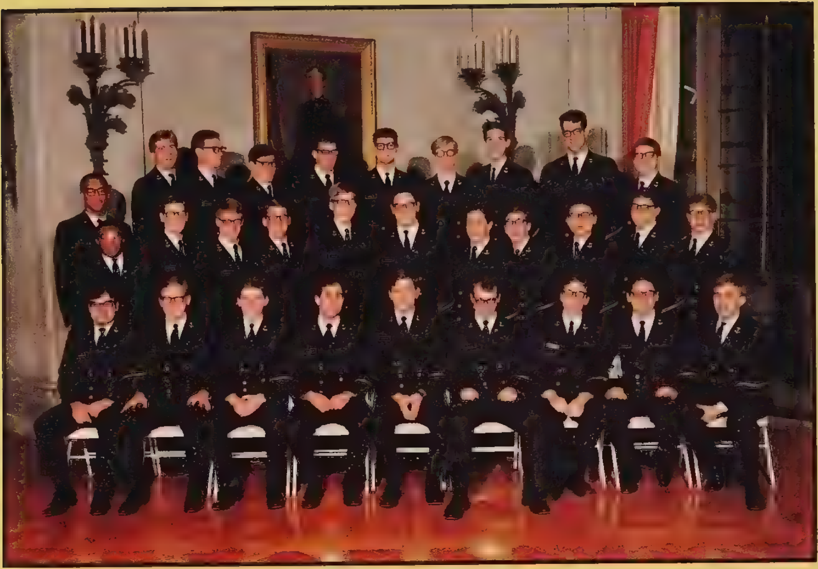
Fall Staff:

Commander: M/LT John Sims
Sub Commander: M/LTJG David Hahn
Administration: M/ENS Angela Bartosik

Spring Staff:

Commander: M/LT Mark McDonough
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Jennifer Henry
Administration: M/ENS Teresa Owen

ONE
USMA
NAVY
MICHIGAN

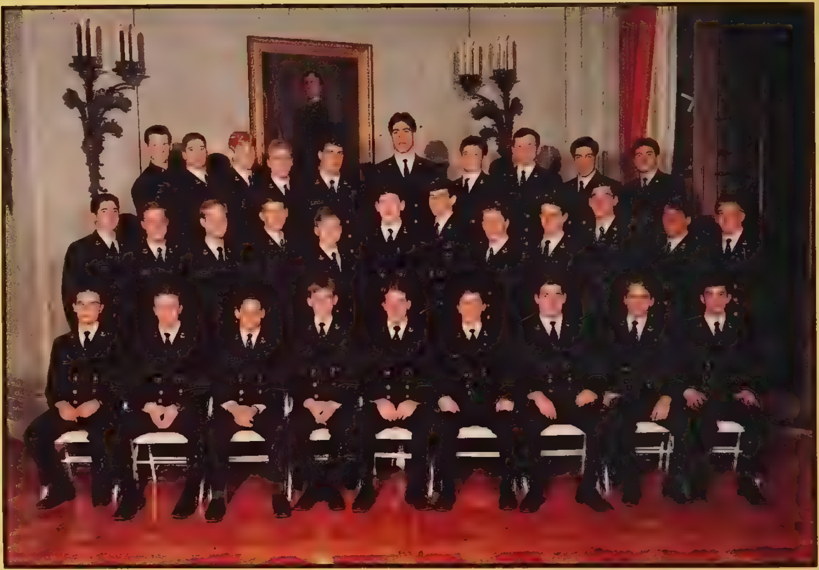


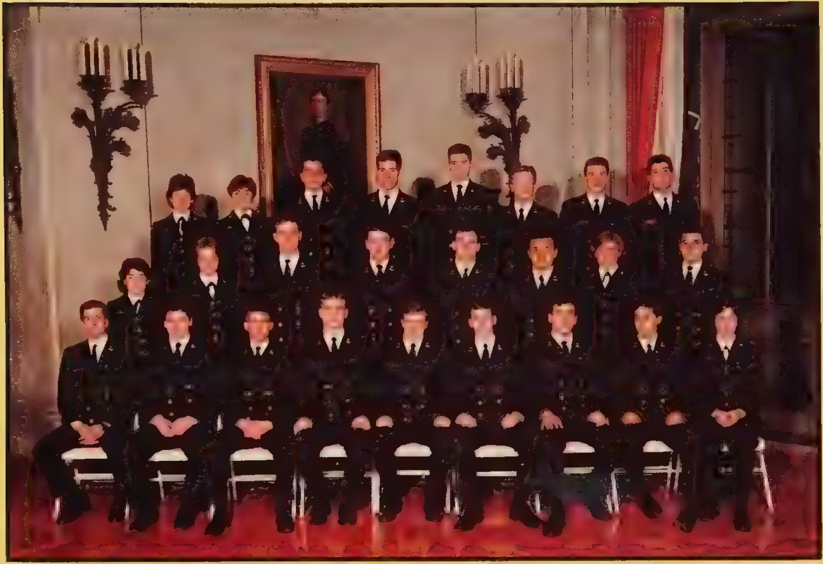
# 1986

**Row 1:** Michael Niemiera, Randall J. Wolf, David C. Weir, Jeffery Bellistri, Scott A. Ordich, Douglas B. Becker, Dean Coddington, Robert T. Bader, Alfred Raines. **Row 2:** Joseph R. Thames, Todd M. Ladouceur, Allan G. Altera, James R. Hatala, Paul W. Meyer, Paul J. Tuzzolo, Eric J. Bruner, James K. Dicampli, Linh Le, Glenn A. Miller, Kenneth I. Pagach. **Row 3:** Royce A. Wells, Larry S. Walker, Eric D. Farrell, Dennis L. Redmond, Andrew J. Lirette, James Adkins, Jeffery Wolstenholme, Brian M. Riley, Brian P. Delbarba, Daniel J. Burque. **Not Pictured:** Timothy A. Adams, Steven L. Daniels, James K. Hamel, Patrick Hoffman, Timothy J. Kramer, Peter F. Owen.

# 1987

**Row 1:** Rolando J. Pena, John M Dimento, Nicholas Cipriano, Jeffrey R. Evers, John Stringfellow, Ever Gonzales, Darren L. Turner, Jeffery McGarry, John A. Tigani. **Row 2:** John Kennedy, Patrick Tierney, Larry G. Hushour, Eric N. Perrreca, Paul E. Gross, Michael Gaffney, Mark A. Belcher, John K. Green, Anthony Ferrari, Geoff DeBeauclair, Dave J. White, Paul A Burkett. **Row 3:** Kevin M. Coyne, Timothy J. White, Thomas B. Welch, Jeffery Jacober, Carl L. Nerup, Ernest A. Harper, Michael Brandenburg, Joseph Krensavage, Richard E. Ewing, James T. Monroe. **Not Pictured:** Jerry D. Tyner.





# 1988

**Row 1:** Kerry m O'Connor, Ruth Ann Miller, Michael R. Lowe, Kurt F. Miller, Michael Steinbach, Chris Nordlie, Mark D. Altobello, Albert L. Ferro. **Row 2:** Katheen Brennan, Julie S. Chalfant, Paul L. Muller, Brian Van Norman, Douglas A. Jones, Benedict Valecruz, Theresa C. Michal, Paul E. Pullin. **Row 3:** David M. Gebhardt, James Spence, Gerald Whitman, Brad Bookwalter, John C. Treutler, Craig A. Colby, Anthony L. Thome, Stanley M. Paul, Christina G. Jones. **Not Pictured:** James Downs, Andrew J. Frie, Jason R. Matic, William Rowell, John Santosalvo, Richard E. Scott, Peter Shumway.

UNIVERSITY
MARYLAND

NAVY
GO NAVY
BEAT ARMY

## Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations, Ellen! A big BZ from all of us - You done good and we are very proud of you! Semper Fi, kid. Love, Mom, Dad & Kathy.

Congratulations and best wishes to Carl T. Holte, 1st Company and all of 85 from Sally and Hartley Holte. Congratulations and love, Mrs. Truman E. Carpenter.

Congratulations Mike Bryant, Fun One Gang & Class of 85. Good Job! Son, you've always made us proud. Your family & friends wish you the best! God Bless. Love you much-Mom, Dad, Darryl, Grandma, Peg, the Florida crew and Jenn. Salute!!

Steve you proved you've got the right stuff! Go with God's speed Love, Dad Mom Callie April Ody-Chad

Congratulations Ray Stewart and 1st Co. Our pride, love and prayers are with you always. Hank Ann, Grant and Mom.

Praise Jesus! We owe it all to the Lord. God Bless you all with his very best. Love & prayers, from the family of ENS Art Sterrett.

Hooray for the Class of 85!!
and William L. Coblentz, 1st Co.
We love you, Bill
Mom, Dad, Karen, and Linda

Jer'n 1st Co. U'r totally awesome.

With love, admiration and great pride we congratulate Ensign Joe Beadles 1st Co. You follow in a proud tradition - Mother and Dad

Congratulations Ensign Kyle Cozad and 1st Co. You have brought us joy and pride. We love you dearly. May God bless you and Amy always. Mom, Dad, Greg, Mark, and Kristyn

# FIRST COMPANY

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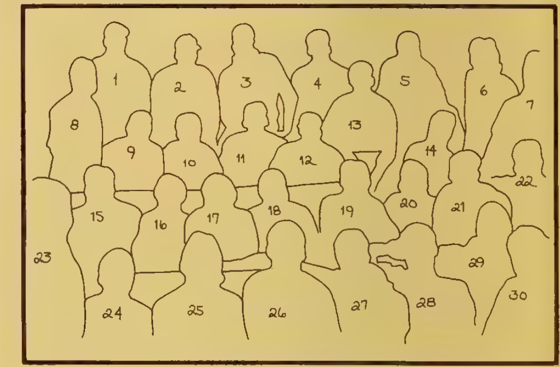

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29. Mark McDonough
30. Jim Evans

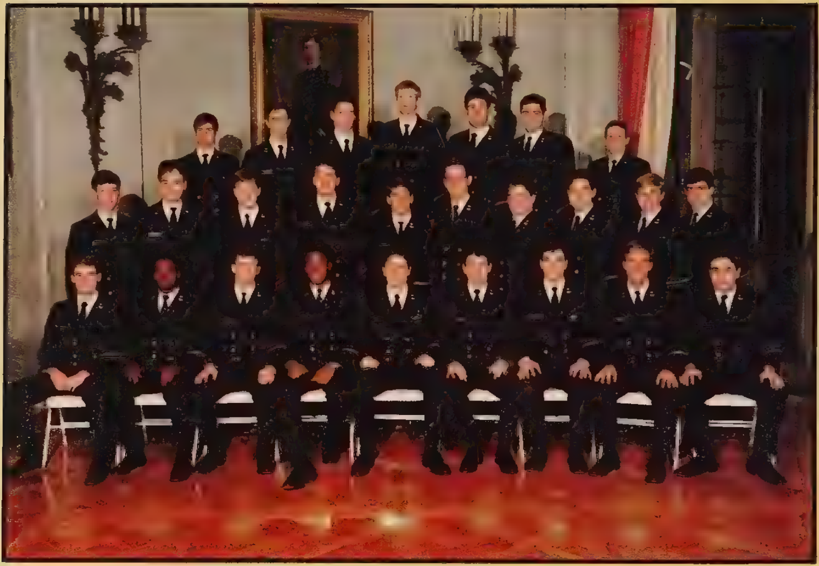
**Not Shown:** Willie Lawton

Fall Staff:

Commander: M/LT Daniel Stout
Sub Commander: M/LTJG William Schulz
Administration: M/ENS Christopher Lowery

Spring Staff:

Commander: M/LT Ralph Portnoy
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Christopher Lowery
Administration: M/ENS William Schulz

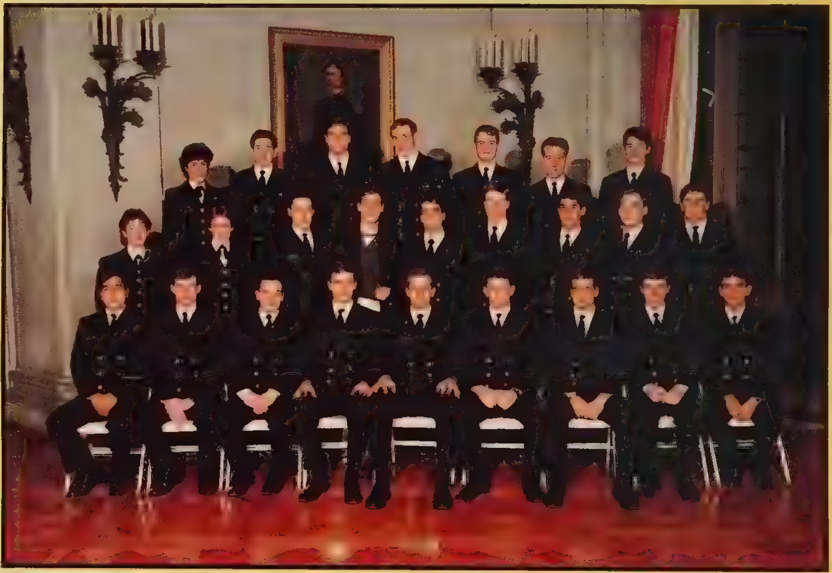


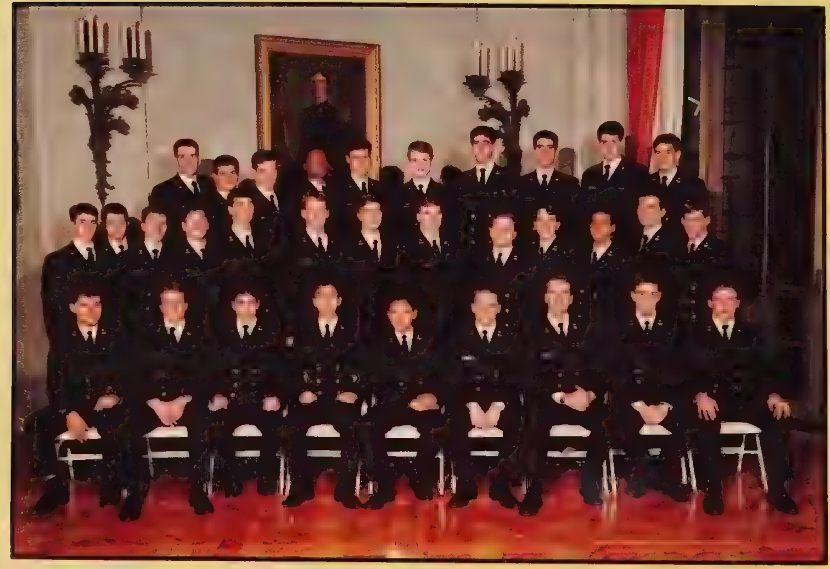
## 1986

**Row 1:** Anthony Stancil, Eric B. Boyer, Peter Scheufele, Douglas R. Allen, Robert M. Moore, Carmine Ciccolella, Bruce Kennington. **Row 2:** Stephen E. Carwin, John W. Ball, Stephen N. Frick, Glenn A. Perkins, Lawrence E. Wood, Carl H. Muench, Eric W. Johnson, Jay A. Kadowaki, Edward J. Cowan, Adrian A. Sanchez. **Row 3:** James J. Baldino, Johnathon McDonald, David Sciortino, Anthony D. Jordan, Richard S. Barbon, Shaun A. Deeming, Eric Martinuzzi, Alan C. Vanderpyl, William Fkinter. **Not Pictured:** Matthew B. Dolan, Michael Killion.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Sunita L. Pandya, Stephen A. Milone, Edward J. Iannone, Jeffery Thompson, James P. Ladwig, Paul A. Walker, Frank Foster. **Row 2:** Heidi J. Moser, Vicki L. Schultz, Theodore P. Lopez, Rober J. Kane, David T. Attisani, Andrew Callahan, John W. Chandler, James W. Bennett, Timothy Corkery. **Row 3:** Claude P. Lim, Timothy Corrigan, Joe M. Sanchez, Robert J. Turner, Michael Williams, David E. Sewell, Keith Spencer, Wayne D. Turner, Roger E. Brill. **Not Pictured:** Lisa M. Desimone, Tomas E. Ennis, Deborah D. Klatt, Richard M. Levins, Shawn M. Scharf.





## 1988

**Row 1:** Joseph F. Lyons, William Burkhart, Dominick Cipolla, Yoshiyuki Muraki, Maximo Mejia, Kenneth Kristensen, Gordon Valentine, James P. Laingen, Jimmy D. Cox. **Row 2:** Matthew Caldwell, Kenneth C. Cooper, Stephen Gutosky, Bruce C. Fauver, Thomas Williams, Todd M. Odegaard, Warren Jernigan, Steven Rasmussen, Harry J. Stathos, Daniel B. Widdis, Jose E. Rossy, Cornelius Giles, Paul D. Rumelhart. **Row 3:** James A. Jones, Robert Cecchini, Erik A. Myhre, Myron L. Hall, John F. O'Brian, Tristram Farmer, James C. Sarfert, Alberto Alberto, Patrick J. Porter, Gregory P. Sauter. **Not Pictured:** James E. Dyer, John M. Kasuda, Ronald J. Kinn, Raymond E. O'Hare.

## Best Wishes . . .

Way to go, Class of 85! Nice work,
Tom, 2nd Co. Love always, Dad, Mom,
John and Marie

For there is a time for every purpose and for every work. We love
you, we're here! The family of
Richard Snow 2nd Co-Beat the odds!

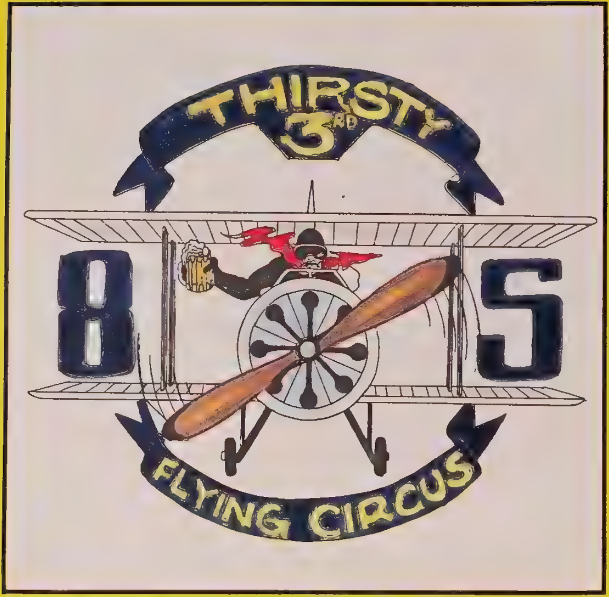
Annapolis Parents Club of Southern
California slautes "Our-Mids" and
The Class of '85! So proud of you!

Totally Awesome! Poor plebe to
Ensign Andrew. We heard it from you!
Love always, Mom, Dad, and Molly

Congrats to the great Class of '85
Esp. the Mids of So Cal! We are so
proud to be the family of David A.
Weiss of the super 02 Co! Thanks,
Dave, for the thrill of a lifetime!
Love, Mom, Dad, & Steve the Seal!

Congratulations Ensign J.J. Mlincsek
The 2nd Co & the Class of 85. We are
very proud of you John. Love you
Mom, Dad, Rich, Ken & Grandma & Grandpa

Congratulations, Jeff. We are so
very proud of you and love you
very much. Mom and Dad in SD



# THIRD COMPANY

Plebe year was a learning experience for us all. Lenny was the "Main Event" with his famous "but sir . . . ," and we all sang and marched, following Bruce's quick wit, Floyd's projecting voice, and Steve's "my brother John . . . " On the Blackest of Sundays, we finally came together.

When academics started, we did well. We taught '82 how to rumble, and they all knew who had the upper hand during the "Great Skateboard Incident." Mahan's bell tolled 85 times and we were off to Philadelhia, leading the Brigade with the 3rd company Army Project. After the game Mark showed us a new use for his cover while Tim showed us a new use for the 13th floor window. At the end of first semester we lost a great friend in Hugh, while we also gained a title: "The Flying Circus."

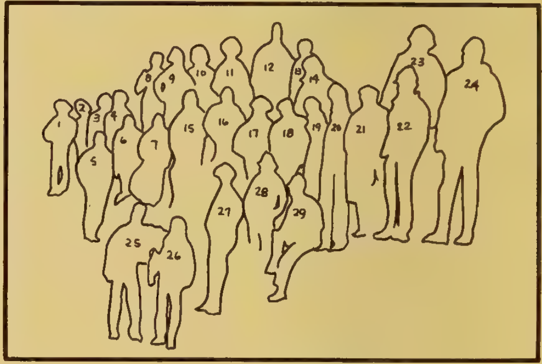
Youngster year we partied. Halloween marked the first appearance of The Taste Buds, while Gene foung a new variation when he used his hat for digested food storage and them put it back on his head. After the Dining Out, Chuck lost his military bearing while Frank and Mike lost consciousness. Seigs tried to out- drink Goody, and Goody tried to light Mike's breath on fire. Boner became a three-time loser by a draw.

Second Class year our grades crashed. We waited each night for the "Dan and Jeff Show," while Marty expanded his horizons with the "sleazemobile." Hoser and Andrew reached new heights with their rodent exermination techniques and Mike reached the windshield as a result of his driving skills.

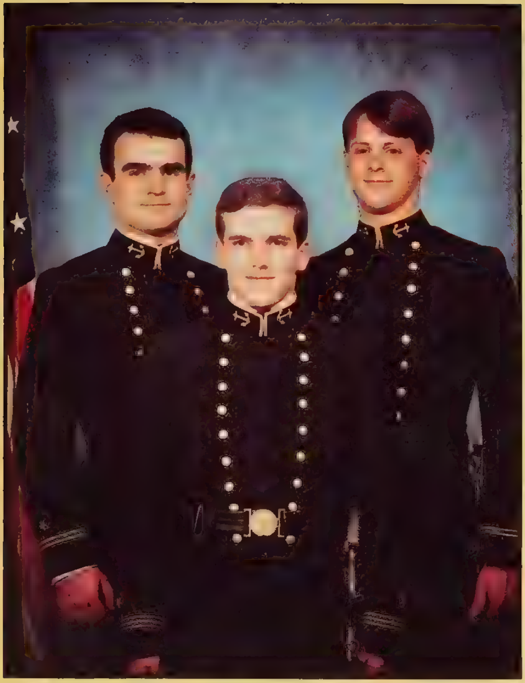
First Class year saw many glueheads and one manipulated he-man woman hater. Rob arose from the rack after three years to play NAVTAG, and "Digger" should have been renamed "Gravedigger," due to all of his nocturnal activities, surpassed only by "Puli" and his "batty" hours.

Wherever we go or however far, we will always be '85, Third Company. Good Luck!

Lt. Earl Connally



1. Dan Holzrichter
2. Rob White
3. Dale Horan
4. Andy Cheney
5. Marty McEnroe
6. Paul Rosmilso
7. Dan Siegenthaler
8. Mike Fazio
9. Chuck Mills
10. Jeff Baquer
11. John Williams
12. Bruce Thompson
13. John Vancleve
14. Steve Debonis
15. Rene Puliatti
16. Andy Bellus
17. Mark Poindexter
18. Mark Waterman
19. Rick Merriman
20. Pete Phelps
21. Mike Gilday
22. Frank Novak
23. Floyd Devine
24. Steve Cade
25. Bob Goodman
26. Tim Berg
27. Rob Wileman
28. Gene Mendoza
29. Chris Hickey



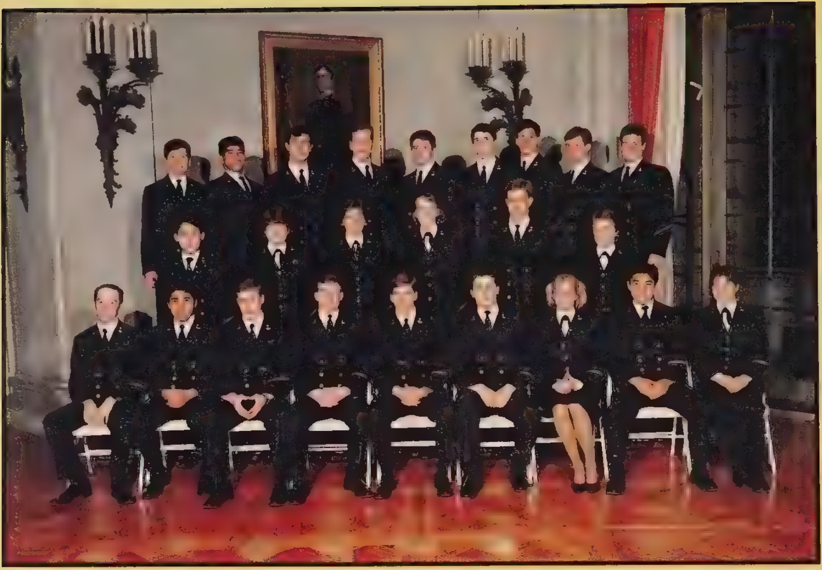
Fall Staff:

Commander: M/LT Dale Horan
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Mark Poindexter
Administration: M/ENS George Cheney

Spring Staff:

Commander: M/LT Charles Mills
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Francis Novak
Administration: M/ENS Eugenio Mendoza

CH H-L
DO NOT ENTER
NAVY
77

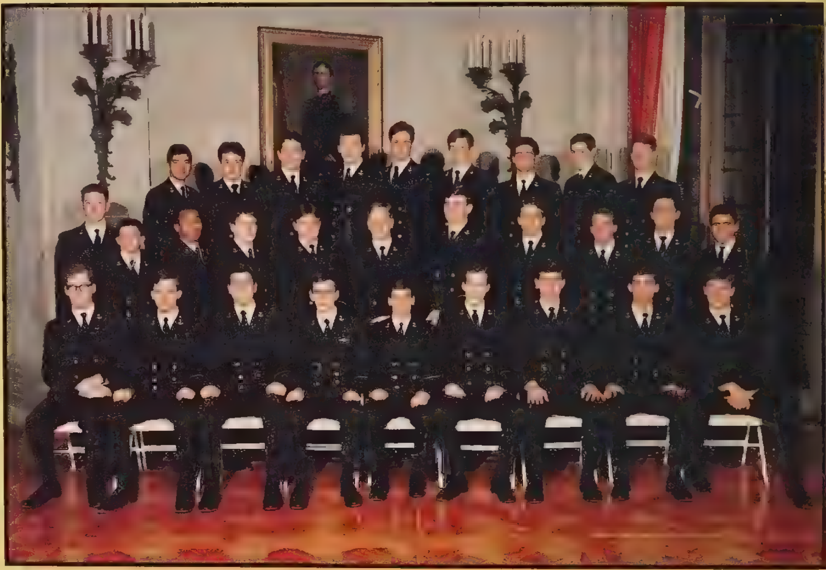


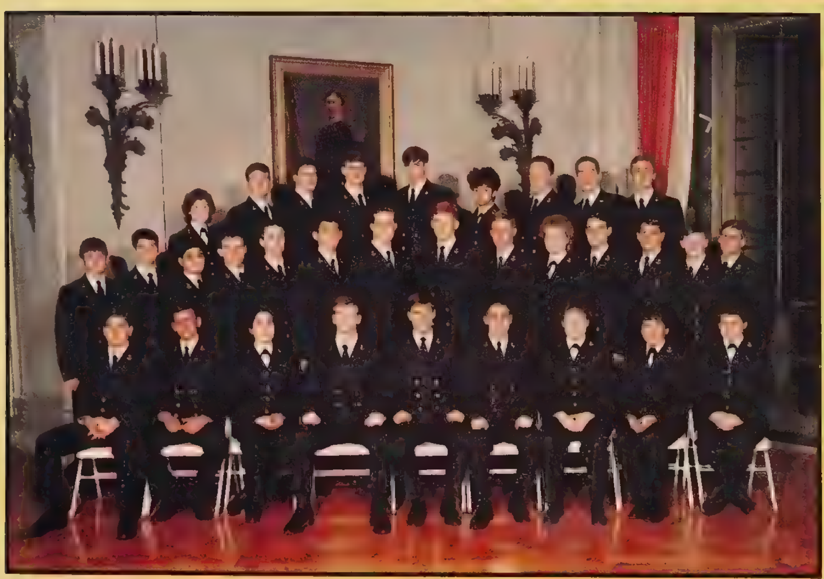
# 1986

**ROW 1:** Derek S. Taylor, Leonard B. Gabion, Robert D. Round, Michael Diverde, Charles Sizemore, Douglas Larratt, Nancy E. Mann, Reid T. Tokoro, Agnes M. Mayeaux. **Row 2:** Takashi Yamamoto, Roberta C. Shaw, Nancy L. Prout, Elizabeth R. Bass, Jeffery M. Dahl, Nancy J. Dykhoff. **Row 3:** Todd P. Miller, Robert L. Gray, Johann Fournier, Richard A. Kruse, Matthew G. Pilon, John R. Mansueti, Adam E. Paterson, David P. Roach, Robert Stevenson. **Not Pictured:** Daniel Ballister, Lisa M. Hosack, Matthew Kirby, Glen A. Miles, James G. Ryan, Jay L. Ward.

# 1987

**Row 1:** David A. Brown, John R. Gilstad, Dominic J. Meoli, Jeffery S. Earle, Henry A. Laible, Todd A. Steggerda, David A. Thiede, Shawn E. Dennis, David Seawright. **Row 2:** Lewis P. Wiggs, Jeffery Caporossi, Albert W. Hawkins, Patrick Hosey, Earl K. Wilson, John L. Mykyta, David Miller, Paul E. Nesbit, Matthew L. Early, Juan C. Rodriguez, Christopher Arias. **Row 3:** Arturo Martinez, Steven E. Halpern, Eric M. Scheulin, William McKinley, John J. Hardig, David Burnham, Paul C. Rayhill, John J. Denine, Scott A. Cressman. **Not Pictured:** Joseph T. Greene, Kent R. Vanhorn.





# 1988

**Row 1:** Brent M. Cornell, John J. Sastry, Hope Katcharian, Paul A. Stader, Martin Beaulieu, Robert S. Harrill, Leslie M. Hill, Michelle L. Meria, Lydia Derrington. **Row 2:** Mark P. Lotze, Van A. Anderson, Jon C. Quimpo, Thomas F. George, Robert B. Tomiak, Mark B. Guevarra, Thomas M. Cleary, Michael J. Hogan, Robert A. Staten, Maureen K. Toohey, David J. Hoff, Roger Erickson, Michael W. Sneath, Scott F. Manning. **Row 3:** Wendi L. White, Jon A. Smith, Matthew Blackwell, James A. Vohr, Keith N. Burgess, Rosalin Richmond, Timothy S. Rose, Bryan R. Couchman, John E. Zeberlein. **Not Pictured:** Richard Gendron, Mark J. Mouriski, Michael A. Musser.

ST. JOHN'S
COLLEGE
PARKING
ONLY
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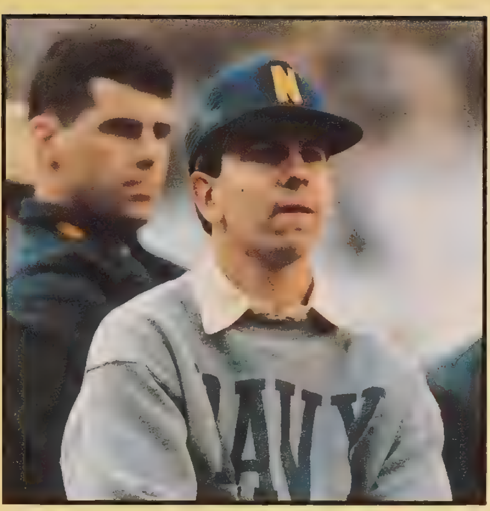


# Best Wishes . . .

Best of luck to Paul & the grads of 3rd & 27th Co. We are all very proud of your work at the Naval Academy. Love Mom, Dad, Larry & Tom Rosmilso.

Congratulations - Paul A. Rosmilso and Class of 85 - Proud of you. God Bless you all. Eddie & P.K.

Thank you for the pride we share with you, Steve. The Cade Family

Congratulations and blessings to the Class of 85. From the Family of Eugenio, 3rd co. We are proud of you Gene, from Ana Javier Mom and Dad! See you at homecoming 85, Ray and Jeanie Fazzio, Class of 1957

All the best to Bruce R. Thompson and the Oarsmen of '85 From Dad

Success to 2nd Lt. Andrew Bellus and the Class of 85. Well Done! We're proud of your accomplishments. Family & friends from Omaha

Love to Chris Hickey and 3rd Co. 85 May God continue to guide you all. The best that this world has to offer. Dad, Mom & Grandmother.

We're so proud of you 85 and Co. 3. Congratulations Robin Wileman from Dad, Mom, Ron, Becky and Rick Love

Congratulations Dale E. Horan, our special friends of 3rd Co. and the Class of 85. Love Mom and Dad Horan.

Thanks Tim Berg & U.S.A! Serve in appreciation with courage & love. Peace, joy & love from your family.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of 85 from the family of John Van Cleave 3rd Co. We are so proud of you John. We love you. From Tim, Jenny, Jeff, Nan, Russell Mom and Dad. May God be with you.

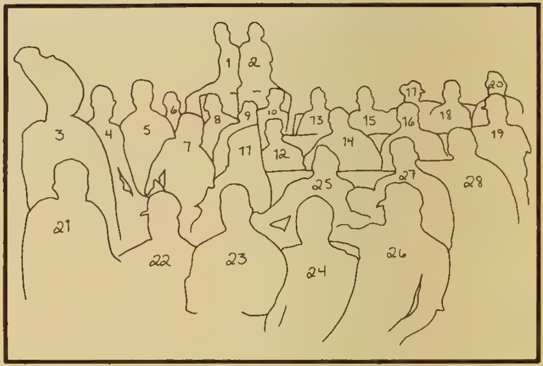
4th
COMPANY

# FOURTH COMPANY

We were thrown together, indeed a motley crew, on 7 July 81. From near and far we came to become Phoaming Phour. Plebe Summer was an enlightening experience for all. Bill and Steve learned to tango, Louis loved his piece, Wang was a hyper S.O.B., and Dean became "No. 1 Sun". Our antics were well known. A midnight O-Course run and a rumble with Charlie Co. sealed our reputation. Plebe Year taught us the "Phoaming" part. Hop's flirting with taps will never be forgot, nor will Joel's drinking antics (The Comatose Kid). Halloween was our first chance to strike back and Sonny's artistic ability will always be remembered (Major Lasher loved the photos). Yeah, we caused trouble. How else could Joe piss off Okie Free (Bug Off, Scrounge!). Then came our first Army. Being troublemakers, we didn't want to spoil our image. We took park benches, signs, sawhorses, (basically everything not nailed down, since we didn't have a claw hammer) and most important, the Cannonball, which has become a Fourth Company tradition. In the spring, we proved we were professional too, by placing 1st in the 4/c PCR. This performance made us youngster jg's in Major Lasher's book and we spent the rest of the year missing Quarters, carrying on and ridding ourselves of the liberty interruption at 1830 Saturday. Youngster Cruise sent us to all parts of the world. Summer was so fun that Doug, Joel and Sonny barely got back in time. Youngster year was good as we cheered on Dusty in football, unaware of his impending bulk that evolved via USNA food. We came up with the best grades of the 3/c and taught '86 how to cause trouble (too well) at the same time. Our rumbling skills, honed well by '83, showed themselves again and again. Army for 3/c year was a party thrown by Danny and no one left unescorted if they didn't want. Spring Break began

continued on page 645

LCDR Charles W. Jones



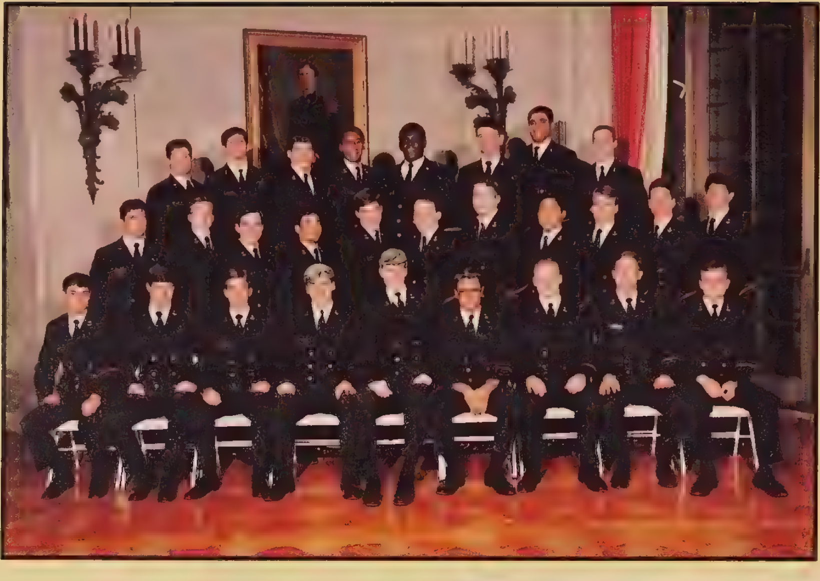
1. Gordon Ballard
2. Tom Bourbeau
3. Larry Switzer
4. Joe Kowalewski
5. Joe Preddy
6. Ted Stout
7. Dan DiBono
8. Louis Gomez
9. Joel Hanson
10. Mike Phillips
11. Mark Hauman
12. Dean Sun
13. Dave Pimple
14. Shawn Grenier
15. Sonny Dean
16. Bob Hoppa
17. Dusty Rhodes
18. Sly Mata
19. Bill Spear
20. Mike Klooster
21. Doug Cuthbert
22. Jim Loeblein
23. Giles Kyser
24. Rick Cameron
25. Mike Berger
26. Jeff Grill
27. Ron Selvy
28. Steve Kintzel

Fall Staff:

Commander: M/LT Richard Cameron
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Gordon Ballard
Administration: M/ENS Dean Sun

Spring Staff:

Commander: M/LT James Loeblein
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Douglas Cuthbert
Administration: M/ENS Jeffrey Grill

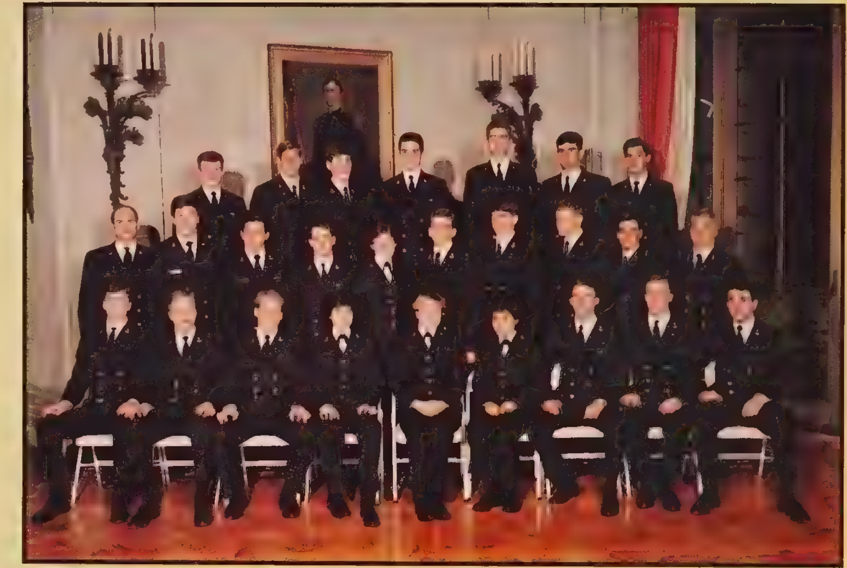


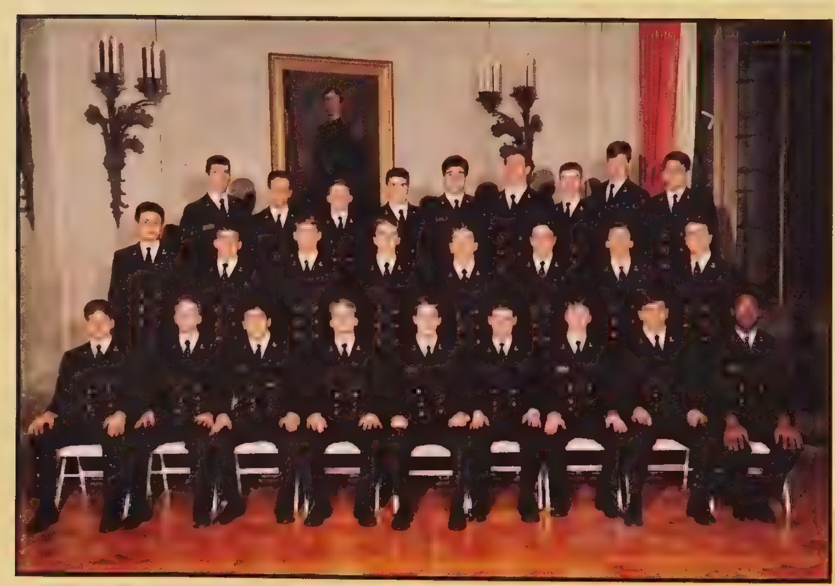
## 1986

**Row 1:** Christopher Allen, Steven D. Mixson, Michael D. Boyd, Peter J. Butler, Kylor E. Whitaker, Robert W. Tabb, James R. Wilson, James E. Tatera, Gregory J. Fenton. **Row 2:** Erik Stechmann, Stephen Szymanski, Francis Herreros, Norman D. Cruz, Stephen G. Bowen, James R. Campbell, Mark E. Powers, Christopher Ramos, Matthew Bledsoe, Mark A. Lunde, Walter Mores. **Row 3:** Rick E. Dansey, James P. galambos, Arthur J. Vangeli, Grover Wright, Eric S. McQueen, Donald F. Eyres, Averett M. Allen, Glenn A. Lecarl. **Not Pictured:** Dennis Moynihan.

## 1987

**Row 1:** David Stieren, Wesley S. Huey, Bruce R. McFadden, Dolores Dorsett, Jeanne Prideaux, Veronica Llaneta, Scott McFarlane, Keith B. Bannach, David P. Fluker. **Row 2:** David B. Oss, Kurt W. Allen, George Peterson, Michael C. Sopko, Suzanne Skelley, David A. Demarsh, Michael Wuamett, Gregory E. Dawson, Joe L. Vajgert, Keith E. Folkerts. **Row 3:** James J. Hines, Christian S. Bahn, Russell Emons, Charles Muggleworth, George F. Ganahl, James J. Duke, Luis J. Polar. **Not Pictured:** Dominic Casamassina, Nelson D. Craig, Letitia A. Dour, Dwayne Lindsey, Robert N. Plantz, Dennis Richards, Philip G. Shevis.





## 1988

**Row 1:** Paul Fletcher, David A. Rines, Richard Rodriguez, Stephen P. Clark, Eugene A. Burcher, John S. Watson, William Doney, George Vassilakis, Richard R. Bryant. **Row 2:** Celeo R. Murillo, John T. Yanvary, Martin B. Cox, Jeffrey S. Sheedy, Alan R. Miller, Jonathan R. Hupp, Juan P. Rivera, Daniel J. Hebert. **Row 3:** Christopher Schaier, Paul A. Pensabene, Michael Dinardo, Scott L. Kisch, Richard P. Silva, Currie Crookston, Kurt W. Juengling, Robert R. Grasse, Michael Velasquez. **Not Pictured:** Jeffery D. Adams, Matthew J. Felt, John F. Hawley, Timothy Mattison, James A. Protin, Christopher Verdoni, Bernard R. Werner.

# Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations Class of '85! and especially Dan DiBono and 4th Co. Love, Amita, Dan, Inge, Mom and Dad

Our heartiest congratulations to the class of '85 from the family of Louis A. Gomez, 4th Co. We're proud of you, son! Love from Diana, Ray, Mom, Dad, and Grandparents Aboytes and Gomez.

Congratulations and best wishes to the Class of 85, from the family of Joe Paul Preddy, 4th Co. Paul, we love you and are proud of you. Dad, Mom, and Netty.

With great pride, love and admiration we congratulate our son 2nd Lt. Doug Rhodes. Best wishes for a bright future Love Mom Dad and Lisa

To Marine Lieutenant Giles Kyser 4th Co. and '85, Congratulations & Semper Fidelis. Mom & Dad

The sky's the limit. Best wishes Dave and the Class of '85. Pimple Family - Leo, Gloria, Danny, Matt

Congratulations Ted Stout, 4th Co. and the class of 85 - Well Done. Godspeed from your proud family. Take care of your men - Semper Fi.

Ensign Larry W. Switzer Class 1985
You have climbed your mountain
now fly like an eagle!
Congratulations and smooth sailing
with great pride and admiration
Mom, Dad, Brother and Sisters.

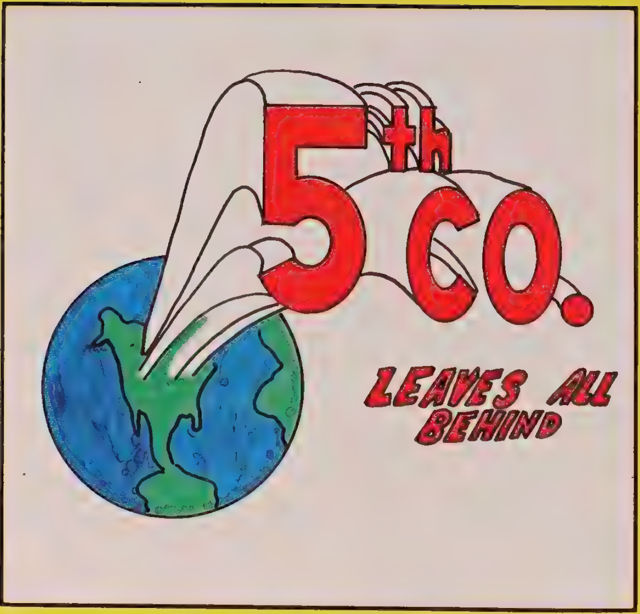
continued from page 642

the exodus to Florida to Rick's house. Third class year only Rick, Gordon, Tom and Steve went. 1/c year, 15 people went. Speaking of parties, how about those at Sonny's? The Natl. Boh flowed and the women were . . . nice. 2/c year rolled around and Ron, Mike (both), and Billy spoke in flames and '87 had their hands full. Dusty, now a full-fledged giant, led the way out to Pasadena for an awesome time and an even better Army game (42-13).

The year was tough but we were tougher and made the year fun, in spite of everyone else. With increasing weekends came trips to Delaware with Gordon and more parties at Sonny's. Some of us got tied down (like Dave) and Tommy Joe couldn't figure out why girls did not like his reference to pearl necklaces. This Spring Break saw the birth of the Porch Monkey, who we later learned lived in closets. At this time, our only weakness showed. The lusting for the black widow. Sonny, Hop, Kloo, Doug and Joel all fell prey to the widow. Joe K. almost bit the big one with his late night antics (you need to use the knob, not the glass) but everything came out OK. The Ring Dance was great and Doug got to dip two rings. 1/c year saw everyone getting cars matched to their styles. Ted's tree-killing, red-neck truck, Jeff's not-so-functional hot-rod, Larry's obnoxious convertible and Mark's not-so-sensible car were examples. Then, Tom's SEO showed the way to happier life. Rick (the escape artist) and Jimbo led us towards graduation in great, if not overly conspicuous, style. We were 35 in number in '81 and we'll graduate 28 very different, but very close friends. All parts of the Naval Service are covered. As 1/c, we enjoyed the liberty and the B-Ball games (We want Sly!) and as we graduate, I only hope we stay in touch to enjoy more good times.

JLH/JJG

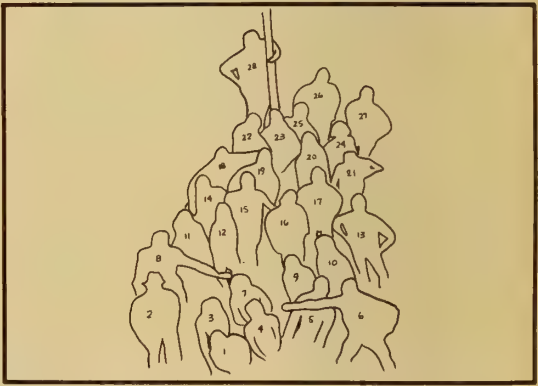
I HATE LIVING



# FIFTH COMPANY

Fighting Five, Frat Five or what ever the name it was home for the class of 1985 over four good years. While some of us have left (Glen; John; Dave, all three; Charley; Frank, and Merc/Mark) we will still be a family forever. During our four years we were lucky to have the greatest support a group could ask for. Thank you to the Pearson's, the Laurenzano's and the Cedrone's for the best parties. Thank you to the Ivey's for the refrigerator and the McCarten's for the Molsen. Thank you to Mr. Gardner for the time that some of us forgot at WVU. And a big thank you to the parents who never forgot us and sent chow packages so that we could survive. Thank you for a trip to Pasadena which broke the monotony and provided many new friends (of both sexes.) Thank you to the administration who provided us with both new plebes and new youngsters. Thank you to both our Company Officers who supported us through thick and thin and even let us run the company our way. Thank you to the under class who became good friends and even a source of entertainment (the firehouse in 86, legs and a moved berry in 87 and smouldering smitty in 88.) Thank you to the Grodes and their antics. Thank you to our red/green track star. Thank you to Tarzan and the rest of the chow hounds who could triple handedly destroy those packages from home (and often did.) Thank you to our southern belle, out of company. Thanks Spaz for your grace. Thank you Lucky for the Wednesday night dining club. Thank you to Buckethead the athlete who could move like a snake. Thanks to the Fifth Co IP's Popeye the anchorman, Jaws the not so quiet and Buckwheat (Mr. Eloquence himself.) Thank you to our fountain of knowledgeovich who was even right from time to time. Thanks to Coch, our drinking and driving poster child. Thanks to Lou for Dave's share of hair. Thank you to our new bump for bringing her own mop. Thank you Lucy for managing both the sailing and tennis teams. Thanks to Lt. Black, who knows his grog and the Blue Angles. Thank you to Vinny, the company milkman. Thanks to Coz, our hard-nosed marine. And thank you USNA for bringing us together and giving us memories that we can take with us forever, where ever we may go.

Lt. Richard L. Taylor



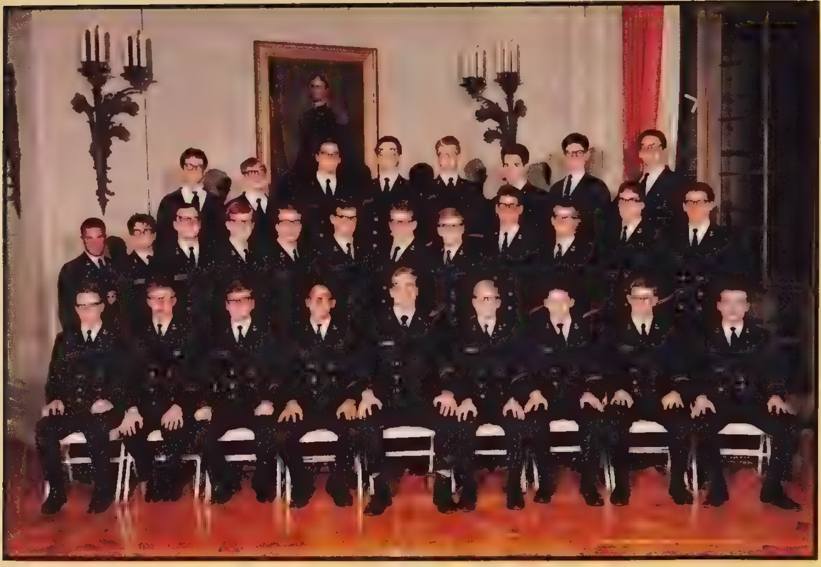
1. Kathy McCartan
2. Eric Gardner
3. Patty Rouble
4. Louis Cedrone
5. Curtis Pearson
6. Tom Adams
7. Kelly Myers
8. Lemonte Adkins
9. Sue Saalau
10. Andrea Webb
11. Garey Cozad
12. Nancy Laurenzano
13. Anthony Landauer
14. Robert Ivey
15. Scott Olson
16. Jeff Belt
17. John Hannink
18. Dave Price
19. Tom Fritz
20. Stefani Green
21. Tom Huffstutler
22. Mike Yankovich
23. Mike Greenwood
24. Lucinda McKinney
25. Joe Flynn
26. Vonnie Joy
27. Bill Fenton
28. Jim Cochrane

Fall Staff:

Commander: M/LT David Price
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Gary Cozad
Administration: M/ENS James Cochrane

Spring Staff:

Commander: M/LT James Cochrane
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Louis Cedrone
Administration: M/ENS Andrea Webb

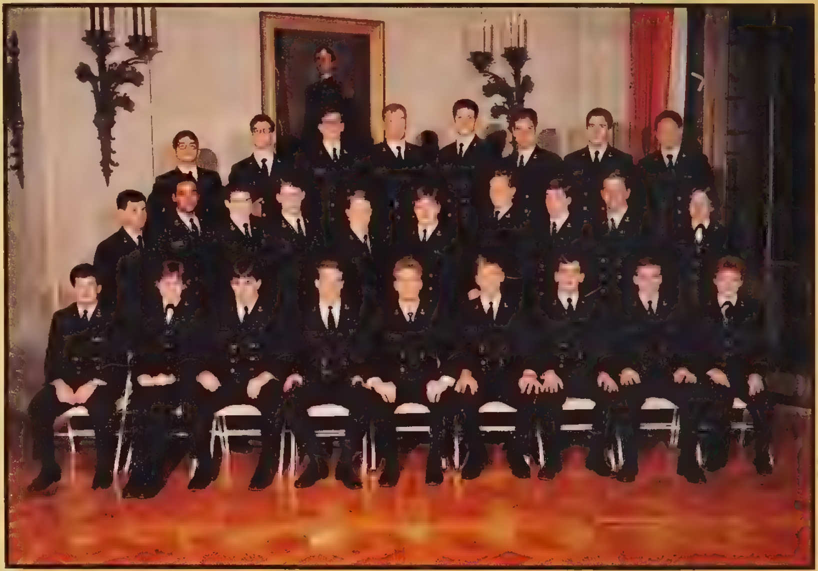


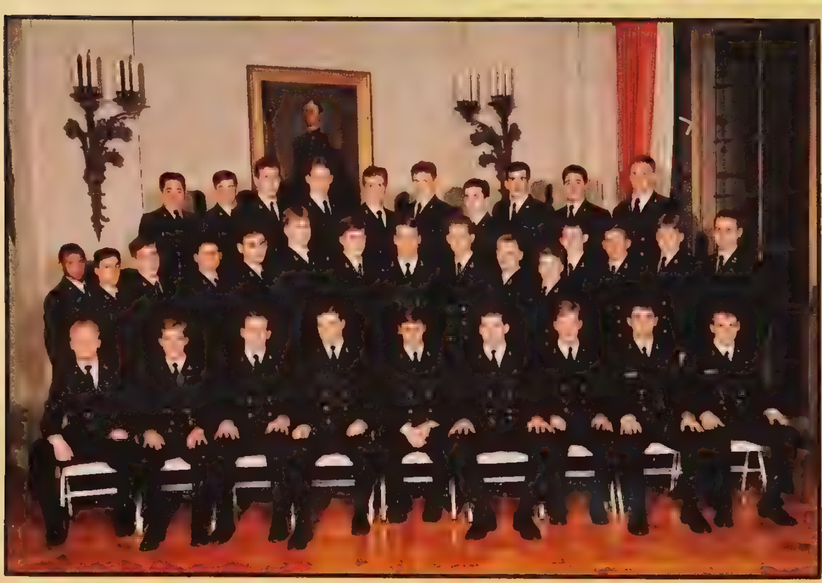
## 1986

**Row 1:** Glen K. Hansen, Robert F. Pressly, Steven Donofrio, Ronnie A. Elly, Ian A. Cassidy, David A. Byman, Levino Garcia, Luther Hook, James A. Heard. **Row 2:** Kevin J. Brown, Renzo Casillas, Kelly J. Hanson, Brian D. Pearson, Charles Collins, Michael J. Duffy, Thomas D. Collins, Alan R. Stewart, Gary I. Gerson, Vernon Caldwell, Scott A. Winfrey, Richard Romaine. **Row 3:** James M. Foley, Kevin Nibbelink, Eugene R. Burgess, Kenneth Baughman, Stephen C. Everly, Robert E. Brooks, Brian S. Barnett, Ronald D. Olko. **Not Pictured:** Ronnie A. Elly, Todd A. Forney, Craig F. Merrill.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Kevin J. Moroney, Amy L. Donovan, William Humphreys, John Fitzwilliam, William Sawyer, Peter M. Hutson, Scott C. Herbener, Joseph R. Rizzo, Lynne Mickelson. **Row 2:** Ralph J. Belling, Terence P. Malloy, Steven M. Clarke, John F. Fenner, Steven W. Rakow, Andrew Wickerson, James E. Leahy, Richard Vanwickler, Ralph Nelson, Karen E. Joyner. **Row 3:** Ruben V. Gavieres, Gregory B. Cotten, Mark D. Hamilton, Paul G. Mack, Jeffrey Jennings, Paul B. Bevans, Charles E. Dambra, David D. Badger. **Not Pictured:** John A. Berner, William Campbell, Anita S. Petty.





## 1988

**Row 1:** Douglas J. Moberg, Robbie Robinson, Eric S. Block, Richard C. Culp, Larry Strimple, Joseph Brenner, James C. Stewart, Ralph L. Baker, Russell E. Sloop. **Row 2:** Robert White, Domenick Micillo, Ilya A. Poluektov, Charles Litchfield, Joseph M. Moralez, Brian A. Rathjen, Christopher Warren, Kevin A. Brooks, Michael Samuelson, James M. Burgum, Todd E. Hiett, Andrew T. Waters, Desmond Smith, James F. McGrath, Brian K. Gummin. **Row 3:** Bernando Roig, Paul G. Martel, David M. Edgecomb, Wesley W. Spence, George G. Pukach, James M. Rossi, James P. Boland, Joseph O'Hara, John Thorleifson, Scott W. Wassel. **Not Pictured:** Richard Canedo, Gregory J. Kolcum, Jay A. Reed, Nhut Q. Tran.

# Best Wishes . . .

Best wishes to the 5th Co. Grodes. You and the class of 85 will go far. From family of Eric W. Gardner Dad, Ruth, Valerie, and Heidi!

Salute to John Hannink and class of 85! Our best wishes, prayers and love go with you. May you serve your God and country with honor. Mom and Dad and all the family.

A proud salute to ENS. Andrea Webb and friends in 5th Co. wishing success and happiness to the class of 85. With love from the Webb family.

Well done "Gunner". We are all so very proud of you, Jim, as you and your classmates embark upon unique and challenging careers. Love from all the crew of the Reverie-Fair wind.

You may be Lucky to your classmates and Tony to you brothers. To your grandparents you may be Tony the tiger, but to us you will be our first son of whom we are most proud. We all love you. Dad, Mom, Andy, Chris, Grandma, Grandpa.

Congratulations to Lemonte Adkins 5th Co. and your '85 classmates. Good luck in your future endeavors. Many challenges lie ahead. Love Mom, Robert, George, Roseann, Two mother and two daddy.

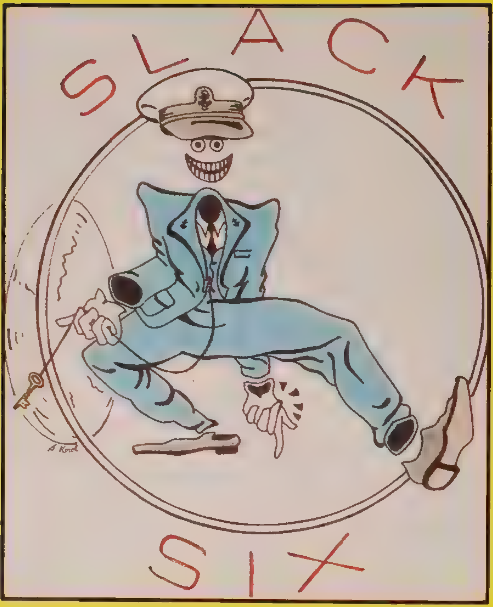
Congratulations class of '85 from family of Robert Ivey 5th Co. Way to go! Rob. Love Mom Dad Relda Lynn E-Ma D-Joe the Parks Old boss Pat.

To Vonnie Joy and the class of 85 We believe in you! You're the best We love youu! From John & Shirl Joy.

Congratulations to the class of 85. From the family of Tom Huffstutler 5th Co. Love you Tommy! The family.

Ensign Cedrone-Son, Brother, Grandson, nephew our prayers are with you always. Some day that call will come! May the pride & joy you have given us be returned to you. Dad, Mom Gina, JD, Pop, Aunt Norma, Uncle Phil.

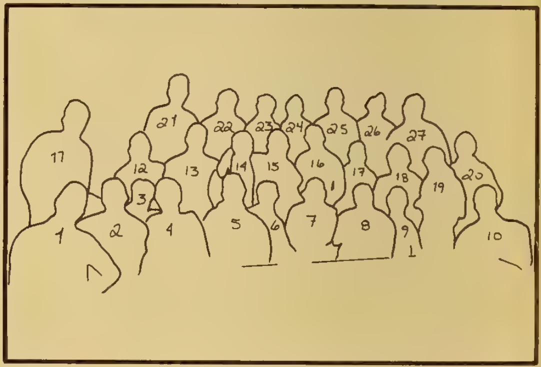
FIFTH COMPANY
THE BEST IN EIGHTY-FIVE
ENSIGN PATRICIA
ONE OF THE BEST
FROM
THE OTHER FIVE



# SIXTH COMPANY

> "Once in awhile,
> twice in a bus station"
>
> — DSM

Capt. Kim Makuta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1. Bob Racoosin
2. Kevin Mosher
3. Pat Douglas
4. Rick Cobb
5. Mario Maddox
6. Jeff Smith
7. Ray Legenza
8. Jim Punelli
9. Del Martins
10. John Ireland
11. Dan Morris
12. Tom Mohr
13. Pete Matthews
14. Barry Davis
15. John Wade
16. John Matic
17. Collin Studevan
18. Brad Williamson
19. Dave Adamiak
20. Dave Schweizer
21. Matt Fletcher
22. Jeff Horton
23. Curt Lyter
24. Paul Hee
25. Tim Costello
26. Mark Brownell
27. John Schmit

Fall Staff:

Commander: M/LT John Wade
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Colin Studevan
Administration: M/ENS James Douglas

Spring Staff:

Commander: M/LT Kevin Mosher
Sub Commander: M/LTJG James Punelli
Administration: M/ENS Jeffrey Smith

## 1986

**Row 1:** James M. Holcomb, Eddy L. Echols, Joseph E. Hines, Denise M. Edson, Connie Carlisle, Kathryn Davidson, Susan T. Korol, Scott Donaldson, William V. Wallin. **Row 2:** Brian S. Pagel, Donald P. MacNeil, Robert McSavaney, Russell H. Lamb, James J. Meehan, Richard Bodziak, Royal Collette, Jefferson Dubinok, Michael B. Parkyn. **Row 3:** Keil R. Gentry, Gregory E. Miller, Richard J. Powers, Kenneth Doremus, Christopher Benden, Louis H. Dampier. **Not Pictured:** Gerald Lee Hodge, Patricia Reeves.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Terry R. Takats, Trent D. Nickels, Alton Coleman, Dennis W. Dyc, Ben E. Torreon, Brian N. Burgos, Matthew S. Kirk, John Walters, David J. Molthen. **Row 2:** Michael S. Mangan, Robert E. Coleman, Al W. Sambar, Christopher Calhoun, Pacy P. Ostroff, Michael V. Lucci, Joseph Dipaola, Ty A. Schieber, Stephen A. Clarke, David N. Cohron, Patrick O. Shea, Eric L. Baltazar, Ronald Prass. **Row 3:** John C. Kempkes, Robert H. Horel, Greg R. Robbins, Douglas W. Okland, Andrew York, William Townsend, Paul C. Aanonsen, Daryl V. Watkins. **Not Pictured:** Jonathan Hensley, Eber L. VerHovsek.

## 1988

**Row 1:** Leesa D. Taylor, Peggy N. Nicholas, Debeditya Bhattacharjee, Chadwick Watson, Terrence B. Moran, Timothy Heatherington, Robert K. Gray, Jonathan Dachos, Ronald Allen. **Row 2:** Marilou Potenza, Christina Green, Zachary Scruton, Jeremy Noonan, Thomas McCarthy, Scott Waidelich, Todd W. Hickerson, Gregory Hitchan, Joseph Zebrowski, Bradley Hermsen, Donald Hensley, Michael W. George, Michael T. Zimmerman, Ronald C. Copley, Margaret Jockel. **Row 3:** William J. Stites, Kevin K. Kitts, Thomas J. Melnick, Tauria McMillan, Gregory C. Lamb, Stephen K. Leon, Andrew J. Arroyos, Edward A. Gomez, Donald I. Dracon, Frederick J. Gosebrink. **Not Pictured:** Andrew B. Mueck.

# Best Wishes . . .

Ensign Curtis E. Lyter, our pride in your achievement is surpassed only by our love for you. God bless you. Mom, Dad, Melanie, Rachel and Amy.

Congratulations to the Darlings of 6th Co., Dave, Dan, and Dell with love and luck from your godmothers. Bev, Jody, Ada, Nancy, Jean, Jane, June, Joy, Connie, Rose, and Irene.

Congratulations! Company 6. Proud parents of Ensign Brad Williamson

Congratulations and smooth sailing Ensign David Schweizer. By your determination, dedication and great spirit you have achieved you goal. We are proud of you and salute 6th Co. and class of 85. Love, Mom and Dad

To Jim Punelli, Company 6 and the class of '85, heartiest congratulations and sincere best wishes from all of your family and friends in Des Moines. You are the greatest! Love from Mom, Gino, Maysa Mary Elizabeth, Robert and Michele.

Yea! You did it - Ensign D.S. Morris Good luck and God be with you. Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the class of 85 from the family of Kevin Mosher, Co. 06. We are proud of you, Kev. Love, Mom, Dad, and family!

Congratulations John, all our Co. 6 sons and class of 85. We are very proud. We love you all. God be with you always. Mom, Dad, Jason and Marmie.

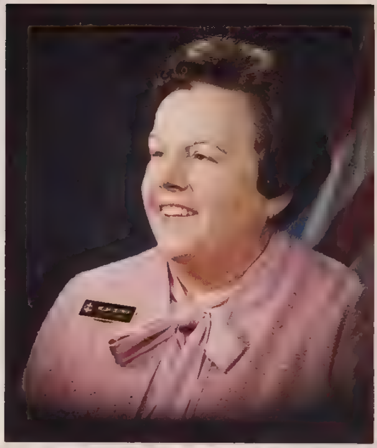
We love you Pete Matthews! You make us proud! Best to the class of '85 and our special friends in the 6th Co. "Our Wind of heaven, by the might save all who dare the eagle's flight, and keep them by thy watchful care from every peril in the air." Mom, Dad, Laura, David, Andy, Mark, and your grandparents.

To my son Pat Douglas, with heartfelt pride I salute you! Love, Mom

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of '85 from the family and friends of John Wade 6th Co. We love you very much John. From Mom and Dad and Every one in Pine Bluff Ar.

To Jim Punelli, Co. 6 and the Class of '85. Congratulations and God's blessings in the years ahead! Aunt Isabella & Connie

**Captain Albert Konetzni**



*Ms. Melba Deitrick*

To the Second Battalion,

Each of us has read literally hundreds of pages and heard numerous speeches on leadership. You as a battalion have displayed what I consider to be the essence of every leadership paper or speech on the subject. That is, you have worked hard to become technically competent, you have shown true care for seniors and subordinates alike, and you have displayed a wholesome, positive attitude throughout.

To the class of 1985, we will miss you and wish you the best of the future. To the classes of 1986, 1987, and 1988; you will make the rest of the years at the academy even more successful than the year 1984-1985.

—Captain Al Konetzni, Jr.

Fall Staff:

Commander: M/LCDR Jon Mullican (12 Co)
Sub Commander: M/LT Kevin Leeds (9 Co)
Operations: M/LT Stephen Racine (11 Co)
Adjutant: M/LTJG Jonathan Fulton (8 Co)
Administration: M/LTJG Karl Dietrich (12 Co)
Supply: M/LTJG John Perry (7 Co)

Spring Staff:

Commander: M/LCDR Anthony Delgado (7 Co)
Sub Commander: M/LT Cynthia Thebaud (8 Co)
Operations: M/LT William Fitzgerald (9 Co)
Adjutant: M/LTJG Vincent Bowhers (9 Co)
Administration: M/LTJG Elizabeth Gilstad (12 Co)
Supply: M/LTJG Sandra Mahlum (8 Co)

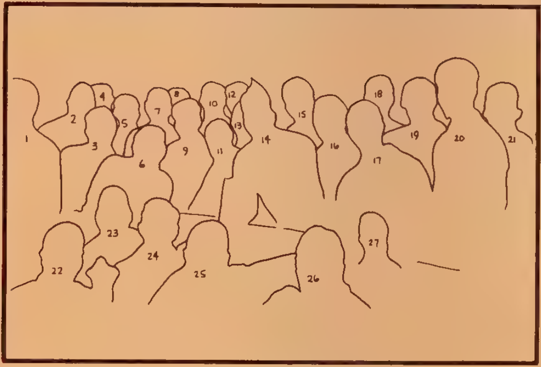
THE UNDERGROUND
7
Think it's spiked?
hope so
RMD '87

# SEVENTH COMPANY

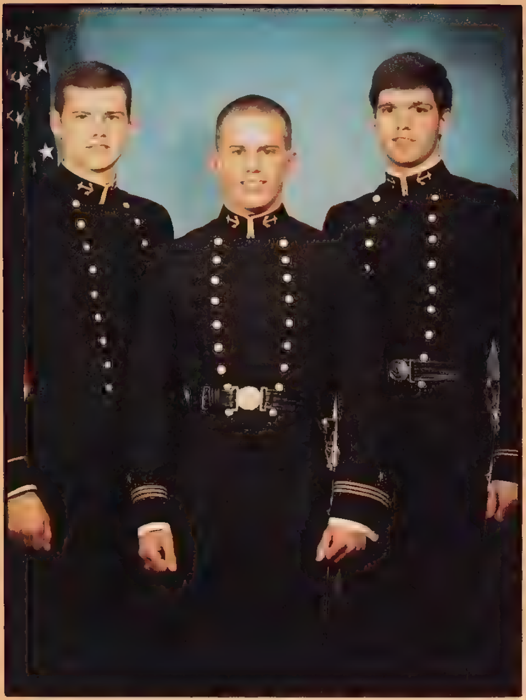
We came to USNA and into the waiting clutches of P. King, TVP, Jen, and Clay T. only to be handed over to the worse of two evils, second set. Uncle Roy, Uncle Buck, Stubber, and Krista made life very interesting for us. Plebe year was loads of fun with rumbles, the fire in the 1st class paint locker, the reusable sheet poster, and Marsh. When youngster year came along, everyone went underground. The only real excitement was supplied by the Rudder and his blanket weekends. Second class year began the travel far and wide for exotic new lands for partying. The memories of Lauderdale still linger. Finally, the rings were ours and so was the Brigade. Brian gave us some great tailgaters, after someone talked to him. The year flew by with many roadtrips and the return to Lauderdale. As we graduate and look back to those we lost along the way: Derek, Brendan, Sal, Wes, Bill, Mr. Wonderful, Mike, and Lou; "Good luck in everything you do." This last year just wasn't the same without you, Eddie. Good luck to everyone we leave behind. To everyone in '85: "Fair winds and following seas."

—CLYBS

Maj. Charles Melson



1. Chris Buehler
2. Jim Petrilla
3. Lou Alexander
4. Tom Kerber
5. Larry Peck
6. Dave Marquis
7. Del Becker
8. Mark Fletcher
9. Dom Cuyno
10. Pat Sutton
11. Bob Underwood
12. Dave Price
13. Bobby Armes
14. John Oleson
15. Merv Pleasant
16. Steve Perry
17. Terry Howell
18. Brian Norris
19. Dave Tuten
20. Mark Brooks
21. Bob McArthur
22. Ted Olt
23. Aaron Mearig
24. Andy Chase
25. Tony Delgado
26. Tom Clyborne
27. Chris Williams



Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Robert McArthur
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Thomas Kerber
Administration: M/ENS David Tuten

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Mark Brooks
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Terraance Howell
Administration: M/ENS Christopher Buehler

Breakfast Served

## 1986

**Row 1:** Timothy C. Allen, Timothy Heatherington, Mitchell Turner, Cleon Walden, Perry Nicodemus, Eugene P. Potente, Ronald Schreckengost, Edward Sullivan, Michael Menninger. **Row 2:** Joseph B. Boener, William A. Jones, Jack MacMillan, Jeffrey Hudgens, Steve McPhillips, Anthony S. Laboa, John Heatherington, Michael Althouse, Franklin B. Dodds, Stephen Wisotzki. **Row 3:** John Denuto, Brian J. O'Malley, Stephen J. Castro, Stewart D. Kahler, David M. English, Robert A. Maus, Thomas J. Walsh, Roger T. Andreas.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Todd S. Hardy, Louis E. Poore, Jeffrey S. Shirk, John D. Titus, Brian R. Yotz, Edward Sullivan, Fred E. Redling, James F. Lelio, Stephen Thompson. **Row 2:** Patricia Corsello, Laurie Musiek, Linda M. Hunter, Leslie E. Hurko, Dawn H. Driesbach, Duane A. Walters, Glen S. Campbell, Dana D. Ruge, James A. Walter, Kevin F. White. **Row 3:** James E. Haasl, Thomas P. Hearn, Rodrigo M. Dill, Jason D. Wong, James MacMurtrie, Craig M. Burris, Robert MacFarland, William R. Muscha, Jerry K. Holden. **Not Pictured:** Mary Ellen Green, John J. Ribera, Patrick S. Stauch.

## 1988

**Row 1:** Ephraim Garret, Edwin G. Veazey, Jeffrey S. Muller, James Hawkins, Rodrigo M. Dill, James E. Lanoue. **Row 2:** Patrick W. Brown, Jeffrey L. Limle, Gino F. Celia, Rocky A. Cozzo, David E. Finley, Carl Peterson, Kirk D. Bryan, Albert D. Perpuse, Jerry Dickerson. **Row 3:** Bradley S. Mullen, Timothy R. Schick, James Wolters, Fred K. Herrmann, Michael B. Davis, Carl G. Zander, David Studer, Edward Sullivan, Christopher Trigg, Brian R. Yotz, Joseph B. Spegele, Roger Grayson, Michael McConnell. **Row 4:** Daniel B. Conley, Robert E. Curran, Fred E. Redling, Bernardo Solis, Michael P. Hodges, William Plemenos, John F. Dobbins, Barry K. Shelton, Tucker S. Hite, Alexander Weiner, Erich J. Wahl. **Not Pictured:** Robert W. Cooper, Robert McLauchlan

# Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations to the class of 85 and 7th Co. from the family of Tom Clyborne.

Congratulations to the 7th! The Joy we've experienced from sharing your love, friendship, and good times is immeasurable. We are terribly proud of you all. You are the best! Love, Mom, Dad, and Lauren.

The parents of Aaron Mearig ask God's blessings on the class of '85. Ps. 127:3-5 Aaron, we rejoiced and anguished through the good and bad times but always knew that the lord was your strength. Isa. 40:31

With great pride, Love and admiration! Congratulations Tom Kerber and 7th Co. Happiness and success in everything you do. Love Mom, Dad, Karen, Kim, Erika.

Knew you could, Knew you would, Ensign Ted Olt. We love you and will always be proud of you and of the Naval Academy. Congratulations to the class of 1985. Mom & Dad Susie, Wendy, Alison and Cinders.

We are so very proud of the class of 85. Congratulations! From the family of Tony Delgado, 7th co.

Congratulations Chris Williams! Our admirations, respect and belief in you is boundless. "Our cup runneth over"! We love you Mom, Dad, Robin, Colleen, Susan and Lauren

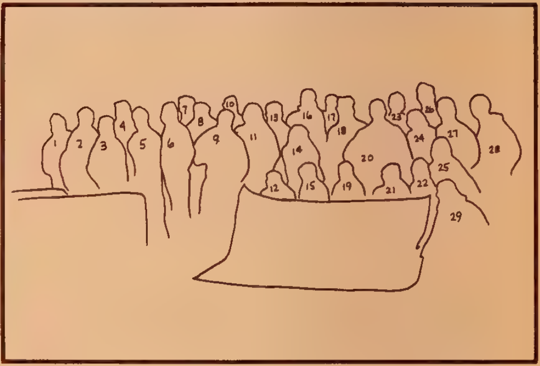
# EIGHTH COMPANY

From the far reaches of the most distant lands of the US came forty-two misplaced civilians. Five from a years stay at Salve Rygina (the Navy's elite firehose prep school), three from the ranks of the enlisted pukes, but none with a knowledge of the adventures that lay before them. This quickly changed with the inconvenience that is called Plebe Summer. Right away it became apparent, despite all the bull, that this was a job and not an adventure. We were clearly mislead by the advertisements because bracing up, sweating, and chopping were not exactly the port call to Tahiti that we were promised. It became clear that these forty-two sheltered babes would not emerge from Mother B with the same virtues and innocence. USNA seems to have had the strange ability to bring about the best, but more often the worst, in all of us. First to meet her fate was Patty, who was the only one to admit that she did not like the place, so she left. That left Gay, who was the only one to really apply herself, but her rigorous sessions of NS101 El left her by the wayside. Dan, well he was just too hip. Tom had a flaw of speaking his mind, told 82 what life was all about, and was out. The next to leave was Kurt, the Gee-Whiz kid, who was never really there in the first place. Mark J. left to become the infamous Tylenol murderer, sick pup. Rich C. hit the road before the road hit him. The Brigade made a great impression on Elaine, but too many chefs spoil the broth. Rick got smoked before, during, and after the AC board, end of story. Mike left because it was the cool thing to do.

Now we turn to the future illustrious alumni of Eight. To prevent future litigation the fan will blow from A to Z. Leading the way is Harold, who was beaten into submition by genteel Kay. Barry gave new meaning to 'working your tail off' at the Academy. If Keith got big by looking in the mirror, we would be calling him Arnold. Next comes Wilbur, so few slags, so much time.

continued on page 663

Lt. William Bristow



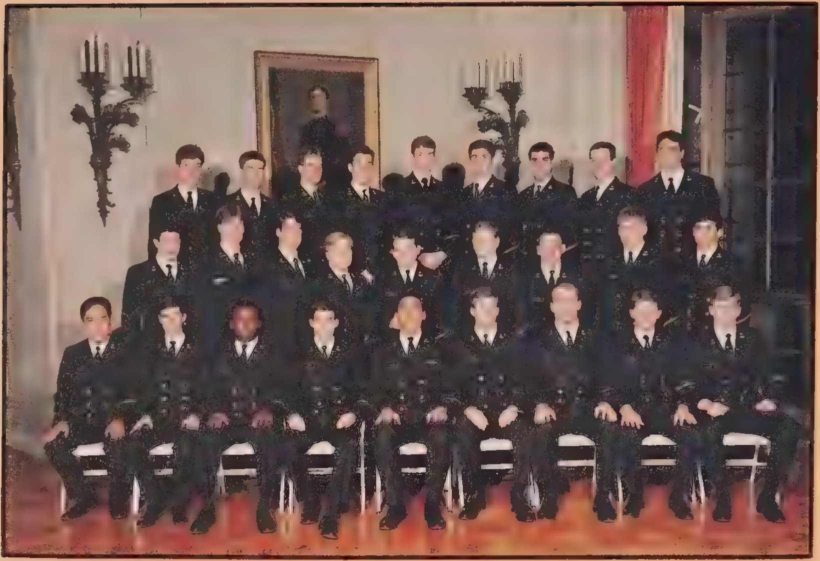
1. Wade Schmidt
2. Rich Johnson
3. Don Hume
4. Harry Barr
5. Keith Brunini
6. Mark Meloro
7. Tom Lerch
8. Tim Zebell
9. Tim Risberg
10. John Fulton
11. Gretchen Dayoub
12. Kevin Jenkins
13. Chris Lutz
14. Debbie Miller
15. Mike Torbit
16. Chris Weiler
17. Barry Benzing
18. Eugene Wozniak
19. Wilbur Constantini
20. Jerry Jordan
21. Brett Wiseman
22. Bill Lyons
23. Brian Caisse
24. Cindy Thebaud
25. Sandy Mahlum
26. Mike Hajosy
27. Terry Garbuzinski
28. Brian Ledbetter
29. Jim Jensen

**Not Pictured:**
Kenny Yamashita

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Brett Wiseman
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Bryan Caisse
Administration: M/ENS Sandra Mahlum

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Michael Hajosy
Sub Commander: M/LTJG William Costantini
Administration: M/ENS Keith Brunini

8 CO
BEAT ARMY

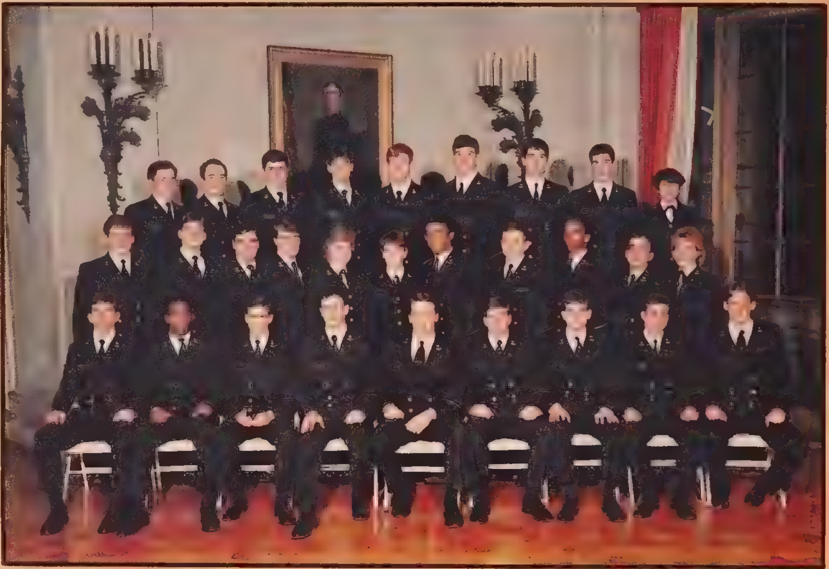


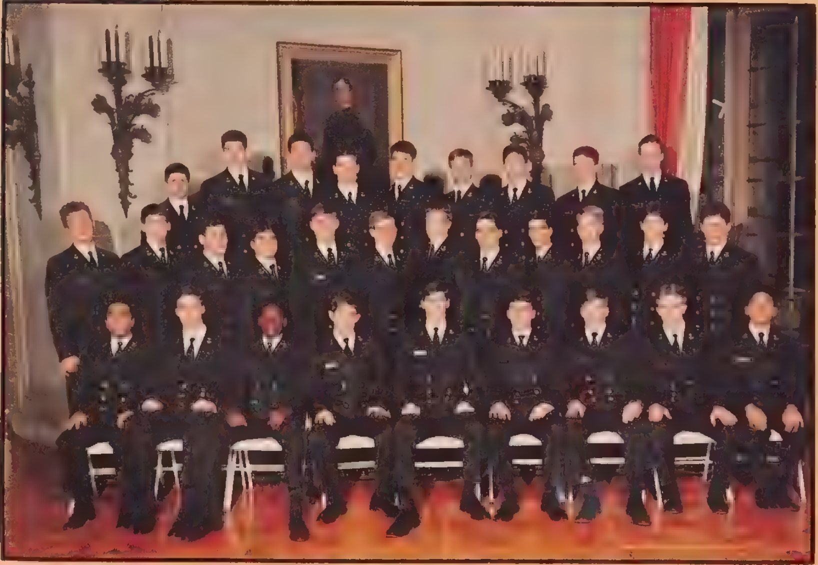
## 1986

**Row 1:** Daniel I. Gruta, Michael Amedick, Robert Williams, Kevin J. Prusso, Michael Nahoopii, Jay B. Crouse, Thomas A. Marbois, Lance D. Loepke, Raymond P. Raus. **Row 2:** Patrick Grandelli, Anthony F. Istvan, Peter S. Lynch, Edward S. Wolski, Charles Wansley, Brett Feinstein, Guy R. Meigs, Carl A. Matson, Raymond Tolomeo. **Row 3:** Edmund Dunstan, Edward C. Webster, Scott D. Goodwin, Steven P. Jones, Stephen B. Zike, Mark A. Swatling, Eric R. Kyle, Jeffrey Semancik, Matthew N. Miller. **Not Pictured** David J. Burke, John Carroll, Sean M. Connors, Andrew A. Cyr, Erich Sauerbrey, Daniel H. White.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Christopher Thomassy, John G. Wilson, John V. Metzger, John E. Wanebo, Cliff Blumenberg, John M. Bramble, Charles Casson, Timothy H. Rayner, Robert S. Hopkins. **Row 2:** Scott W. Quinn, Douglas M. Hines, Stephen M. Teeple, Paul C. Lewis, Joan M. Rangitsch, Jenni Culbertson, Howard F. Merritt, Thaddeus J. Kuziela, Demetrius Flewellen, John Sledgianowski, Maria A. Mlodzik. **Row 3:** Donald W. Robbins, Patrick Gallop, Scott C. Leach, Lawrence Britt, Kenneth A. Ross, Roland M. Towers, Marshall B. Brown, Timothy A. Bonn, Michaele Laforge. **Not Pictured:** John V. Fuller, Gregory Stefanon, Robin A. Stewart.





## 1988

**Row 1:** Roger F. Johnson, Cliff D. Rees, Howard Payton, John D. Zimmerman, William Lennard, William R. Bray, Kent Muilenburg, William W. Hoban, Ricardo Gonzales. **Row 2:** Christopher Rackow, Dean H. Orvis, Mark A. Hernandez, Joseph Franson, Karl W. Droese, Daniel J. Higgins, Terence G. Emmert, Gregory Rouillard, Eric F. Wielenman, Timothy Tumelty, Matthew Adinolfi, Penn D. Frey. **Row 3:** Michael Hammond, Richard Hobbs, Stephen Donnelly, Harry Demiris, Thomas J. Zohlen, Craig I Goettl, James C. Dempsey, Paul G. Simpson, Colin P. Kane. **Not Pictured:** Kevin J. Whearty.

# Best Wishes . . .

Smooth sailing and fair winds
to the class of '85 from
the parents of Cindy Thebaud.

This is an achievement that all of
you should be proud of and one
that will take you in a direction
of being achievers. We're proud to
be associated with the class of '85
We love you Keith, Dad, Pat & Tina

To Midn Richard E. Johnson, Co. 8
and the class of 1985
Congratulations and best wishes
from two very proud parents,
Col. and Mrs. Erik G. Johnson, USA

Well done William. Semper Fi.
Love Mom and Dad

With great pride, love and
admiration, congratulations Ensign
Keith Brunini 8th Co., Class of 85
Best of luck and success in all
your endeavors. Mom and Dad

Congratulations to everyone in the
class of 85, especially to the
graduates in company 8 and to
Ensign Jerry Jorden. God bless you.
Mom, Dad, and Family.

In remembrance of my uncle:
C. Rodgers Broad
For your inspiration
Ensign Keith Brunini

Congratulations Tim Risberg and
the class of '85, you waited 4 years
for this day to arrive, Your family
hopes all your dreams come true,
Mom and Dad are so proud of you.

Congratulations to Ken Yamashita
and the class of '85.
We're proud of you, Ken.
Love, Dad, Mom, and family.

Congratulations Sandy. We're all
very proud of your successes. Good
luck in you new assignment. Love
Dad, Mom, Craig, Theresa, Julie,
Mitch

continued from page 660

Gretchen, knew the most members of the Brigade. About Face, D - - - T - - -. John was the divine inspiration of the Company, born again, again, and again. Terry the odor-eater, conquers The Vapor. Then comes Mike H. whose three years of Greek lessons got him nowhere. The Barney Rubble of Eight, Don was short and stubby. Kevin, king of the perpetual brace and MASH connoisseur. Jim, the wolfman, USNA's first space station, weird weird weird . . . With Rich in charge, Academic Accountability took a nose dive. Next is Jerry-Eighth Company's wet-back now firmly in Cindy's grasp. Brian, the company sailor, spilled his guts on Sandy, then tacked into Gretchen. Tom should earn two diplomas, one for doing as he says and one for doing as he does. Chris the MicroLutz has learned exactly what the definition of being whipped means. Bill is still doing Jello commercials. And Sandy, no one is that pure-Period. Mark the Shark, in endless search of Tuna. Tim-Ish, is easy to figure out, if it is free you can count him in. Mike, affectionately known as Tidbit, one swim class and you would know why. Chris W. was never around and proud of it. Brett the Sweat was a true potato head. Eugene the Woz, was always checking his package and damn if it's not olive drab. What about Ken, the only one in the company who looks up to Tidbit. Lastly, Tim, Mike says two hundred bucks is steep and he is fifteen home runs ahead of you. Ken H. was transferred and it was four weeks before anyone realized he was gone. And Doug is the man who admits to sleeping in the shower.

Now there you have the exploits of the inhabitants of 5-3. They can make it harder, but they can't make it longer. KAB CML WHS REJ MCT STFB

CLOUD
9
5-4
RIFF '83

# NINTH COMPANY

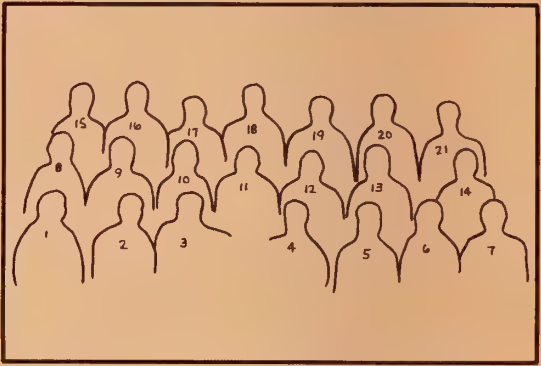
We arrived for plebe summer on July 7, 1981. It was an eventful summer. For first set we had Hubler, Hintze, Groters, and Dyzminowicz. These guys were tough; Hubler with his John Wayne "take that hill" imitations, Diz making life miserable for Niles, and Groters who took the hit for our spontaneous rumble/attack against Bravo company. Second set consisted of Skopowski, Metzler, Fisher, and Stank—none of whom stuck around long enough to neglect wind-surfing, tans, or beer. We lost Jeff Richards, Matt Plotkin (my friends call me Plot), and Jim Schurr (an E-5) that summer. We then joined our new company's traditions by bringing few color prints with us, Plebe year we exhibited flying colors (36th to be exact). We got to know our upperclass as the whole company restricted for the rumble we had Air Force weekend; a three day weekend for the best rumble ever. It starred Warren "I'll take the hit" Hubler with Tank and Popeye in supporting roles. Scott Hagen, our zoomie wasn't even there. Second semester saw many of us "starring" in our own highjinx, Ninja style. Speaking of stars, Rob was our class company commander, Eric made the football team, Scott and Lochs made the sailing team, Bob started thinking about the *Log,* Kevin made EMBC courtesy of an observant colonel, Bill Blatter finally left us for the Love Boat, and Andy went back to Cal., because it was the "in" thing to do.

Youngster year was filled with trouble and good times. We met the Flights. The Chinese star incident carried over and the secret "Ninth company Ninja Warriors" were formed. Rich created his answer to Mr. Pep with Mr. Goat at a volleyball game vs Army. That's the time Scott passed out on his trumpet case. We got our weekend though and an invitation never to see a sport in the yard together again. Our company T-shirt symbol was a drilling Morty Mid with a banana in the ready position labled "Bohica".

April 17 was a black Sunday for our class; the "Dirty Half-Dozen" found that pitchers of beer and Led Zeppelin don't mix well on 5-4. Ralph set a speed record from the Co. officer's list

continued on page 667

LT Christopher Cain



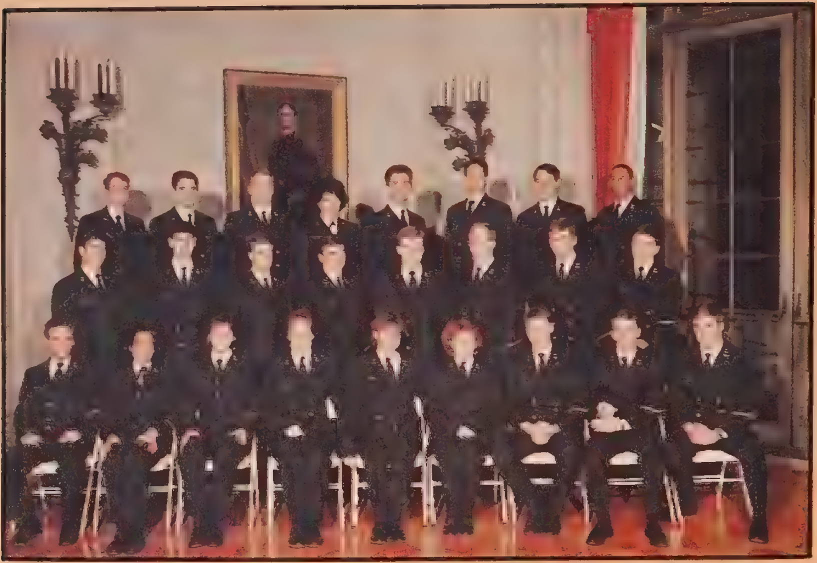
1. Randy Hyer
2. Bill Thone
3. Dan Harrison
4. Bob Hoffer
5. Aaron Godeaux
6. Vincent Bowhers
7. Bob Poor
8. Oliver Locher
9. Joe Fordham
10. Jim Nagle
11. Scott Harrison
12. Paul Lerke
13. Chong Yi
14. Jim Winkler
15. Jeff Clapp
16. Allan Assel
17. R. Lewandowski
18. Jeremy Bruce
19. Greg Watka
20. Troy Smith
21. Kevin Leeds

**Not Pictured:**

Bill Fitzgerald
Charles Giles
Jon Katz
Rick Palladino
Charles Rush
Alexander VanGorden
Eric Wallace

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Troy Smith
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Gregory Watka
Administration: M/ENS William Fitzgerald

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Robert Hoffer
Sub Commander: M.LTJG Richard Palladino
Administration: M/ENS Charles Rush

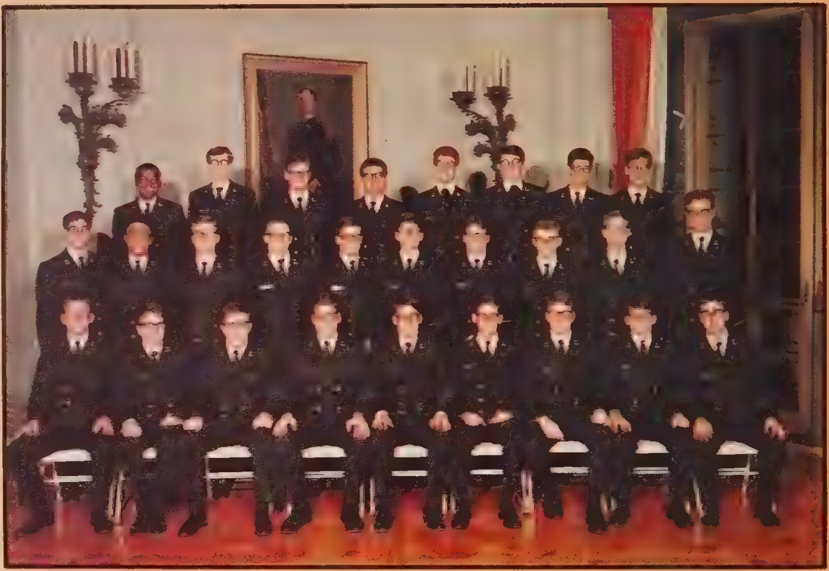


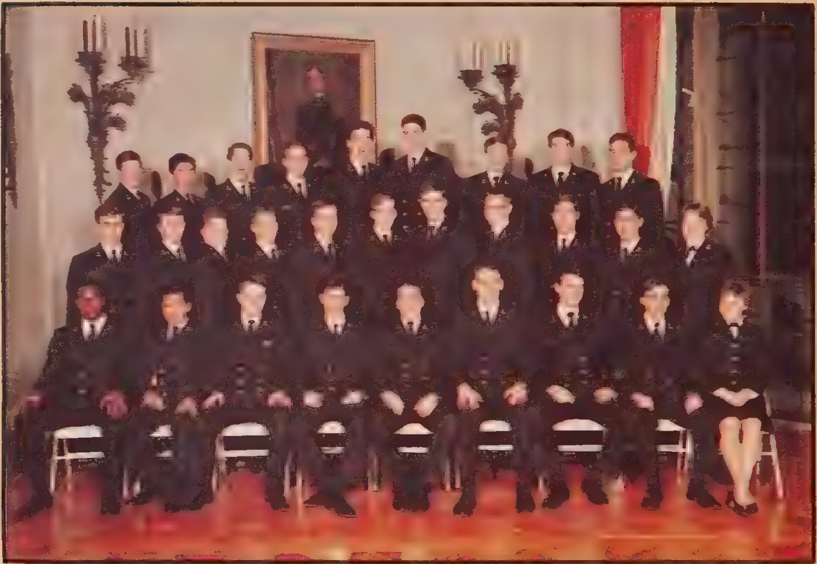
# 1986

**Row 1:** Anthony Roberts, Yamara Isaza, Barbara E. Dunn, Patricia Trudell, Agnes L. Connelly, James E. Gosney, Kevin R. Berlin, Scott Richardson. **Row 2:** Peter M. Rodnite, Daniel C. Grieco, William R. Merz, Jeffrey O'Connell, Eugene Black, Michael K. Cockey, Steven Skrabacz, Wade S. Troxell. **Row 3:** Brian T. Foy, Todd R. Standard, Eddie D. Harris, Monica Rivadeneira, Christopher Long, Brett A. Sturken, James R. McNeal, Jesse Wilson. **Not Pictured:** Fran Cardinalli, Christopher Castelli, William S. Dubov, William G. Hall, Lisa C. Voegels.

# 1987

**Row 1:** David R. Berman, Thomas J. Clark, Matthew Sampson, Eduardo Gottschalk, Orlando Gotay, Robert Pignataro, Richard M. Witten, Jean-Pierre Bolat, Stephen Tackett. **Row 2:** David Bisaillon, George H. Council, Anthony J. Fabian, David J. Major, John S. Lewis, Daniel J. Doherty, John S. Rinkacs, David A. Burns, Dennis B. White, James H. Beggs. **Row 3:** Wendell Ross, Kent Ubellacker, James M. Todd, John B. Slaughter, James Henderson, Christopher Upham, Bernard E. Koehr, Kevin M. Potts. **Not Pictured:** John J. McKenna, Edward U. Miller, Patrick J. Sims, Drew T. Wasson, Michael S. Weiner.





# 1988

**Row 1:** David A. Clausell, Elias Esparza, Scott E. Rein, Thomas C. Gomez, Timothy E. Hoke, Lawrence E. Gloss, John Podolak, Steven D. Stuck, Marjorie F. Canby. **Row 2:** Mark E. Franke, Michael M. Yancey, John Kennington, Gregory R. Shimp, John E. McKeon, James L. Thien, Thomas Duddy, David A. Shelton, Charles Bailley, Shannon E. Kawane, Kathleen Kubiske. **Row 3:** Shawn E. Colson, Mark H. Song, David N. Sween, Mark A. Butler, Thomas Smith, Brian A. Colley, Matthew H. Bliss, Marshall Millett, Louis G. Adissi. **Not Pictured:** Joseph P. Brennan, Timothy J. Brunn, Mary L. Cummings, Sandra M. Hill, Mark E. Kutscher, James S. Szerba, Matice J. Wright.

# Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of '85 from the family of 2nd Lt. Jerome Godeaux USMC 9th Co. We love ya! Mom, Dad, Carri, Kay, Vincent, Velissa, Todd and Amber.

Words cannot express our pride for the honor you have bestowed on us. A great challenge - you conquered! Our love and prayers to 9th Co. and to Greg our favorite marine. Mom, Dad, Alan and Lori Watka.

To Lt. Troy Smith, USMC 9th Co., and the class of 85. Our thanks to all for helping keep our country free. Troy, we're all very proud of you. Well done - as usual. We all love you. Mom, Dad (CMSGT, USAF) Kim, Todd, and you grandmothers.

Congratulations William A. Fitzgerald, Co. 9, class of 85. We love you and are proud of you. Bobute Matulis, Mom, Dad, Jeannie, Sean, Lois, and Mike. We Salute You Bill.

With great pride, much respect and all our love to Dan Harrison - and our other 9th Company "Sons". Dad, Mom, and Tim.

Way to go Bob and 85.
The Navy's gonna know you're alive
4 years are over and you're glad
We are the proud Poors:
Becky, Robbie, Mom and Dad

Congratulations class of 1985 from the family of Al Van Gorden. We love you Al, Love your family

Congratulations and best wishes to Ensign Paul W. Lerke, 9th Company, and the class of 1985. We love all of you. Mom, Dad and Susan.

continued from page 664

back to Mass., Rick found out that the Orioles were not an option at service selection, Steegs took his two year old German chocolate cake and went home, and Angus is remembered with his own memorial room (5415). The room is easy to find, but there is not plaque because we wanted to keep it simple. Niles left because of a lingering problem with a history prof (one for you, '82) —he went AFROTC. Phil followed his heart and Laura back to GWU to get barefoot and rich, and Jeff mailed himself out of company on a Candy-gram.

Second class year saw us committed. Rich was at Coast Guard, and Ron came from Air Force. Lcdr Leib was replaced by Lt Cain and Flight Lite Nights became tradition; Big Daddy was gone. We finally lost Jeremy, and Jim went to the fleet where there is no homework. We gained Al VanGorden who fit right in with the "Letterman" crowd. The Ring Dance party at Flights was a pleasant finish to that year.

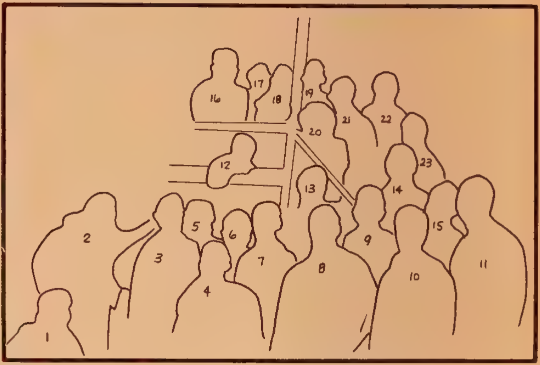
First class year we were finally in charge. Troy and Rob were the company commanders. Welcome additions to the company were Jon, Charlie, and Chuck. We had to cope with cars, Cube, plebe detail, and battalion mess night. Some of us saw Army on videotape for filling wine bottles with their own version of fine French wine; for those who did make it to Philly we thank the Lerke's for the party. Parents' Weekend was great (we didn't really ditch our parents and party Friday night, did we?). Spring break in the Bahamas, love to the Flights, and we were off.

JPF, WBT

# TENTH COMPANY

The following pages are dedicated to the survivors of Fran the Man, the Ac Boards, the Honor Boards, the Performance Boards, and the mental anguish of the four year sentence. We feel it is approriate to mention those that went before us. Jim (the stairs) Sweeny, Brent (the wimp) Rardin, Mary Rose (the cutie) Rodgers, Rich (pantywaste) Woodward, Barry (potato head) Johnson, Chuck (various assorted things) Stengal, John (Rush) Warther, Mark (Mr. Honesty) Ricci, Jerry (the penguin) Coles, Dave (the fair adjutant) Adamiak, John (the Greek) Moraytis, Claire (Ms. Honor) Grehofsky, Dave (Gumby) Guthrie, Rich (butterfingers) Clouse, and John (the vette) Shippey fell through the cracks. Some we were glad to see go however others left us feeling a void. Although Dave Adamiak, John Moraytis, and little Dicky Clouse were only exported due to Frannies Urban Renewal Program, we still felt their absence. We should mention that we did receive a few late model imports in order to balance the trade deficit. First we were given a man from the R & R program Mike (the Weird One) Sodeur and then we got Mike (bedsores) Wray, and Steve (Special K) Knauer. All three have made a nice addition to the company.

Capt. Peter Whitenack

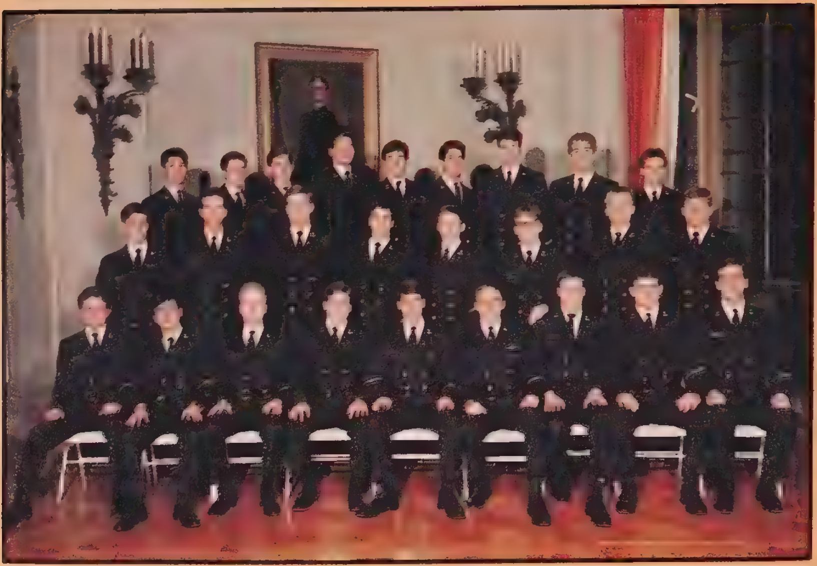


1. Glenn Floyd
2. Mario Trujillo
3. Steve Knauer
4. Mike Sodeur
5. Rich Coombs
6. Bill Snight
7. Dan Richardson
8. Joanne Goodwin
9. Jon Uhl
10. Bob Nelson
11. Will Thomas
12. Laura Dunbar
13. Warren Jones
14. Curt Lindsay
15. Ed Jaenichen
16. George Waidelich
17. Debbie Shroyer
18. Susan Speith
19. Mike Wray
20. Lauren Blaise
21. Jim Richardson
22. Stu Price
23. Tim Tees

**Not Pictured:**
Russ Dorrell

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT George Waidelich
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Mario Trujillo
Administration: M/ENS Timothy Tees

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Wilbert Thomas
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Robert Nelson
Administration: M/ENS Lauren Blaise

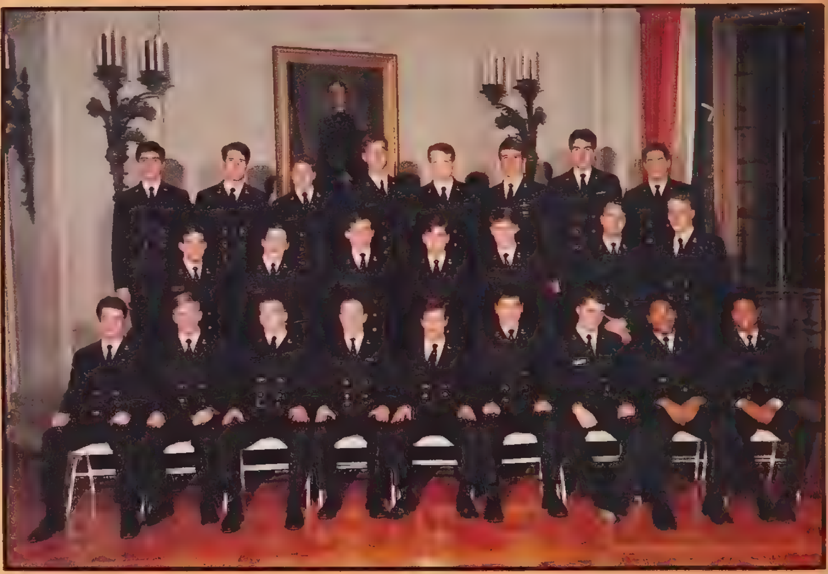


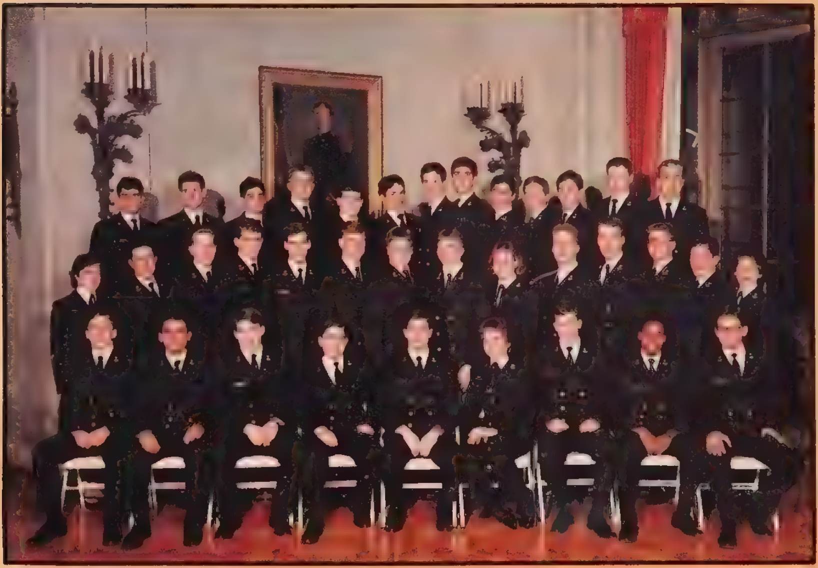
# 1986

**Row 1:** William Kopchick, Hong C. Kim, Daniel K. Bagett, Joseph F. Wallis, Clifford Franklin, Paul M. Costello, Karl J. Zingheim, John R. Rodriguez, Joseph F. Beverly. **Row 2:** Daniel C. Gleason, James F. McAnanly, Michael A. Dorko, Christopher Campion, William G. Sheedy, Harold Dunbrak, Joel A. Hedlund, Laurence S. Grimm. **Row 3:** Carlos Jimenez, Michael Donigan, James M. Baker, John K. Kasprzak, Ryan G. Richey, James J. Kern, Gregory Blanchard, Alan B. Shaffer, Matthew J. Jordan. **Not Pictured** David P. Dewaele, Lawrence D. Kough, Timothy McGravey, Paul S. Sneddon.

# 1987

**Row 1:** Stephen J. Day, Roger A. Harris, James D. Emmitt, Thomas G. Nilson, Michael D. Bell, Dean A. Sadanaga, Joseph Campbell, Bernard A. Joseph, Edward Magee. **Row 2:** John F. Lesniak, Thomas A. McKenna, Thomas H. MacRae, James S. Alley, Peter N. Turner, Darrin M. Grover, Steven Erickson. **Row 3:** Brian E. Haley, Thomas W. Casey, Siegfried Wulff, John L. Jenkins, Donald Griffin, James M. Baker, Robert A. Lyon, Dennis C. Mollon. **Not Pictured** Todd M. Allison, Scott A. Boyer, Joseph Buenavista, Charles Ferguson, James P. Hogan, Jeffrey R. Lukish, Charles Sullivan.





# 1988

**Row 1:** William Blackstone, Carlos R. Flores, Gregory Whitson, Milton K. Gozman, David M. Fravor, Sara M. Salas, Lawrence McDonnell, Glenn N. Williams, William B. Swent. **Row 2:** Diana L. Weaver, Edward C. Chow, Rodney A. Mills, Daniel Schebler, Brian Alexander, David C. Bass, James R. Campbell, Richard A. Burr, Lisa R. Gregory, Christine Dobleman, Steven Erickson, Christopher Korn, Michael Fournier, Elizabeth Shaffer. **Row 3:** William C. Miller, Wesley B. Kaufman, George A. Mazzoli, Michael Lanterman, Edward C. Olshaw, Robert Pescatore, Robert Carlisle, Jeffrey K. Palmer, Michael F. Ott, Michael Donigan, Matthew J. Jordan, Dean A. Sacerdote, Mark R. Smith. **Not Pictured:** Sean Leary, David B. Madigan.

# Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations George Waidelich of the 10th Co. I'm very proud of you. I love you! Lisa

Congratulations and best wishes to Ens. Stuart L. Price and the class of 85. May God Bless you and be with you always. Mom, Dad and Steve

Congratulations Lauren and class of '85. We love you all, The Blaises

Mike Wray 10th Co. Congratulations on a job well done! Your family shares your pride and love you very much! Good luck! Love Mom, Dad & Chris.

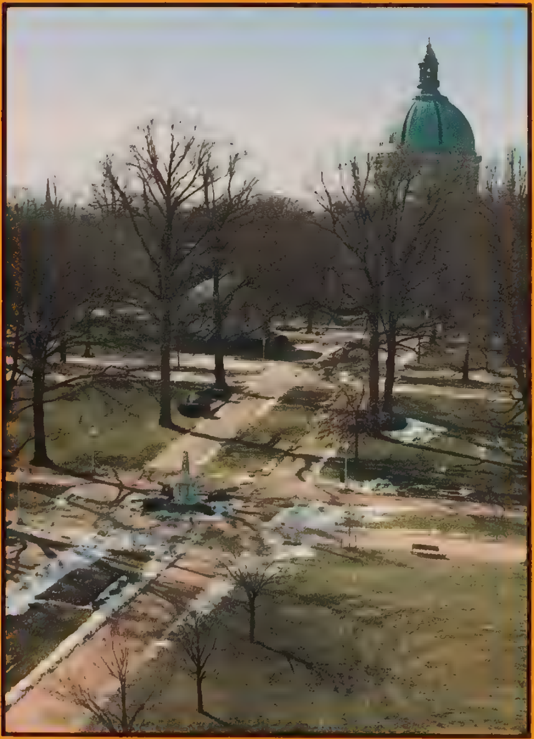
Anchors Away George M. Waidelich, Jr. You struggled thru with perservance & endurance. Never a doubt! Soar High! Love ecstatically proud Mom and 3rd Class Scott Waidelich

Grandson, Congratulations George M. Waidelich, Jr. In memory of Omie who wanted to see this day. Loving proud Opa.

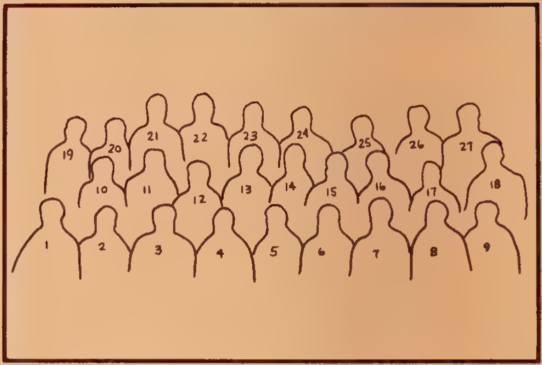
Congratulations to Deborah and the class of 85 from the proud family of Deborah Shroyer 10th Co. Love, Mom and Dad.

Proud of you! Love, Mom and U.B.

# ELEVENTH COMPANY



LCDR John Doherty



1. Steve Mooradian
2. Ron Fry
3. Dave Bixby
4. Kevin Best
5. John Edwards
6. Steve Racine
7. Stu Munsch
8. Pat Sullivan
9. Bob Lunifeld
10. Scott Cramer
11. Charles Morgan
12. Terry Mulich
13. Jim Olmsted
14. Brett Genoble
15. Brian Heaphy
16. Maurice Perdomo
17. Bob Donohue
18. Brendan Fahy
19. Henry Murphy
20. Steve Powers
21. Chris Smith
22. Randy Hugenroth
23. Tim Winter
24. Charles Hull
25. Jim Stemple
26. Chester Kolley
27. Bob Byron

**Not Pictured:**
Kevin Brooks
Craig Crowe
Bob Perry
Frank Simei

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Robert Perry
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Brett Genoble
Administration: M/ENS Randolph Hugenroth

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Timothy Winter
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Ronald Fry
Administration: M/ENS Craig Crowe

## 1986

**Row 1:** Robert G. Acosta, Kent R. Collins, Jerry Carpenter, Zack Powers, Michael R. Pletke, Matthew C. Ashley, Richard Wharton, Roderick Gibbons, Rodney M. Choi. **Row 2:** Whitney S. Keith, Hays McCormick, Michael Stratton, Philip L. Patton, John F. Schell, David A. Samuels, Adam S. Hicks, Timothy Luikart, Steven W. Kim, James R. Fleming. **Row 3:** Michael S. Orzell, David M. Petersen, David J. Kaye, B.J. Fitzpatrick, Joseph Sullivan, Jeffrey L. Waite, Timothy E. Moses, Daniel R. Masur, Michael F. Kenny, Mark A. McMahan. **Not Pictured:** Jonathan Harnden

## 1987

**Row 1:** Robert D. Monroe, Lee Anne Lambert, Frederick Latrash, John S. Cameron, Timothy D. Nagy, Ned W. Metcalf, James C. Childs, Carlos Zengotita, Patrick J. Henry. **Row 2:** Bartlett Harwood, Matthew S. Bliss, Jimmie Tadlock, Mark E. Girardi, Kirklin Fletcher, Mary E. Balch, Susan L. Williams, Thomas C. Watson, Brigitte Horner, David A. Ogden, Joseph Morales. **Row 3:** David Schiffman, John K. Martins, James G. Schmitt, Charles M. Gordon, John W. Wirries, John H. Fickle, Christopher Schenck, Alan Boyer, Joyce M. Brackett. **Not Pictured:** Napoleon Cayouette, Dimitrios Pappas.

## 1988

**Row 1:** John R. Ross, Eric J. Sharpe. **Row 2:** Vernon L. Wallace, Frederick Morales, Stephen Lorentzen, Thomas E. Rogers, David C. Lyle, Kevin M. Furr, Michael S. Newman, Michael Giedraitis, James D. Barber. **Row 3:** Fidel Morejon, Richard W. Dehn, Gregory Strauser, Todd D. Kile, Thomas Pietkiewicz, Harry M. Wingo, Thomas P. Vera, William J. Daly, Vincent Cappiello, Timothy S. Sweet, Steven Townsend, Brian E. Bell, Dirk N. Heinz. **Row 4:** Eduardo Sandoval, Scott W. Rogers, Kevin M. Zachary, John Hallenberg, Sean McBride, Roger G. Isom, Robert Poellnitz, Richard Schwarz, Scott Morrissey, Michael Chesire, John K. McInerney, William Skinner.

# Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations Ensign Brian M. Heaphy wherever you go, whatever you do, we will always be as proud of you as we are today - Fair winds and following seas-much love and God bless Mom and Dad.

We salute you! Rick Morgan & 11th Co. God bless you always. You made it kid! We are so proud. Mom & Steve. With love and pride we congratulate Ens. Rick Morgan & 11th Co. God Bless you. Dek, Meemee and Barney Slater.

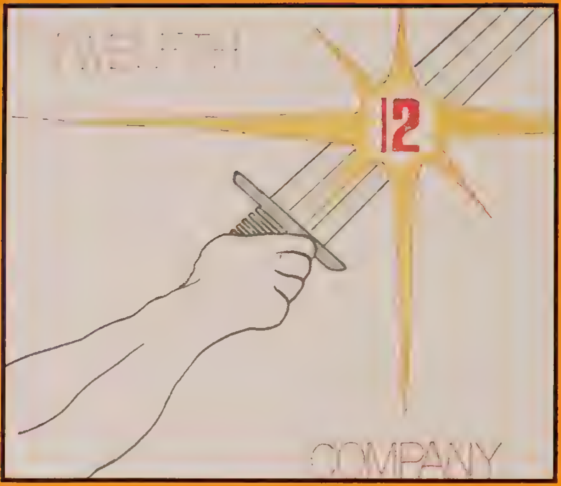
To an officer and a gentleman, Ensign Christopher John Smith: "Sir" - We love you, we are so very proud! "This is my beloved son, in whom I am well pleased." Love always: Mom, Dad, Cindy, Becky, KK.

Congratulations, Ron Fry! We love you and are very proud! Mom, kids

Congratulations and Bon Voyage class of 85 from the family of Chet Kolley 11th Co. Thanks for the many memories and four proud years we shall always cherish. Good luck and God bless, Chet. Mom, Dad, and Michele.

Congratulations to T.J. and all of 11th Co. Love the Mulich family.

Congratulations Ens. Frank A. Simei Jr. and the class of 1985. We are proud of you. Keep your goals high. Stand tall, be proud of your accomplishments. Always sail with God. Love and God Bless you. Mom and Dad.



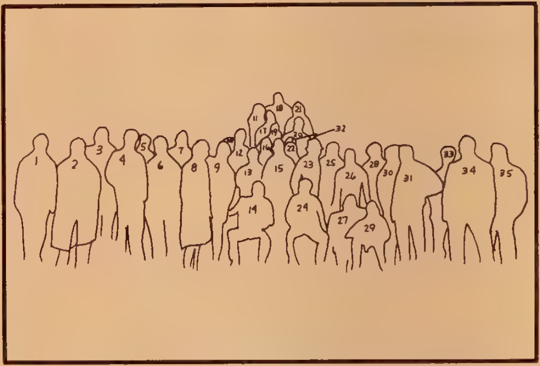
# TWELFTH COMPANY

The dirty dozen has had a great year under the strong hand of the first class. This, of course, did not make the third and fourth class happy. The Marine Mentality of the first semester company commander was only slightly tempered by the nacho cheese attitude of the sub-commander. The third class were so unhappy they began to throw food at the first class in King Hall. No one was too upset, however, wilted lettuce never thrilled anyone. The second class had their share, too, but it wasn't food. They preferred alcohol. And the zoomie was a great help. We hope these few second class still serving restriction can enjoy at least part of their senior year. The tailgaters in Joe's Hearse would be terrible to miss.

The real killer this year was the two company skit nights. The girls took it well, and even gave some back. The only reason we had two (they were only a week apart) was because the company officer felt left out after the first one. It was almost a direct order that he be included in the second show. His lasagna and brown suit became the brunt of one of the funniest skits of the evening.

It has been a great year overall. We may be glad to be leaving, but we will miss the people and the comraderie. The class of '85 wishes only the best to those we leave behind. We hope your last year is as great as ours was. Good luck to everyone!

LT William Burger



1. John Geier
2. Vic Meyer
3. Kurt Menke
4. Ed Strong
5. Jim McNeilly
6. Frank Fries
7. Ron Dalton
8. Eli Gilstad
9. Mike Stepaniak
10. John Edwards
11. Dave Fisher
12. Evan Evans
13. Jon Mullican
14. Mark Rose
15. Karl Diederich
16. Jim Williams
17. Brian Minzenmayer
18. Pete Wilkens
19. Brian Burke
20. Steve Vahsen
21. Bill Young
22. Mike Dashiell
23. Ed Bush
24. Lee Smith
25. Mike Montesanti
26. Greer Olsen
27. John Merritt
28. Emily Harman
29. Darlene Harter
30. Mike Gannon
31. Woody Clark
32. Debbie Peck
33. Greg Brown
34. Ben Wright
35. Vince Debban

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Benjamin Wright
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Gregory Brown
Administration: M/ENS Ronald Dalton

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Steven Vahsen
Sub Commander: M/LTJG James Williams
Administration: M/ENS Brian Burke

MACDONOUGH HALL

## 1986

**Row 1:** Jeffrey Martinez, Marius B. Jones, Thomas O. Monks. **Row 2:** Charles E. Wilson, Christopher Corish, Christopher Miller, Joel W. Lautrup, John Wilczynski, Anthony J. Devino, Peter S. Allison, Philip W. Vance, Scott G. Mitchell. **Row 3:** Joseph Calandra, Mark G. Zlomke, Gregory Minogue, Matthew J. Henry, Eric S. Irwin, Benjamin C. Kim, Paul T. Weigman, Jack D. Pelkey. **Row 4:** Joseph Digiandomenico, Eric D. Fudge, James P. Schmitz, Scott T. Harrison, Thomas M. Millman, Jeffrey S. Layton, Paul E. Brochard. **Not Pictured:** Michael A. Allen, William J. James, Daniel J. Merzke, Kevin D. O'Malley, Donald A. Ulsh, James G. Welch.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Guy D. Jackson, Philip G. Horrisberger, Marc H. Dalton, Douglas Masters, Gregory Contaoi, Charles Packard, Kirk R. Benson, Robert S. Dietz, Mark R. Broshkevitch. **Row 2:** John D. Hair, John J. Adams, Daniel L. Basil, Stephen Garrett, Edward T. Kovanic, Edward D. Holland, David L. Bragg, Paul E. Espinosa. **Row 3:** Joseph M. Lara, John A. Ortiz, David R. Folsom, Thomas Belesimo, John D. Stevenson, Andrew G. Pray, Michael L. Spanos, John H. Loesch, Brian R. McKane. **Not Pictured:** Ross C. Beaton, William Byrne, Kenneth L. Clark, Olin O. Filyaw, Jason A. Pugh, Chad O. VanHulzen, David B. Wertman.

## 1988

**Row 1:** Nancy L. Rogers, Charles Marks, Ramon R. Ramil, Colleen M. Walker, Elena L. Abuyen, David Albrition, David Valadez, Donald Grady, Lynn G. O'Neil. **Row 2:** Brian S. Bartholf, Ford A. Williams, Carlos M. Nalda, Robert D. Schasel, Darren M. Olsen, Susan Laufenberg, Phillip Dawson, Julienne Almonte, Leo L. Debandi, Keith R. Kans. **Row 3:** Adriaen Morse, Paul R. McGowan, Thomas J. Lowder, Frank A. Snyder, Cheryl A. Beddick, Dennis Walsh, Clayton C. Cosby, Robert G. Collins, George Burgermeister

# Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations Woodie and class of 85! May Jesus be your helmsman always. From the family of William W. Clark, 12th Co. Love and best wishes, Mom, Dad and Jonathan.

With love and admiration we offer our congratulations to our son and brother, John Merritt 12th Co. for a splendid accomplishment. God bless the class of 85. From Glenn, Mom, Gary, Myra, Ashley, and Robert

All the best to the very best 12th Co., class of '85, Franklin Fries Love from Judy and Dad.

"Yesterday is your heritage. Tomorrow is your future." To our wonderful daughter, Ensign Greer Gibson Olsen, 12th Company. "When you have a dream, don't let anything dim it; keep hoping, keep trying; the sky is the limit!!" Mother, Father, Broughton Prinzesschen, Cannelle Mousseline de Soie and Florence of Tamarack, RIP

To the 12th Company tailgaters: 525 departed chickens, 60 empty cases of beer, and 150 pounds of vanished assorted goodies bring fond memories to us. May fine weather, fair sailing, and a following sea be with you always. Colonel and Mrs. William P. Olsen.

Congrats Deb Peck, 12 Co. Mom & Dad

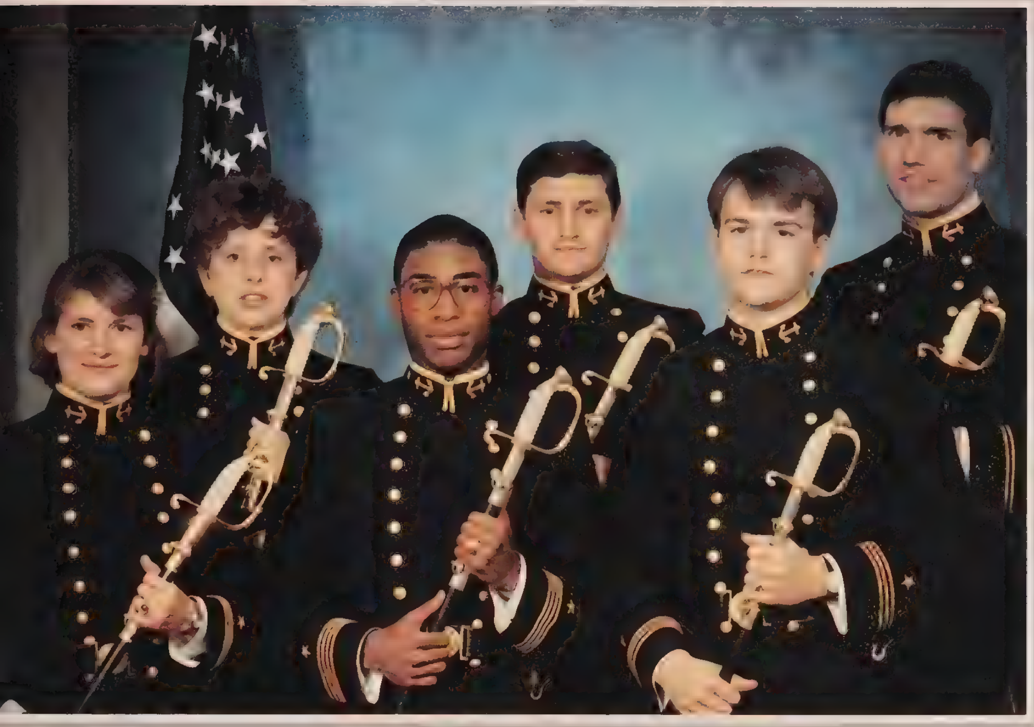
The family of James Williams 12th Co. wishes the very best to the class of 85. We are very proud of James. Love, Mom, Dad, & Phronie.

God bless the class of 85 and 12th Co. Smooth sailing, Mike. You have made the Gannon family proud.

**Commander Julius Dell**

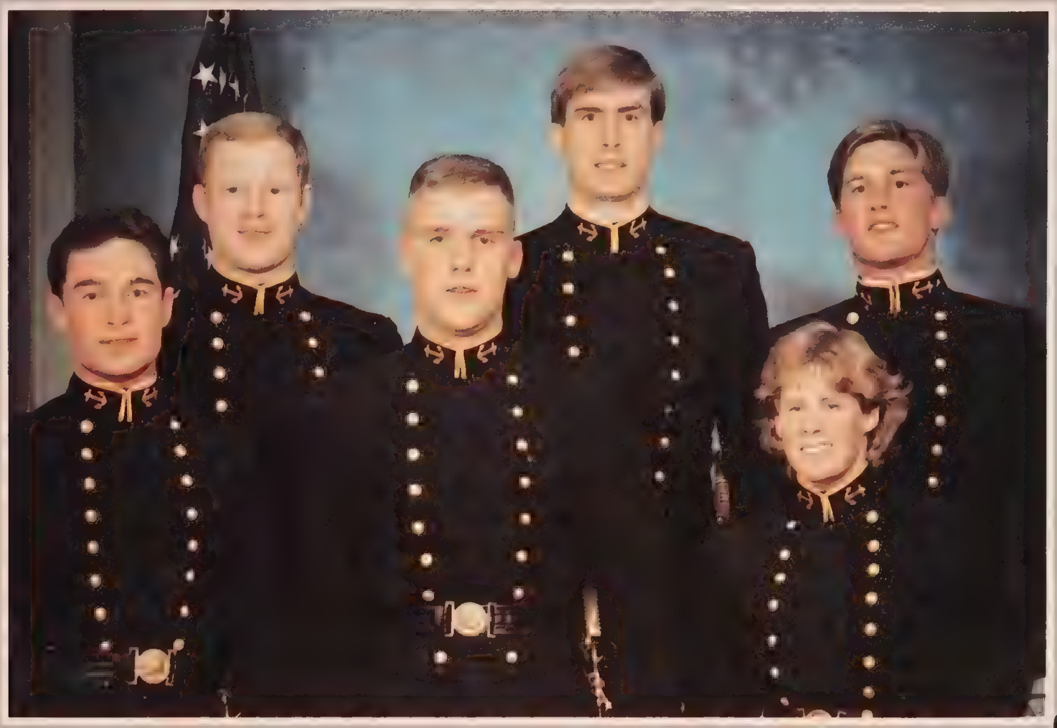
Ms. Ann Hardy

3



Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LCDR Austin Coleman (15 Co)
Sub Commander: M/LT Kevin Clinch (14 Co)
Operations: M/LT Ellen Coyne (17 Co)
Adjutant: M/LTJG Glenn Rosen (16 Co)
Administration: M/LTJG Tammy King (17 Co)
Supply: M/LTJG Emil Petruncio (13 Co)

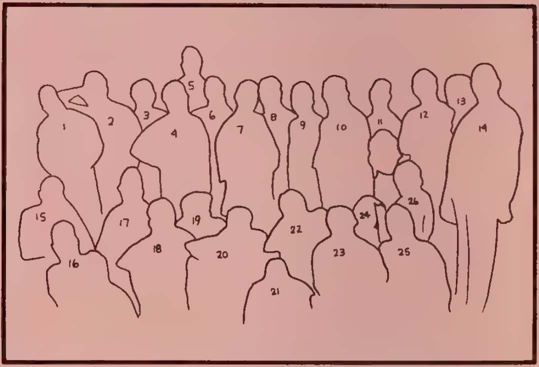
Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LCDR Scott Mack (16 Co)
Sub Commander: M/LT Holly Graf (17 Co)
Operations: M/LT Michael Brown (17 Co)
Adjutant: M/LTJG Bradley Olds (13 Co)
Administration: M/LTJG Michael Gregory (14 Co)
Supply: M/LTJG Todd Logan (16 Co)



# THIRTEENTH COMPANY

We are Thirteen. The thirty-three of us, as individuals, are as our biographies state. Together, we are a company. We are 7-0, the ghetto. We are Bruce and Gumby, Pat's birthday party and restriction. We are A-LOT, Oh Goooood!, TGIF, and visiting Bernie. We are Bruce Parties, Super Bowl Parties, Tailgators, and Stouffers for the Ring Dance. We are Mary Washington and Goucher, The Pines, and Army Runs. We don't take three striper libs that we don't rate, but we know a lot of people who do. We have been close. Now, it's Fair Winds and Following Seas, or Every Meal's a Banquet - Every Day's a Holiday, and at least one more trip back - to see Bernie graduate.

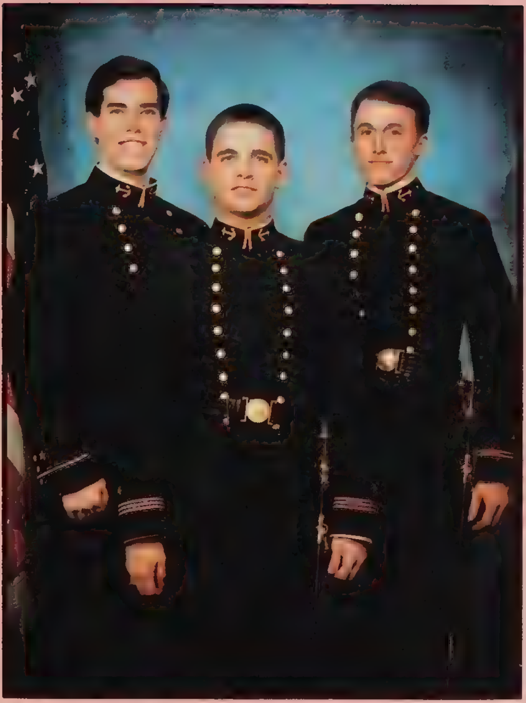
LT Theodore Griffith



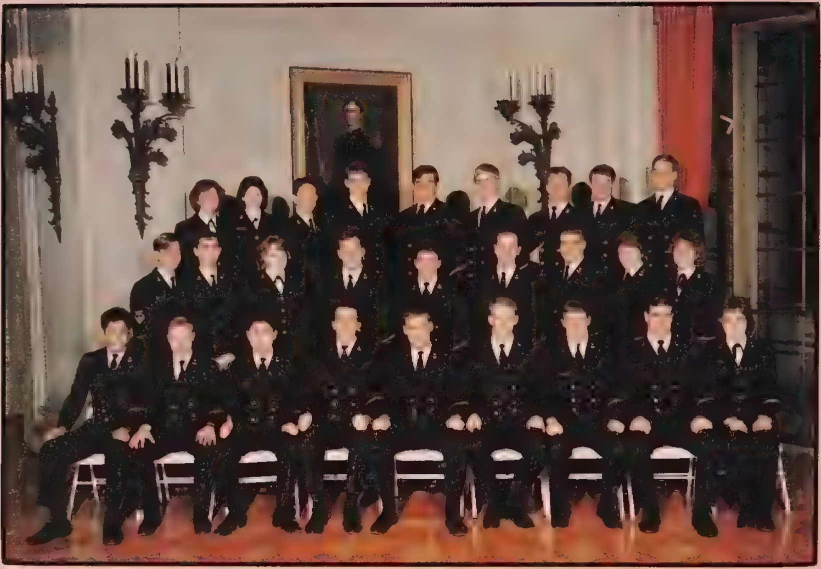
1. Tim Pederson
2. Mark Long
3. Kevin Ellis
4. Jeff Reese
5. Drew Jones
6. Dave Moeller
7. Bill Ridings
8. Mike Fitzpatrick
9. Joe Matza
10. Gary Klein
11. Roger Roland
12. Ernest Hernandez
13. Brad Olds
14. Forest Thola
15. Dave Larson
16. Pat McPherson
17. Dave Magnoni
18. Mark Lysaght
19. Mike Stahlman
20. Rick Camacho
21. Paul McElroy
22. Steve DuPuis
23. Dal Ho Kim
24. Emil Petruncio
25. Benito Espe
26. Rick Wohld

**Not Pictured:**
Rich Clouse
Chuck Collins
Bernard Mimms
Seamus O'Brien
Joe Papetti
Mike Prosperi
Troy Stoner

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Bernard Mimms
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Andrew Jones
Administration: M/ENS William Ridings



Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Michael Stahlman
Sub Commander: M/LTJG David Larson
Administration: M/ENS Patrick McPherson

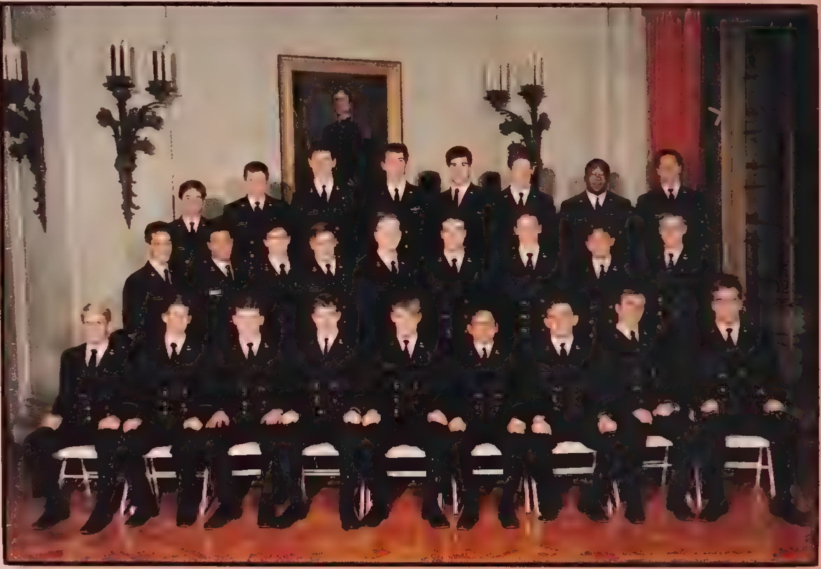


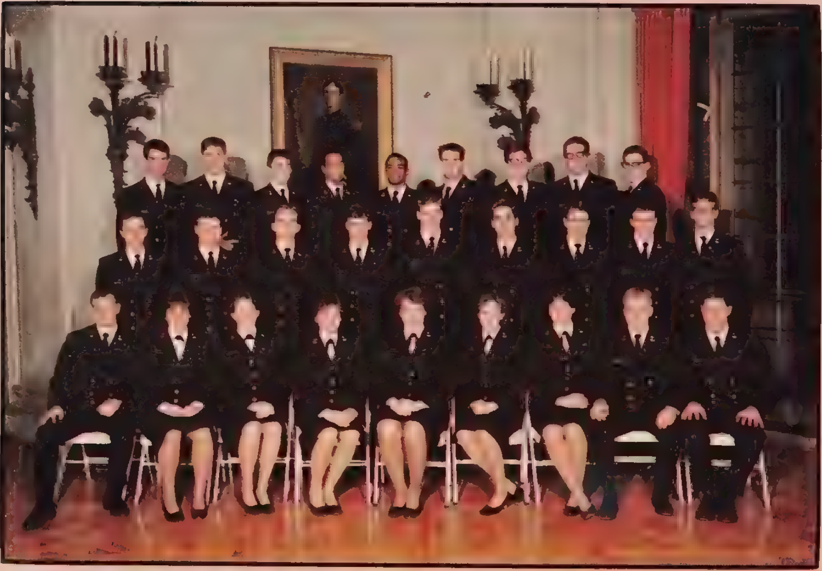
## 1986

**Row 1:** Keith Fujishige, William Donovan, Scott J. Kawamoto, Louis Feuchtbaum, Kipp A. Collins, David V. Watts, James S. Noble, Patrick E. Lyons, Melody A. Wheeler. **Row 2:** Nick L. Peterson, Robert Glover, Jody L. Jennings, Martin H. Weller, Gregory S. Morin, John Lombardi, Bradley G. Beil, Karen D. Ulisnik, Alison E. Swedean. **Row 3:** Ruth A. Perron, Peggy Mansfield, Derek W. Parker, James S. Snider, William J. Carr, Carl Lytikainen, Michael A. Kelly, Lawrence Shuttleworth, William Sivertsen. **Not Pictured:** Christopher Atwell, Michael Proebstle, Craig A. Snyder, Gregg B. Williams.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Gregory Johnston, Herbert Hurler, Daniel Stonaker, James J. Collins, David Biddinger, Jorge A. Esparza, John G. Rowan, Robert N. Hein, William Hallahan. **Row 2:** Nicholas Campbell, David A. Fennell, Thomas M. Ives, Anthony M. Tolle, Curtis A. Morgan, Ross P. Mitchell, Jason K. Skubi, Rene Martinez, James P. Gfrerer. **Row 3:** Sean A. Holmes, Paul D. Bunge, Marc L. Ruggiano, Robert Douglass, George F. Cox, Karl D. Brandt, John Dove, Sean C. Carroll. **Not Pictured:** Richard Bumhold, ZJeffrey C. Crymes, Craig S. Dellorso, Curt C. Hartman, Richard Macchio, Jose Stillwaggon, Dale F. Szpisjak.





## 1988

**Row 1:** David W. Maxwell, Cynthia J. Hooker, Cynthia Putzback, Kerry E. Romig, Michele A. Daley, Kristin M. Orlich, Anastasia Kelly, Christopher Neugebauer, James J. Stewart. **Row 2:** Steven D. Sladky, John Eichelberger, John A. Romines, Matthew Ferrier, Timothy Pfeifer, John J. Shanley, Joseph G. Barton, Brian T. Davis, Jason B. Burke. **Row 3:** Eric J. Randler, Douglas Schueler, Keith A. Goetz, Michael E. Tabb, Craig D. Union, Thomas W. Temple, Barry J. Phillips, Steve W. Landess, Glenn R. Ray. **Not Pictured:** Donald R. Bates.

# Best Wishes . . .

Classy 85 congratulations Richard Von Wohld Go Navy Love Doris & Jack

The Lord bless and keep you Mark Long 13th Co., and class of 85. We're proud of you. Mom and Dad!

Smooth sailing Bernard Mimms and the 13th Co. Crew. Love Mom and Brig.

Congratulations Ens. Mark Lysaght Our pride is surpassed only by our love. Soar with the eagles. Love, Mom, Dad, and Scott.

May the class of '85, our dear son Steve DuPuis, and his 13th Co., be blessed on their special mission, keeping the peace. God be with you all. Love Mom, Dad, Mike, Chris, and Gramps.

Jeffery Reese 13 Co.-Our pride in you is boundless. We all believe in you. Keep these standards now and ever. Love Mom, Dad & family.

Tim Pedersen we are so proud of you Congratulations and best wishes to you and 13th Company. Thanks for the weekends, the football games, for all your dear friends. Stand tall! Smile! Phillipians 4:13. We love you! Mom, Dad, and Todd.

Dave
As I am of you, be proud, and continue . . .

Congratulations to Joe, Pat and Seamus from the Papetti family. Thanks for the memories of four proud years.

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of 1985, from the family of Ernest Hernandez, 13th Co., with love from Adrian, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of 85 from your brother Adrian and your Dad Ernie Sr. To my son Ernest Hernandez, Jr. *God Bless*

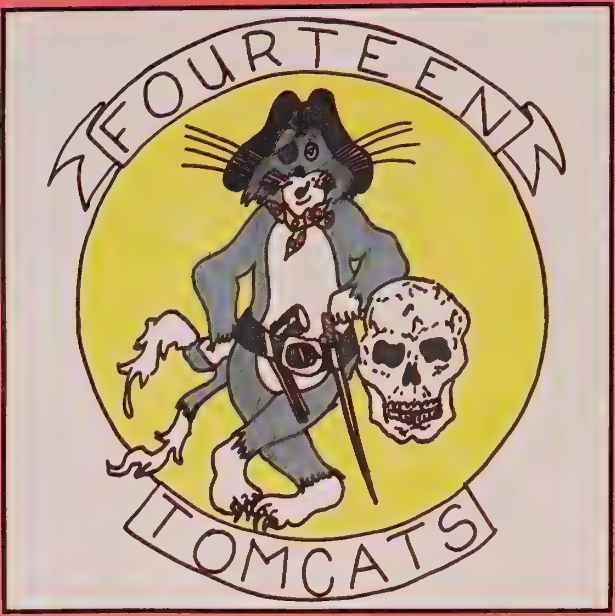
Adversity builds character! Good Luck to Seamus & the 13th Co. Love, Dad, Mom, J.R., Margie, Mary, Pat, Paul, Maureen, Daisy, & Bummer.

Praise God! Congratulations class of '85 from the family of Bes Esp, 13th Co. We're proud of our 2nd officer in the family! May God's love & care be with you always. Love Dad, Mom, Ben '83, Ev & Burt '87

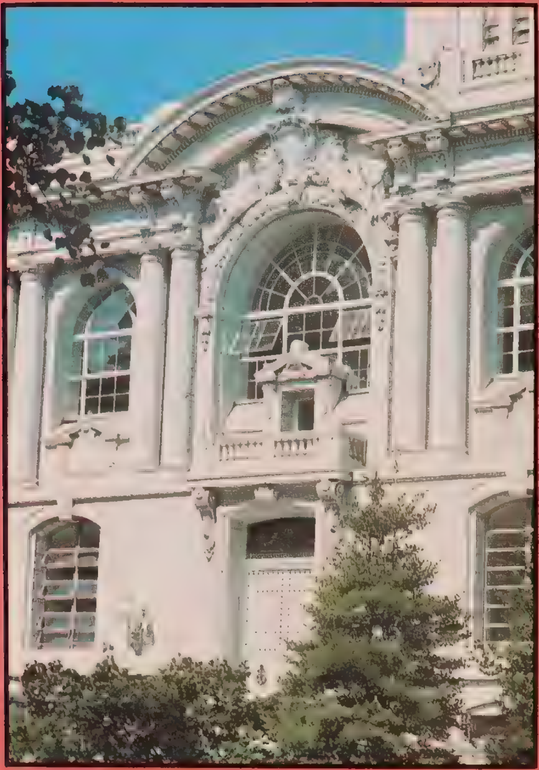
Best wishes to the class of '85 from the family of Emil Petruncio Mom, Dad, Mar, Mike, Andy, Mimi, Claudia, and Murray.

Best of luck to the class of 1985 Tom, Sue, Jack, Jeannine Fitzpatrick

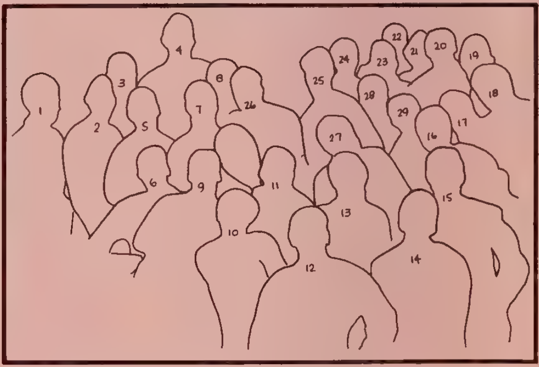
ANNUAL
HALLOWEEN
COSTUME
PARTY


FOURTEEN
TOMCATS

# FOURTEENTH COMPANY



LT John Pasko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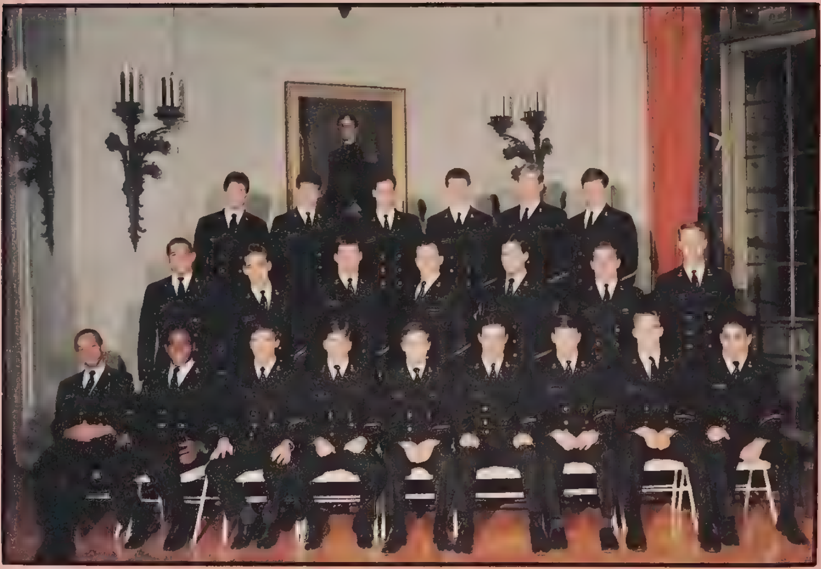
1. Chris Chambers
2. Jeff Johnston
3. Dave Woods
4. Steve Grace
5. Eric Smith
6. Neil Brown
7. Dave Whalen
8. Kevin Clinch
9. Dale Newhart
10. Laura Falkenbach
11. Dan Mellecker
12. Rudi Ing
13. Kim Horine
14. Joe Beel
15. Steve Kelly
16. Lisa Caputo
17. Lee Clay
18. Rich Hale
19. Mike Ottinger
20. Shawn Callahan
21. Jackie Carey
22. Robb Cissel
23. Sandy Kirby
24. Kathleen Weist
25. Pete Bishop
26. Scott Sobka
27. John McCord
28. Mike Gregory
29. Scott Melton

**Not Pictured:**
Chris Adams
Franz Wagner

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Jacquelyn Carey
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Jeffrey Johnston
Administration: M/ENS Lisa Caputo

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Scott Sobka
Sub Commander: M/LTJG John Whalen
Administration: M/ENS Michael Ottinger

CAPPUCCINO ESPRESSO

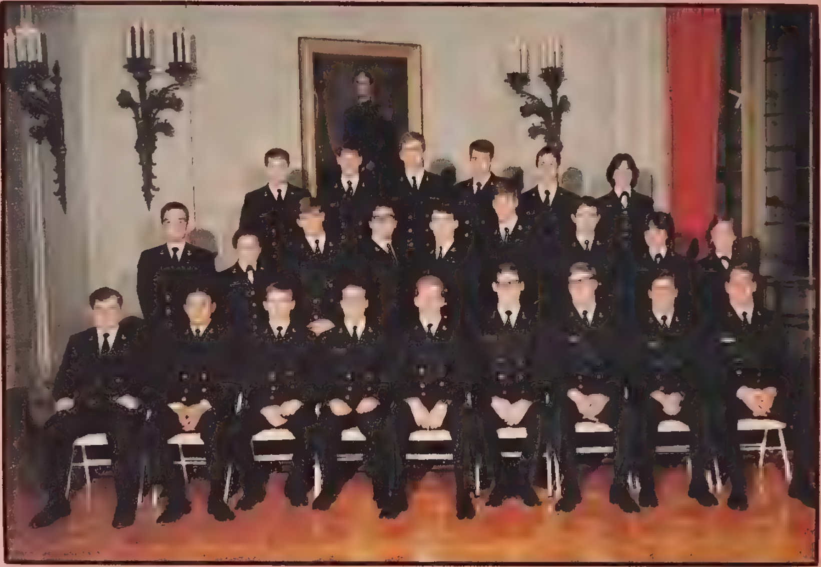


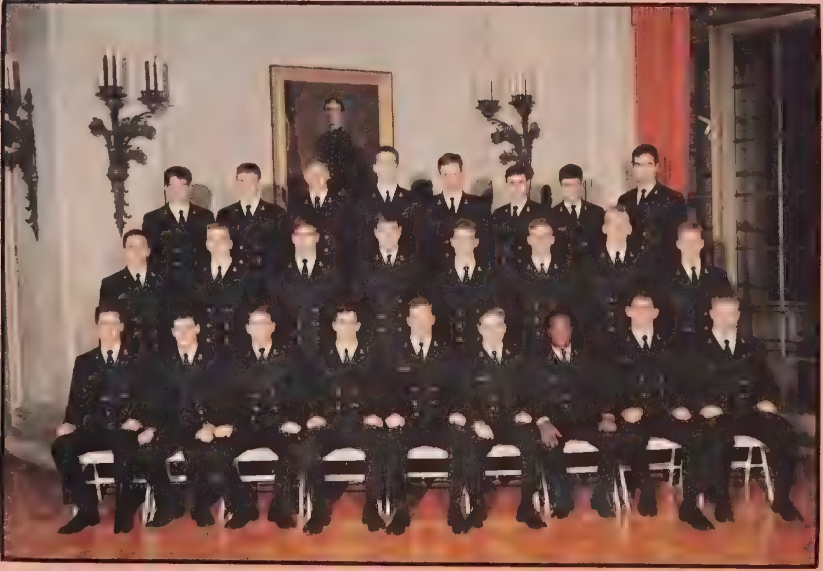
# 1986

**Row 1:** Spencer A. Wade, Albert L. Hutchinson, Erik Adams, David A. Petri, David G. Baca, Timothy J. MacKenzie, Michael Scheiern, Curt W. Dodges. **Row 2:** Roger E. Lloyd, Shawn F. Conroy, Norman Weakland, Thomas L. Tonan, Mark A. Green, Christopher Casados, Eric Little. **Row 3:** Michael Morrissey, Stephen J. Varani, Alfred R. Jackson, Salvatore Giarrizzo, Thomas J. Judge, Stephen M. Shaw. **Not Pictured:** William D. Craig, Jayson L. Jackson, Edward Knapp, Daniel MacInnis, Anthony McKinney, William Thurlow

# 1987

**Row 1:** Wallace R. Keays, Jovi K. Santiago, William Hamblet, David W. Hughes, Brian Hendrickson, John T. Keane, Paul T. Horan, Thomas M. Doman. **Row 2:** Stephen R. Meyer, Francesca D. Gary, Steven A. Swift, Kenneth D. Krogue, Stephen P. Cote, Andrew L. Gordon, Thomas A. Elkins, Suzanne Massoglia, Erica A. Miles. **Row 3:** Timothy A. Snoke, Leland D. Hansen, John C. Milliman, Daniel Aldridge, John McGinley, Wendy I. Sullivan. **Not Pictured:** James D. Cook, Joseph Herbert, Mark J. Kozar, Carl Liebert, Lee H. Miller, David W. Odom, David M. Robinson, Walter Sechriest.





# 1988

**Row 1:** Jeffrey Wheeler, Thomas K. Kiss, Andrew McCartin, Thomas G. Trotter, Thomas J. Victory, Raymond Burkemper, Jerry B. Dismuke, Mark A. Luta, Randall C. Stone. **Row 2:** Scott T. Peterson, Daniel M. Rosser, Mark A. Lamczyk, Robert S. Farley, Dean W. Turczyn, William M. Brown, John H. Reuter, Christopher Marr. **Row 3:** Scott K. Kelly, John S. Cox, Michael T. Brown, Darren W. Ault, Bryan G. Monteith, Pierre R. Kennedy, James Arguelles, John E. Moore. **Not Pictured:** Todd R. Bibza, David G. Cleary, Henry Doyle, Charles Howsare, William D. Park, David Romberger, Timothy M. Salmon, Juan I. Segovia.

# Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of '85. May you all succeed in your chosen fields from the family of Dale Newhart 14th Co.

Congratulations Ensign Mellecker for a job well done! We love you Dad, Mom, Bill, Karen, & Suzanne.

Congratulations class of 85 from the family of Jackie Carey 14th Co.

Congratulations and best wishes to David R. Woods of the 14th Co, and class of 85. We are very proud We love you David! Mom and Dad Kathy, Steve, Tom and Annie.

Congratulations Lt. Scott Sobka 14th Co. You have made us so proud! our best to the class of '85. With all our love, Dad, Mom, Tom, and Mike

Congratulations to the class of 85 from the family of Shawn "Dirty Harry" L. Callahan, 14th Co. Love, Ma, George, Kevin, Grandma and Grandpa.

Congratulations to class of 85 from the family of Jeff Johnston 14th Co. Good luck in the Marine Corps, Jeff.
Love and prayers Dad, Mom & Greg.

Class of '85 & 14th Co. God bless you with full sails, clear skies &: smooth landings. Steve, thank you for being our son! Our love and prayers always. Mom, Dad, Mary, Kathy and John Kelly.

Ensign Lisa Caputo - One step closer to the stars. Our love and hearts go with you on your journey Mom, Dad, Andrea and Marisa.

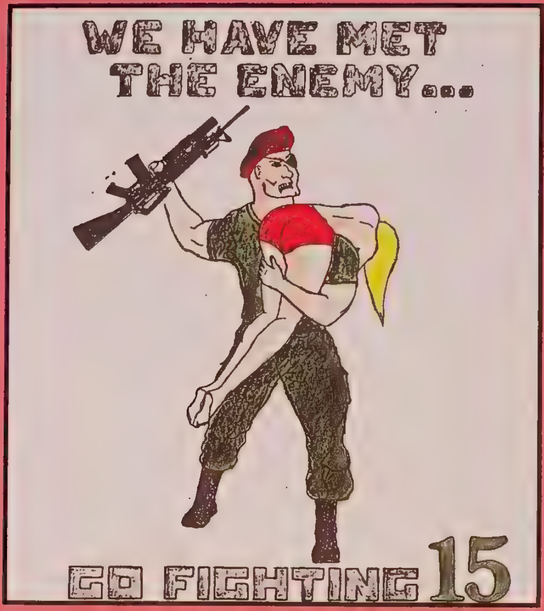
Congratulations Ens. S.D. Grace. Told ya you could! Navy will never be the same. May God bless and keep you. Love and prayers. Gram and Granddad. We are so proud of you.

Ensign Michael J. Ottinger.
You had the dream of what you were to be, and the dare to make that dream a reality.
Love, Dad, Mom and Marc.

You took a dream and made it come true. God bless the 14th Co. and class of 85. Special blessing for Ensigh Richard J. Hale Love Mom, Dad and Mair

Congratulations Mike Gregory! You've made us proud, again. It's with love, pride and prayers we wish you success in setting and attaining you new goals. Practice Matt. 6:33 and success will be yours. Love Dad, Mom, and Jon.

Congratulations Stephen Grace. We knew you could do it. Never say die! Full sails ahead! Your an A1 product and don't forget it. Love, Mom and Dad, and Laura.


WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY...
GO FIGHTING 15

# FIFTEENTH COMPANY

Looking back, it should have been obvious to the most casual observer that 85 in Fifteen was headed for trouble. These were not your average Real Mids; on the contrary, none of us went Airborne or BUDS, none got Dolphins (except the Boy and Chuck-E-Cheese), and all of us watched Magnum religiously every Thursday. What can you say about a class who had two Marine C.O.'s and remained Gruntless?

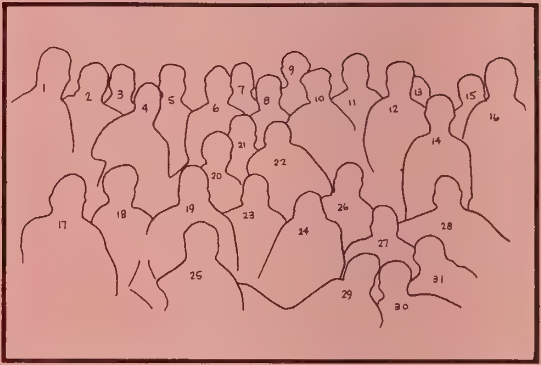
Our firsties over Plebe Summer were amazed at our ability to stick together while remaining unable to march. It was when Ac year rolled around, that we first developed a shocking alcohol tolerance during our liberty periods. Who can forget the infamous Thanksgiving weekend at McKeon's, where the Boy recieved suspect aid from Bill's sis? Or those unbelievable pizza-and-beer binges at Timmy's? Or the foreign national room with Bead, Garce, and Fuji? While fooling everyone in the Hall with our dedication and pro-ness, Fifteen's true nature showed itself on the streets of Annapolis. In an effort to help these lost waifs, Grits introduced us to the Clarkes. Dave was studying.

Youngster year saw us degenerates calm down a little, though. Those parties at Judy's, where Webs tried to get a glossier coat, and where Q got scars, became less frequent. Case also joined the Chiquita Club. Hamman and Pete were the biggest dangers to society, but Dave was domesticated after meeting Karen; even so, we became famous at The Pen, where Tails earned his nickname. Also, Youngster Year was when we began to export our reputation crosscountry. That trip to the Dawg's house in Baton Rouge, as well as to Max's in Pennsylvania, revealed some interesting personality quirks: if we weren't conducting experiments with sonobouys or Rocket Fuel, we were expanding our social horizons and paving the way for the founding of the YMS. Colbs established the first unlimited credit limit at the midstore stereo counter while Hense had to unstick his shoes from the Vous. Dave was studying.

Second class year saw an unbelievable event: we were all

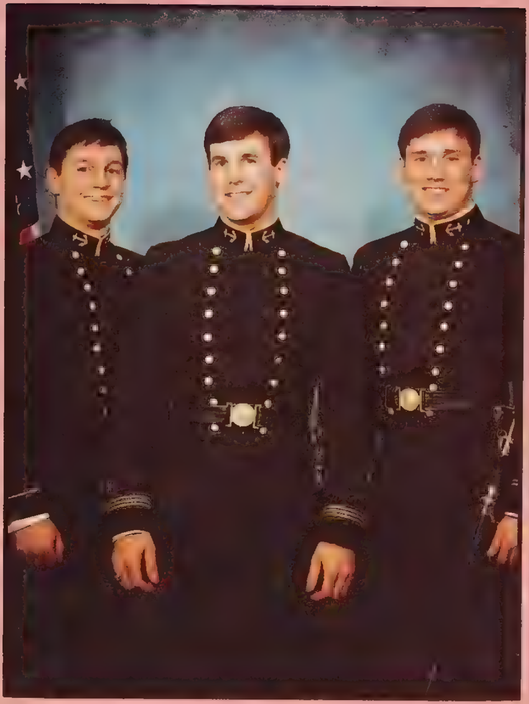
continued on page 693

Capt. Michael Hamel



1. Jeff Henson
2. Greg Maxwell
3. Chuck Merritt
4. Austin Coleman
5. Dan Boelsche
6. Mark Andreas
7. Tim Croy
8. Todd Gardner
9. John Walters
10. Mike Casey
11. Tom Plofchan
12. Greg Garcia
13. David Peterson
14. Phong Nguyen
15. Glen Langford
16. Mark Colby
17. Mark Weber
18. Chris Hodges
19. Rich Brown
20. Jim Grimson
21. Dave Meeks
22. Dave Atkinson
23. Mark Boehle
24. Eric Quinn
25. Jeff Hamman
26. Dan Derbes
27. Pat Dunn
28. Phil Albert
29. Chuck Smith
30. Tom Hobbib
31. Mike Taylor

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/Lt Timothy Croy
Sub Commander: M/Ltjg James Grimson
Administration: M/Ens Charles Merritt



Spring Staff:
Commander: M/Lt Gregory Maxwell
Sub Commander: M/Ltjg Michael Taylor
Administration: M/Ens Charles Smith

# 1986

**Row 1:** Michael Blumenberg, Robert H. Warnock, Gregory Lawrence, Raymond Starsman, Timothy Kersey, Paul J. Kwoka, Steven M. Urbina, Glenn Campbell, Anthony Sannicolas. **Row 2:** Joseph Barron, Michael Dalgetty, Richard W. Dean, L.A. Zimmerman, Ernest Dell, Robert J. Burger, George H. Slook, Richard H. Price **Row 3:** Matthew M. Malloy, Robert S. Ewing, Ruben Carriedo, Chester F. Makuch, John M. Walls, David A. Lemek. **Not Pictured:** Jeffrey Bennett, Peter T. Dietrich, Jose Hassenfeldt, John M. Maffei, David M. McGee, Michael Napolitano, Barton B. Roper

# 1987

**Row 1:** Steve J. Panchyshyn, Mathew A. Ludwig, Robert M. Hoskins, Roger C. Stanton, Christine Keller, Antonio Martinez, Reuben D. Hart, Robert B. Donohue, David J. Adams **Row 2:** Charles D. Lane, A. Hollinger, Marc M. Gibeley, Brian E. Patton, Joseph Lauletta, Randall Packard, John T. Flansburg **Row 3:** John W. Plohetski, Hugh E. Mills, Arthur S. Penny, John D. Harris, Noah M. Zigas, Dan S. Schindler **Not Shown:** Michael F. Guyer, Carey M. Manhertz, Mary Alice Miles, James L. Money

# 1988

**Row 1:** Daniel O. Merrill, Gavin J. Fite, Edward Alexander, Alexander Laats, James M. Butler, William G. Mager, Andrew B. Barker, Eric A. Laing, Eric J. Savage. **Row 2:** Jayson Stejskal, William Tobin, Stephen Hassell, Henry Doyle, James S. Schwab, Kyle L. Waters, Michael J. Cox, Arlin R. Pischke, Sean F. Reid, John R. Tucker, Kevin R. Barnett. **Row 3:** Nicholas J. Gerace, Edward Strasser, William G. Cook, Paul J. Rock, Jose Escobar, Robert Honeycutt, Michael Bramble, Robert Sparrock. **Not Pictured:** Deadrick D. Baker, Frederick W. Malek, James P. O'Brien, Mark W. Salsgiver, Jason G. Summers, Bryan A. Turner

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placed in leadership positions. The Shaft, led by charter members Brownie and Doc, became known for its concerts and applicances, while the Cubeheads maintained a level of professionalism that was almost nauseating. The Rose Bowl Army game provided an opportunity for transcontinental partying, although the Andreas family china will never be quite the same, thanks to Bobo. Mike made the Army project and Hodge lost money at Caesar's Palace. During Spring Break, Phil made his mark on a car on the way to Mardi Gras, where thirteen of our most hardened criminals earned berths in the Betty Ford Rehab center. Ergo, perhaps the most quietly demented member of the company, didn't go due to a date with destiny at the Crew Nationals. Dave was studying.

First class year saw the fruition of three years. First, we had a chance to wreak the same havoc on 88; Boelsch terrorized them with his Texas drawl, Bobo instilled a sense of professionalism with his fine marching commands, and Austin made history as the first Port Batt Commander who could do "the Bird". Ace learned that police officers didn't like cake. Dave M. led OCF for the company and Bead became the secretary for the UMS. Todd tried to mix Mao and honor while Charlie got hooped by Holly. Dave finished studying.

It's been a lot of laughs, love, and fun.
Good luck to all in the future.

# Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations to Mark Boehle '85 Love Dad, Mom, Mike, Susan, Cheryl, Susan, Ed, christy and Joe.

Congratulations Ensign Tim Croy, 15th Co! With all our love and prayers, your family.

Best wishes to the class of '85. from the familiy of Austin Coleman. Aus, we love you! Mom, Celeste, Laurie and Pop.

Bravo Zulu Ens. Chuck Merritt and '85 in mean 15. We are proud of you all! Smooth sailing and good luck; Yeah nukes! Mom & Pop Merritt

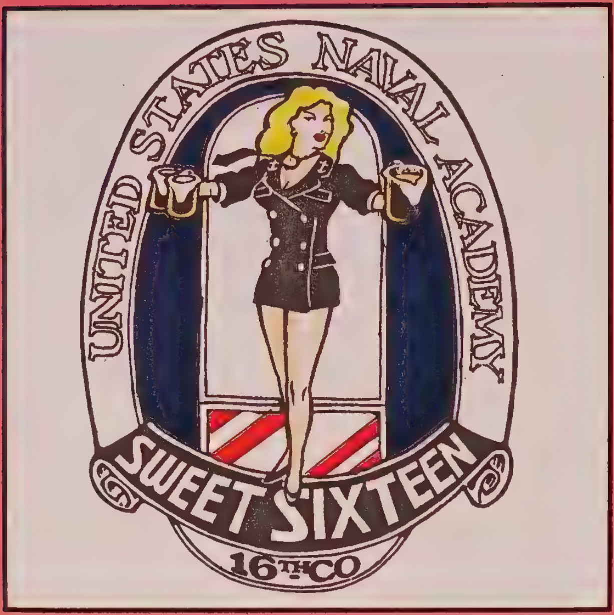
Well Lum, you made it . . . DEBURR DEBURR . . . Loop-de-do there John R. Walters---Crew Captain. Much love Mom, Dad, Trina, Ron, Willie, Mysin Puff, Grandpa, Station L, ghost of Georgie.

Congratulations Ensign Michael G. Taylor! To a son who has given us much happiness. We are so proud of you. Love, Mom, Dad and Michele.

Our memories of 15th Company will always be cherished. Congrats to each, especially to our son, Mark. Time to soar with the Eagles, but with God as your co-pilot. We're proud of you! Mom and Dad Andreas.

Congratulations to Jeff Hamman, 15th Co. Gymnastic team and the class of 85. May your graduation be a stepping stone to success and happiness. You always said "Nothing that I can't handle" All our love, Mom, Dad and family.

Congratulations Ensign Tom Hobbib 15th Co. We are proud of you and we love you. Best wishes and prayers for continued success. May God be with you always. Mom, Dad and Bill.



# SIXTEENTH COMPANY

There were a lot of changes in Sweet Sixteen this year. But, somehow, even though these changes were incredibly for the better, the company kept up its treasured, lax attitude. First, we returned to find a new company officer, LCDR JONES, taking charge. He wasn't bad for a surface liner. JONES, who quickly became a welcome figure in the seventh batt., took no time in memorizing the MHP and must have spent ninety percent of his day inspecting rooms. Luckily, for us, he did let the first class run the company.

The leadership of the first class this year was outstanding. Led by "Hoss" and other members of the famed "Brew Crew" the company got off to an amazing start. In p-rades we ended up second (what happened to the random number generator?). We somehow just turned into drilling machines! Well, that's not bad, but halfway through the semester, we were first in the color competition! Sixteenth Company? First in colors? There must be some mistake! But we didn't do anything different than normal. No one seemed to complain, though!

The second class finally made their committment. Two-for-seven was a fiasco; but one good thing did come of it. Our famous 2/c Corker (he's the one who pummelled the firstie this summer) shook hands and made up with the Dant. What a feat of daring! They paid the price for disorderly conduct, too: five weekends of duty!

The youngsters started off on the right foot, but were soon "forced" out of step. They seemed to have a hard time picking up on the company's mellow atmosphere. They did get in the swing of things when they had a "dining-in" at the Alumni House at which many of them intoxicated themselves to great extents.

On a lighter note, academics were also hot on JONES'S list of

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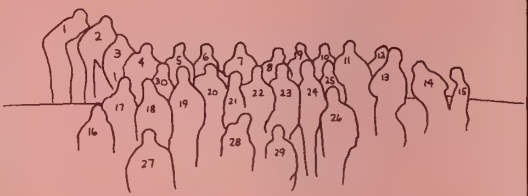
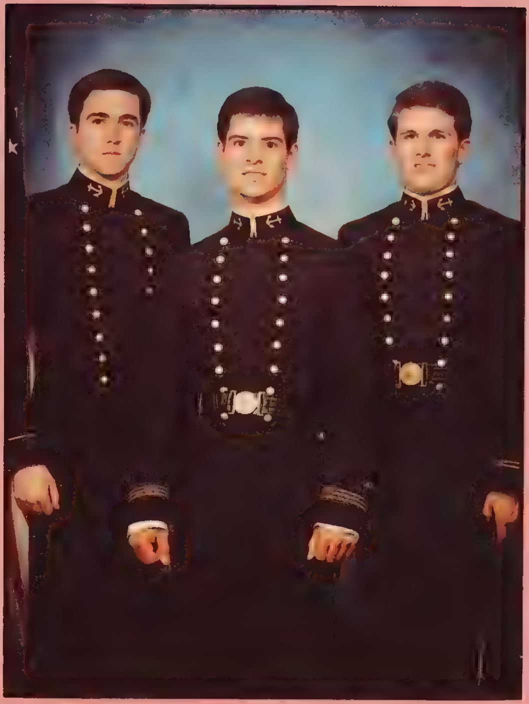
LCDR Charlie Jones



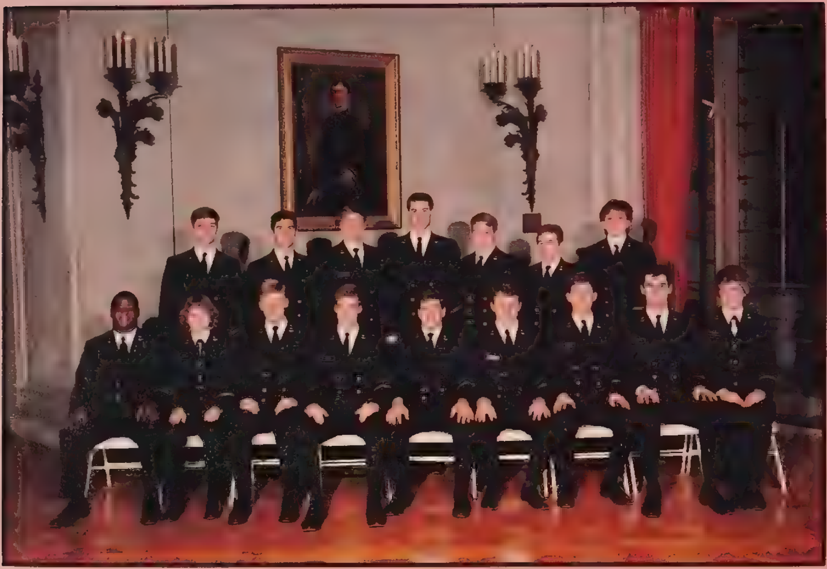
1. Bill Groover
2. Mike Graham
3. Bob Smith
4. Jim Anderson
5. Andy Gibb
6. Ken Adams
7. Pete Soltesz
8. Pat Redmon
9. Pat Mayer
10. Andy Paul
11. Scott Mack
12. Bob Dill
13. Todd Alexander
14. Bob Conway
15. Reuben Villar
16. Glenn Rosen
17. Joe Rist
18. Bill Stone
19. Alan Misiaszek
20. Jeff Bernardi
21. Mark Libonate
22. Eugene Benvenutti
23. Chris Drenter
24. Jeff Hull
25. Billy Harris
26. Jon Franke
27. John Yancigay
28. Todd Logan
29. Dave Fields
30. Barry Melvin

**Not Pictured:**
Eric Isaminger

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Patrick Mayer
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Jon Franke
Administration: M/ENS Todd Logan



Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Alan Misiaszek
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Robert Smith
Administration: M/ENS William Harris

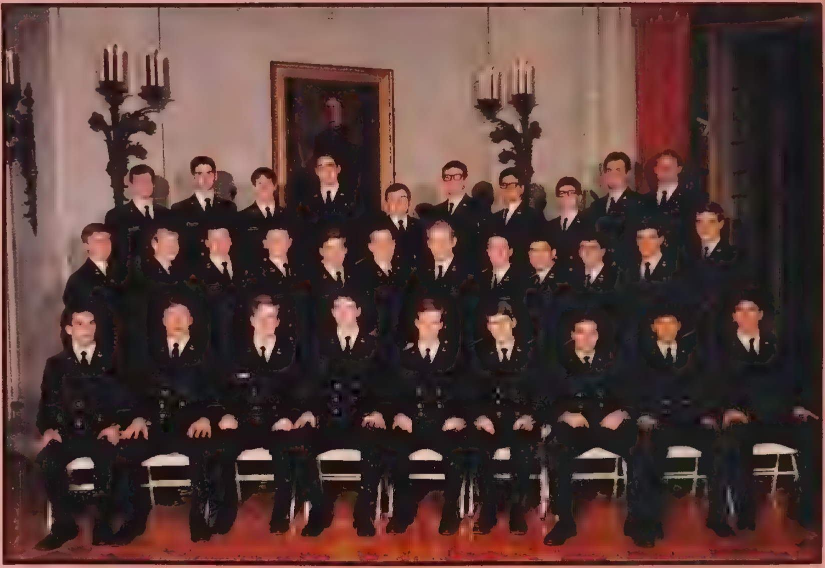


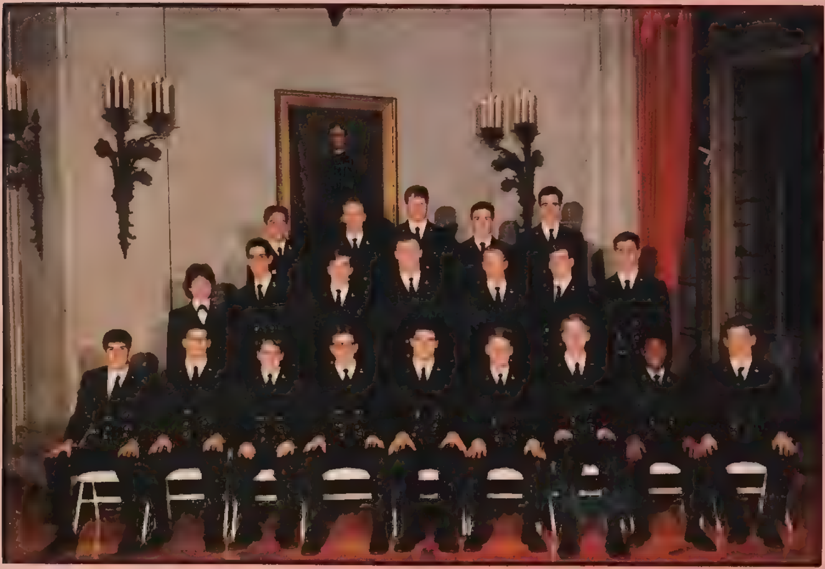
## 1986

**Row 1:** Edward K. Jackson, Deanna L. Reiber, Clark B. Freise, Arthur Hale, Brett W. Caulkins, Michael Vermeullen, Alfred Broch, Bernard Gately, Diane M. Koczela. **Row 2:** Timothy R. Holley, Robert Proano, Stuart B. Craig, Thomas S. Turner, John E. Russ, John Paganelli, Rebecca L. Baczuk. **Not Pictured:** Craig A. Atkinson, Rudy R. Bojo, Karen E. Freeman, George I. Janiver, Kenneth P. Kmiec, Richard Malczynski, Kevin Meenaghan, Mario L. Pereira, Paul W. Salit, Christi Simpson, Herry Stallings, Ingrid M. Turner, John C. Wilson.

## 1987

**Row 1:** John R. LoRicco, Brendan M. Kot, Jason D. Garrison, Mark A. Gardner, Frederick Smith, Craig S. Soer, Robert J. Wehman, Jonah W. Shen, Michael Ryan. **Row 2:** William P. Soper, Sean P. Sullivan, William Neumann, Trav A. Thiesse, Kenneth J. Robell, Eric H. Hoy, Scott D. Johnson, Christopher Smith, Joseph Cheneler, John C. Ortega, Timothy Reimann, Matthew Howes. **Row 3:** Mark C. Gibson, Douglas E. Mason, Barry D. Brockway, James E. Bouchard, Carl D. Neidhold, Andrew D. Buckon, John C. Stefanko, Michael R. Martin, John Hottendorf, Brandt D. Pickrell.





## 1988

**Row 1:** Daniel L. Garcia, James J. Landon, Frederick Hall, Mark J. Retzloff, Lee M. Conley, James L. Gray, David M. Shelver, Rodney B. Forte, John Kropcho. **Row 2:** Karen B. Povlock, Augusto G. Cata, David M. Lopez, Christopher Kennedy, Craig A. McCarter, William Suggs, Roger W. Bivans. **Row 3:** Kevin S. Arnold, David C. Chapates, Maurice Klein, Mark P. Maglin, Michael H. Veltre. **Not Pictured:** Kirk A. Delmas, Damon E. Fields, Curtis H. Goetsch, Robert Hamilton, Paul L. Lhote, Michael Moreland, Donna P. Murphy, Truman Stephens, Jon E. Swanson, Marshall L. Swor, Anne E. Watt, Shannon Workman.

## Best Wishes . . .

Chris: all the "Good Lucks", "Hang in theres" & "Muddle Thrus" + your determination & hard work sure pays off today. We know you would do it. Much love & happiness in your future endeavors. We're proud of you. Mom, Dad, Kathy & Mark.

Rob (Big Bob) and friends in 16th: We are so proud of you all! Our love, the K.C. Dill's.

New horizons and unlimited skies are yours, Patrick Kelly Mayer, 85. Congratulations to you and Co. 16. God Bless you, you are loved! Mom.

You did it Dave. We knew you could! All our love, Mom, Rob and family.

With great pride, love, and admiration: congratulations Stan Benvenutti, USMC, and 16th Co. Our love and good wishes go with you. Mom, Dad and Susan.

Congratulations Andrew Marion Gibb and the class of '85. May you always reach for the stars and get it done. Our love is with you forever. Cindy, Chris, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the class of '85. We enjoyed the "pleasure of your company." May fortune always favor you-"The tailgaters of U-ville"- "Atta Boy" Pete. We love ya and we're so proud. Mum & Pops.

(Continuation of copy A from p. 694)

priorities. In that regard, thank God for genius level plebes and youngsters! The plebes for some odd reason (are we too slack?) were first in the brigade in academics. Bravo Zulu! The youngsters didn't do bad themselves, pulling in for second place. The first and second class were definitely another story. The second class came in thirty-first, while the firsties brought up the rear with thirty-third. Talk about extremes!

Somewhere in the company we also found a little potential for show biz. When Halloween rolled around a couple of firsties really had something they were trying to hide. Then Juan, Smif, and the Hoss finally came out as . . . as . . . as the Ghostbusters! They were great and went on to win the Brigade competition.

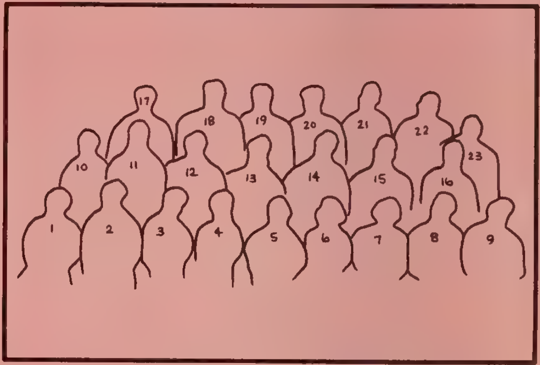
Along those same lines, we also saw a pair who want to become stunt men in James Bond movies. Vernon Bond and Ribs both showed their enthusiasm (?) and daring (idiocy?) by diving out of moving vehicles.

We lost three plebes this year—that's a first! What a going away present! Another left to go to Paris. The last one left at semester end thanks to tool 2/c Proano—he will be back to get you! The halls aren't the same without Garfield the Plebe.

Well, that's Sweet Sixteen. Most of us will remember this year as a good one and will be thankful that we were lucky enough to be associated with such a unique group of people!

# SEVENTEENTH COMPANY

LT James Colgary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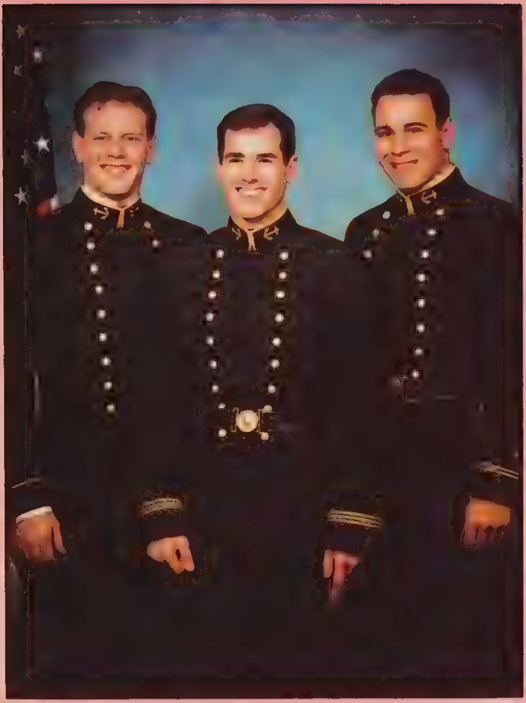
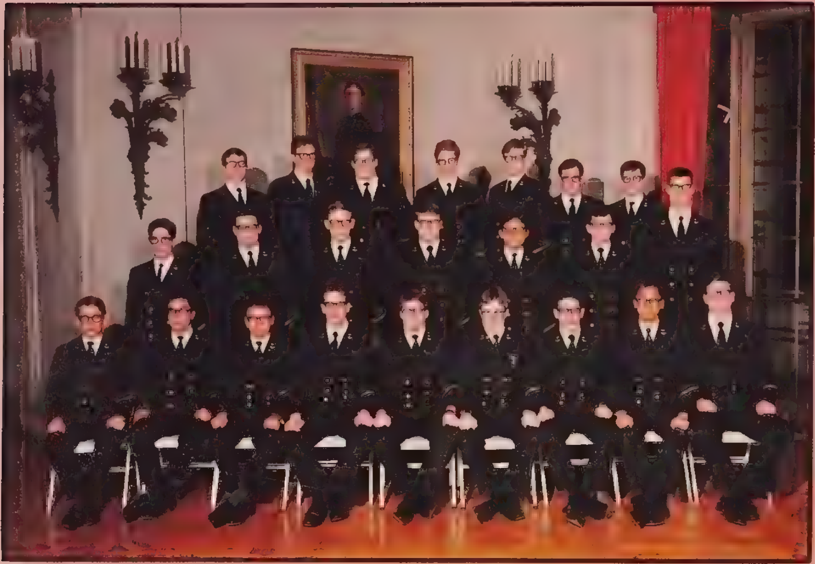
1. Bob Vance
2. Jack Noel
3. Ellen Coyne
4. Karen Miller
5. Tammy King
6. Tracy Wiggs
7. Holly Graf
8. Carl Hogsten
9. John Rosner
10. Jon Duecker
11. Chris Burke
12. Sean Patton
13. Scott Bryan
14. Mike Brown
15. Joel Strieter
16. Jim Berdeguez
17. Rick Russell
18. Marcus Hitchcock
19. Mike Randolph
20. Joe Wright
21. Tim Hunt
22. Gerald Figgins
23. Jim Reich

**Not Pictured:**
Tom Cates
Maureen Ford
Bob Hadley
Kim Martin

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Joel Strieter
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Scott Bryan
Administration: M/ENS Karen Miller



Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Sean Patton
Sub Commander: M/LTJG James Berdeguez
Administration: M/ENS Joseph Wright

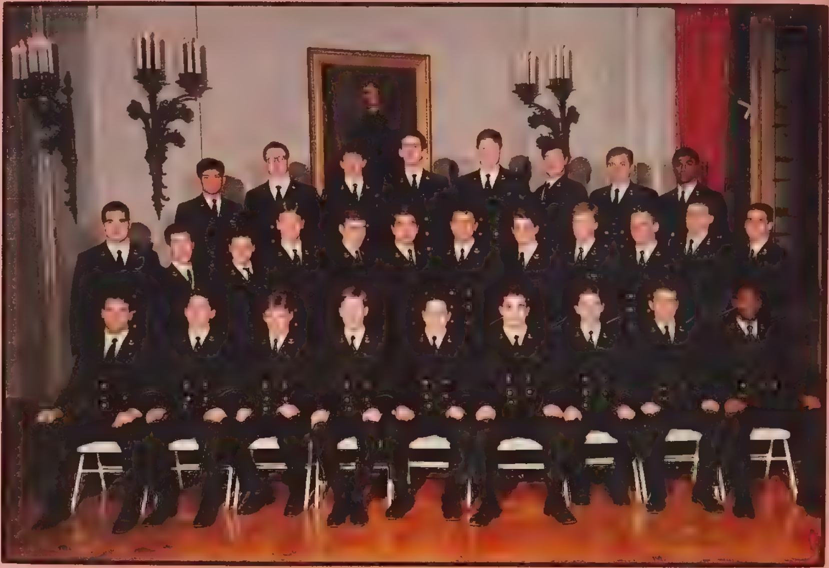


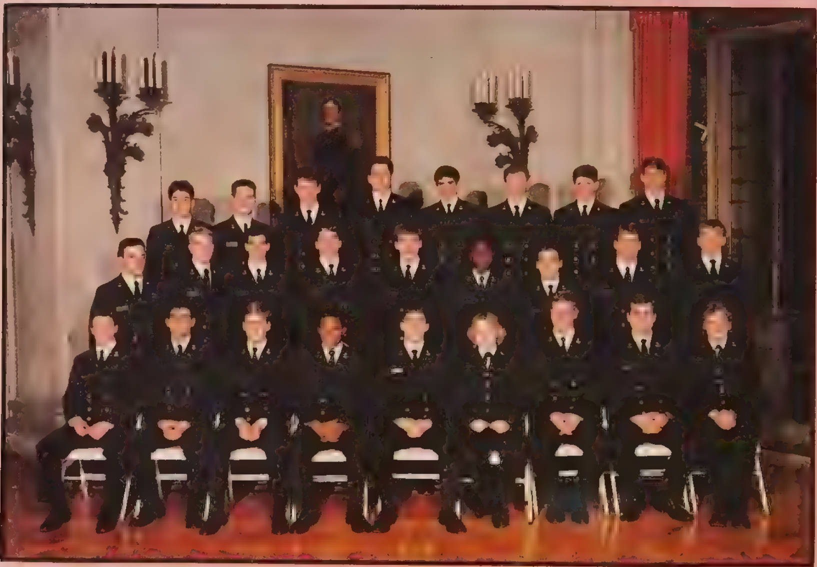
## 1986

**Row 1:** Bryan Pellegrin, Miguel Cintron, Quintin Ramil, Douglas Krieger, Brian A. Solo, Michael Mitchell, Patrick K. Leary, Mario H. Alegre, James M. Woods. **Row 2:** Mark C. Feffer, John B. Dyson, Stephen Rehwald, Daniel Noltkamper, Modesto C. Regina, Brian K. Moore, William G. Dragan. **Row 3:** James F. Brown, Lawrence Daugherty, David R. Pimpo, Bradford Barnes, Curtis A. Brown, Jonathan Duecker, Stephen T. Ames. **Not Pictured:** James M. Reich, Richard Testyon

## 1987

**Row 1:** Sean S. Coyle, Thomas Tomaiko, Robert Swickley, Andrew C. Lennon, Thomas Mercer, Anthony W. Prato, Thomas Lunifeld, Timothy M. Deane, Arthur Hughes **Row 2:** Micheal Parrillo, Gregory Masiello, Richard P. Vitaro, Paul E. Huxhold, Michael Anderson, Rudolph Carlson, Jose R. Shores, Michael Horrisberger, Craig R. Oechsel, Phillip S. Taylor, Gregory Sargent, William A. Lucas **Row 3:** Joaquin Bernardo, Micheal E. Keller, James D. Rathbun, Benjamin S. Shove, Scot W. Malloy, Conrad Caldwell, Anthony J. Klimas, Michael A. Jones **Not Pictured:** John P. Feeney, Erik G. Holtkamp, Scott E. Urbach, Frank T. Wallace





## 1988

**Row 1:** Douglass Stanford, Curtis W. Hughes, Gregory A. Jones, Mark W. Jones, Hampton H. Tanner, Gina Rea Edison, Thomas Smith, Bryant D. Allam, Shri J. Drake **Row 2:** Michael J Mazza, Donald Wright, Sean Hamilton, Christopher Lord, Kurt A. Vanetten, Gregory Simmons, J.R. Maguire, M.J. Marchildon, Deric A. Camarigg **Row 3:** Dana Cook, James A. Mathews, Christopher Cook, Edward Alexander, Christopher Garcia, Frank J. Dembia, Edward Grinnell, Donald S. Hughes, **Not Shown:** Denise Wiggins, Karen Wilson

# Best Wishes . . .

Congratulation and best wishes to the class of 85 from the family of Christopher K. Burke.

Congrats Dick Russell, 17 Co. and "Special Rat Pack." Stay mellow! Dick, thanks for sharing it all. From a proud family, love and God bless, Mom, Dad, Rob, Rand, & Beth.

Well done Ensign Michael G. Brown and class of 85. We are honored by this achievement that is now yours forever. Love, Mom, Dad, Todd, Jeff

Go Navy! Cheers to Tracy Wiggs, 17th Co., & Class of '85. We are proud of your success. Best wishes for your success. Best wishes for your future. With love, Dad, Mom, Alan & all who love you!

Congratulations and good luck in your Naval career from the family of Joseph T. Wright III 17th Co. Love, Mom and Dad, Joann & Lynnie.

You did it your way Tom Cates and we are proud of you! "God go with you and the class of '85!" Love, Ded, Mom, 1st Lt. Larry USMC '82 and Antoinette, Eileen and Susie.

Congratulations to Ensign Tammy L. King, 17th Co. Your mother and I are immensely proud of your achievements. May you have fair winds, smooth sailing and a following sea. God bless. Love, Mom and dad.

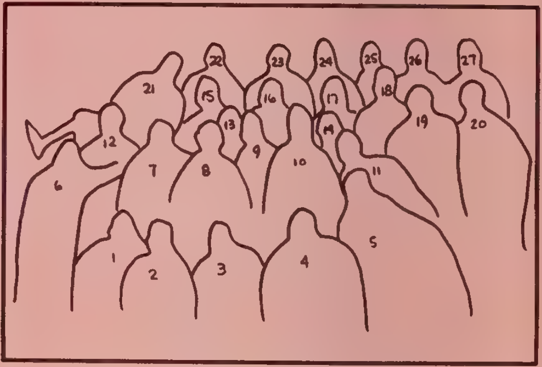
May the class of 85 always have smooth seas and following winds. The family of Tim Hunt 17th co.

Congratulatins and best wishes to the class of '85 from the family of "Jolly" Rosner, 17th Co. Love from Mom, Dad, and Lee.

18
YE OLDE
18 CO.
WATERING HOLE.
'83

# EIGHTEENTH COMPANY

LT John Cramer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1. Laurence Hickey
2. Bill Nolan
3. Brad More
4. Mark Yniquez
5. Randy Geis
6. Todd Olson
7. Simon Hillman
8. Dakota Wood
9. Andy Andow
10. Greg Smith
11. Dave Deist
12. Bill Johnson
13. Jeff Brightwell
14. Dave Morris
15. Brian Saxman
16. Greg McGiffney
17. Bill Higgins
18. Charles Smith
19. Jeff Walker
20. Rich Nowak
21. Tom Malick
22. Gregg Habel
23. Tom Marshall
24. Mike Huggins
25. Gene Milowicki
26. John Miley
27. Frank Gunsallus

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Simon Hillman
Sub Commander: M/LTJG John Miley
Administration: M/ENS Jeffrey Walker

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Andrew Solgere
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Laurence Hickey
Administration: M/ENS John Miley

HOPKINS
T SPACE MALL

# 1986

**Row 1:** James S. Coe, Charles Dougherty, Nicholas Connolly, James H. Reinhart, John J. Koehr, Douglas D. Hanlon, Gilbert Vincent, Mark F. Crumblish, James R. Ohman. **Row 2:** Thomas M. Furey, Jeffrey Horneff, John S. Neal, Jeffrey H. Rucker, Eric R. Mehalko, Thomas B. Maillet, Dionysis W. Perez. **Row 3:** William Kitchen, Kevin M. Ilams, Jeffrey P. Whelan, David Driftmier, Aaron K. Horney, Harold Sprayberry, E.M. Tillman, Gregory McMichael, Matthew Bellinger. **Not Pictured:** Alfred Arredondo, Sean C. Cannon, Paul Sita.

# 1987

**Row 1:** John D. Peters, Brian M. Lee, Leonard Laporta, Gregory Gephart, James D. McGee, Sean Blochberger, Matthew B. Horan, Shelley Laurilla, Lance L. Lacroix. **Row 2:** Gregory S. Coil, Rabon E. Cook, Stephen Gillespie, Jennifer A. Smith, Patricia Bartlo, Leslie J. Martin, Thomas S. Miller, Edward Stephens, David R. Marsh, Ronald Higgs. **Row 3:** David G. Smith, Scott C. Bibeau, Thomas Von Kolnitz, Anthony Arellano, Anthony J. Grey, Michael Bartkus, Thomas P. Brasek, David Hemela, Bradford Edenfield. **Not Pictured:** Daniel K. Schill, Larry W. Smith.

# 1988

**Row 1:** William L. Bach, James H. Yee, John D. Coode, Rhodel F. Dacanay, Richard Montgomery, Robert J. Bello, Claude Richardson, Frederick Schlueter, Brian E. Street. **Row 2:** Kenneth Brugett, Steven E. Trent, Mark B. Dunleavy, James McKenna, Michael Leidinger, Britain T. Price, Michael G. Milo, Timothy Yanucil, Ward Quinn, Keith A. Beals, Ralph A. Dengler, David P. Wells, Matthew Treaster. **Row 3:** Benjamin B. Peet, Robert Banker, Mark G. Hakun, Jon D. Bunn, Thomas E. White, William Hittinger, Sean T. Epperson, Craig M. Miller, Anthony Villanueva, Lloyd A. Perna. **Not Pictured:** John M. Devine, Joseph Donnelly.

# Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations William T. Nolan. We are so proud of you. You have graced us with eternal pride, joy, & happiness. God Bless you. Fly high & safe landing. Love, Mom, Cathy, Tim, Chrissy, Uncle Sam, Uncle Red & Aunty Mary, Uncle Karl & Aunty Marge, John Don & Debra.

To David Deist, 18th Co., class of 85, congratulations. You are now one of the few, the proud, the Marines! Godspeed. Love, Dad, Mom and Larry.

Congratulations Todd D. Olson and the great guys of 18th Co. Well done Todd! May God go with you always. Love Mom and Dad Olson.

Chuck:
"And we know that in all things God works for the good of those who love him,"—Romans 8:28
Love to you from all of us,
Mom, Dad, Lisa, Jack, & Lori.

Congratulations "85-ers! From the family of Boothe Higgins, 18th Co.

Congrats! Ens. Rich Nowak 18th Co.
Leaving Annapolis no longer a "Mid"
It's off to Houston for our kid!
The sky's the limit for you son,
your flight thru life has begun!
Love, Pops, Trixie and the Quarter.

18th COMPANY
BRICK DATER

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/CDR Joseph Skufca (20 CO)
Sub Commander: M/LCDR Charles Sharkey (33 CO)
Operations: M/LCDR Matthew Shihadeh (32 CO)
Adjutant: M/LT Stephen Krotow (31 CO)
Administration: M/LT David Asjes (27 CO)
Supply: M/LT Jeffrey Swartz (36 CO)

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/CDR Robert Hall (31 CO)
Sub Commander: M/LCDR Caroline Gaulke (28 CO)
Operations: M/LCDR Kenneth Chrisman (27 CO)
Adjutant: M/LT Peter Martino (31 CO)
Administration: M/LT Kyle Frietas (21 CO)
Supply: M/LT Thomas Smith (25 CO)

**Commander Lawrence Bergen**

*SN J.M. Sheets*

Only Fourth Battalion is 4.0.

What's so unique about us? Well, let me tell you. We represent one sixth of the Brigade, 5.5 acres of Mama B, and .75 miles of her floorspace. Also, we hosted this year's Color Company. The Batt supplied this year's NCAA bound basketball team with Mr Pep and more spirit than any other battalion. Intramurally speaking, Fighting Fourth took Brigade firsts in fall soccer and fencing and in winter squash. The studs of 22nd company showed their power at this years Batt Sports night taking the trophy. Professionally, we took Brigade honors in PCR and drill preps. On the academic side we never gave up the ship. For the future we say: fair winds and following seas. DOB

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LCDR Kevin Gue (20 CO)
Sub Commander: M/LT Ricardo Price (22 CO)
Operations: M/LT Steven Bongardt (19 CO)
Adjutant: M/LTJG Steven Rauch (23 CO)
Administration: M/LTJG Mark Coonrod (21 CO)
Supply: M/LTJG Michael Beattie (24 CO)

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LCDR Stephen Pimpo (19 CO)
Sub Commander: M/LT Tina Johnson (24 CO)
Operations: M/LT Arthur Castillo (20 CO)
Adjutant: M/LTJG Eric Campbell (21 CO)
Administration: M/LTJG Richard Johnson (22 CO)
Supply: M/LTJG Laurence Marsh (23 CO)

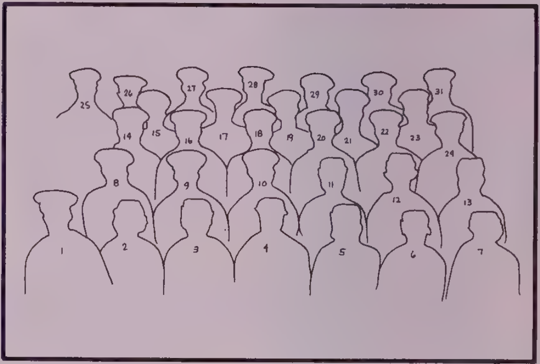
# NINETEENTH COMPANY

On July 7, 1981, 19th company's class of 1985 gathered for the first time in T-court to take the Oath of Office. Under the "stellar" leadership of the class of '82 we began the first of the many Naval Academy rituals necessary to become a naval officer. We were left with a wealth of memories from plebe summer ranging from strange Hawaiian chants after PEP to swatting gnats on the drill field. Despite initial predictions of our impending failure, we made it through the summer intact as a company despite roommates left to burn in fires and pistols with a mind of their own out on the range. We even finished strongly in colors. When ac-year came, the first thing we understood was the company's nickname of "Cloud 19". It's a long way to 4-4! We received a new classmate, but he didn't last. It is not considered officer-like to threaten 6' 7" second class with a bayonet and condemn them to hell. The high point of the semester, which was full of rates and all the other stuff of which plebes are made of, had to be the Christmas show when we had our revenge. By the end of the semester, it became apparent that the class of '85 had other things on their minds than academics. A strong 36th place in this category was a good finish for us. A tradition was born. Second semester brought spring break and June Week and a traditional finish in academics. Never one to break with tradition, the PCR became another of our 36 consistencies. We plugged along steadily the whole semester with no carry-on all the way to Herndon, which was welcomed. Youngster cruise flung us to the four corners. By the time we returned, we found that the first of the originals was gone. Dave Tolliver went out in a blaze of glory to be remembered by everyone.

Youngster year was made for us. Weekends, carry-on, and very little responsibility made the perfect formula for fun. Once again, we had a new classmate from another company, but she didn't last either. The year definitely went too quickly. The mys-

continued on page 713

LT Robert Prodoehl

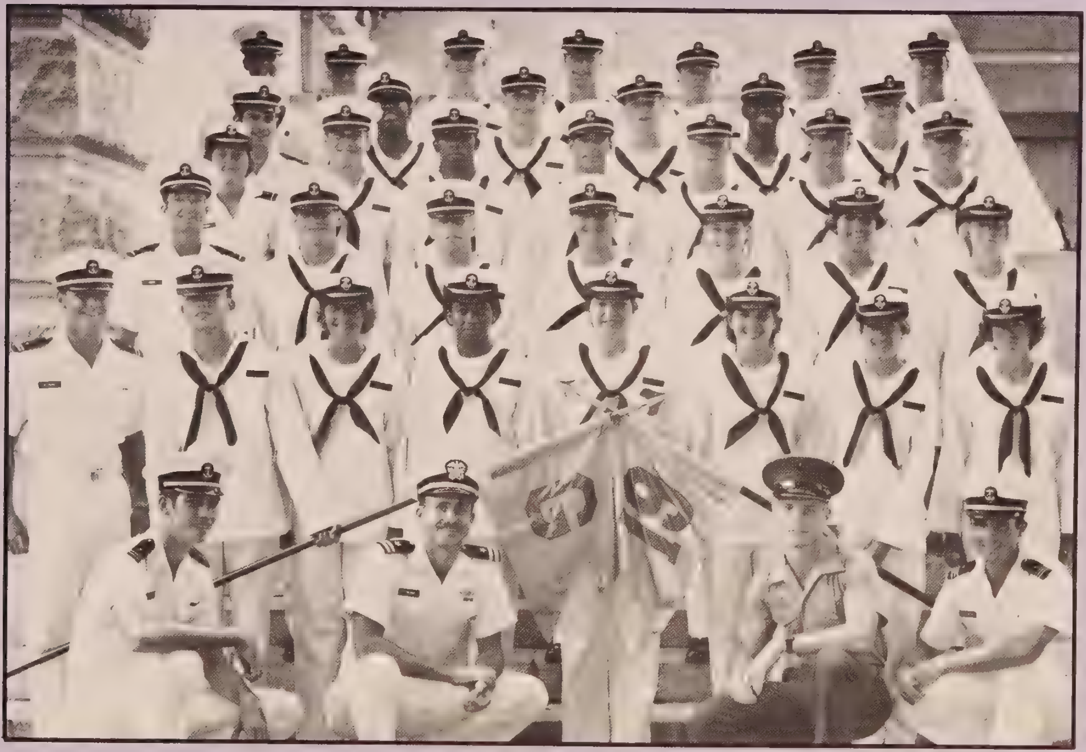


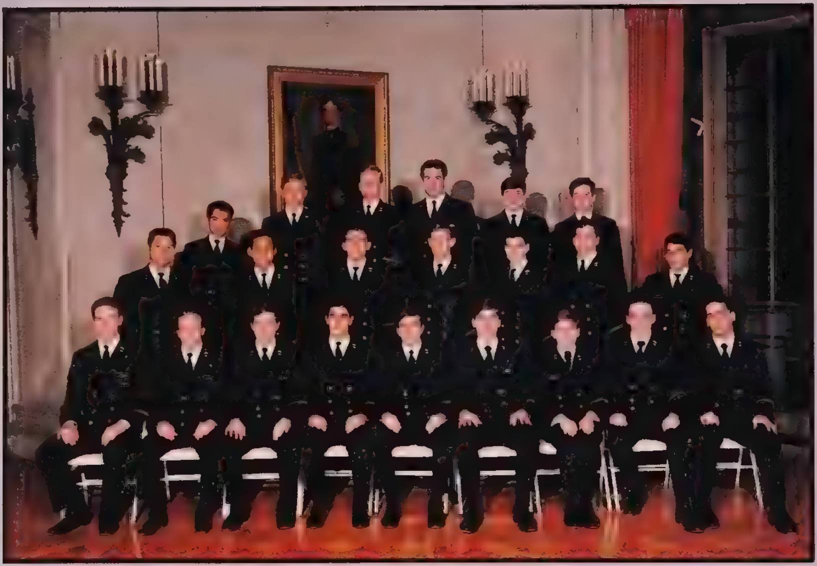
1. Wade Burchell
2. Kim Anderson
3. Rani Bush
4. Beth Clark
5. Ashley Yetman
6. Jane Bailey
7. Lynne Bever
8. Scott Reichard
9. Steve Pimpo
10. Sam Platt
11. Allison Gross
12. Sandy Simpson
13. Susan Wells
14. Tim Hanson
15. Byron Williams
16. Dave Tolliver
17. Tom Sylvester
18. Gregg Garbesi
19. Chip Denman
20. Scott Carlson
21. Chris Betton
22. Mike Gradwohl
23. Jim Budway
24. Doug Burton
25. Dennis Barham
26. Greg Beck
27. Walt Bell
28. Steve Bongardt
29. Jim Sheldrup
30. Jim Syvertsen
31. Dave White

**Not Pictured:**
Eric Rutherford
Rich Lumsden

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Thomas Sylvester
Sub Commander: M/LTJG James Budway
Administration: M/ENS Byron Williams

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT James Sheldrup
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Eric Rutherford
Administration: M/EMS Ashley Yetman



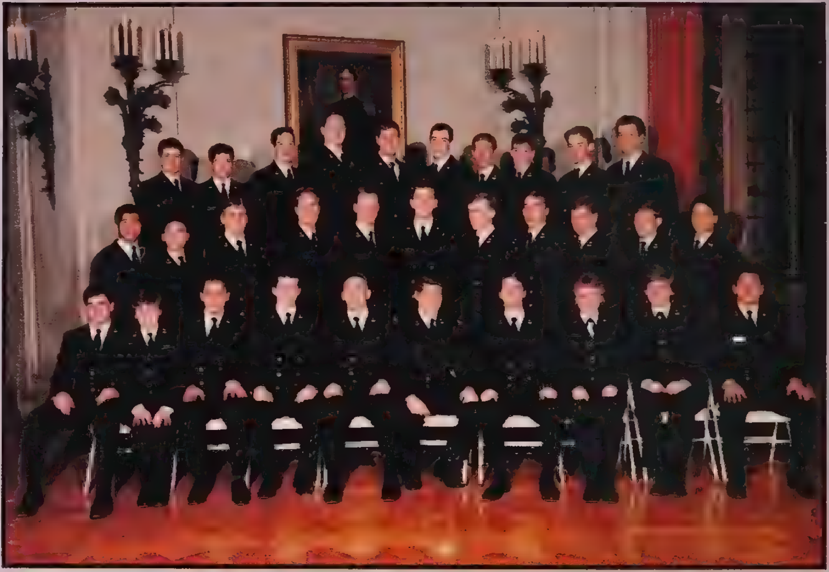


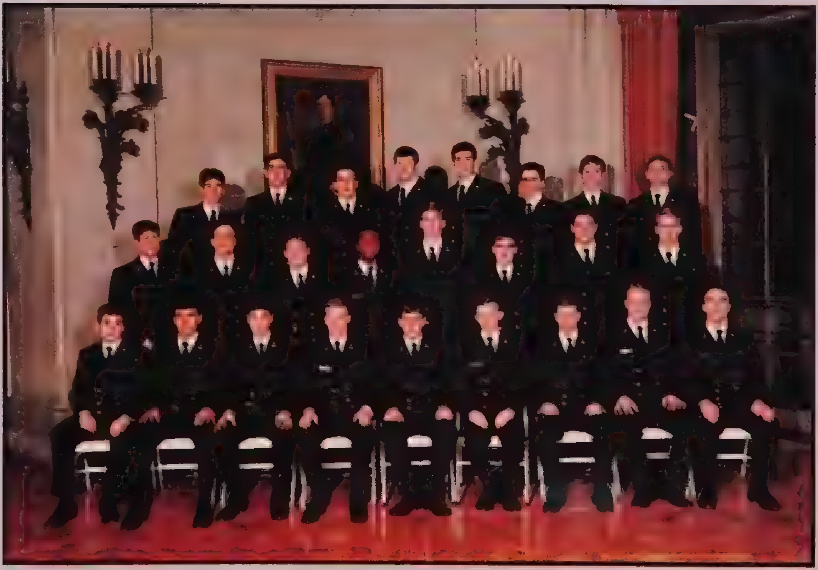
## 1986

**Row 1:** Scott W. Helmers, John Martinelli, Edward A. Wentz, Gregory E. Glaros, John Wilczynski, Neil K. Sawyer, Andrew Schneider, James J. Malloy, Anthony Quesada. **Row 2:** Jeffrey D. Flores, Ulysses V. Maceda, Brian R. McGinnis, Philip B. Needham, Kevin J. Delamer, Mathew R. Ware, Jose D. Diaz. **Row 3:** Roland Salvanera, Christopher Reeger, John M. O'Donnell, George J. Procak, Andrew Shuma, Scott F. Outlaw. **Not Pictured:** Raymond Collins, Jerald T. Delia, Matthew G. Glavy, James W. Guy, James F. Miranda, Keith C. Temple, William Whaley.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Michael J. Ray, Tina B. Ingold, Christopher Compeggie, Christopher Newcomb, Robert Calhoun, Jason W. Cronin, Steven D. Sisney, Molly A. Carroll. **Row 2:** Errol Rideau, Cuong H. Pham, John W. Craig, Douglas TenHoopen, Frederick Wojcik, James Hibbler, Mark Joslin, Alan L. Herrmann, Russell Moore, Camilo O'Kuinghttons, Eric C. Ho. **Row 3:** Glenn W. Stevens, Brian D. Noyes, Matthew Miggins, John P. Bissa, Russell H. Clarke, Russell E. Smith, Jeffrey Danielson, Daniel Forster, Douglas Boerman, David M. Buckley. **Not Pictured:** Curtis T. Lee, Rose M. McCain, Tracy L. Smith.





## 1988

**Row 1:** Christopher Harkins, David A. Bondura, Robert J. Miller, Scott A. McClure, Brian M. Novotny, Brian K. West, Ronnie C. Wince, Charles L. Cash, Robert W. Tamaro. **Row 2:** James S. Egan, Peter Yannakakis, Eric J. Gresia, Jonathan Dunbar, Andrew L. Caldera, Eric G. Kukanich, Stephen C. Rife, Steven C. Thorne. **Row 3:** George J. Davie, Barry Crosby, Bruce J. Morris, Samuel T. Scaffo, Steven E. Cedrun, Joseph F. LaSala, Andrew. G. Rander. **Not Pictured:** Bruce S. Bennett, Wayne P. Brisson, Gary K. Carpenter, Roger C. Clark, Eugene W. Cobey, Richard Fatzinger, Francis X. Hall, Anton Largiader, David J. Rogers, Troy Saunders, Charles M. Smith, Robert P. Tortora, Michael Wilmot, Harold S. Yeldell.

# BEST WISHES . . .

May the surf be up forever for Eric Rutherford #78, for the 19th Co., & for the class of 85. With great admiration deep pride, and lots of love,
The Rutherfords of Colorado.

Balbin, Congratulations for having the strength, determination and the sense of humor to make it. We are bursting with pride at your accomplishments. We are blessed! Wa-Dad.

Congratulations to all "The Boys" in 19th Co., class of 85 and expecially to our son and brother James Budway. We love you very much! Semper Fi. Mother, Dad, and John.

To the women & men of 19, congrats on finishing 4 years of hard work from the family of Susan Wells. May the class of 85 always have calm seas & strong tailwinds. Love to our favorite NFO. Dad, Mom, Patti & Stan.

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of 85 from the parents of Jane Bailey 19th Co. Go Marines!

Chris, Smooth sailing-Grandpa. Anchors away '85, Love Dad and Mom.
Chris, My brother, the Ensign, love and the best of everything, Diana. Good luck and smooth sailing in your career. Sonny.

To Rich Lumsden:
BRAVO ZULU!
Mom, Dad, and the Girls.

Congratulations to Walter Bell, the 19th Company and the class of 1985. Good luck and full speed ahead. Love from Mom, Dad, and the whole family.

Aloha and congratulations to Chip and all of his classmates. Pō Mai Ka'i and cheers! The Denmans

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teries of Dahlgren were explored and what little freedom we had was exercised to the MAX. But, before we knew it another June Week was here and responsibility was now ours. At this point, three more classmates left us for bigger things. We have all missed Dave Witte, Sandy Simpson, and Greg Beck. ACTRAMID and PROTRAMID were the perfect experiences to prepare us for the rigors of second class year. We all came back not willing to take anything from anyone and would-you-brace-up-please. No more "name that tune" comearounds. 2 for 7 night was a "sobering" reminder that we were now in the Navy for forEVER (almost!). Second class academics found our engineers generally going general and our bull majors sleeping little. We also had a new member of our class, but he came from Coast Guard. He worked out much better than our previous transferees. Doug Henke made our year a lot of fun. By the end of the year, we lost two more of our friends. Good luck Rani Bush and Mike Gradwohl. We miss you. The Ring Dance and the rest of June Week was unforgettable. First class cruise gave us a taste of the future and made us hungry for graduation. The year was a long wind-down to graduation highlighted by various events such as Service Selection and all of the lasts for navy. Our Service Selection party was not spent soberly freezing in Dahlgren, but out at Riordan's raising the roof, thanks to a little perseverence. That night was indicative of our time here. It was a night spent with people we know well who, if they are not our friends, they are our respected comrades. Nothing will ever be able to replace the type of education we all shared together. Good luck 85, we made it! Remember: Perfect 36 and NO NUKES!!!

NAVY
83
NAVY
78

ROARING
E
TWENTY
"Coach" '85

# TWENTIETH COMPANY

The future of the boys of 20 could be seen early on as 82 left their indelible stamp. We progressed just as they had: complete with sailing skippers, N-sweatered company CDRs (Black N's that is), a YP Ratpack, and a refugee or two. But 85 was more than that. We gained our personality from 83; wrestled with 84 (in more ways than one), guided 86, lost 87 (but won a few rumbles), and were amused by 88. Policy never became too clear as we ran the gamet of 4 CO's (Birdman, Party Marty, the MAD CWF, and old "But I have these" Murph), so it was up to us to survive the everchanging tone. From laid back to roaring, and 35th to CC parking, we made the best of life at the boat school.

Amid the turmoil of plebe summer we still found time to laugh. We watched as the Peruvian put on 26 lbs. even though Dave perenially possessed "the big spoon," and Gilmore's private snowflake party inspired us to choral heights. Hand's professionalism peaked as he demonstrated his JROTC rifle dress and Gramps slid through without a hitch.

With JT as screen, Hee-yah-uh as role model (what a chop), and 4 of the top 10; we cruised through plebe year without a casualty. With women outlawed, the boys quickly found the way to local watering holes and Saturdays spent with pitchers in hand at Charlie's gave way to rattling ice at Sunday noon meal. "Member's only" rumbles and late bull sessions with JB and Busher helped make the year complete.

Youngster year we climbed the social ladder to pool at Pete's and Tequila at the Afterdeck. Uncle Noles introduced us to Yuke and Jack and Dickie helped us "brown bag it" on Friday nights. The rumbles continued and the legend of Bruno and Guito was born. (Though 85 never fell). Party Marty lived up to his name on the Severn River Booze Cruise and the Skipper took home the "Unsafe Driver Award" at the 1st Annual 20th Co. Golf Tourney.

Second class summer split us up to experience whatever the

continued on page 717

LCDR Larry Murphy

1. Kevin Gue
2. Jeff Biggs
3. Troy Bates
4. Dave Island
5. Mike Merritt
6. Dave Gilmore
7. Dave Oliver
8. Vinnie Zaccardi
9. Mike Mize
10. Mike Haumer
11. Todd Landefeld
12. Tom Dop
13. Scott Dueker
14. Tom Moore
15. Bob Muxlow
16. Henry Castillo
17. Phil Criswell
18. Todd Park
19. Chet Wilson
20. Mike Siewertsen
21. Frank Sheehan
22. Todd Polinchock
23. Mike Dahlin
24. Bob Walzer
25. Max DeGorbitz
26. Bertel Dejoie
27. Joe Skufca
28. Jeff Hoyle
29. Ed Mayfield
30. Jim Polo
31. Eric Doyle
32. Jeff Thomas
33. Paul Harris

**Not Pictured:**
Art Castillo

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Scott Dueker
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Michael Siewertsen
Administration: M/ENS David Oliver

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Jeffery Thomas
Sub Commander: M/LTJG David Gilmore
Administration: M/ENS Todd Park

## 1986

**Row 1:** Larry L. Vazquez, Scott Pandorf, Philip McLaughlin, David J. Landwehr, Nathan S. Moore, Todd L. Wagner, Ricardo Fresquez, George A. Bustamante, Justin M. Smith. **Row 2:** Ellen E. Roberts, Kenneth Williams, John T. Sommer, Thomas Simoes, Daniel Baczkowski, Matthew Muckelbauer, Tod D. Burkert, Thomas D. Metzger, Brian D. Allen, Craig B. Dunn. **Row 3:** Sharon R. Alman, Jeffrey Hornberger, Francis A. Bijak, Sandra Davidson, Thomas E. Brown, Donald M. Ball, Collin P. Green, Russell T. Morgan. **Not Pictured:** William S. Gureck, Matthew Hellman, Thomas W. Luscher.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Daniel C. Hill, Paul J. Meisch, David A. Julian, Peter Kowenhoven, Danford R. Deakin, John W. Hesse, James D. Houck, Kevin C. Hill, Matthew Sorenson. **Row 2:** Kenneth Dunn, Daniel J. Brown, Eric L. Little, Timothy A. Rogers, Michael Hatheway, Sean C. Curry, Duane H. McDonald, Renaud E. Stauber, Michael Williams, William F. Walsh, Scott E. Erdelatz. **Row 3:** Robert S. Rowe, James H. Dick, Kenneth Frack, Greg R. Ellison, Richard Anderson, David P. West, Thomas P. Murphy, Michael S. Herron, Jeffrey Griffith. **Not Pictured:** Ronald J. Harris, C. E. Johnson.

## 1988

**Row 1:** Victoria S. Gonzalez, Philip Campbell, Sean P. Plankey, Sarah M. Michael, Hideo U. Core, Matthew A. Cotten, Eric W. Weisel, Richard C. Vaill, David V. Gentile. **Row 2:** Kenneth Caraveo, Stephen A. Ferro, Christine Coetzee, Charisse M. Mann, Joseph N. King, Dale A. Kelly, Peter T. Limoge, Kristin Bakkegard. **Row 3:** Charles K. Head, Jesse D. Smith, Troy A. Heitmeyer, Mohamed El-Afandi, Perry L. McDowell, Welsey I. Summers, Mark D. Damisch, Arthur Deleon. **Not Pictured:** Theodore Biggie, Eric J. Buch, John P. Gugerty, Jerry P. Hupp, Jason J. Ross, Denise M. Rupp, Kenneth Zieleck.

continued from page 714

Navy had to offer. We returned to our commitment by storming the Skipper's Pub 2 for 7 night, where we vowed to live life to its fullest every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday . . . . As the year went on, roadtrip fever hit 20 and pilgramages to the Meccas of Goucher, Hood, and Shippensburg became favorite pastimes which recreated the need for "The Brick." Dukes, JT, and Bulkiness earned their stripes after the PCR and closed down the 2-3 Pub. Car loans and Visa credit limits came and went and we had a hot CC parking lot to show for it. By the way, the private parking just goes to show what having no CO will do for you. Dukes took home the 2nd Unsafe Drivers Award with Jim on the high seas again. A great Ring Dance (thank you Eva) showed us that we'd finally made it to the top.

Finally we could see the light at the end of the tunnel. We strutted our stuff and you could clearly see who was the best. Twenty boasted #1, a regimental CDR., Batt CDR., an honor megastriper, trident scholar, and a couple of team captains to boot. Late nights in the wardroom and Burger runs to Chick 'n Ruths sustained our cruise mode. Polly's gaters made the best of a losing season and the Jam's party at CJ's was a success to be repeated. Some of the boys took the ring in the nose and the smart ones wish the best of luck to Belinda, Marilyn, Laura, Jody, Tracy, Kristin, and "Shurl."

We may go our separate ways, but the good times and memories we shared will live forever. You can be sure many of us will be heard from again.

EDD

(With some help from Jim, JT, Slim, Mike, Tom, and Yomama).

# Best Wishes...

Congratulations class of '85 from the family of Ed Mayfield 20th Co. God bless you, Ed. Dad, Mom, & Chuck

Our pride is exceeded only by our love and God's miracle, Jeff. Congratulations! Mom, Dad, & Brad.

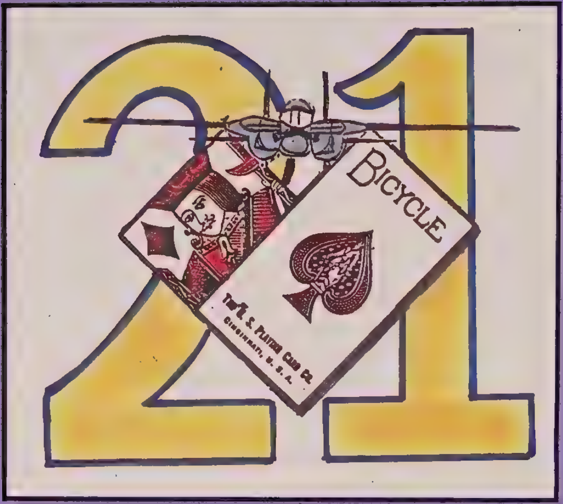
Hooray for '85 and especially for 20th Co.! Three cheers for Jim Syring from Dad, Mom, Bob, Tina and Mike.

May the members of the class of 85 be blessed with health, happiness, and successful careers. To our 20th Company Midshipman friends, we will never forget you. To our son and brother F. Todd, we love and are very proud of you. From Frank, Eleanor, and Lisa Ann Polinchock.

Congratulations Mike Dahlin on a tremendous achievement. May God protect you and your shipmates who serve and guard our great country. "Where so e'er you go." Love, Mom, Dad, Sheri and Ken.

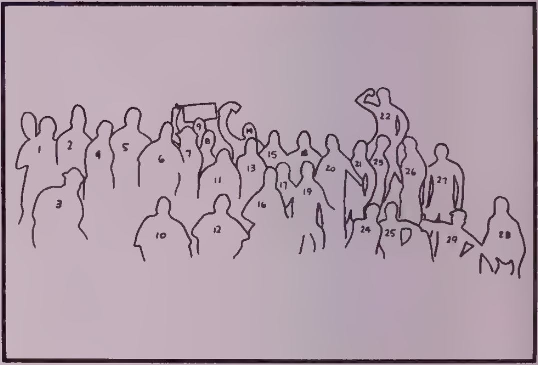
To 2nd Lt. Michael Todd Mize and 20th Co. May God always be your pilot. "Our greatest glory is not in never falling, but in rising every time we fall." Goldsmith, congrats, love, and prayers, Mom, Dad, Hugh, Brenda, Mandi, Dan, Terri, Steve, Laurie, and Grandma. Romans 8:38,39!

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of 85 from the family of Jeffrey Biggs 20th Co. We're so very proud of you and love you so much. Keep up the good work. From Mom, Dad and your brothers.


21
BICYCLE
The U. S. Playing Card Co.
Cincinnati, U. S. A.

# TWENTY-FIRST COMPANY

LT Douglas Lowe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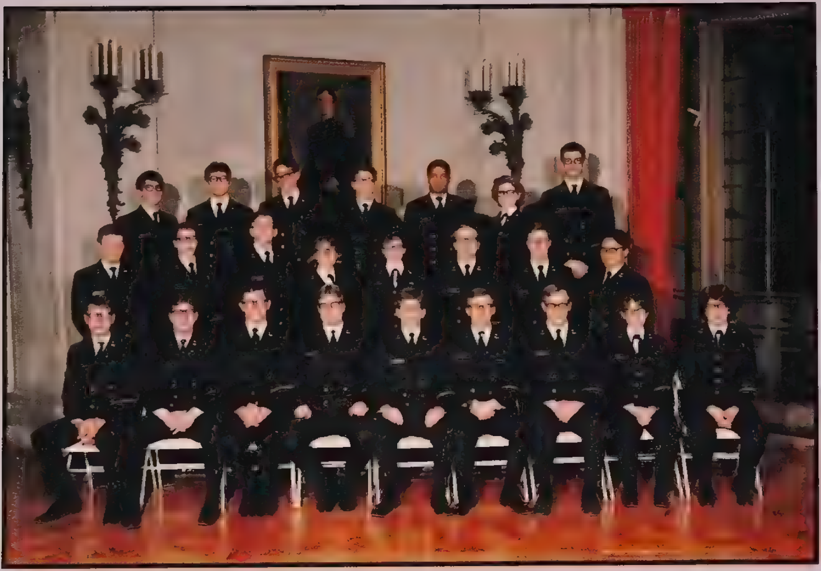
1. Gregg Hess
2. Jim McDonald
3. Kyle Freitas
4. Mark Livingston
5. John Moraytis
6. Cory Springer
7. Doug Grossman
8. Rob Quinton
9. Tim Tinney
10. Mike Flowers
11. Thom Parham
12. Tim Olson
13. Eric Campbell
14. Larry Henigan
15. Ed Whitehouse
16. Dave Pflieger
17. Jeff Peters
18. Tim Callaghan
19. Kevin Patton
20. Ed Mullen
21. Steve Kennedy
22. Stephan Siletzky
23. Matt Licholai
24. Mark Hasty
25. Steve Miernicki
26. Dan Williams
27. Alex Kiefer
28. Mark Coonrod
29. Andrew Zdanowicz

**Not Pictured:**
Eric Mogelgaard

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Mark Hasty
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Stephen Miernicki
Administration: M/ENS Andrew Zdanowicz

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Michael Flowers
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Edward Mullen
Administration: M/ENS Robert Quinton

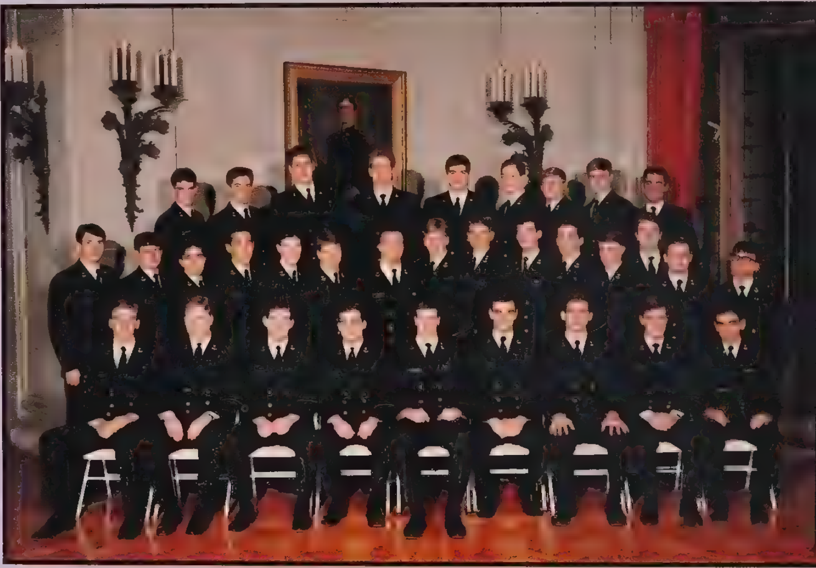


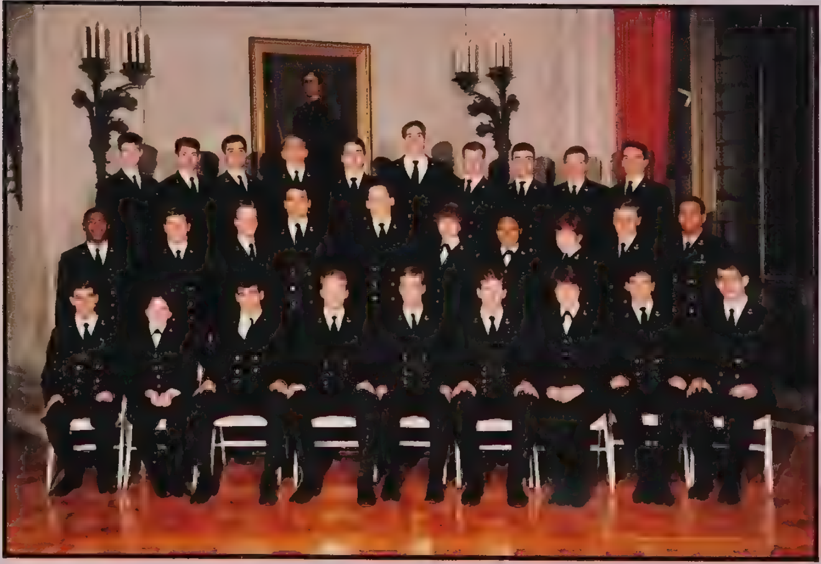
## 1986

**Row 1:** Bradford C. Davis, Guy Maiden, Frank A. Arata, Jeffrey Masterson, R. Dork, Mark D. Lowman, David Stumhofer, Katherin Chernoch, Lucy A. Simonian. **Row 2:** Joseph D. Herlihy, Mark J. Lorrin, John R. Manser, Paige E. Kohli, Maura F. Quinn, Jonathan Bailey, Thomas Wardwell, Glenn J. Estrada. **Row 3:** Paul E. Obsitnik, Robert S. Bazan, Thomas E. Dempsey, Philip A. Munaco, Linzell L. Harris, Diana L. Selberg, Stephen Masi. **Not Pictured:** Patrick Morocco, Richard S. Vork.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Michael Peoples, Christopher Powell, Christopher Fay, George Lipscomb, Joseph E. Videll, Frederick Dau, Michael Stewart, Grover D. Tellez. **Row 2:** Jonathan Washburn, John E. Alder, Michael Herrera, Jose Trevino, Scott D. Slater, Scott A. Timm, Ernest W. Swan, Jeffrey H. Taylor, Brian T. Kline, Eric B. Dano, Scott Hunnemeyer, William Matthes, Alexander G. Ihde, Thomas Truden, William McCarthy. **Row 3:** Richard Hoffmann, Geoffrey Anderson, Robert Sizemore, Mark D. Quick, Philip Corcoran, Christopher Bolt, Martin E. Brandle, Andrew T. Martin, John C. Woughter. **Not Pictured:** James J. Fisher.





## 1988

**Row 1:** Timothy B. Cherry, Michelle Laurenzano, Nicholas Amatuccio, Daniel L. Begeman, Jeremy Thompson, Melinda W. Allen, Michael S. Leary, Shawn L. Penrod. **Row 2:** Arnold D. Thomas, Todd Freischlag, Terry M. Bickham, Nelson J. Delgado, Christopher Snyder, Diane R. Wiggins, Pamela S. Finley, Jeffrey R. West, William Fisher. **Row 3:** Stephen C. Ellis, James L. Johnson, John M. Tramont, John Cardinalli, David Dieugenio, Thomas A. Nigon, Scott R. Shire, Robert W. Hopper, Alan M. Greenwood, Paaul Dalessandro. **Not Pictured:** Dawn L. Bennett, James R. Maguire.

# Best Wishes...

Heartiest congratulations to the class of '85, expecially those of the 21st Co. and most expecially to our Erik. We are very proud. Success in all future assignments. The Mogelgaards-Mom, Dad, Sven, Roswell, Georgia.

Congratulations and smooth sailing to class of 85 from the family of Dan Williams 21st Co. We love you, Dan. From Bryan, Karin, Ronen, Mom and Dad.

To J.P., the 21st Co., & the class of 85: Congratulations! Good Luck & Godspeed! The McDonald Family: Mom, Dad, Nora, Susie, Johnny & Melanie.

Cory and 21st Co. We're proud! Love Mom, Dad, Scott, and Mike. Success always, Cory and class of 85. I can do all things through Christ which strengtheneth me. Phil. 4:13. We love you, Nannan and Pappy.

"All right class of "85"! Congratulations Mark Livingston and the 21st Co. May God bless you and walk beside you Mark. We are so very proud of you. "You Done Good". Love Mom, Dad, and Marji

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of 85 from the fmaily of Greg Hess, 21st Co. We are so proud of you and our love will go with you always. Mom, Dad, and Julie.

With pride and love, congratulations to our favorite Ens. Steve Miernicki, and the 21st Co. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Ensign Steve Lynn Kennedy and 21st Co. We love you and are so very proud of you. Love Mom, Dad, and Brain.

The surf's up, Kyle, welcome back to the west coast! Congrats to Kyle Freitas, 21st Co. and all the members of class of 85. We're very proud of you! Mom, Dad, Kim Kris, Kathy, and Kevin.

Congratulations Mark R. Coonrod! See you at the press conference! Love, Beth Ann

Congratulations to the 85 Grads of Playboy 21. from the family of Jeff Peters.

Mark Hasty - Don't you ever stop believing what you can achieve. We won't! Love, Mother & Dad.

God bless Tim Callaghan and the gang from the 21st Co. We are all proud of you and always keep your wings level when you land. Love, Mom, Dad, Charlie, Jill & Frenchie.

Mark Hasty - We knew you could do it! Our Love & prayers follow you as always. Love, Gaga & Papa.

Mark Hasty - The phone company is sorry to see you graduate, but we are very proud. Love, Mother & Dad.

"Mo" Hasty - Mother chastised me for holding you under water for seconds and you're going under for 6 months? We're proud of you. Love, Brad & Jill

Congratulations Rick and our best wishes for a bright and successful future to the class of 85. SMS and Mrs. John P. Campbell USAF (retired)

Ensign Mark R. Coonrod - We are so proud of you and want you to know that, wherever you go or whatever you do, our love will be with you. We wish all the best for you, your friends in 21st company and the class of 85. Congratulations from Dad and Mom.

THE NEW 22
T.E.K.

# TWENTY-SECOND COMPANY

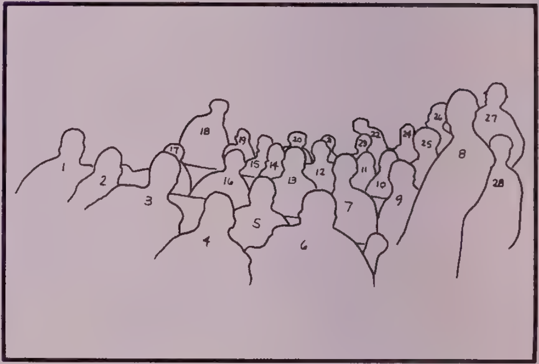
It all began on the 7th of July, 1981-A group of misinformed individuals, bound together (more or less) by the "random number generator". We soon realized our next few years would be "interesting" under the high and tight guidance of the infamous Captain Cubscout, USMC. He made his first appearance on the drill field-teaching the firsties the correct method of close order drill. Anyway, '85 managed to survive the summer despite Fat Ed and LCDR Animal (sir.). Plebe year passed *oh* so slowly with all but four members surviving.

Youngster year-that easy year?-the Captain had us "setting the pace" by stressing the "intangibles". This included such important things as "no waxy buildup" and "clean fingernails for formals". We grumbled (and grumbled), but managed to survive the year by reminding ourselves that Corps Officers had only two year shore tours.

Second Class year-Surprise!-"welcome back, troops!"-the Captain was back again, this time reminding us to "keep our packs on". Nevertheless, we managed to have a good time with such memorable events as Army-Navy in Pasadena, ski-tripping in Pennsylvania, and, of course, the Ring Dance in May. The Cubscout said goodbye, and we eagerly anticipated our taking over the company-with a new officer at the helm.

First Class year arrived, and we met our new Company Officer. He exceeded even our wildest hopes for a "good guy". The weekly (sometimes twice weekly) green alerts helped keep everyone sane-as well as helping all to excell. At the end of first semester, 22 stood at an unprecedented (at least in recent memory) first in colors. Way to go '85! We now eagerly await the 22nd of May when those caps fly high, and we hit the fleet, the "hard charging men of double deuce". Thanks to all who have helped us along the way.

LCDR R.L. Towner

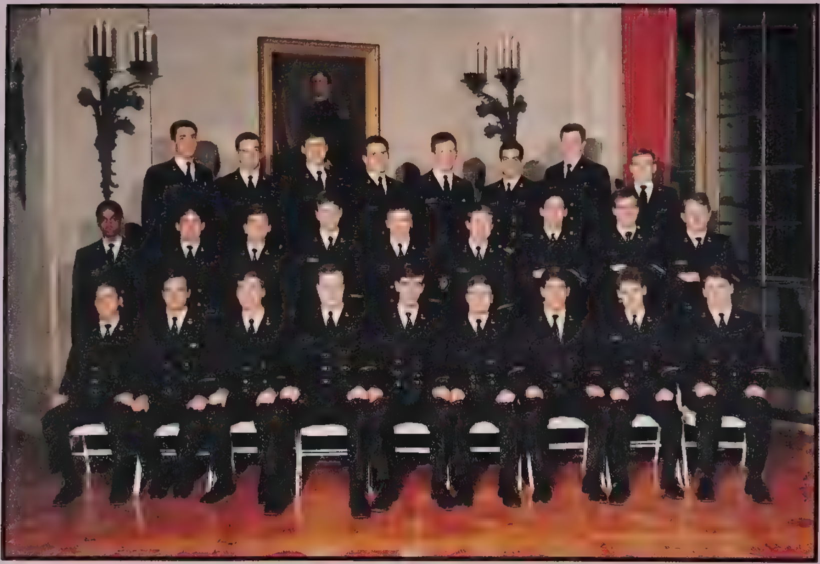


1. Dave Berchtold
2. Mark Hawkins
3. Greg Beyke
4. Scott Field
5. Chris Reynolds
6. John Pollak
7. Sydney Pohl
8. Mike Lester
9. Rick Price
10. John Nixon
11. Rick Johnson
12. John Grippo
13. Pat Salgado
14. Robert Poitras
15. Mike Midgley
16. Phil Richmond
17. Anthony Krueger
18. John Figuerres
19. Dave Lynn
20. Mike Smith
21. Louis Papet
22. Riki Young
23. Mike Borrosh
24. Joel Royal
25. Doug Volgenau
26. Larry Roberts
27. Gene Anderson
28. Tim Schoenborn

**Not Pictured:**
Mike Dashiell

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Scott Field
Sub Commander: M/LTJG John Figuerres
Administration: M/ENS David Lynn

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT David Lynn
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Louis Papet
Administration: M/ENS David Berchtold

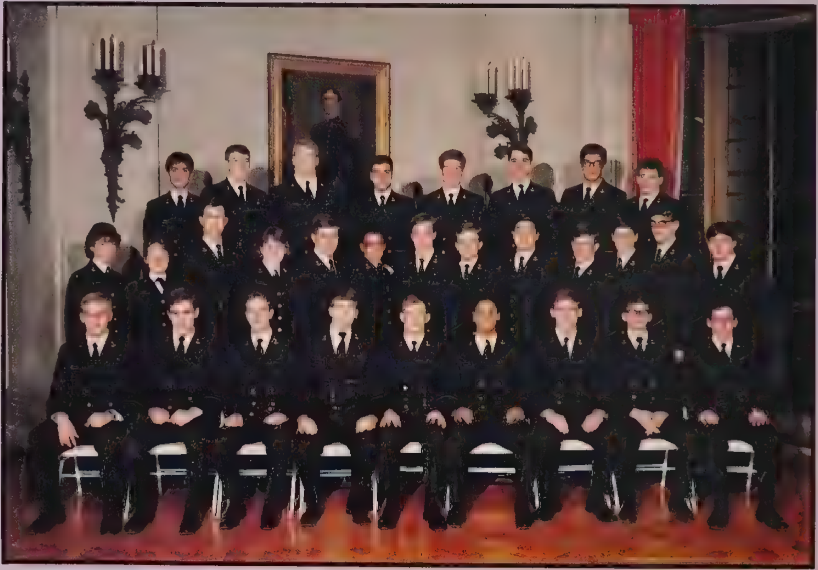


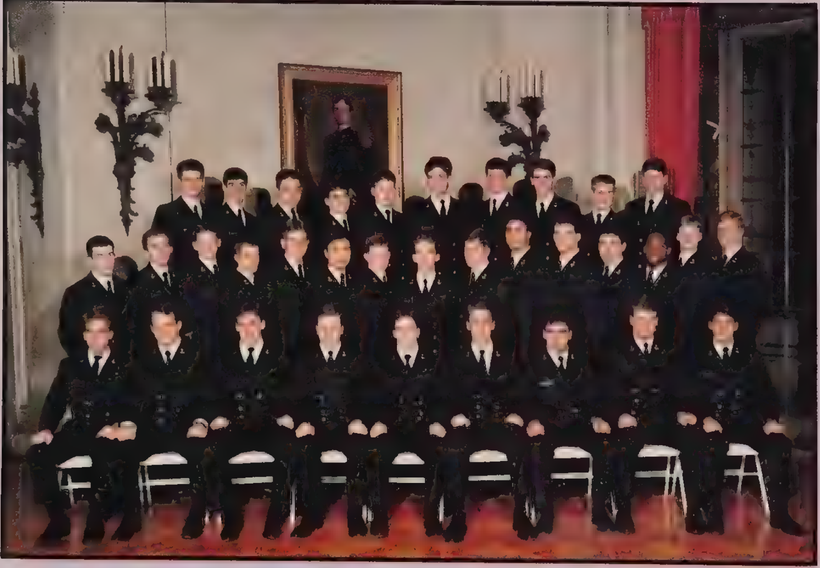
## 1986

**Row 1:** Gregory R. Cruz, Daniel W. McLeod, Edwin J. Olenick, David Hostetler, Thomas Bachmann, John E. Wynn, Douglas J. Baugh, Mark T. Magee, Daniel T. Ray. **Row 2:** Terry S. McElroy, Jeffrey J. Murphy, David K. Conaway, William E. Finn, Steven W. Crouch, Eric J. Fenton, James S. Donnelly, Walter J. Balch, William Jemison. **Row 3:** James R. Addison, David J. Opatz, Douglas Stopkey, Patrick Morrissey, Charles McClelland, William Simonsen, Christopher Orwoll, Tracy L. Howard. **Not Pictured:** Christopher Hickey, Thomas Kolongowski, David K. Long, James D. Reed.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Jerry D. Lenaburg, Stephen J. Peters, Charles Schilling, David A. Renberg, William McNeilley, Phillip S. Bond, Donald Herndon, Robert Parker, Carlos M. Suarez. **Row 2:** Robin A. Young, Nancy A. Springer, Ernest W. Martin, Mary C. Kelly, Gary W. Parker, Joyce Robinson, Garry E. Parzych, Christopher Rapp, Patrick J. Wade, Michael P. Patten, Paul G. Buck, Charles R. Baker, David S. Hagan. **Row 3:** David M. Orans, Bradley Roberson, Thomas R. Hubbard, Ernesto T. Roig, Harry M. Schmidt, Paul D. Newell, Michael F. Finch, Patrick K. Orr. **Not Pictured:** Todd W. Bolinger.





## 1988

**Row 1:** William Hiscock, John C. Church, Donald G. Holl, Scott F. Lowry, Scott F. Granger, David L. Kaufman, Thomas Guerrero, Jon M. Elston, David Cela. **Row 2:** Todd C. Vaupel, Chris Daugherty, Bruce A. Stanfill, Donald McKay, Carl J. Kolek, Joseph A. Abaya, George W. Turner, Michael C. Morris, Jeffrey Bensing, Curtis M. Irby, Dana S. Bellini, Rene L. Cerda, Leonard Armstrong, Matthew LeClair, Richard Kammann. **Row 3:** Dennis A. Maloney, Gregory Marbach, Steven Tiedemann, David Robillard, Jeffrey M. Reagan, Alexander Cutler, Richard Clark, Robert E. Webb, Theodore A. Peck, Michael Carsley.

## Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations to Gene and the 22nd! We're proud of you! Love Mom Dad, Sheri, and Eric.

Congratulations Class of '85 Smooth Sailing! We're proud of you John Figuerras! Best Wishes for a bright future. From Mom, Dad, Jeff, Jerry, Grandma and Auntie Becky.

Congratulations, our prayers are with you all. From the family of Robert Poitras, 22nd Co. We are very proud of you Rob. Mom and Dad

Smooth sailing to the '85 of 22nd from the family of Larry Roberts. We love you all. Mom, Dad, Gina, Alan, Stacy, Christine, Randy, all the kids and the rest of the Anna crew.

Congratulations Michael and best wishes to your 22nd Co. Your possibilities are as endless as your dreams - we are filled with happiness & pride - we love you! Nana, Mom, Dad, Terri, Chrissie, Bruce, Jessie & Melissa.

Anchors Aweigh to the middy of the day! Congrats and best wishes Rick and 22nd Co. Mom, Dad, Micke, Ana.

Congratulations and best wishes to class of '85. Our love to David Lynn 22nd Co. from Mom and brother Mark.

May you have fair winds and following seas, Doug. "Stay alive with '85". Love, the Volgenaus

Congratulations. Fair winds and smooth sailing to class of '85. The John Nixon family. 22nd Company.

# TWENTY-THIRD COMPANY

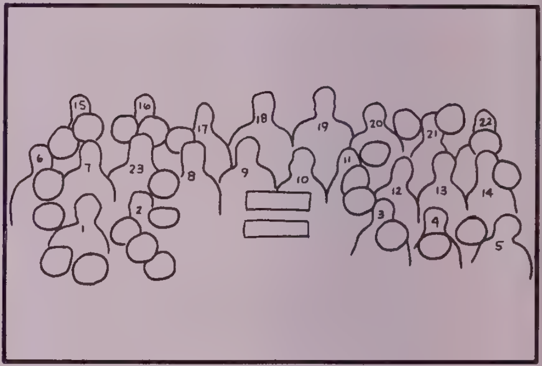
Since I'm still a midshipman, I can't say we loved our stay here 'cause somebody might put me up for an honor offense. Suffice it to say we **tolerated** the place . . . and the place just **barely** tolerated us.

I'd list some of the things that the men of '85 have done . . . the torrid two year romance with a certain Navy Lieutenant Commander . . . the days of restriction too numerous to count . . . their incredible ineptitude on the parade field . . . the weekends of marching and touring . . . but it's easier for you to read through the MHP's listing of major offenses and punishments. 'cause in twenty-three, it's all been done before.

So guys . . . this Bud (or Coors or Weideman's) is for you. Sing it George . . . "B-B-B-B-Bad to be the bone."

—Duff

Capt. Reynolds Peele

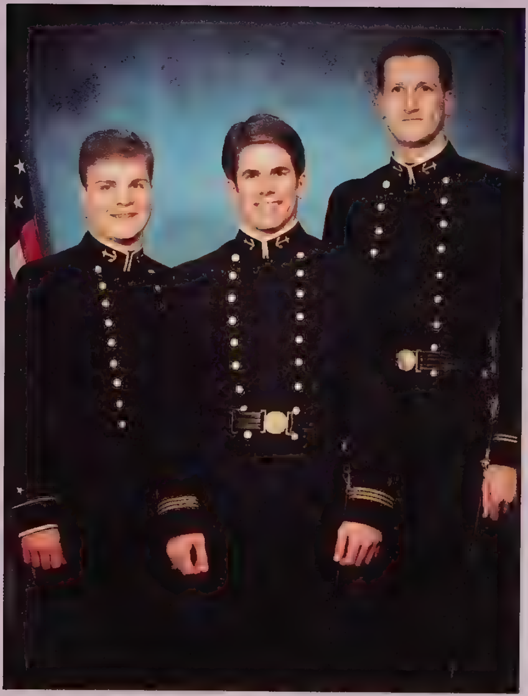


1. Maynard Osborne
2. Dave McDuffie
3. Dave Leosch
4. Paul Sly
5. Kevin Bianchi
6. Greg Sladcik
7. Steve Knauer
8. Steve Rauch
9. Les Lascari
10. Jim Orr
11. Dave Commons
12. Jon Ulbricht
13. Bob Johnson
14. Keith Reimer
15. Brian Paige
16. Dan Yurovich
17. Jeff Kindschuh
18. Chris Perreca
19. Shaun Callahan
20. Ed Francis
21. Frank Proctor
22. Greg Miller
23. Steve Nelson

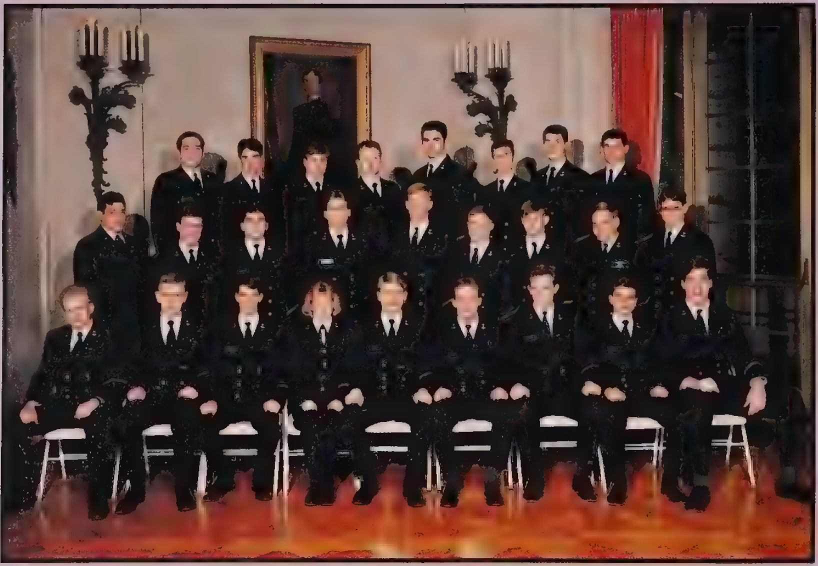
**Not Pictured:**

Jeff Clapp
Dave Elmer
John Hefti
Ken Heine
Larry Marsh
Paul McHale
Ed Pogue

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Daniel Yurovich
Sub Commander: M/LTJG David McDuffie
Administration: M/ENS David Commons



Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Steven Rauch
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Paul McHale
Administration: M/ENS Jeffrey Kindschuh

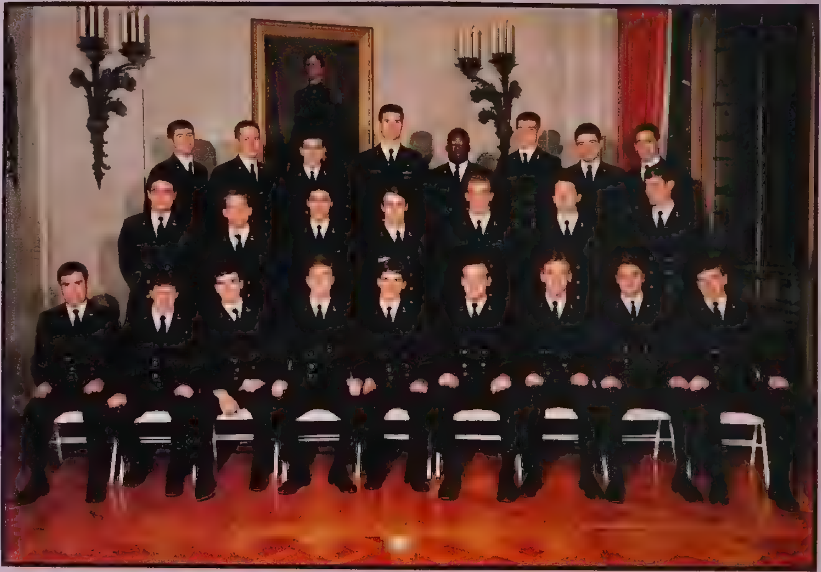


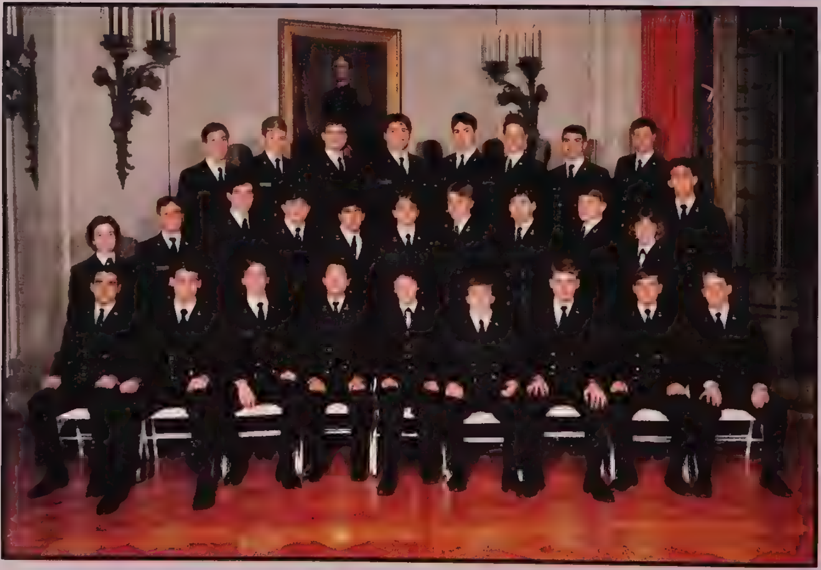
## 1986

**Row 1:** Robert L. Marlett, Brian K. Beverly, Michael VanDurick, Vicki L. Gordy, Charles LaPorte, Allen D. Walther, John E. Smith, Gregory Partney, James Jaquet. **Row 2:** Jose M. Casares, Michael S. Reilly, Jeffrey Tavares, Bryan K. Parks, Gregory Mazenko, Thomas Losciuto, Todd B. Hall, James K. Kresge, Kevin J. Cart. **Row 3:** Dale S. Chapman, Joseph W. Ihlan, Rustin L. Dalton, Stephen P. Semple, Richard Lorentzen, Bradley V. Bryant, Daniel E. Smith, Richard M. Gomez. **Not Pictured:** Ernest Cavallard, Geselle Thompkins.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Patrick J. Hurley, Thomas Maxfield, John S. Hayden, Thomas A. Henwood, Joseph VanHelden, James W. Raymond, Paul G. Gosnell, Gerald J. Broda, Edward Walker. **Row 2:** Michael F. Radice, Gregory Shinnick, Steven J. Kata, Philip W. Cobb, Seth Hudgins, Mark S. Brown, Brian M. Shamblin. **Row 3:** Randy A. Ferguson, Charles M. Kramer, Michael J. Quinn, Mark T. Schreiber, Marcell McKinley, Hans Graverholt, Brian C. McCawley, James D. Peters. **Not Pictured:** Richard J. Chao, Murray A. Cook, William Debruyn, Burt L. Espe, Wallace F. Moore, Kenneth C. Rouser, Stephan Smith.





## 1988

**Row 1:** Enriquez Marchesse, Steven M. Graves, Gregory Bernard, Juan R. Balboa, Lorene E. Paulsen, Thomas Ferguson, Philip L. Barnett, Michael Weinstein, John M. Freese. **Row 2:** Janice M. Powers, Stephen Sklenka, Erik C. Wright, Richard Keller, Anthony T. Diaz, Alan T. Sitlinger, Barry E. Gum, Frank Colizzo, Robert T. Barker, Robin D. Buxton, Cordel W. Harris. **Row 3:** Michael McMahon, Stuart S. Gaudet, Daniel L. Kramer, Scott A. Wendling, Anthony M. Beers, Christopher Okelberry, Michael T. James, William Dickson. **Not Pictured:** David C. Bucher, Vincent L. Reyes, Kelly E. Wahler, Steven J. Wieman, Varanda Williams, Thomas A. Zwolfer.

## Best Wishes . . .

2nd Lt. Dan Yurovich USMC - Semper Fi - You made it! We love you. Mom & Dad

Congratulations Class of 85, 23 Co. and to our son Greg Sladcik. There has been rough waters, but you've handled it well. You can be very proud of yourself. Your family certainly is! Be Happy! We love you, Mom, Dad, Eric, Jeff and Julie

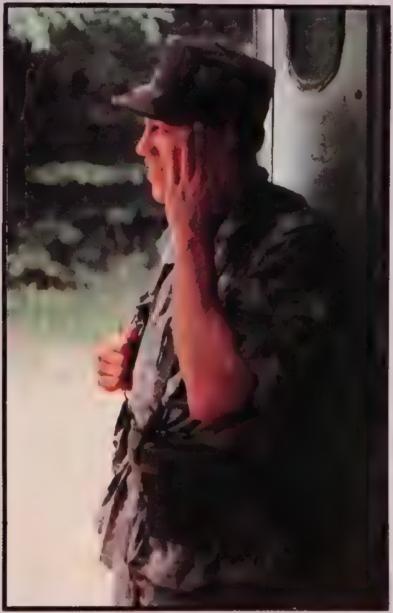
To the class of '85, 23rd Co. From the family of Keith Reimer "Well done". May the party never end. God bless you all.

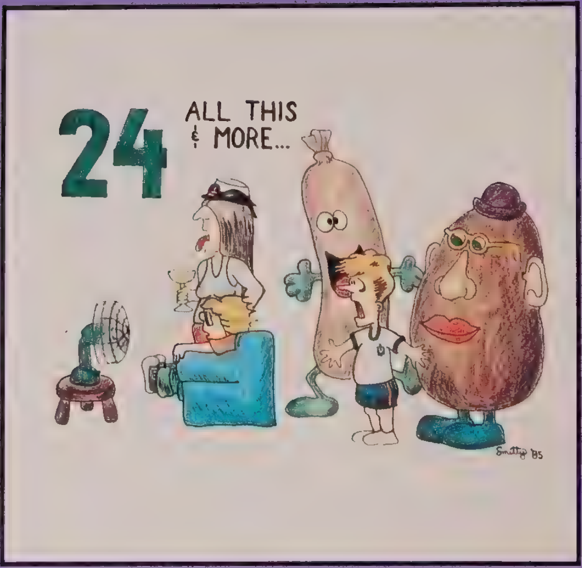
Our pride and congratulations to the class of 1985. To our son Edward Francis of the 23rd company: We love you and we salute you. From Mom, Dad, and Pushok

We salute Robert F. Johnson, 23rd Co. and class of '85. Godspeed. Mom Dad, Lora, Marc, Lee Ann and Chris

Congratulations Paul H. Slyh III
We are very proud of you
achievements through the years
With all our love, Dad and Paula

Congratulations and best wishes to Ensign Les Lascari, the 23rd Co., and the class of '85. We're "proud on ya' ", Les! Love, Mom and Dad

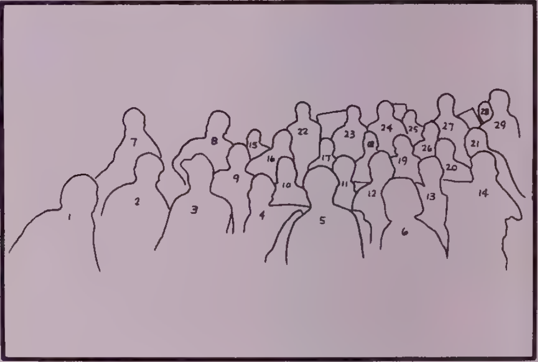




# TWENTY-FOURTH COMPANY

24 started Plebe Year with 40 members and managed to graduate 32 despite the best efforts of the EE, ME, SM, and various other departments. Brilliant foresight at BuPers brought 24 four company officers in as many years. The amazing lack of continuity only held the mids together more against a common threat-colors. Yes, we managed to secure the bottom of the color competition for four years. We made up for it, though, by serving restriction plebe year for rumbling, partying youngster year, tearing up CA as segundos, and, finally, settling down as firsties. Despite the rough spots, though, a good time was had by all—Good Luck 24!!

LT R.R. Evans

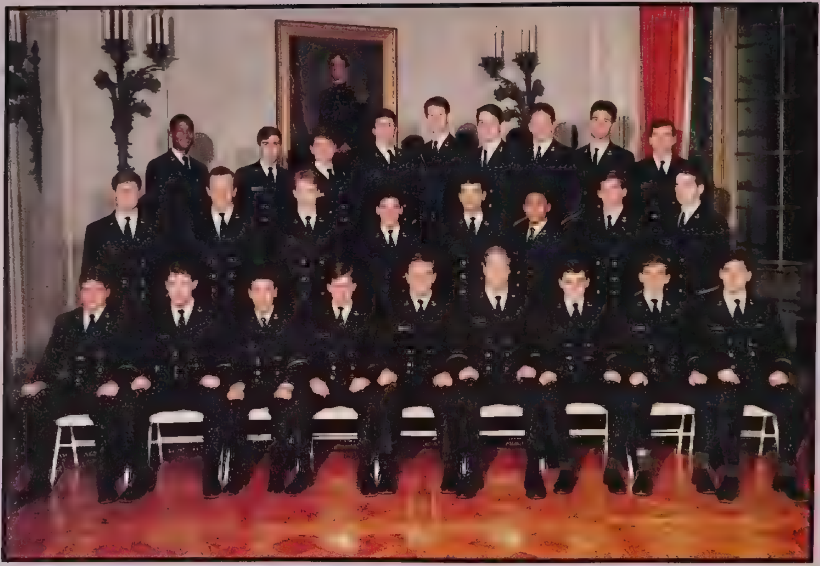


1. Doug Haack
2. Sean Logan
3. Dana Ellis
4. Dennis Hasson
5. Debbie Carson
6. Neysa Slater
7. Robin Hooker
8. Dave Morgan
9. John Beach
10. Chuck Nolan
11. Lester Phillip
12. John Villanueva
13. Joel Huey
14. Mike Beattie
15. Jim Challender
16. Tina Johnson
17. Steve Smith
18. Mark Little
19. Ken McElroy
20. Pat Mooney
21. Maribeth Smith
22. Dave Buckta
23. Jim Hudson
24. Mike Kessler
25. Scott Edmiston
26. Doug Hudson
27. Marc Denno
28. Don Cooper
29. Raffaele Croce

**Not Pictured:**
Mike Mudd
Mark Stevens
Lloyd Wright

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT David Morgan
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Kenneth McElroy
Administration: M/ENS James Challender

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Michael Mudd
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Douglas Hudson
Administration: M/ENS Robin Hooker

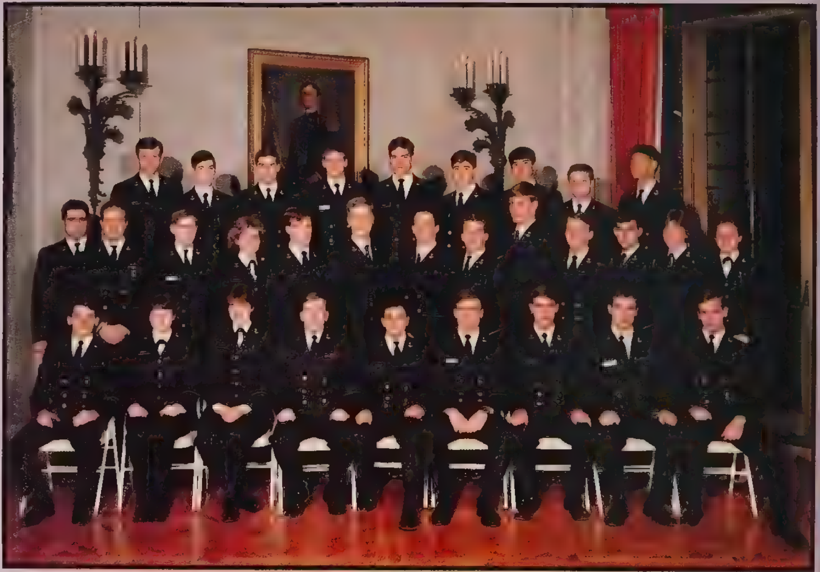


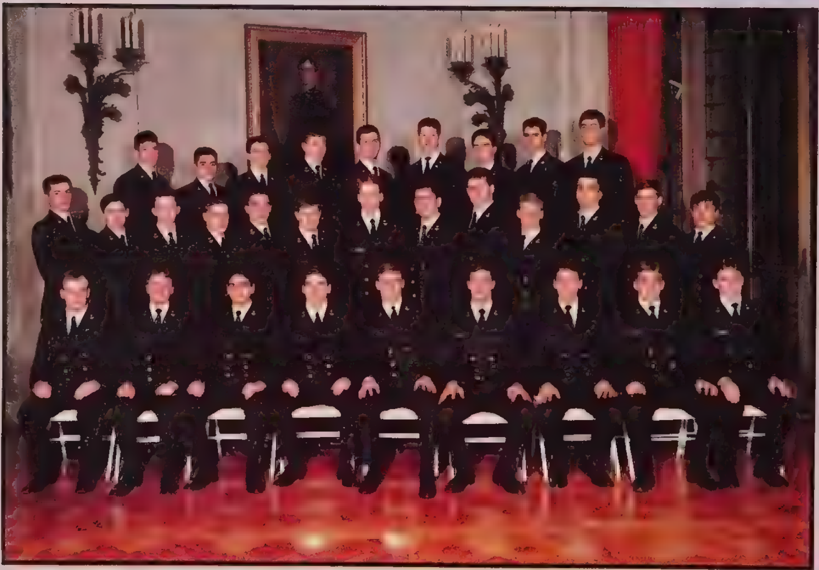
## 1986

**Row 1:** Nichols Azzarita, Edward W. Brown, Robert E. Gilmer, Louis V. Cariello, Alan E. Freedlund, William Wostbrock, Charles F. O'Neill, Jeffrey Winebrenner, Frank Williamson. **Row 2:** Thomas Mulhearn, Scott A. Meloche, Dean D. Brammer, Ruben D. Baerga, Mark W. Eakes, Bryce Wakefield, Mark H Bayly, Edwin M. Keeshan. **Row 3:** Raymond Poinsette, Randall A. Plant, James J. Puzan, James Pasichuke, Jay B. Johnson, Jeffrey A. Fritts, Mark J. Angil, John P. Griffin, Andrew Kirkpatrick. **Not Pictured:** Joseph V. Sanchez.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Steven L. Ryan, Diana L. Farraday, Adrienne M. Marks, Ernest J. Pido, Rudy J. Crespin, John L. Spitzer, Rayome Soupiset, Darin W. Ashley, Charles D. Wirth. **Row 2:** Ernest Cavallaro, Guy M. Simmons, Gary C. Kirkland, Julie V. Helmers, Paul G. Curran, Patrick M. Ahearn, Joseph Phillips, Stephen Giannone, David A. Welch, William Angeloni, Joseph Valdes, Janet M. Walters, Suzanne M. Brown. **Row 3:** Kenneth Cundiff, Donald W. Noblick, John Baldwin, Stephan K. Locke, Geoffrey Hoffer, Samuel J. King, Gabriel E. Gomez, Harry W. Benson, Sheldon S. Jo. **Not Pictured:** Craig P. Perri, James Schreiber, Timothy D. Slough.





## 1988

**Row 1:** Patrick R. Sreele, William E. Fiery, Eugene G. Corrao, Rick J. Acheson, Paul E. Savage, Whitney Tantleff, Glenn W. Pendrick, Christopher Drewello, Peter Callaghan. **Row 2:** David Hitchcock, Daniel Johanneck, Michael L. Beno, Mark W. Bible, Frank E. Mays, Thomas A. Liewer, Peter Alexander, George W. Pabalan, Kurt B. Hauer, Michael C. Bayesa, John K. Bailey, Gregory Florence, Erik J. Knutila. **Row 3:** Samuel Clemmons, John S. Lemmon, Daniel Koerschner, Gregg S. Lehocky, Thomas A. Tippett, Jon C. Silvey, Paul A. Dolan, Robert F. Simi, Stephen Coughlin. **Not Pictured:** Max E. Aguilar, Michael Danford, John C. Hartman, John C. Schulte, Bernard Sullivan, Robert Thornhill.

USNA
LAND SOFT

# Best Wishes...

Congratulations and smooth sailing from here on to the class of '85 from the family of John Villanueva 24th Co. We all love you John. From Dad Mom Elino Divina Anthony 18th Co., USNA Marilyn Carrol Stephany.

Congratulations Class of '85 Wishing you success and God's Speed on land, on the sea and in the air from the proud family of Doug Haack 24th Co.

Best wishes and congratulations to the class of 85 from the family of Scott Edmiston 24th Co. Love you Scott. From Mom and Dad!

With love and pride we salute you Ensign John Beach. Good luck and success to the class of 85. Mom, Dad, Lisa and April.

Good Luck! God Bless '85.
Fair winds and following seas DJ
Love Nan, Mom, Len, Gerry and Dad

Congratulations Class of '85 Michael Mudd 24th Co. We are so proud of you - knew you'd make it! We love you Mike. From Mom, Ann, Joe, Tim Tom, Steve, Sam, Lisa, Laurie, Grandma, Grandpa & Aunt Julia Too. Dad would have burst his seams!

Congratulations to our officer and gentleman in the 24th Co. We are proud of you, Ensign Challender! Love, Dad, Mom, Chris, Terri, Tim

Keep up that drive class of 85. May it always survive. Special congratulations to everyone in 24 company and most of all to our beloved Ensign James Neil Hudson. We are proud and we love you. Mom, Dad, Chris Ringo and Morris

Smooth sailing class of 85 from the Kessler family, parents of Michael Kessler, Co. 24. Our love to you Mike, from Paul, Barb, Dave Mom, and Dad. Lisa says Love.

Congratulations to the Hermans of the 24th Company. Keep your heads high and success will follow, and if times get tough, try mustard. Best wishes from Karin Skacel, soon to be Haack.

To 1985: May your seas be always smooth, but may your accomplishments crash resoundingly on the shores of your future. From the parents of Neysa M. Slater, whom no son could ever overshadow.

**Lieutenant Colonel Pasavento**

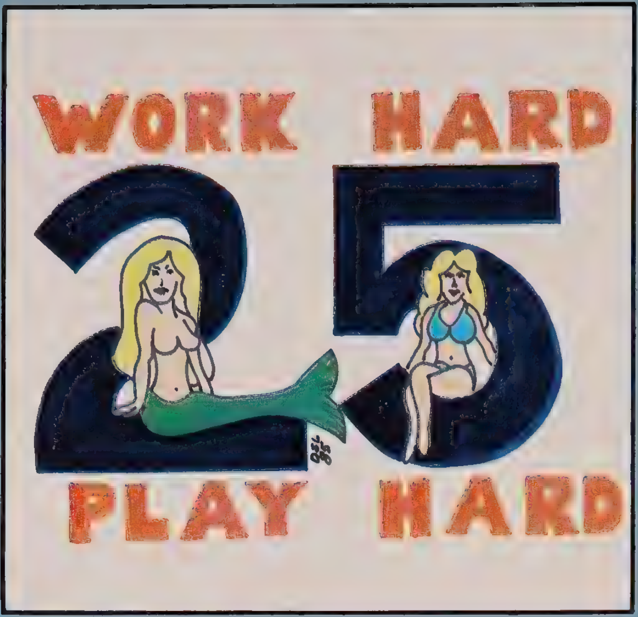
*Ms. Barbara McGowans*

5

The goal of the Naval Academy is to train Midshipman morally, mentally and physically to be officers in the Naval service. With Lt. Col. Pesavento at the helm, 5th Batt. lived up to the Naval Academy goal with flying colors. The battalion finished both first in drill and colors for the semester and is expecting a repeat performance second semester. The batt. football team impressively outscored their opponents 94-6, while boasting a 5-0 record and the brigade championship. Basketball was 25th Company's sport as they walked away with the championship trophy. The Battalion sports night was won by an outstandingly spirited 29th Co. 29 won the competition with wins in volleyball, killerball, ironman and the two mile relay. The Batt showed it lived up to the Naval Academy goal when five of its members were selected as SECNAV Distinguished Graduates. Pat Butler (25), Steve Chapin (30), Adam Curtis (26), Pat Piercey (25) and David Taylor (30) all typify what 5th Battalion strives for.

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LCDR Stephen Chapin (30 CO)
Sub Commander: M/LT Mark Henderson (28 CO)
Operations: M/LT Adam Curtis (26 CO)
Adjutant: M/LTJG Richard Dezelon (25 CO)
Administration: M/LTJG Kenneth Chrisman (27 CO)
Supply: M/LTJG Stephen Speed (29 CO)

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LCDR Geoffrey Watts (29 CO)
Sub Commander: M/LT Brent Goddard (28 CO)
Operations: M/LT Andrew Vanorden (26 CO)
Adjutant: M/LTJG Thomas Schill (30 CO)
Administration: M/LTJG Stanley Newton (25 CO)
Supply: M/LTJG Paul Neira (27 CO)



# TWENTY-FIFTH COMPANY

From the very beginning of plebe summer, the guys in 25th have always proved willing to try out new and exciting experiences, such as: "The Superbrace", "Extended Port Arms", "Brace-up Plan Zulu", and "Watching Capt. Eaton's reactions to a Last-place Finish in Drill." That last item was a new one to our squad leaders as well and caused the enactment of most of the first items.

All in all, it was a spirited summer for we plebes, and a romantic one for two of our firsties. Academic year introduced us to a group of thoroughly enthusiastic segundoes who were always on hand to offer several minutes, (and decibels), of 'advice'.

The 25th company 'tools' immediately began to intercourse with us and conceived a plebe class that began a long period of growth and maturity that soon had us swelling with pride. With the aid of 'Doctor Wu' and the other segundoes, we were delivered nine months later and entered the world of real men with a climatic assault on Herndon. We won colors for the second year in a row.

Youngster year found us with a new company officer, Lt. Pottenger, (that's Pottenger). Unfortunately, a great deal of the second class were, like our new C.O., somehow lacking a 'thing or two' when it came to dealing with the plebes. Several of us graciously took up the slack and made up for 84's impotency by tooling on '86 ourselves. Other activities included weekend road trips and working on our Dahlgren Quals with the aid of a large set of beer goggles and a low set of standards.

Our second class year was one '87 will not forget, no matter how hard they try. Second class year also resulted in slightly longer road trips to Hood, Goucher, U. of M., etc. (Some were just a few minutes longer than the OOD would have liked). Mort the Sport spent a semester here— sobered up— and returned to the 'Point.

We returned to start first class year with a new half-size hallway. Our history of company officers can be described as a green Oreo cookie; a female SWO sandwiched between two

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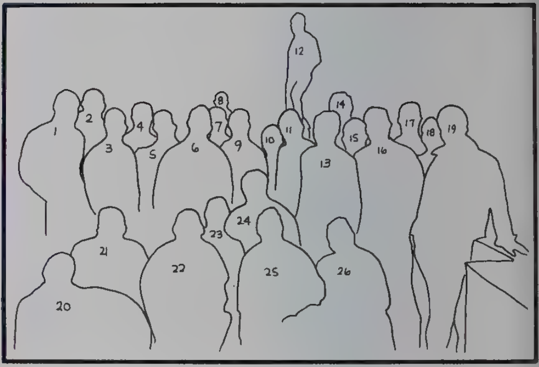
Capt. T.P. Hewitt

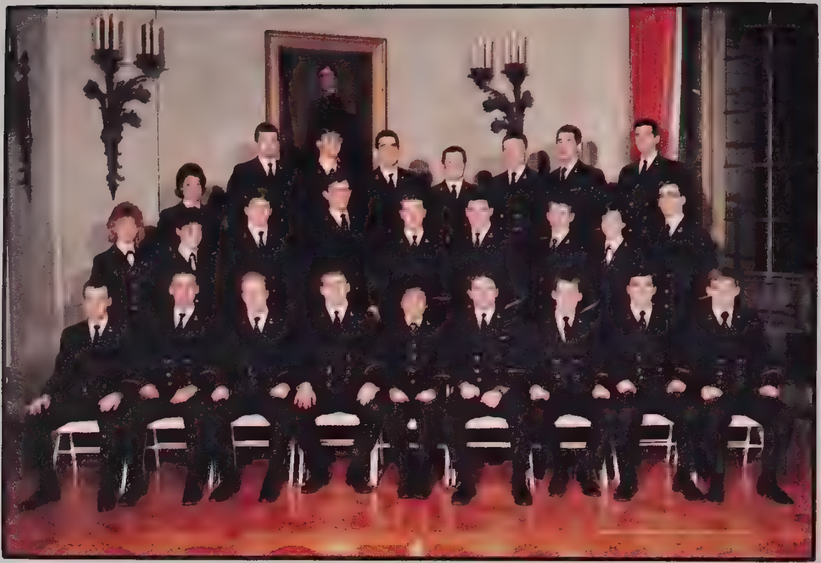


1. Carl Pierce
2. Greg Morrow
3. Dan Ballard
4. Stan Newton
5. Andy Lewis
6. Rich Dezelon
7. Tim Holt
8. David Lesser
9. Jim Devers
10. Kent Kettel
11. Vic Otero
12. Dave Koch
13. Gary Holmes
14. Chris Reese
15. Jim Trettin
16. Pat Butler
17. Pat Piercey
18. Inman Ward
19. Dave Baker
20. Dan McNamara
21. Dave McDonnell
22. John Nolan
23. Phil Gonda
24. Tom Smith
25. Tom Taylor
26. Jim Bonomo

**Not Pictured:**
Mark Dillard

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Patrick Piercey
Sub Commander: M/LTJG David McDonnell
Administration: M/ENS David Lesser

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Timothy Holt
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Philip Gonda
Administration: M/ENS James Bonomo

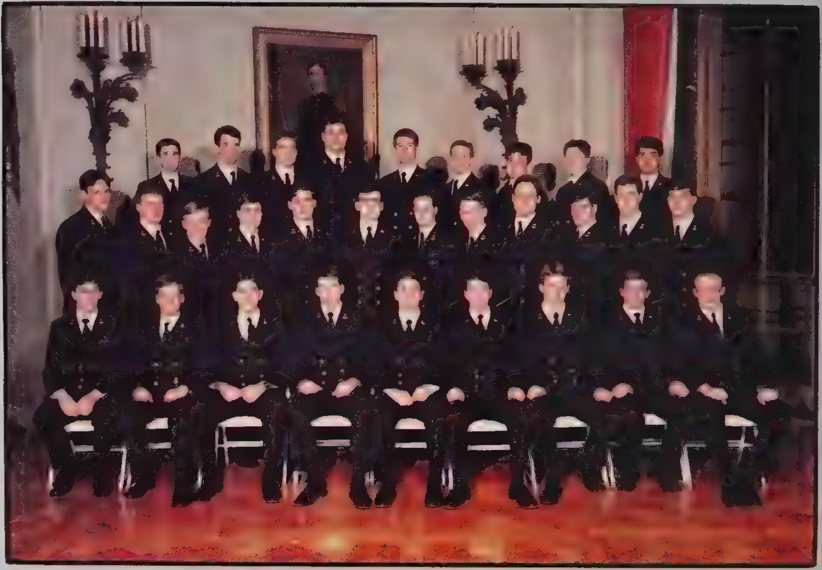


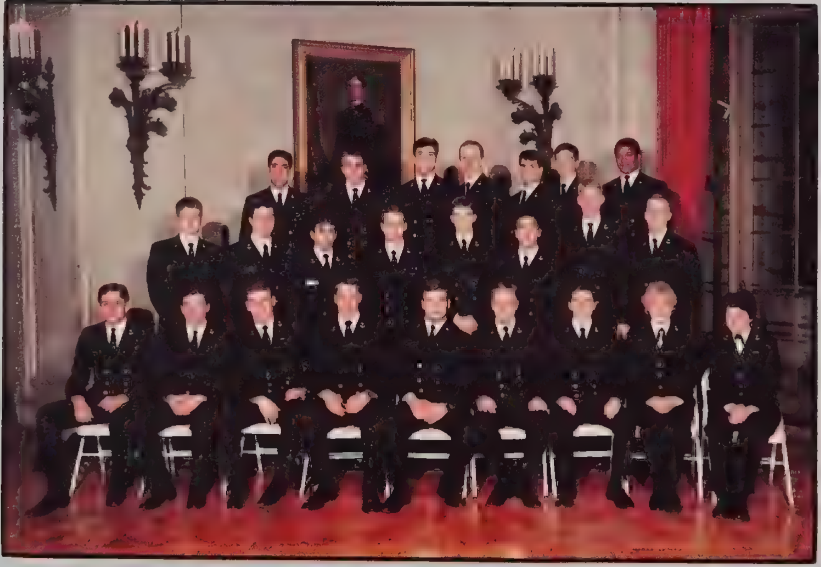
# 1986

**Row 1:** William E. Philips, Keith W. Huntley, Daniel F. Redmond, Jay A. Williamson, Jean T. Dumlao, Brian K. Berryman, Robert Goodwin, William Applewhite, Brett A. Hoppes. **Row 2:** Susan D. Fink, Patricia Peterson, Michael F. Leeney, Renneth Calton, George D. Pointon, John R. Eustace, Richard A. Magee, Elisa R. Martinez, Kenneth Kwietniak. **Row 3:** Barbara Quinones, Blake D. Huguenin, Jonathan S. Kozan, William Mills, Thomas D. Bruce, Fred M. Rife, Russell Tysinger, Stephen T. Fay. **Not Pictured:** Frederick Davis, Theodore Huskey, David G. Jones, John E. Lobb, Dean F. Lueke.

# 1987

**Row 1:** David J. Sasek, Arthur Blanchard, Reinaldo Gonzalez, John D. Fulp, John A. Burke, Randall S. Veach, Michael Wooster, Michael A. Kiess, Michael Carroll. **Row 2:** Grant M. Bates, D. L. Blackburn, Michael C. Clark, John N. Watson, Kristopher Klein, Frank Pereira, Patrick Hamilton, Charles D. Marsh, Erik F. Shay, Anthony Bradley, Robert A. Ellis, Charles Daniels. **Row 3:** Michael G. Danzer, John T. Franchi, Francis Fitzpatrick, Enoch J. Blazis, Brad W. Boyd, Gregory A. Miller, Michael J. Brooks, James E. Sullivan, Keval S. Kamat. **Not Pictured:** Nicholas Diorio, Dominick J. Oddo, Michael Starkey.





# 1988

**Row 1:** Scott R. Davis, Daniel Altomare, Charles Lochard, Robert D. O'Connor, Richard Hernandez, Thomas H. Beck, Robis Shoop, Erin E. Martin, Judith M. Fortier. **Row 2:** Sean D. Griffin, Neil R. Jurkovic, Michael Munoz, Henry Marxen, Brian P. O'Donnell, Timothy M. Kunkel, David D. Hallisey, Joseph Kerstiens. **Row 3:** Steven E. Pontell, Thomas Ungard, John J. Nobers, David P. Dawson, Salvatore Dipaola, B. S. Pennypacker, Wilburn E. Thomas. **Not Pictured:** Kimberley Boyer, Bryan P. Burt, Mark A. Haden, Pamela L. Hilton, Mary M. Jackson, Bruce A. Jobe, Kyle D. Kliewer, Jeffrey Margraf, Christopher Payton, John G. Sprenger, Dean F. Valentine.

grunts. We spent our first year waiting for Capt. "Eatem" to leave, and the next two wishing we had him back. Then inherited our second "mean, green, room-inspecting machine." Capt Hewitt immediately set his camy colored pen to triplicate in an effort to square away our rooms and most of our weekends.

Our company commanders, Pat P. and Timmy H., both shared the nick-name "M.H.P.", and provided us all with lots of laughs. Pat B. got six stripes and provided the whole Brigade with a lot of laughs. The company in general provided Salty Sam with a lot of dirt, the most notable example being the Army-Navy party. The plebe and youngster couples had a swinging time, and the firsties had a lot of restriction. With luck, it should be smooth sailing from here on, (at least if H.R.C. drops its investigation of our Christmas skit and Luce Hall gets off our back), all the way to graduation.

Dave, Dave, Frank, Jeff, Andy, Tim, Brian, Ollie, Tom, and John; we wish you the best of luck wherever you are.

Looking back, its a shame we never got what most companies take for granted. Our graduation will provide the Fleet and Corps with twenty-seven fine officers.

God Bless You All. DSL

THE
USS
DELAWARE
DRAWS NEAR
NAVY AIR
25

## Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations Gary Holmes and all members of the Rugby Club. Keep on ruckin! Good luck at P'cola you R's aye. Dad and Connie

Congratulations to Jim Trettin of 25th Co. We knew you could do it. From Dad, Mom, Deb, Scott, Diane

God bless the class of '85. Congratulations and happy flying to Jim Bonomo 25th Co. Love, Mom, Dad, Jill and Bridie.

Greetings and congradulations to Kent W. Kettell and fellow midshipmen. We are proud of your outstanding service to God and our country. We love you! Dad and Carol

Andrew, you did your thing! Love, M.
Congratulations to Peewee and the boys. You made it! Don't wait until you are flag grade to come see us again. Love and best wishes, Mr. and Mrs. Lewis.

"Fortuna Faveat Fortibus" and best wishes to class of '85. We are proud of you. Parents of Ensign Tom Honey Beaucoup Smith, USN. But remember, it's still eight ways 1 Kath 2 Char 3 Frank 4 Mary Paula 5 Dave 6 Martha 7 Chris and 8 Jud.

Well done class of '85 and our son, Tim Holt, 25th Co. May calm seas, God's love and His wisdom be with you always. Tim, we love you very much. Dad, Mom, Jeff and Cathey.

Congratulations David Lesser Co. 25. From Trenton Mud Hole to Severn River! We're proud of you! Love - Mom, Dad, Buck, Ginny, Aunt Joan.

Felicitations and "well-done" salutes to the class of 85 especially the 25th Co. From the Dan McNamara family. From Mac, Sigrid, Julie, Joe, Jamie, Erin, and Joey.

Congratulations to Stanley Newton.
We are proud of you. May
your seas be ever calm,
your oceans be ever friendly, and
your horizons be ever clear.
Remember the footprints in the sand.
Love, Mom, Dad, Brian and Ronda.

# TWENTY-SIXTH COMPANY

Who'd have thought, looking at us on I-day, that we could have come this far. Many of us didn't know our right from our left, and some just got flustered trying to remember. I still remember walking through the multi-purpose gym receiving everything from swim suits to gray gloves, and lugging around this huge bag full of stuff. We started to march almost immediately, and would do so for the next six weeks. It was a hot summer, but most of us survived. Most of us that is with the exception of Neil Sullivan who most of you don't remember anyway. I didn't think R.C. was going to make it, either, with Gallo and his classmates on his back all the time. One thing is for sure though, we all give him credit for sticking it out. For B.B. the toughest part was trying not to melt, while the hardest part for his roommate (G.A.) was taking care of him. For the rest of us it was hard enough just to understand what he was saying, but we all got a kick out of hitting him with our dixie cups.

Some of the things that stick out in my mind are the super brace, Black Sunday, PEP, p-rades, come-arounds, room inspections, Capt. Eaton, filling out forms, "Becht!", A. C. requesting permission to bilge his classmates, F.B. for knowing all of his rates, and of course parent's weekend.

Plebe year was different than the summer as academics and general B.S. took its toll. If you don't remember them, let me remind you of our fallen comrades; Feldman, Scarvan, Juba, and Garver. It's too bad we didn't get to know them better because they were good people. Plebe year was like having hemmoroids, it was a real pain in the @$$?! Chow calls, daily rates, TSP, newspapers, chopping, plebe quarters, watch, and academics were all contributing factors. Who could forget the fine leadership qualities of Theberge, Yates, Connley, Pasch, C.D. Jones, and the entire class of 1982.

Youngster year saw the demise of Laura Lawrence, but she still got her Corvette. With '83 at the helm, things went pretty

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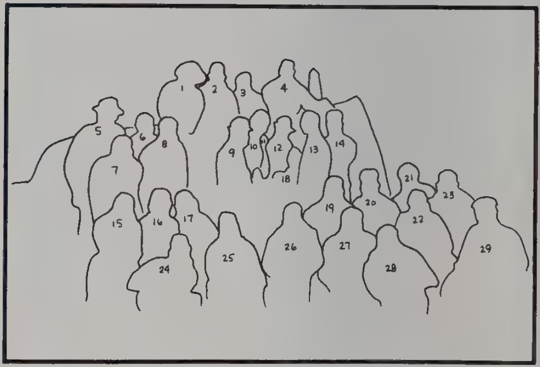
LT David Cameron



1. Nancy Honan
2. Paul Schulein
3. Bill Makridis
4. Kent Smith
5. Bob Barton
6. Andy Lawrence
7. Andy Vanorden
8. Rick Carlson
9. Tony Ruiz
10. Adam Curtis
11. Tammy Dunkel
12. Brian Creager
13. Jeff Hurley
14. John Ruttenberg
15. Karl Buss
16. Melanie Camp
17. Peggy Menzies
18. Frank Butterworth
19. John Delcamp
20. Larry Brown
21. Greg Adams
22. Tom Lowry
23. Craig Cox
24. Greg McKenney
25. Jan Bizzaro
26. Tom Fasanello
27. Gerry Padich
28. Kelvin Norman
29. Anton Kerr

**Not Pictured:**

Beth McGinn
Paul Williams
Steve Williams

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Basil Makridis
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Schuhlein
Administration: M/ENS Antolin Ruiz

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Antolin Ruiz
Sub Commander: M/LTJG John Ruttenberg
Administration: M/ENS Gregory McKenney

## 1986

**Row 1:** Eric T. Chase, Samuel A. Kirby, James S. Danda, Timothy D. Duncan, Eric G. Goodman, Bartley M. Dibble, Bradley Tohnson, Rodney M. Urbano, Brian S. Semple **Row 2:** Ivan Pierce, Patrick W. Hall, Patrick B. Stith, Thomas J. Furlong, Michael W. Taylor, Michael Williams, Miles Riley, Scott A. Langley, Norman L. Cooling, James Grandfield, Donald Bouchard, Daniel T. Shannon **Row 3:** Kurt A. Wolfe, Michael D. Walls, Michael D. Tharp, Karon S. Ellison, James M. Kuhn, Keith Wettschreck, Daniel M. Eves, Jay D. Shaffer, James F. Durand **Not Pictured:** Douglas Cooper

## 1987

**Row 1:** Ruben D. Soto, Michael D. Fields, Thomas Harrington, Michael E. Browne, Todd W. Cramer, Margaret E. McKee, Ann M. Padilla, David C. Bement, Theodore L. Brown **Row 2:** Jorge F. Blasini, John P. Polowczyk, Robert MacArthur, Clare H. Amy, Steven E. Otto, Thomas P. Browne, Thomas Taliaferro, Susan L. Davis, Thomas W. Wagner, Brian P. Maloney **Row 3:** James P. Cody, Richard Dikeman, Christopher Gallen, Roger Augenstein, David R. Kless, Robert Keith, Daniel J. Snyder, Chang K. Chung, Patrick Stratton **Not Pictured:** Michael J. Kurka

## 1988

**Row 1:** Rodney K. Luck, Liam P. Merrick, Curtis A. Wold, Frederick Farzanegan, Douglas M. Murphy, Scott E. Wilson, Francisco M. Ball, Gary C. Peters, Brian G. Falke **Row 2:** Joseph Brinkman, David J. Lucchesi, James A. Lakes, Kenneth M. Pascal, Michael Clemens, Stephen G. Kim, Andrew Wannamaker, James E. Horten, Henry W. Price, Stuart Hamilton **Row 3:** Eric R. Wyatt, Christopher Abbott, Jeffrey Whetman, Michael J. Rose, Peter G. Dunphy, Paul C. Lehman, Richard Bruns, Timothy J. Devlin **Not Pictured:** Albert Dempsey, Scott R. Diaz, Joseph R. Dundas, Stephen Fernandez, Christopher King, Michael Schultz, Mark M. Wesley

# Best Wishes . . .

Congratulations and good luck to Greg Adams 26th Co. class of '85, with love from Dad, Yoshi, Gary and Grandmom Adams. "We knew you could do it".

To my son, Greg Adams, 26th Co. Class of '85: I am so proud of you, God Bless! Love, Mom and Daisy

I love you Brian C. and so proud of you. The best to you! Your Mom Kathy

Good show! Class of 85
sooo! proud of you Karl Ray Buss.
Love you much from the Buss house.

Congratulations, Brother Andy Lawrence, 26th Co.! We are all very proud of you and your classmates. John, Keith, Deb and Kristal.

We're proud of your accomplishment and wish you the very best in your new career. Love from Mom, Dad, Teresa, Rip and Kurt.

To Ensign John J. Ruttenberg, USN. Congratulations and best of luck from all of us. May you have a wonderful and successful career. Love Dad, Mom, Katherine, Eric '88.

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of '85 from the family of 2nd Lt. Andy Lawrence, 26th Co. We are so proud of you once a Marine, always a Marine! God bless you - may your dreams come true. Love, Mom & Dad

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of '85 from the family of Thomas Kelvin Norman 26th Co. We are very proud of you Kelvin. May God continue to bless and keep you safe. Love, Mom, Dad, Randy and Donna.

Congratulations to the class of '85 and Beth McGinn - 26th Co. "Don't give up the ship"! Mom, Dad and Mike.

Well done class of '85. Fair winds and following seas. Proud Family of John Delcamp, 26th Co. Mom, Dad, Michael, Tom, Dave and Brian.

Congratulations Paul Schuhlein, 26th Co. Go where the eagles dare and take God as your co-pilot! May you always have calm skies with the wind at your tail. With pride and love, Mom, Dad and family.

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of '85. Well done to the Navy sailing team. Commodore and Mrs. Frank W. Butterworth III.

Congratulations Anton Kerr, 26th Co. and the glee club - for all the joys and memories. God be with you. We love you, Anton. "Senator", Mom, Don, and Kathy

Congratulations class of '85. The family of Jeff Hurley. We love you, Jeff. Mother, Daddy and Stephen.

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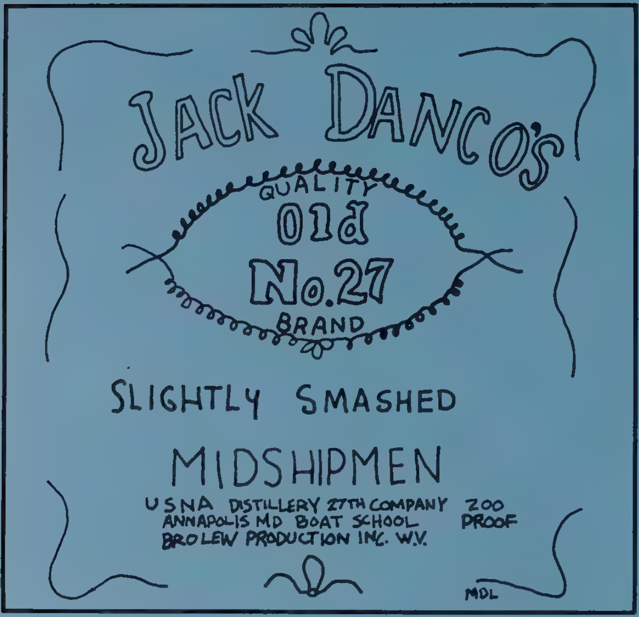
smooth. Youngster syndrom settled in nicely as most of us lived for weekends and parties. Speaking of parties, what fun we all had at the bonfire. Camp-ing out, drunken goats, marshmallows, beer, J.D. getting bit by a horse, and T.F. telling Elmo T. Rughead to die are unforgetable. '84 was still treating us like plebes, just ask B.C. He was fried by J.O., but J.O. got his. Right classmate? The end of third class year also saw the end of the T-head, while O.J. took advantage of 2 for 0, but then, who cared about either.

Second class year was basically uneventful. '84 still treated us like plebes, but Cookie was cool. Most of us had too much work, so partying was at a minimum. Pasadena was still a good time however. First semester saw the extinction of two of our most illustrious exclassmates, the Wiz kid and Smokey. "Yo, ya know what I'm sayin' brown?" Woody was exiled also, but he'll be back-good luck!

First class year was by far the most exciting. Coach was indeed the best thing that could have happened to us. "Party, party, party" was a familiar announcement, and why not, it was the only thing we could do right. Being top dog sure had its advantages which most certainly outweighted the responsibilities. Owning your own car added new meaning to the word liberty, but it also added to the hassel. Just ask G.P. and L.B. The Alfa Brothers developed their own sign language, and L.B. brought back a hearse for our partying pleasures.

I hope your memories are as good as mine. Somehow the bad times don't seem so bad, but the good times seem better. Best wishes, and good luck in the fleet.

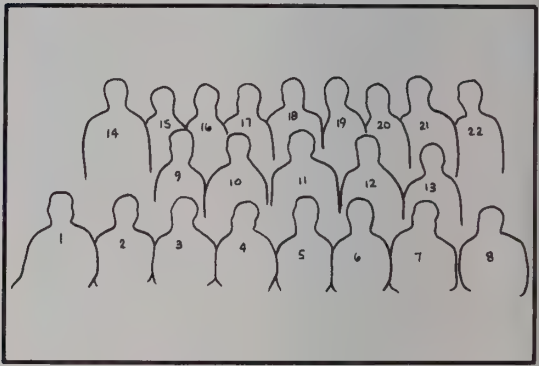


# TWENTY-SEVENTH COMPANY

Led by Wally Hirsch the Twenty-seventh company had a successful and fun first semester, astounding the Brigade by rising 34 places in p-rades to #1, and enjoying the accompanying bennies. Football games were celebrated or mourned concienciously at many 'gaters well supplied from Murray's. Steve Bishop had the reins for second semester, and we had just as good a time. The dreaded second class year stood true to form and caused many losses to our ranks, but we survived to carry on in the name of those we left behind. But let us not forget the good times: memories of marathon all night poker games at Brolew's Bar and Grill, Friday night TV in Tony's room, shared girlfriends, Party Pasadena, Mark Kolp- A Man Barely Alive, The Year of the Dart, Johnny P's home made sauna, the formation and equally rapid disbanding of Murray's Meatmen, and during youngster year, the party at Army, the Party at the Cdr's, more all night poker games, and weekends at Goucher. Plebe year brought us "Germano's Dead Cat," doing the Sloz, rusty bedsprings, and some famous naval battles, including: WFK vs. CBV and MC, PTJ vs. JML and JK, and TJ vs. EP and FL.

In Memoriam: to those who fell by the wayside: we remember and wish you all the best: Tony, Mark, Brolew, Chris, Chris, Tom, Al, Chuck, Roz and Mikehunt. You're with us in spirit. And more luck to those soon to relinquish their bachelorhood: Rick, Fred, Frank, Griff, Kine, Timmy, and Stewie. To the rest: You won't last too long!

LCDR Thomas Danco

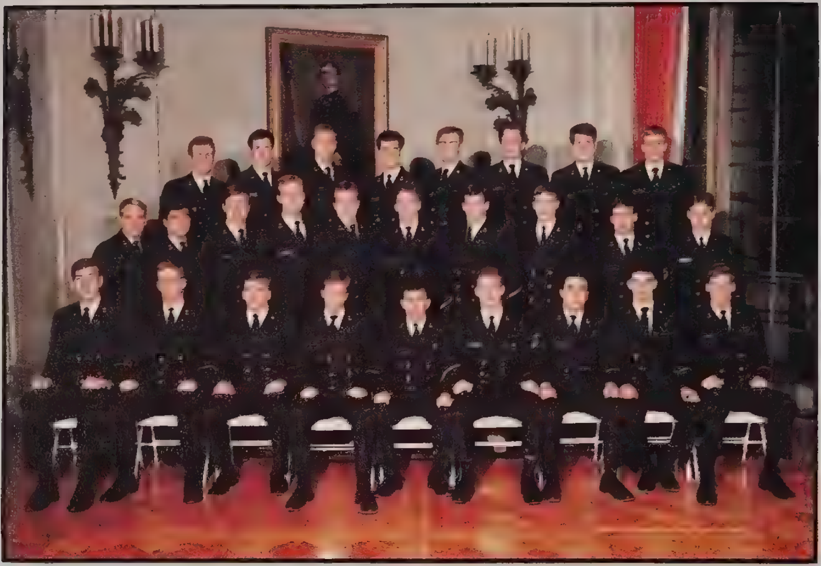


1. Dave Asjes
2. Paul Neira
3. Steve Bishop
4. Martin Migliorio
5. Joe Stewart
6. Doug Chen
7. Dave Moore
8. Nick Lebredo
9. John Pietkiewicz
10. Don Germano
11. Mike Lewis
12. Paul Rosmilso
13. Walter Hirsch
14. Pat James
15. Jim Castleton
16. A. Malpartida
17. Tim Decelle
18. Napoleon McCallum
19. Steve Ploof
20. Bill Knehans
21. Mark Kolp
22. Ken Chrisman

**Not Pictured:**
Chris Griffith
Jim Moosmann
Jeff Sigler
Frank Taboada

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Walter Hirsch
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Bob Castleton
Administration: M/ENS Paul Neira

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Steven Bishop
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Joseph Stewart
Administration: M/ENS Christopher Griffith

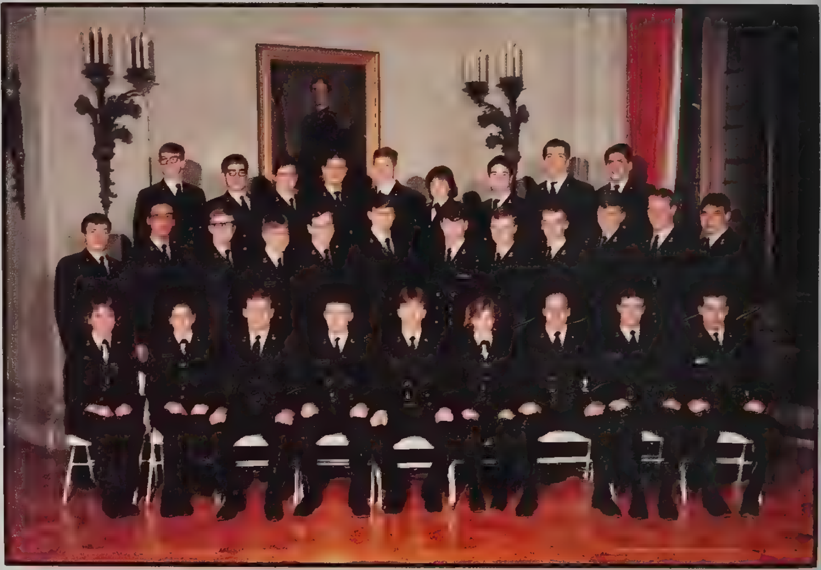


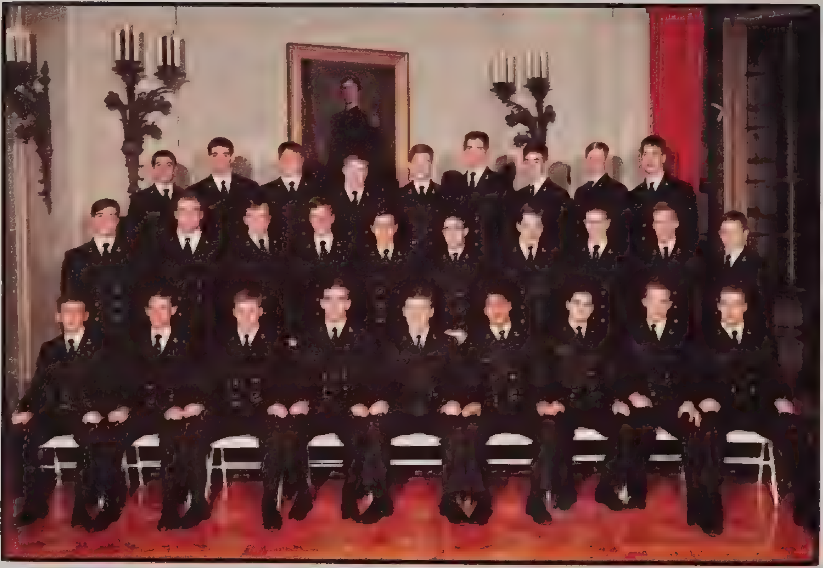
## 1986

**Row 1:** Timothy T. Lester, Thomas J. Duran, Joseph J. Luntz, Craig L. Jessen, Hector R. Banda, Joseph Ludlam, Mark W. Flores, Patrick McFadden, Peter J. Marquis **Row 2:** John T. Singel, James F. Struse, Kirt D. Kranker, Keith G. Smith, Harry N. Hughes, Glen T. Stafford, Brian E. Skimmons, Peter D. Yarger, Brian K. Cabana, Joseph A. Judith **Row 3:** Mark P. McVay, Merrick Van Dongen, Jeffrey T. McNutt, Thomas Frizzell, Mark S. Lundstrom, Paul H. Powell, Chris R. Kowald, James M. Wharton

## 1987

**Row 1:** Kathleen Buckley, Jeanne Grabowsky, Paul P. Hagerty, Laurence Lessard, Charles Ambrose, Dawn M. Alvarez, Curtis M. Permito, Joseph W. Tenney, Michael Polcari **Row 2:** Lon Rademacher, Joseph A. DeLeon, Mark D. Groothuis, Craig Branchfield, Thomas E. Adams, Eric Lafnitzegger, Jeffrey L. Valmus, Michael A. Norton, Stanley P. Jezior, Joseph Eversole, Michael J. Ropiak, James V. Tuttle **Row 3:** James M. Byrne, Paul A. Dupre, James P. Derrane, James S. Green, Joseph J. Seibert, Susan L. Mitchell, Thomas S. Coyne, Marc P. Firlie, Michael W. Flood





## 1988

**Row 1:** Thomas E. McKean, Christopher Karp, Keehln B. Powell, Timothy W. Quinn, Austin Renforth, Juan C. Osorno, John M. Mares, James Fontanella, James V. Zarzaca **Row 2:** Jack J. Thomsen, Joseph E. Smith, John R. Garcia, Michael Parrish, Klaus J. Barboza, Timothy McGowan, Robert T. Durand, Ernest Fuchs, Jeffrey J. Hahn, Dwight Fontilla **Row 3:** Anthony Calandra, Christopher David, David K. Flick, Todd M. Lipani, Michael Qualey, Sean M. Bond, Todd A. Kiefer, Howard L. Pierce, Christopher Garrety **Not Pictured:** Christopher Dirks

# Best Wishes . . .

Best of luck to Paul & the grads of 3rd & 27th Co. We are all very proud of your work at the Naval Academy. Love Mom, Dad, Larry and Tom Rosmilso.

Congratulations and God bless you Ensign Joseph S. Stewart and 27th Co. We love you Fin, and are so very proud of you. Mom, Dad, Karen, Heather

Best wishes to the class of '85. Congratulations to the 27th Co., and sincerest gratitude to our son, Jeff Sigler, for fulfilling our dream. With much pride, love and joy. Mom, Dad, Scott & Corey.

Best wishes to the class of '85 and a special congratulations to a very special midshipman Patrick James, 27th Co. We are proud of you Ricky. With love, Mother and Rebecca.

To our son Paul Mark and his classmates of 85. Congratulations and may the good Lord watch over you always. Love you. All the Neiras

Congratulations Ens. Bob Castleton! "Proud" can't begin to say our feelings. What a son you are! Now go for those gold wings. We all love and support you: Mom-Dad-The Grannies-Connie and Jeff and Janet.

Dear Nick, we love you and are so proud of you! Reach for the stars - we know you'll go for! Best wishes to class of 85. Maria, Jeff, Mari, Mom and Dad Lebredo.

Congratulations and best wishes to the class of 85 from the family of Frank Taboada 27th Co. Love from Mom, Dad, Fran and Family.

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UNIVERSITY COLORADO
ATHLETIC DEPT

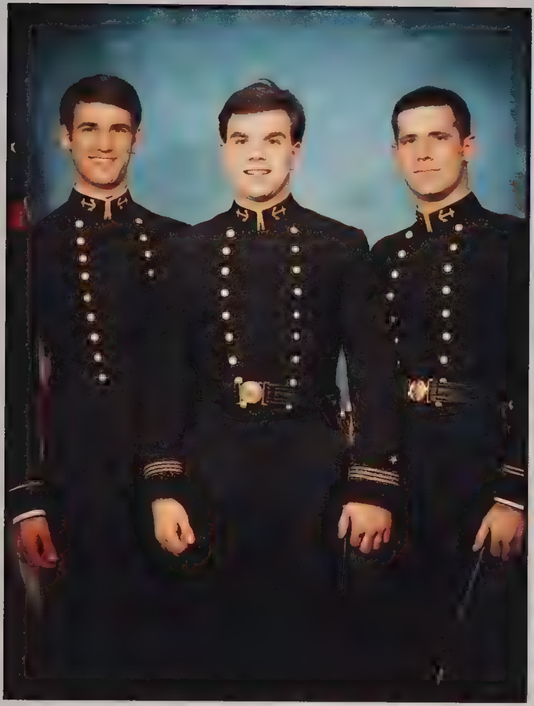
# TWENTY-EIGHTH COMPANY

28 is a company full of proud tradition and is always presenting a military bearing. We were born on the O-Course, raised on the Drill Field, and educated in Nimitz. We . . . Hold It! We were born in Pete's, nursed on J. D. and bathed in Bud, raised in Georgetown, and educated at U of M, Marymount, Goucher, JMU, Hood, and Mary Washington. Our motto is "minimal work with maximum effect and party as much as possible." This led us to a high in colors and who knows where it will take us, but we'll have a good time getting there. We survived a Bubblehead, a Jarhead, and even Steve couldn't completely break our spirit. Thank you CDR. Neeb; Bon Appetite Mr. and Mrs. Kane and Mrs. Steve.

LT Bary Willcox

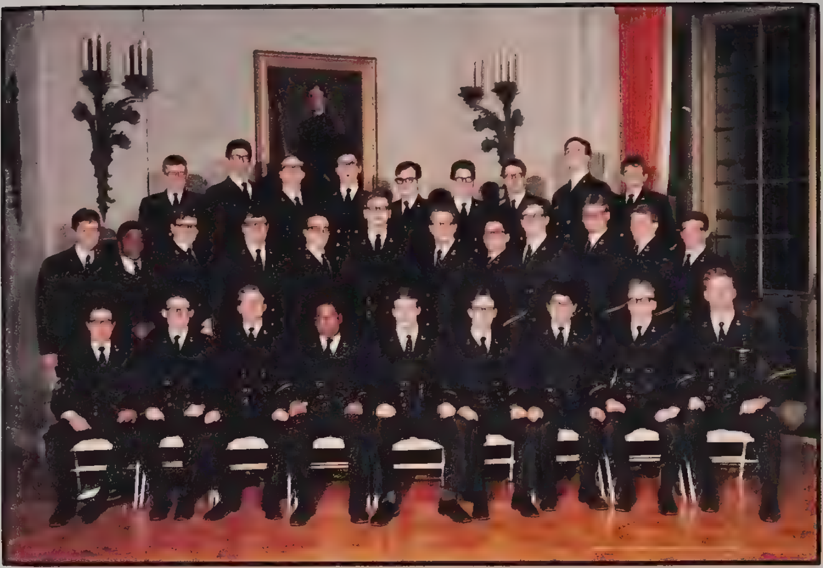
1. Rich Getty
2. Mike Molinari
3. Tim Kane
4. Karl Richcreek
5. Eric Olson
6. Don Mitchell
7. Mike McKay
8. Ricky Williamson
9. Jim Johnson
10. Joe Rosati
11. Kathleen O'Neill
12. Caroline Gaulke
13. Scott Gage
14. Mark Henderson
15. Gregg Sears
16. John Vanbrabant
17. Barb Neumann
18. Scott Macolino
19. John Blakeley
20. Chris Kirkbride
21. Jeff Robertson
22. Babette Bolivar
23. Jeff Baldyga
24. Steve Kowalkoski
25. Scott Bamonte
26. Brendt Goddard
27. Brian Reed

**Not Pictured:**
Guido Lastra
Robin McKinney
Kenny Perrone
Matt Schatzle



Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Scott Macolino
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Brian Reed
Administration: M/ENS Jeffrey Robertson

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Timothy Kane
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Lester Olson
Administration: M/ENS Christopher Kirkbride

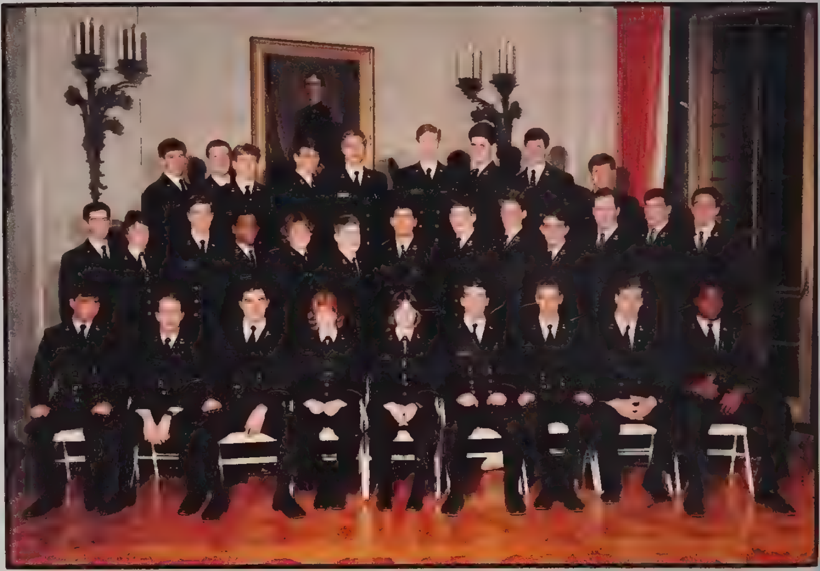


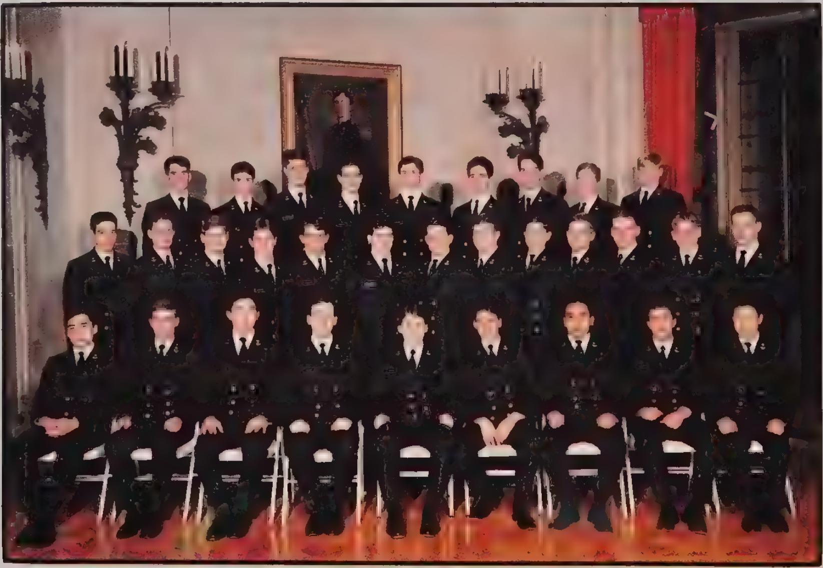
# 1986

**Row 1:** Nels H. Swanson, Bernard Klosowski, James E. Pitts, Earl Totty, Robert Rupp, Kevin R. Milliken, Conrad C. Chun, Jackie E. Dingess, Edward Kearns. **Row 2:** Mark W. Johnson, Michael F. Lupton, Adam J. Meinrod, Alex Ospina, Thomas Shumaker, Mitchell Mariotti, William Solomon, Christopher Soler, Jeffrey McMullin, Brian P. Quinlan, Adolph Brookins, Donald Braswell. **Row 3:** Mark G. Daghir, Kenneth Arneson, James R. Brockett, Engene E. Burke, Gregory Salvato, Kevin Windbigler, Shawn P. Murphy, Lynn J. Petersen, Stephen D. Kibbey. **Not Pictured:** Stuart J. Borsch, Jeffrey D. Davila.

# 1987

**Row 1:** Gil R. Diaz, Howard M. Baca, Juan M. Wheat, Mary P. Thompson, Particia A. Flynn, Michael Cantwell, James T. Hagler, Jeffrey D. Stec, Vincent D. McBeth. **Row 2:** Michael A. Tobin, Sybil B. Bradley, John E. Dryer, Stuart Littlejohn, Laura L. Lott, Robert A. Hickey, Anthony Fernandes, Greggory B. Monk, Samuel C. Baker, Eric J. Henry, Alexander Edwards, Patrick J. Quinn, David P. Dutch. **Row 3:** Patrick Curtin, Steven Fenstemaker, Kenneth T. Ham, Daniel K. Shields, John M. Quast, Kenneth Inglesby, Steven J. Yoder, Timothy F. Whelan, Gunnar W. Buzzard





# 1988

**Row 1:** Allen D. Michell, Douglas A. Tucker, Gregg M. Nakano, Chad O. Dorr, John D. York, James Elders, Noel C. Salvanera, John R. Feldkamp, Richard A. Kondo. **Row 2:** Jack O'Donnel, Carl D. Graves, Thomas A. Hole, Mark F. Scanlon, Leland B. Johnson, Dennis Sullivan, Lindsay T. Kough, David M. Donnelly, Michael R. Bynum, Daniel J. Haas, Travis D. Zach, Andrew J. Heino, Michael Majewski. **Row 3:** Bryan P. Graham, Phillip G. Bunce, Thomas E. Arnold, Jon S. Hooper, Maximilian Grant, Kevin G. Gonter, Gregory Williams, Desmond Quigley, M. T. Camilleri. **Not Pictured:** Timothy P. Keefe, Richard Quintal, Alan W. Vanloon.

# Best Wishes ...

Congratulations and best of luck to you and class of 1985 from the family of John D. VanBrabant 28th Co. We love you. From Dad and Mom

Congratulations Mike Co. 28. You have always stood tall never more so than now. We love you very much, let God be your co-pilot and the sky your playground. We are so lucky to have a son like you. Love Mom and Dad

Congratulations and Bon Voyage to the class of '85 from the family of Donald M. Mitchell 28th Co. We are proud, Don!

Congratulations Class of 85 & especially to Caroline Gaulke our love, pride & good wishes go with you as you continue your Navy career. God bless you and keep you safe from harm. Love, Mom Dad & family

Congratulations Ensign C. Kirkbride We love you and are very proud. God bless you and the class of '85. Dad, Mom, Denise, Jackie, Ron; Helen, Peggy

We knew you could do it Tim and We're so proud. Congratulations to the Class of '85 especially the 28th Co. We'll miss the tailgaters! Love, Dad, Mom, Beth, Mary and Bob

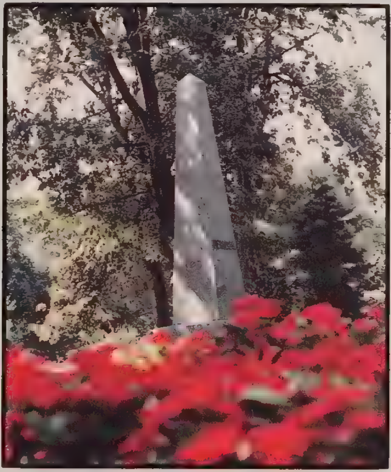
Congratulations to the Class Of '85 from the proud family of Scott Bamonte 28th Co. We Love you Scott from Mom, Dad and Paul

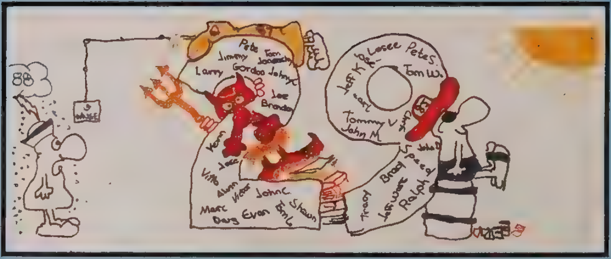
Best wishes and God bless the Class of 85. From the family of Lester Olson Co. 28. We're proud of you. Mom, Dad, Lori, and Grandma.

Congratulation 2nd Lt. Jeffrey R. Baldyga. We are so proud of you Thanks for all the happy memories that you and your friends in 28th Co. have given us. Love Mom Dad Rich Deb

Karl Richcreek Class of 85 28th Co. congratulations, all our love, Mom, Dad and Cheryl!!

Congratulations and God bless to the Class of '85 from the family of Rick Williamson 28th Co. We love you Rick from Tim, Angela, and Mom and Dad! Good luck Kenny and Mark!

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Pete
Tom
Jimmy
Larry
Gordoo
Johny C
Joe
Brandon
Kevin
Jose
Vito
Alvin
Victor
John C.
Marc
Doug
Evan
Tom L
Shawn
Losee
Petes.
Jeff K
Tom W.
Earl
Tommy V
John M.
Tracy
Brad
Speed
Jeff Watt
Ralph
85

# TWENTY-NINTH COMPANY

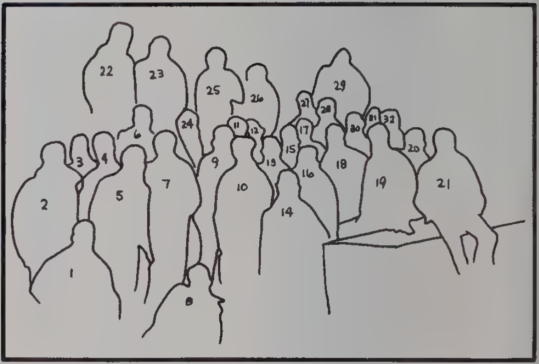
We're the gang from Twenty-Nine you've heard so much about . . .

The Twenty-Nineth Company has experienced a colorful past, and the impact of the class of '85 was no exception. In our four years, we lost only six members of the original 29th platoon: a rumor, a tumor, a flat-footed barrel-chested blivet, a hot-tempered pinheaded psychopath, P.W. flood-man, and zoomaway.

Unscathed, the remainder of the class passed through the various trivial pursuits: the time "the rumor" arranged a singing strip-tease for the great and powerful oz at a company dining-in; the infamous beerball incident which nearly inflicted unbearable payne upon the entire company; and the many sundry and taudry affairs which festered like boils on the forces of the company. Now that it's over, this is all we have left to say:

Four years went past
And now at last
'85 has left its mark.
We did our own thing;
We've had our big fling—
Let's keep the rest in the dark!

LT John Orzalli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1. Doug MacKinnon
2. Brad Buswell
3. Gordon McKinney
4. Tom Varallo
5. Victor Leung
6. Shawn Bai
7. Jeff Kehlenbach
8. Geoff Losee
9. Tom Williamson
10. Victor Kreeger
11. Mark Alexander
12. John Day
13. Tom Loblein
14. Joe Coen
15. Ralph Arcaro
16. Jose Alas
17. John Carver
18. Geoff Watts
19. Kevin Hollis
20. Alvin Dickerson
21. Tom Jones
22. Earl Bowers
23. John Moulton
24. Brendan Doud
25. Steve Speed
26. Peter Hanlon
27. Evan Oliver
28. Donald Schnorr
29. Larry Datko

**Not Pictured:**
Tracy Johnson

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT John Carver
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Gordon McKinney
Administration: M/ENS Victor Leung

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Kevin Hollis
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Laurence Datko
Administration: M/ENS Brendan Doud

## 1986

**Row 1:** David L. Rhodes, Dan Dufresne, Mike J. Parker, Russell Lindsey, Raymond Malskis, Paul D. Lawerence, George T. Arthur, John M. Wilbourn, Richard Weathers **Row 2:** Christine Lombardi, Anne F. Groves, Joseph J. Leonard, Loretta Reynolds, Nanette Russell, Lynn S. Okamoto **Row 3:** Raymond L. Byers, David J. Ward, Charles L. Wagner, Alan Jarusewski, Larry Maye **Not Pictured:** Christopher Bencal, Timothy M. Curry, Derrick L. Dixon, Robert G. Fogg, William C. James, Stephanie E. Kish, Dirk Mac Farlane, Kevin R. Mauch, Andrew J. Sandor

## 1987

**Row 1:** Robert Hallawell, Albert Desmarais, Christopher Hodges, Thomas M. Schwab, Eric C. Holloway, Kenneth Bastian, John L. Wells, Brett M. Pierson, James Willcockson **Row 2:** Michael Sheerin, Robert Goodbody, Danford Sammons, Roy R. Ledesma, James F. Merna, Jeffrey Colwell, George A. Brisbin, David M. Quint, Steven Sylvester, Michael Lombardo, Allen R. Cruz, Michael E. Gieg **Row 3:** William Howe, Thomas C. Graves, Michael J. D'Ambra, Timothy J. Wolf, Gregory N. Harris, Alan M. Rodgers, Anthony Sindoni, Louis Gregus, Luis Sanchez **Not Pictured:** Keith R. Peden, Andrew W. Rowe

## 1988

**Row 1:** Pamela Lawrence, Glenn R. Allen, Matthew McKernan, Kirk A. Williams, Lini McCarthy, Jeffrey Williams, Daniel J. Hurdle, Michelle LaPeer, Leanne Fielding **Row 2:** Michael K. Binnix, Wenena K. Harman, Thomas C. Manning, Donald Waymire, Christopher Simones, Anthony W. Eaton, Alfred A. Bunge, Michael Guerrera, James E. Harlan, Allen R. Flanagan **Row 3:** Arthur Drennan, Ronald Startzel, Edgar Greene, Cabell W. Baynes, William B. Brown, Timothy Andrews, William D. Taylor, Lester M. Wolf, Malcom Wheatley **Not Pictured:** Tammy M. Adams, Scott Christopher, Arthur G. Crowe, James Hikmat

# Best Wishes ...

Good luck Class of 85 from the family of John Clifton 29th Co. John, you bring much joy into our life and we're proud of you. Success and happiness always. Love Mom and Dad

Congratulations Kevin: Your Dream has become a reality. You set your goals and have achieved them. Our pride is exceeded only by our love. Thanks for the fun and memories that you and your friends in the 29th Co. have given us. Way to go, Batman! Good luck Class of '85. Love Mom, Dad, and Alicia.

To the Class of '85 - Best wishes for a Bon Voyage from Evan Oliver's family, all of us.

Congratulations! Best wishes for success and happiness in all future endeavers. To the 29th Co. and Larry Datko. Love Mom, Dad, Louis, Karen, Keith, Brian, Chris, Nancy, Curtis, Sheila, Alicia.

Congratulations and smooth sailing to Brendan X. Doud 29th Company The whole family! We love you!

CONGRATULATIONS CLASS OF '85
from the family of
Ralph Arcaro, 29th Co.

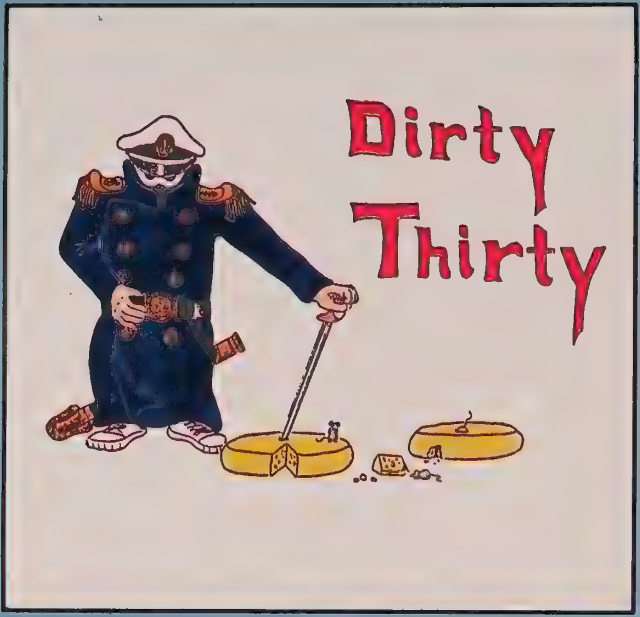
*Victor Leung* & 29th Co. Bravo! You have done your best & achieved your goal. Well done! With much pride & love, Mom, Dad, Tim & Romans 8:37

Good luck to the class of 85 from the family of Stephen R. Speed, 29th Company. And, to Steve, we're proud of you and we love you!

O God, let me be the one to reach and touch the world. So they might see you shining light. Congratulations, Alvin and 29. Love ya, Mother, Daddy, Brian, and Chuck.

Congratulation to Tom Varallo and all the members of the 29th company. We love you, Tom! Mom, Dad, and Sharon

Congratulations 85 and the 29th Co. from the Coen-Quinn family. We are so proud, Joey! Love all of us.



# THIRTIETH COMPANY

"We were born in Halsey Fieldhouse"
On the seventh of July.
We took the oath of office
And then we said goodbye . . ."

On that day in 1981 the class of '85 met each other for the first time. Within three days we had memorized all of the vital signs about each other: names and hometowns. Closer acqaintance would take a little more time.

"We learned to chop the hallways,
We learned to rig a brace.
This land was hot and humid
The sweat poured down our face . . ."

Especially for the guys from the West, Maryland humidity and heat were a new, unpleasant experience. Many a day both hit triple digits. We also experienced new additions to our vocabularies. Ah, the time when chop applied to wood and rig applied to sailing.

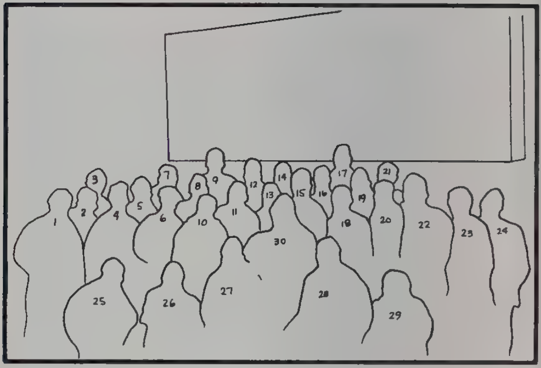
"We memorized our Reef Points,
We learned our daily rates.
We'll never see a six pack
We'll never go on dates,
We were ple-e-e-ebs . . ."

They say the divorce rate today is 50%. If you asked anyone in our company if they still had their plebe summer girlfriend today our "divorce rate" would approach the big 100%. What girl can put up with a bald and sweaty guy in an ice cream suit?

"We woke up every morning
And then to PEP we'd race.
We stayed behind a red corvette
At a 90 quarter pace!
And then it all was over,
The sorrow and the fear,
When we reached the top of Herndon

continued on page 759

LT Charles Wendt



1. Joey Legaspi
2. Mark Shigley
3. Jon Dorn
4. Steve Devore
5. Craig Sheldon
6. Kurt Collom
7. Steve Chapin
8. Chris Holdstein
9. Scott Smith
10. Gene Wolski
11. Jim Baratta
12. Troy Watson
13. Barry Goehler
14. Ed Waigand
15. Anthony Bruno
16. Dave Taylor
17. Kent Fitzgerald
18. Brian Arnold
19. Tom Schill
20. Scott Lansing
21. Paul Brown
22. Dave Prudhomme
23. Rich Rutkowski
24. Pat Turner
25. Danny Barron
26. Dom Cuyno
27. Jon Edwards
28. Mike Petouhoff
29. Paul Matthews
230. Ms. Cheese

**Not Pictured:**
Shawn Cassidy
Ken Kaneshiro

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT James Baratta
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Joey Legaspi
Administration: M/ENS Michael Petouhoff

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Jonathan Edwards
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Stephen Devore
Administration: M/ENS Daniel Barron

DIRTY
THIRTY!

# 1986

**Row 1:** Roger A. Garay, Todd R. Allman, Todd A. Steffy, Brian S. Chase, Christopher Alnsworth, Morgan B. Jones, John R. Taylor, Sybil D. Smith, Cheryl L. Laws **Row 2:** Stephen E. Nims, Paula J. Reitan, Bruce A. Hastie, Cameron M. Keynyon, Brian B. Brown, Patrick M. Walsh, Eric C. Wahlstedt, William Rauscher, Mary M. Secrist **Row 3:** Scott R. Evertson, Nathan W. Schley, John A. Collins, Douglas Edwards, Donald J. English, Francis Sullivan, Kurt P. Johanson, Al Schweickhardt **Not Pictured:** Louis Jonske

# 1987

**Row 1:** Michael P. Jordan, William Grammer, Eric E. Wood, David H. Taylor, Eric A. Kaiser, Jason Hardebeck, James Holbrook, David R. Lester, R. J. Rodriguez **Row 2:** Rodney P. Dewalt, Robert Harrington, James A. Bates, Jeffery E. Lay, Paul J. Kurisky, Joseph W. Piontek, Raul Saldivar, John P. Gasperino, Mark G. Mykleby **Row 3:** John E. Plourde, Scott T. Stanford, Clayton M. Lewis, Paul Dombrowski, John G. Pinnata, Arthur Trahan, Brian N. Humm, Stephen S. Roth **Not Pictured:** Daniel McMillan, Ivan R. Pagan, David F. Pistoll, Timothy Roylance, Paul Schoenbucher, Daniel B. Snyder

# 1988

**Row 1:** Cassondra Preer, Jane M. Collins, David B. Shanes, Wayne J. Baker, Luis A. Maldonado, Neil A. Pettigrew, Anthony J. Mazzeo, Michael Mahaney, Lori L. Sorokatch **Row 2:** Robert R. Cox, Michael J. Valaik, Trevor C. Hunley, Jeffrie R. Lund, Christopher Lapenna, Andrew J. Greene, David L. Woodbury, Michael J. Quilty, Jonathan Johnson, Erin A. Wilson, Ernest P. Kotsos **Row 3:** David E. Calkin, Hampton H. Tanner, Patricia Turney, David Villarreal, Fred J. Severson, Jamison C. Moore, Rueben M. Garcia, Chet H. Wooley, Troye Crickette, Galen R. Negaard **Not Pictured:** Andrew L. Hicks, Anthony Ludovici, Joseph Whitaker

# Best Wishes . .

"Way to go Kent!" Best wishes 30th Company & Class of 85. The Fitzgeralds.

Congratulations Class of '85. From the family of Jonathan Edwards 30th Co. We're proud of you! From dad, mom, and everyone.

Congratulations Class of '85
from the family of
Stephen Devore 30th Co.
Steve, You made it !!!
We knew you could do it.
We love you Steve, Mom and Dad

Congratulations Troy Watson. God be with you We, love you much, Michele, Dad, Mom, Tracey, Mama, Papa Walker.

To Scott G. Smith, 30th Co. Our pride is ony exceeded by our love. The Black Prince arrived! Mom, Dad, Melinda and Dina.

Finto! Congratulazione! Un bravo ragazzo! We love you Anthony Bruno III. We will miss tailgating with the 30th Company. Avanti Class of 1985. Love Dad & Mom.

God's blessing to a fine young man, Paul Matthews, our son. Love Mom and Dad.

Saluting Ensign Paul Curtis Brown. You have made your boyhood dream come true & we're so proud of you! Love, Mom, Dad, Chris, and Julie.

We great pride and love we congratulate Brian Arnold, 30th Co. and the class of '85. God be with you and protect you. Love, Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Lt. Chris Holdstein. We love you and are proud of you. Good luck in Marine Air. Best wishes to 30th Company. Semper Fi to our marine flyer. Love Mom and Dad.

Congratulations Dave we knew you could. Best to you, 30th Co. and USNA. Faith, Spirit, Courage, The Taylors

PF&C Enterprises says Congratulations to Sahwn Cassidy & 30th Company & Class of 85.

Congrat's to the Bear from Lisa & Dave-Gigi & Skip-Pam & Steve-Meri & Glenn and the Youngun's.

Congrat's 30th, You made it thru. From Barry's folks in Bellevue.

Congratulations Gene 30th Co. Love from Mom, Dad, Ed, Mike and Cathy.

Jim Baratta, we love you Mom & Dad
Dirty 30's the best- The Barattas
Jumbo: commercial Jet-Jimbo: Smaljet
God Bless '85 & keep u safe-Barattas
Jimbo Best of luck, Dude: love Kath
Uncle Jimbo you #1 Luv the Kid & US
Baratta, Good luck & God bless-Mike

Congratulations Kent Fitzgerald We are very proud of you. Mom and Dad.

Congratulations to the class of 85 the 30th Co., and especially to Ens. Danny H. Barron. Because God was your refuge and strength for the last 4 years, you are sure to mount up with wings as eagles throughout you Navy career. We are proud of you. With all our love, Mom, Dad, Don, Jr. Tammy, Regina and Van.

And then we hit the beer.

But, when you think about it, all of the hurdles between July 7, 1981 and "plebe graduation" (Herndon), made climbing that slimy edifice a lot more rewarding. Now we could utter the famous Academy quotation, "When I was a plebe . . . "

"We went home for the summer,
We went on youngster cruise,
And when we went away to sea
Our girlfriends we did lose.

Cruise, what a great time! If we had any illusions about being "junior officers" they were soon dashed. We soon found out we stood somewhere south of an E-1. Ah, the REAL Navy!

And then Commodore Edney,
He took the mids in hand.
And sent us out on ACTRAMID
Part of the "Master Plan."

And then we were segundoes,
The system's favorite class,
They taught us to bend over
And take it up . . . and pass!"

One thing's certain, the more exposed you are to the rules, the more immune you become to them. Example: when we were told as youngsters that we had to be in uniform in the halls we nearly revolted. A year later, when second class CMOD was proposed we shrugged our shoulders and grumbled.

"We'll go to graduation,
Throw our hats up in the air,
And then we'll walk thru Bilger's gate
As if we never cared!"

Only after this ceremony will we obtain the best relationship with USNA . . . Being FROM this institution .

**CDR James Meinderlein**

*Ms. Carol Kellner*

6

## SIXTH BATTALION

The Sixth Battalion has seen an abundance of changes since our entrance into its ranks four years ago in 1981. There was an attitude that the Sixth Battalion Pink Panthers were a bit more easy going than the other five battalions in the way we took everyday life. This might have had something to do with the fact that we lived farthest from Main Office and closest to the gyms and gate to town. This naturally led some people to believe we took everything lightly also. It didn't take long for us to prove these people wrong. In our calm way, we consistently excelled in everything we undertook. Although we saw the end of a fine tradition-the end of the 8th Wing Players-, and the addition of a lot of administrative restrictions, nothing was going to get us down. The Pink Panthers took everything in stride and proved that excellence, hard work and fun go hand in hand.

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LCDR Robert Dishman (33 CO)
Sub Commander: M/LT Scott Wild (34 CO)
Operations: M/LT David Kyto (35 CO)
Adjutant: M/LTJG Joe Canvin (31 CO)
Administration: M/LTJG Lynn Casity (36 CO)
Supply: M/LTJG Dan Flint (32 CO)

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LCDR David Lawton (32 CO)
Sub Commander: M/LT William Gigliotti (36 CO)
Operations: M/LT Dale Ormond (35 CO)
Adjutant: M/LTJG Scott Nasson (34 CO)
Administration: M/LTJG Richard Goffi (33 CO)
Supply: M/LTJG Michael Merren (31 CO)

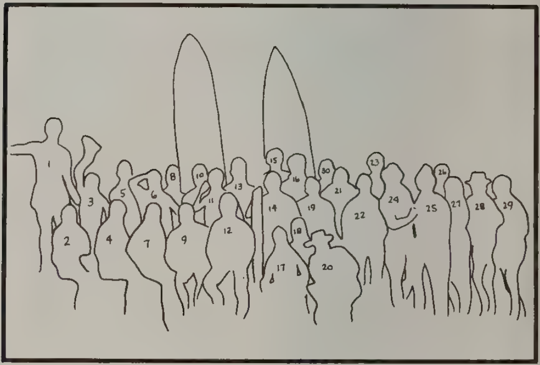
# THIRTY—FIRST COMPANY

31st Company. A fraternity of men and yes, women, living, growing, and experiencing the everyday pounding of the Naval Academy. Will the class of 85, as they enter the fleet, step back and reflect on their moments at USNA? Yes, surely they will—and they will laugh. The bad times are rationalized or fade into the thick cobwebs of time. The funny times, the good times, will come back like a flood, raising smiles and thoughts from time to time, that are just as intense.

But 31st Company is not just another fraternity or company gathering together for a good time. We are unique. Something at the Naval Academy, call it a coolness factor, an attitude ratio, or a unity coefficient, is a function of the distance to Main Office, divided by the distance to the academic buildings, times the distance to the water, playing fields, the gym. For 31, this factor is the number one. Just the right amount of cool, attitude, and unity.

We have learned to compete, to win, and to excell not as individuals, but as a team. Team work and commitment along with the strong bonds of friendship and commaraderie are just a few of the lessons learned within the Company. Things like integrity and leadership aren't learned out of our textbooks, but here, in these halls, along with all the other things that make this a school of hard knocks. But the harder we are knocked, the closer we get. So as the Class of 85 leaves 31, it's not the end, but the beginning. Those we leave behind, and those that leave with us, will always be around. You can't forget people you live, eat and breath with for years which seem like centuries. It is not the event, but the emotion—the feeling in each of us that keeps the company sacred, what it is, that keeps it 31.

LCDR Sherry T. Darling

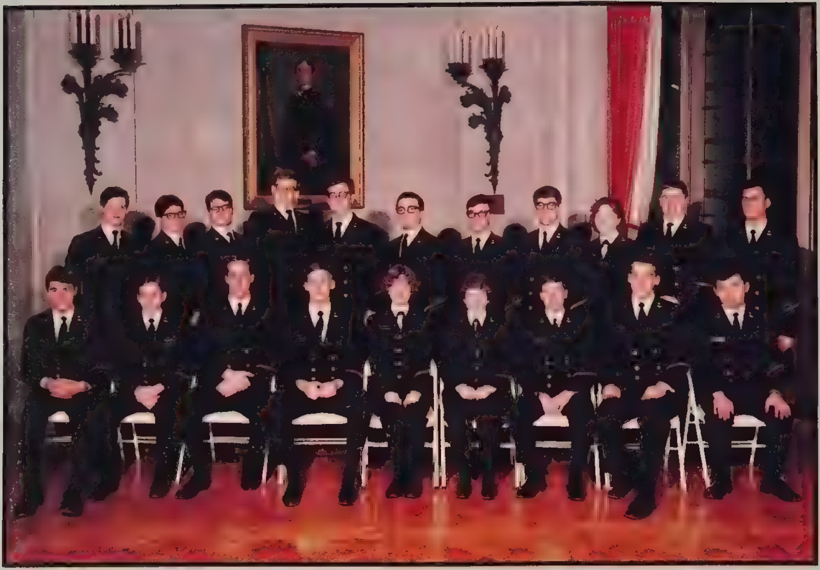


1. Don Alberto
2. Ed Gunning
3. Mike Cortesio
4. Mark Flagg
5. Paul Severs
6. Norm Peters
7. Ken Ross
8. Rich Webster
9. Jorge Gaviria
10. Chuck Schoot
11. Drew Hamby
12. John Milligan
13. Mark Walker
14. Pete Martino
15. Ashley Lightfoot
16. Steve Krotow
17. Jim Peters
18. Brad Mai
19. Randy Ransier
20. Jim Luther
21. Chip Cardon
22. Joe Canvin
23. David Porter
24. Bob Hall
25. W.B. Harrington
26. Jeff Reeves
27. C.J. Carra
28. Charles Sims
29. Mike Merren
30. Mike Christman

**Not Pictured:**
Gard Clark

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Jeffrey Reeves
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Charles Sims
Administration: M/ENS Peter Martino

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Charles Sims
Sub Commander: M/LTJG William Harrington, Jr.
Administration: M/ENS Kenneth Ross

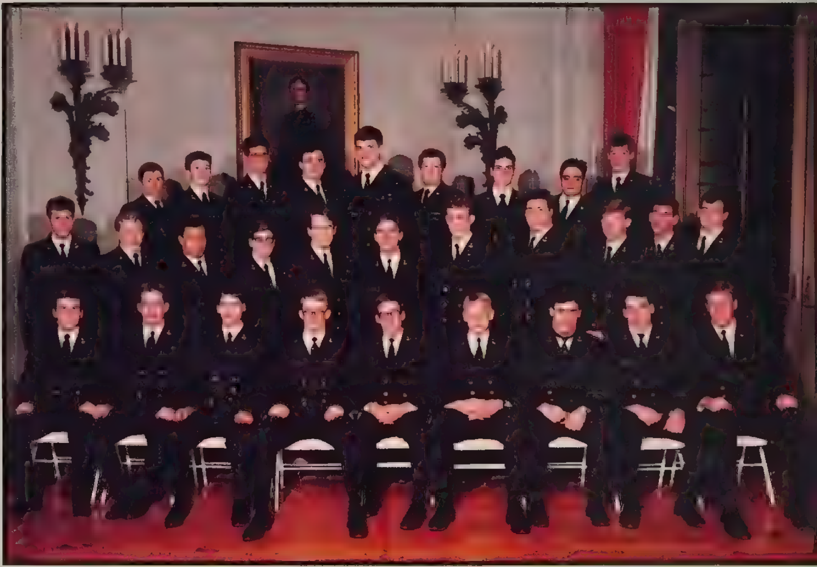


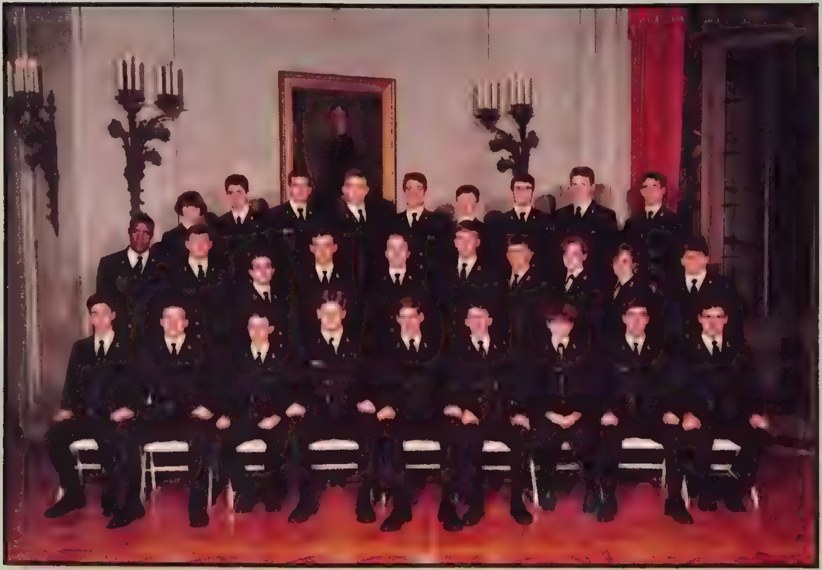
## 1986

**Row 1:** Carl E. North, John M. Dorey, John F. Meier, Thomas McGovern, Geri Stachelski, Cheryl L. Price, Justin I. Miller, Robert L. Ceres, John C. Bell **Row 2:** Michael F. Kenny, Peter Vantassel, Michael Giauque, Jeffrrey M. Durand, Damon W. Bateson, J. C. Crouse, Brett D. Wise, John D. Bamonte, Patricia McCarthy, Peter H. Vloedman, Kenneth A. Reiman **Not Pictured:** Mary E. Blair, Steven M. Brady, Vernon R. Butler, Mark D. Miller, Don E. Stedham

## 1987

**Row 1:** Patrick Perkins, Samuel S. Sidner, Michael J. Huber, Daniel Dougherty, Leonard Borgdorff, Dale E. Anderson, Steven M. Brady, Don E. Stedham, John M. Sniffen **Row 2:** Edward A. Eckert, Danny A. Nygaard, Michael K. Smith, John McGowan, Joel B. Baker, Walter B. Glenn, Sean T. Coughlin, *Miller* Paul A. Bourgeois, Robert F. Smith, Avin Johnson **Row 3:** John M. Young, Scott Lochridge, Michael Lavigna, Gary L. Janac, George Williams, Rodney G. Graves, Michael D. Wanebo, Anthony A. Digger, Stephen Pitrof **Not Pictured:** Lazaurnel Dugger, Gregory T. Hill, Leroy D. Vaughn, John F. Vertel, Spencer F. Wall, Robert Zaorsko





## 1988

**Row 1:** Richard J. Gentil, Gordon E. Cole, Richard McGrath, Christopher Mosher, Joseph Fischer, William MacChione, Sandra Lipphardt, Eric K. Busko, Peter Baumgarten **Row 2:** James K. Owens, Hank A. Colburn, James A. Zito, Robert McKenney, Stephen C. Coker, Craig S. Bender, Scott J. Knox, Laura S. Stroman, Rebecca Lonigan, David M. Wheeler **Row 3:** Annette Schlutermann, Partick Davenport, Alan R. Behning, Robert Sunderland, Lawrence Wadford, John J. Keeling, Mark W. Goodwin, George Davis, Douglas C. Hull **Not Pictured:** Paul A. Ambrogi, Gary L. Formet, Robert B. Gephart, Judy L. Kempisty, Sanjay D. Mathur, Mark E. Mercer, Pegeen M. O'Neil, Stephen Sandoval, Thomas Schrantz

# Best Wishes . .

Jeff Reeves . . With memories of all you've been, with pride for all you are, with hope for all you'll be, and with love for always . . love you, Mom. Congratulations to the Class of '85 & especially 31st Company!

Congratulations James Peters, 31st Co. You dreamed, you strived and you achived. We're proud of you Mom, Dad, Billy, Pam and Aaron.

Congratulations Ensign James Peters 31st Co. Love, Aunt Bea and Aunt Joan.

Gard, Knew you could, Knew you would. Your dad would be so very proud of you, and would say "Well, done, Son." Congratulations '85, esp. the 31st Co. from your proud Mom and Bro. Gregg Clark.
The navy's newest recruit!!! Now go earn the "Gold Dolphins!"

Congratulations and best wishes on a job well done 31st Co. and Mark from the Walker family Love Mom, Dad, Tina, Tim, Laura, Steve, and Michael and all you family.

Accomplishing more than our dreams you continue to be an inspiration. Carry on Ensign Robert W. Hall. We love you. Dad, Mom, Cheryl and Karla.

Wishing Rich Webster and the 31st Company best wishes, luck, and love. Congratulations '85!
The Websters.

Congratulations Class of 1985.
Congratulations 31st Co.
Good Luck at all!
Louise Christman-Mike's Mom

Congratulations We are proud of you Ashley Lightfoot 31st Co. from Mother and Dad.

Congratulations Class of 1985. Charlie Schott 31st Co. we are proud of you! Love and best wishes for fair wind and following seas. Dad, Mom, Ann, Sue and Peggy.

Congratulations and best wishes to The Class of 1985
From the family of Peter Martino.
May you always be blessed with
Fair wind and following seas!

All the Cortesios offer best wishes to Mike and the Class of 85

Don Alberto 31st Co. You did it! We're proud. We love you Ron, Karen, Alan, Sharon, Grandma, Mom and Dad.

Congrats 856492 on a good start. We hope the Navy is good to you thru the years. Love, Mom, Dad, Joe, Mary, David, Kathy, Denny, Margy, Tom, Joan, Anne, Betsy, and Grandma.

Stephen C. Krotow Fly High Kro! We knew you could do it. Your family is very proud of you and love you very much. Best wishes and continued success in you future endeavors. Love Mom, Dad, Mike and EZ

32
SUCK IT UP

# THIRTY-SECOND COMPANY

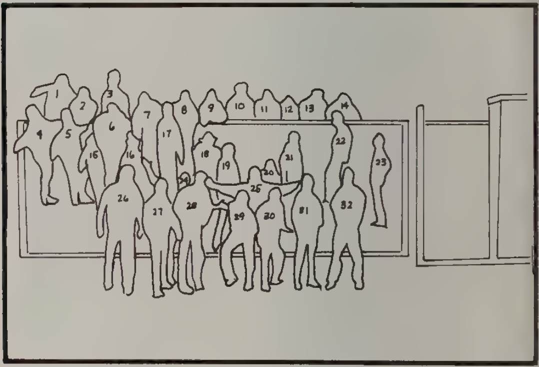
The Boys of 32 all came together on 7 July 1981 to begin the trek that few of us could see past plebe summer. Four years seemed to be an eternity! But, the busy schedule of Plebe Summer began bringing us closer together. Who will ever forget those precious responses to rates? Bruce, I never knew John Paul Jones said "Don't fire until you see the whites of their eyes!" Even Crook couldn't keep a straight face after that one. Then there was poor ole Weed who hadn't bothered to study the new rates of the day. "About 2 weeks" was not the answer to "How long you been in the Navy?", Weed. While there were some of us trying to validate calculus or English, there was one who thought it much better to go for validating Plebe Summer. Steve succeeded. Poor Steigs and his overabundent knowledge of any ship, tank, gun, missile, or plane that has ever existed got him more attention than he really wanted. The Royal Wedding was the event of the summer. With the return of the Brigade, our upperclass were not too impressed with our claim to fame - last in colors! So, with the wrong foot clearly stepped forward, we began ac. year. There were more blunders to be made like Pete and Rob taking the hit for Maddog's habits, but nothing compared to those made by our second class. Dan had the shock of his life when he went into the barn to wake Messer for watch. "Sir, is that a girl in your bed?" At last, the day to climb Herndon arrived. Ray was almost going to be the first admiral in the class. Alas, that cheap toss made by another of less scruples beat you to it.

Youngster year was the year everybody did their own thing. That is, except for Lefty's party at Harry Brown's. What a night! Skel met T.S. that year as Rob was attacked by the chair. But, the calamity then fell upon us. We didn't know just how good BAM was. His office hours of 10 to 2 were later appreciated.

With the advent of Second Class Year, came the man from

continued on page 769

LT Jeffrey Carpenter



1. Glenn Witt
2. John DeNardo
3. Gregg Whitfield
4. Jaime Venable
5. Chris Ryan
6. Rob Loria
7. Rob Vaughn
8. Chris Burke
9. John Deranian
10. John Borneman
11. Rob Duncan
12. John Rasberry
13. Curt Steigers
14. Ed Brzezinski
15. Bruce Wain
16. Dave Lawton
17. Steve Panico
18. Bob Earle
19. Jeff Hein
20. Mike Skelly
21. Curt Pfeiffer
22. Dan Flint
23. Peter Stamps
24. Steve McAllister
25. Mike Moore
26. Matt Shihadeh
27. Julianito Bucayan
28. Mark Schaeffler
29. Dan Matzke
30. Ray Alfaro
31. Rob Etkins
32. Bill Fitzgerald

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT John Borneman
Sub Commander: M/LTJG John Deranian
Administration: M/ENS Peter Stamps

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Christopher Ryan
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Robert Earle
Administration: M/ENS Curt Steigers

## 1986

**Row 1:** James R. Young, Stephen M. Waugh, Daniel G. Pedro, John R. Gensure, Louis P. Partida, Cornelius O'Keefe, Dewey G. Jordan, Maurice Jarrell, Lance M. Hoyt. **Row 2:** Thomas P. Cann, Kurt J. Enriquez, Jeffrey K. Mosher, Gregory Schildmeyer, Jeffrey D. Adams, Thomas J. O'Keefe, Daniel C. Moses, Darwin L. Clark, Jeffrey S. Ruth. **Row 3:** Thane D. Rivers, Paul A. Shelton, Eric G. Merrill, John J. Ramos, Gerald K. Pfeifer. **Not Pictured:** Alan D. Boyd, Brian Flachsbart, Garret H. Hubbard, Gordon Oliver, Theodore Smallow, John M. Wiemann.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Arthur P. Pruett, Matthew Mullins, Richard McGrath, Kathryn A. Allen, Stacey L. Headley, Lisa M. Liwski, Grady Banister, Timothy Florian, John D. Wilkens. **Row 2:** Darin J. McCloy, Eric A. Parker, Christopher Wilson, John A. Zulick, Anthony Cimafranca, Stephen Ballister, Theodore Anderson, Douglas F. Keller, Timothy Thomure, John P. Flynn, Allen J. Moss, Eric N. Leong, Darwin L. Clark, Gregory Zymbaluk. **Row 3:** Gregory Schildmeyer, Thomas M. Bacigalupo, Michael Mologne, Randolph Johnson, Jeffrey D. Adams, Derrick M. Smith, Scott A. Brown, Jonathan Jewell, Thomas Y. Wilder. **Not Pictured:** Lisa Rathjen.

## 1988

**Row 1:** Todd J. MacDonald, Erik A. Gartzke, Anthone R. Wright, James D. Grassey, William M. Gross, Kevin D. Bostick, Michael R. Greene, Curtis L. Brown, Benjamin Freeman. **Row 2:** Thomas J. Gaffney, Chessley Cornett, Gregg W. Martin, Jeffrey Napoliello, John Donelan, Shaun H. Donnelly, Andrew F. Wickard, Mark T. Zerbe. **Row 3:** Brian P. Clancy, Steven Szpisjak, Douglas Gelbach, Jeffrey Cassidy, Michael J. Dee. **Not Pictured:** Vander Boudreau, Stephen Cassetta, Timothy Conway, James J. Darcy, Patrick J. Murray, Timothy R. Noonan, Charles Nowacek, Robin M. Sarner, Jed C. Smith, Grant Stephenson.

continued from page 766

outer space, E.T. Dave went to Army and Bob was almost kicked out for hazing. It was the year that Bornes finally took the concept of duty on board. Too bad he was ready to fry our very own company/classmate, Dan. E.T. had the scare of his life when he saw the beady red eyes of Harry, Maddog's rat. How about the clan? The Mega stripers' room began to wonder about Chris, Dave, and Mark. None of the rest of us had been able to room with the same person for more than one year. The clan was working on their third. Even with 2/c academics facing us all, 32 still proved to be the Ac. Stud Company. Four 4.0's is tough to beat!

At last, 1/c year showed itself. No one will ever forget the Panther Club Incident. (Eventhough some of us wish we could.) How about the Fight? The Delaware Destroyer vs. Massachusetts Mauler match had quite an unexpected outcome - a tie. 22 JAN 85 appeared as if from nowhere. Almost everybody came from Service Selection with their choice. That made the party at Middleton's just that much better. Eventhough $650 seems a little steep for the bar tab. Here's to the Boys of 32.

## Best Wishes . .

Well done, Mike Skelly. They filled your head, we filled your belly. Black beans, plantains, and key lime pie forever! Love, Mom, Dad, Art, Matt and U-Gene.

Happiness is you, Mike Skelly, our grandson. Love Nana and Papa.

May you always fly as high as you are today! The long hard road was worth it. Love, The McAllister's

congratulations and best wishes to the class of 85 from the family of Stephen Panico 32nd Company. We love you Steve-Mom, Dad, Richie and Ronnie.

2nd Lt. John Rasbearry USMC we love you! May God guide and protect you. "Semper Fidelis" Congratulations from your family Jana, Jo Ann, Mom and Dad.

The class of 1950 Congratulates the class of 1985, 32nd Company. We expect each of you to excell as leaders of our wonderful "America America". Colonel and Mrs George C. Deranian, USNA '50.

Best wishes 32nd co. Chuck & Bride Andy 5-25-85. Love Dad-Mom-Angel!

33 Co.
...leaving the others behind!

# THIRTY-THIRD COMPANY

Thirty- Third Company

The 33rd company started out the year by acquiring a new company officer with a particular fetish for baseboards. We survived first semester by supplementing its much improved marching ability with a lot of excellent tailgaters hosted by the Sharkeys, Wolfes, and Barths.

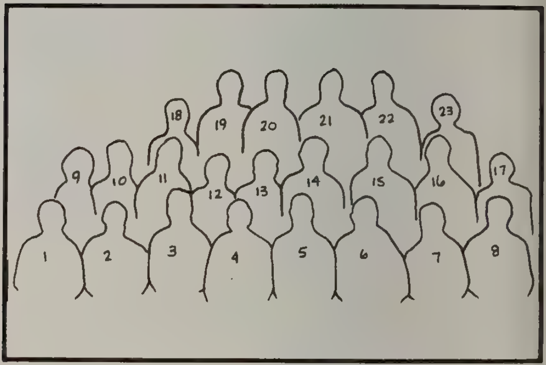
Our company had some great varsity athletes and some super intramural teams. We tried our best at academics, but in times of stress and all-nighters, we at least have the Barths to thank for our popcorn maker. Something must have helped because we went from one of the lowest companies plebe year to one of the tops in color points first class year.

We will never forget Rudy's Place, our Resistance Bowls, and of course, Dish's parties.

Although we may have lost Zucco, we made it through here and we gained three new friends along the way, the company kids.

It's time now for the "Herd" to move on. Good luck to all in Thirty-Three!

LT Timothy M. Mulhare

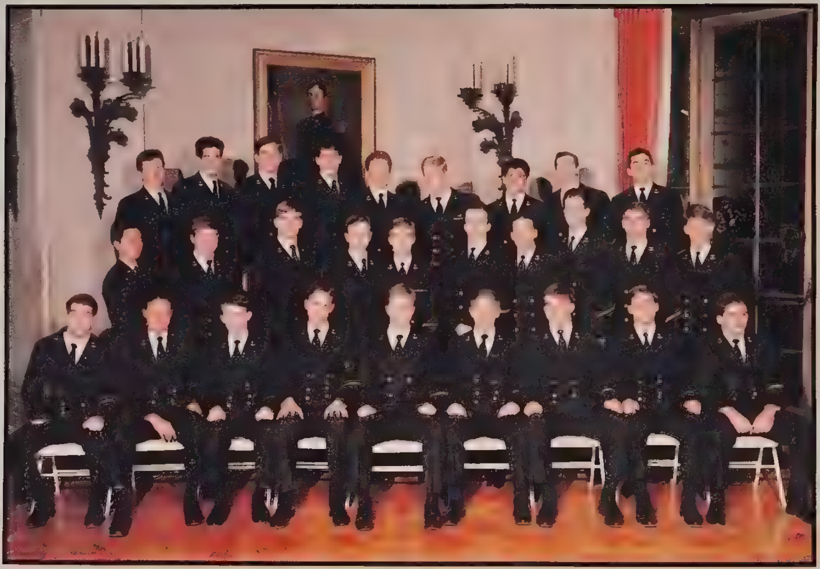


1. Chris Benson
2. Bob Haidvogel
3. Jim Vandiver
4. John Winkler
5. Jeff Rocha
6. Jim Pierce
7. Bob Sham
8. Charles Schiefer
9. Marya Bandyk
10. Gilbert Wolfe
11. Stanley Kulsa
12. Julia Spinelli
13. Selim Abounader
14. Tom Klimczyk
15. Bob Dishman
16. Dave Mahoney
17. Jan Edmiston
18. Julie Krepsz
19. Lannes Rasnick
20. Howard Gilliam
21. Bob Steadley
22. Don Selvy
23. Sue McGill

**Not Pictured:**
Bill Gabel
Rich Goffi
Paul Lankau
Chuck Sharkey
Bill Smith
Craig Taylor
Ken Walls

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT James Pierce
Sub Commander: M/LTJG James VanDiver
Administration: M/ENS Robert Haidvogel

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Robert Haidvogel
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Thomas Klimczyk
Administration: M/ENS Susan McGill

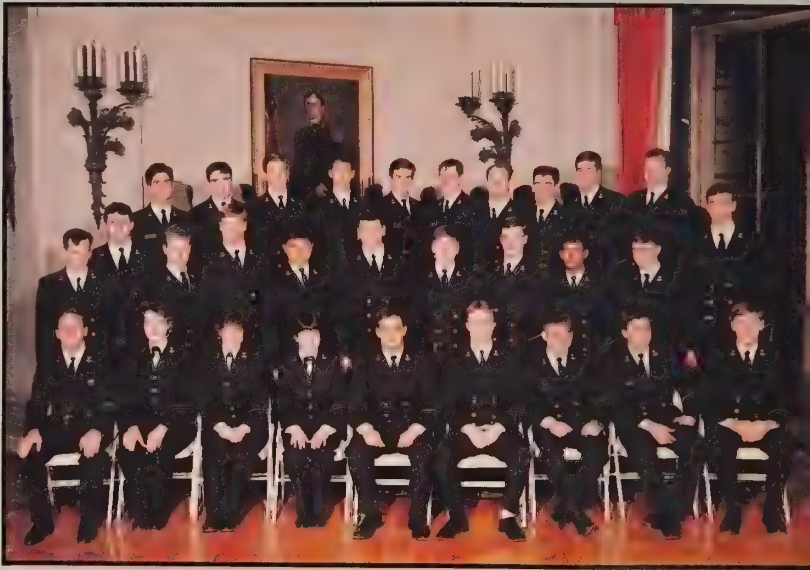


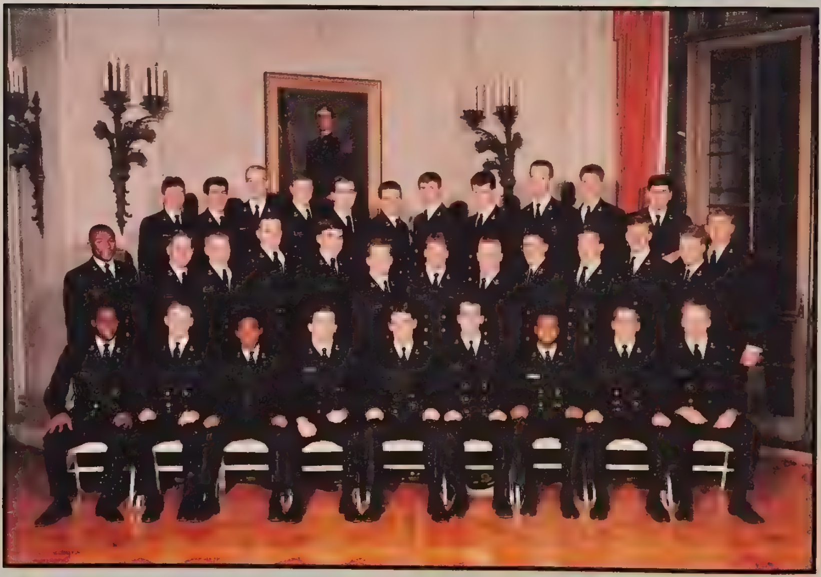
# 1986

**Row 1:** John A. Tanner, Kimo K. Lee, Mark S. Meltser, William Pendergrass, Kyle B. King, Michael Shellhammer, Daniel L. Beldy, Anders C. Kinsey, Harvey A. Winters. **Row 2:** Alan T. Esaki, Daniel LaChance, Patrick Klansek, Jimmy P. Rexroad, William Kostrub, Jeffrey Holyfield, Bryan D. Hubbard, Gardner Jackson, William B. Sherer, Robert C. Black. **Row 3:** Mark S. Popeck, Mark S. Barth, Mark C. Roeckell, Andrew K. Krumel, Gerald A. Sherman, Kurtis E. Lang, David S. Greene, Richard Olson, David L. Jacobson. **Not Pictured:** Kurt D. Goeser, Richard H. Wheat.

# 1987

**Row 1:** Michael Demchak, Elizabeth Wuestenberg, Carol L. Berry, Susanne Clautice, Paul F. Brow, Todd R. Buechs, George B. Saroch, Ted R. Williams, John T. Bays. **Row 2:** Thomas F. Vanatta, Jay McKelvey, Christopher Dunphy, Robert C. Misch, Alex J. Rapadas, Timothy Callahan, Robert N. Olsen, Michael J. Hill, Miguel Rodriguez, James M. Morgan, Warren J. Buller. **Row 3:** Kenneth L. Wrenn, Joseph G. Walker, Benjamin Griffith, Stephen M. Nagy, Patrick M. Kelly, Scott M. Wolfe, Duncan A. Hart, Christopher Merriam, Stephen C. Cohan, Steven S. Battle. **Not Pictured:** Kimberly S. Russ.





# 1988

**Row 1:** Kevin A. Williams, Matthew Balters, Anibal B. George, Steven E. Gall, Lance G. Davidson, Daniel Mulligan, Kennon A. Artis, Lawrence Hertzog, Clarke M. Woodfin. **Row 2:** John C. Dupree, Paul Banoczi, Thomas M. Buehner, Michael J. Kraft, Daniel Bacon, Dennis McKelvey, Jeffery Kendrick, Thomas E. Turner, John J. Twibell, N.C. Cavalaris, Keith Masterson, Curtis D. Avery, Eric J. Reinhold. **Row 3:** Kevin M. Myers, Jeffrey G. Trimm, Mark S. Wierman, Thomas E. Base, Martin M. Cade, Collin Schaffer, Colin S. Walsh, Brian M. Hare, Randall V. Doane, Frank T. Carr, David A. Greer. **Not Pictured:** Harry Monroe To Mulitauaopele Christopher Robinson.

SMURFS
SMURFS

# Best Wishes . . .

Best of luck to the 33rd and the rest of the class of '85. Go for it, Paul! We love you! From: Mom, Dad, Kelly and Kristyn.

Tom Klimczyk 33 Co. May you always in you career have fair winds and following seas. Love Mom, Dad, Karen, Maggie, Kevin, Tim, Allie and Bob.

Our best to the 33rd Co. and the Class of '85 from the family of Jeff Rocha. We're proud of you Jeff and our love goes with you always. Mom and Earl.

Congratulations, J.A. Pierce '85 - J.T. Pierce'55 and, in absentia, J.R. Pierce '28 & G.E. Pierce '32.

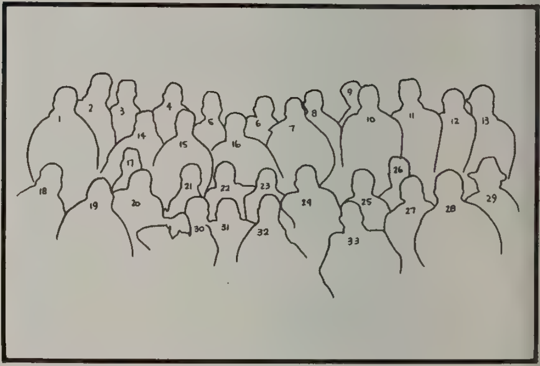
God hath not promised sun without rain-joy without sorrow, peace without pain but God hath promised strength for the day and light for the way. Congratulations to Ens. Charles JW. Sharkey, IV (Chuck), 33rd Co., and the Class of '85. Thanks for sharing the good times. Love and prayers, Mom, Dad, Mish and Eric.

Best wishes Chris Earl and Co. 33.

Congratulations Julie S. Lammes. We are proud of you. Best wishes Class of 85. The Krepsz family 33rd Co.

# THIRTY-FOURTH COMPANY

Capt. Hauck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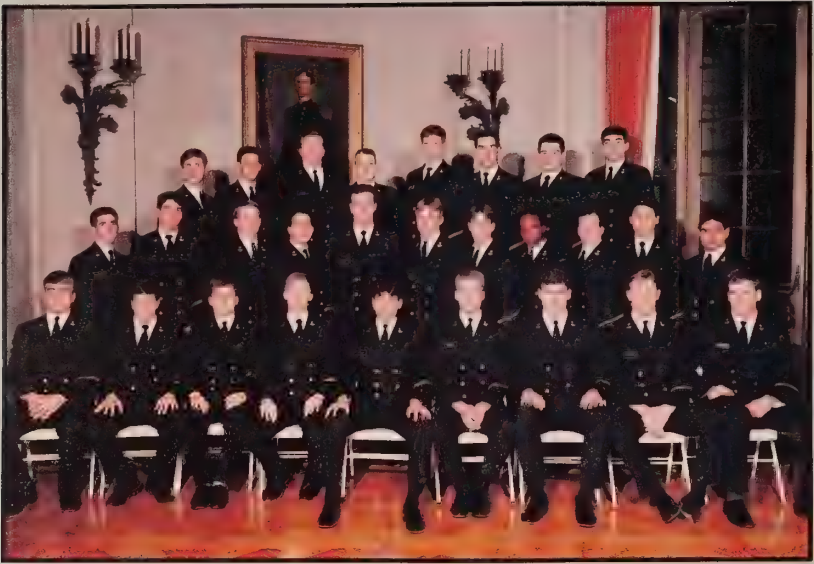
1. Gus Otero
2. Kayle Watson
3. Bob Clark
4. Bob McLean
5. Ed Alberts
6. Dean Peters
7. Tom Marotta
8. Jack Hall
9. Ron Zaleski
10. Steve Holmes
11. Scott Rauch
12. Chris Rhodes
13. Joe Monaghan
14. Brian McDonald
15. Scott Nasson
16. Rich Jordan
17. Steve Pettit
18. Andy Trotta
19. Kevin White
20. Brendan Daly
21. Duane Schroeder
22. Rob Luman
23. Rob Burgard
24. Wade Wheatley
25. Dave Brodeur
26. Steve Belair
27. Scott Cull
28. Jonas Litonjua
29. John Ellegood
30. Scott Wild
31. Steve Chambers
32. Rob Duzan
33. Gordon Mangente

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Gordon Peters
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Christopher Rhodes
Administration: M/ENS Brendan Daly

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Brian McDonald
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Jonas Litonjua
Administration: M/ENS Steven Belair

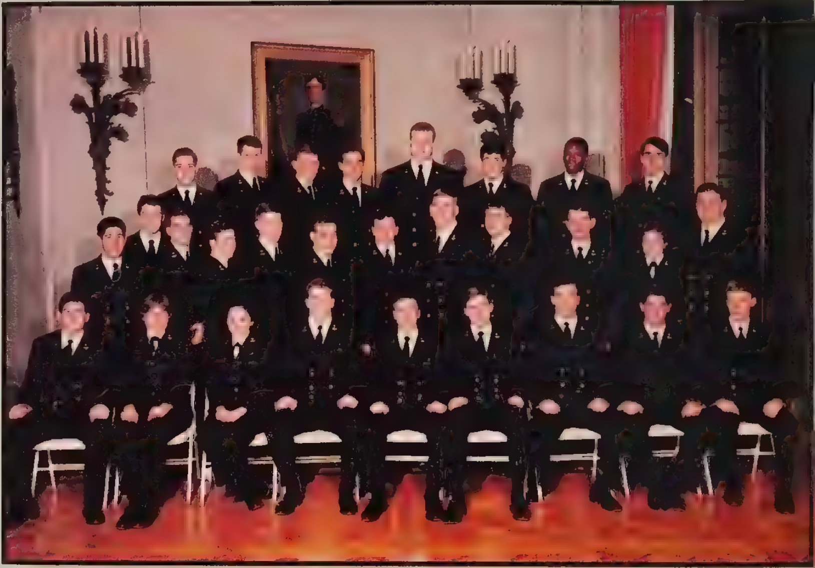


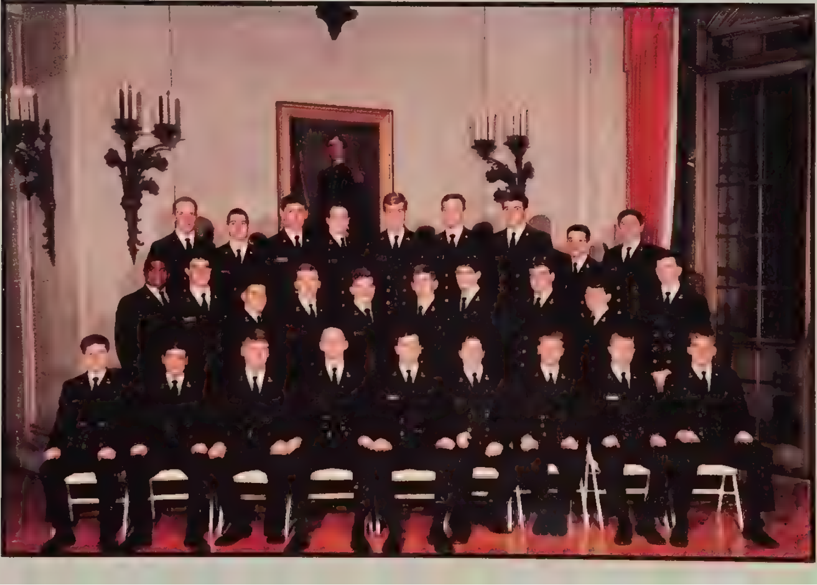
# 1986

**Row 1:** Michael W. Taylor, Henry W. Papa, Phillip K. Pall, Kevin T. Casey, Anthony J. Farina, John A. Crook, Robert T. Prior, Carl A. Hager, Paul S. Gibson. **Row 2:** Andrew F. Metroka, John J. Surina, Richard McMullen, Henry R. Silva, Richard Stryker, William McCormick, Thomas M. Smith, Thomas M. Conlon, Steven R. Foster, James F. Howo, Jason J. Lagasca. **Row 3:** Herbert Nicolay, Thomas A. Rigolo, William D. Rohm, John G. Worman, Robert James, James L. Mailloux, John D. Baker, John B. Skillman. **Not Pictured:** Sprague C. Cook, James F. Dwyer.

# 1987

**Row 1:** George A. Felt, Erica L. Sahler, Michael Tluchowski, Douglas M. Schutz, David A. Johnson, James Matheson, Steven R. Ivory, James P Kushner. **Row 2:** Louis P. Zaccardi, Edward Schofield, William Weber, Robert J. Kay, Scott A. Bowmer, Ronald Woodaman, Michael Georgiefski, Martin Schaefer, Tad C. Northcott, Thomas A. Marzec, Marjorie D. Trott, Charles Cassidy. **Row 3:** David B. Milligan, Douglas J. Hanson, Rob B. Roberson, Kevin A. Holland, Gary A. Carter, Graham D. Rogers, Morris Smith, Donald J. Ward. **Not Pictured:** Erik A. Nilsen, Bonnie Shamblin.





# 1988

**Row 1:** Alan Androski, Michael Corriere, Vann A. Vickers, Darryl C. Melton, Mark S. Carlton, Mark A. Miller, Jack Salyers, Mark A. Ferestad, Robert D. Pridgen. Row 2: Andre E. Stokes, Robert T. Badeer, Michael J. Ma, Phillip H. Turner, Matthew Lichtenstein, James E. Bartlett, William Collier, Jeffrey J. Akin, Walter T. Baugh, Matthew B. Aaron. **Row 3:** Gregory J. Wild, Paul F. Bertholf, Jerry K. Stokes, Donald Packard, Laurence O'Hearn Dean E. Craft, Daniel R. Whitney, Dominique Soave, Thomas J. Mullins. **Not Pictured:** Gregory L. Acton, Michael Civello, Derrick J. Coston, James L. Cox, Michael J. Hosken, Michael F. Moran, Ronald G. Seits.

## Best Wishes..

Congratulations Kayle N. Watson III and Club 34. May your champagne glasses always be filled with good fortune and success. We love you Kayle. Dad, Mom, Brenda, Dawn, Beth, Richard, and Chadwick.

Best wishes for a bright future to the class of '85 and the 34th Co. From the family of Charles Scott Rauch! With loving pride - Scott - we wish you much hapiness and success. Love, Mom, Dad, & Eric.

Joans Scott/Rob Gordon Congrats!!!

We're very proud of you and wish you all the best of everything. God be with you always! Mom, Dad, Rae, Richie, Nae, Wilbur, Starr, Maybelle, Ed, Amy, Jaime, - your Diego Family.

Congratulations and all our love to Ensign Brian McDonald 34th Co. You charted your course, followed it through, smooth sailing and God bless you! Beth will always be at your side, wherever you are! Best wishes to Club 34 especially Brian, Chris, Dean, Joe, Duane, Steve, and Wade. Love Mom and Dad.

Congratulations 2nd Lt. Gordon

Glenn Parcero Mangente, 34th Co. Nothing in life is too hard to achieve if you have courage to try it and faith to believe. Wishing you continuous success for the great way of life ahead. Much love Dad, Mom, Brenda, Beverly, Harriett Joy.

Congratulations to the Class of 85 from the family of Joe Monaghan 34th Co. All our love Joe. From Dad, Mom., Mike, and Kevin.

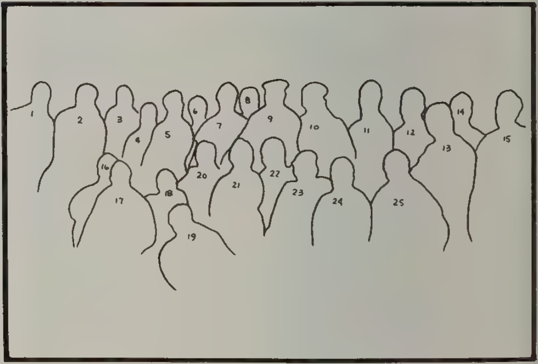
Thank you Navy-USNA-Class of 1985. Thank you Andrew Trotta, Thank you America, and Thank you God, Love Mom, Dad, Dan, Cathy, Tim, Karla, and Kyle.

NORTH ENTRANCE
SHENANDOAH
NATIONAL PARK

# THIRTY-FIFTH COMPANY

ROBERT CROWN CENTER

LT Christopher Wenz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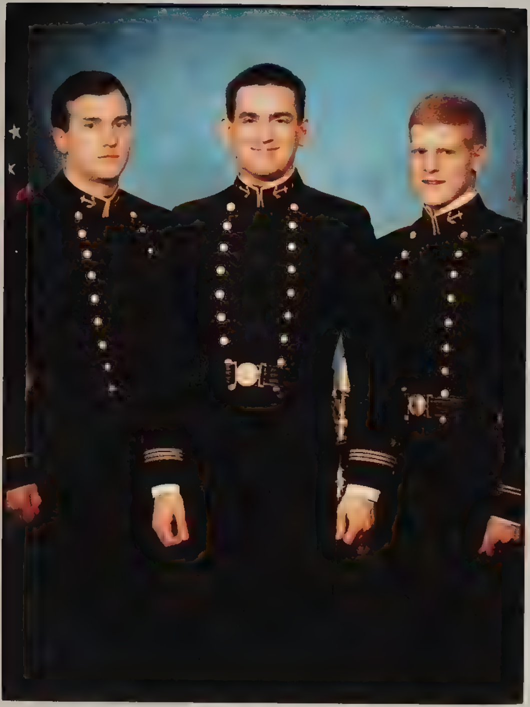
1. Tim Bechter
2. Dan Donovan
3. Wesley Whitbeck
4. Len Gonzales
5. Rich Abresch
6. Eric Bowman
7. Ed Kenyon
8. Dale Ormond
9. Jim Clody
10. Dan LaFave
11. John ONeill
12. Chris Dierkes
13. Tony Kwon
14. Reggie Rhoe
15. Mike Morris
16. Jim Miceli
17. Burke Wellborn
18. Ed Culpepper
19. Roger Phelps
20. Tim Dougherty
21. Mark Rubino
22. Mike Nies
23. Rob McClary
24. Scott Hale
25. Andy Thompson

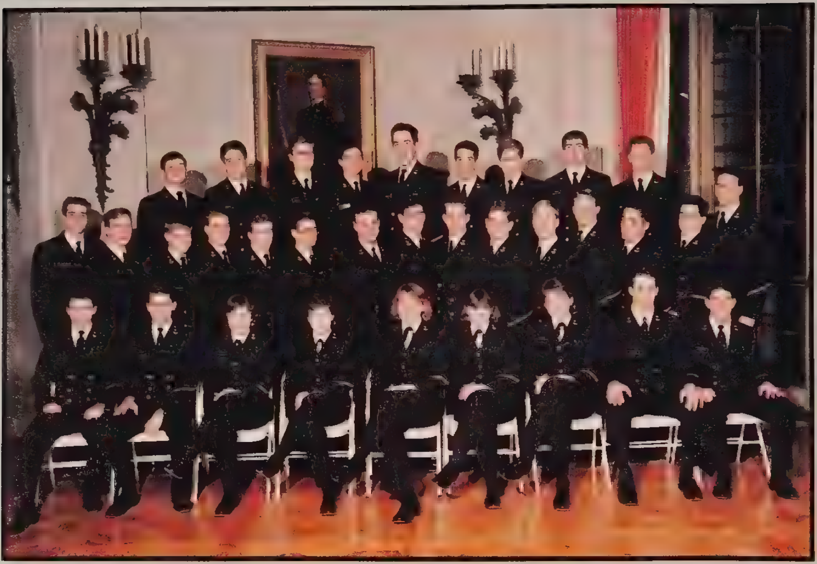
**Not Pictured:**
Dave Kyto
Steve Trost



Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Daniel LaFave
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Michael Morris
Administration: M/ENS Daniel Donovan

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT John O'Neill
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Edward Kenyon
Administration: M/ENS Leonardo Gonzalez

ANNAPOLIS POLICE

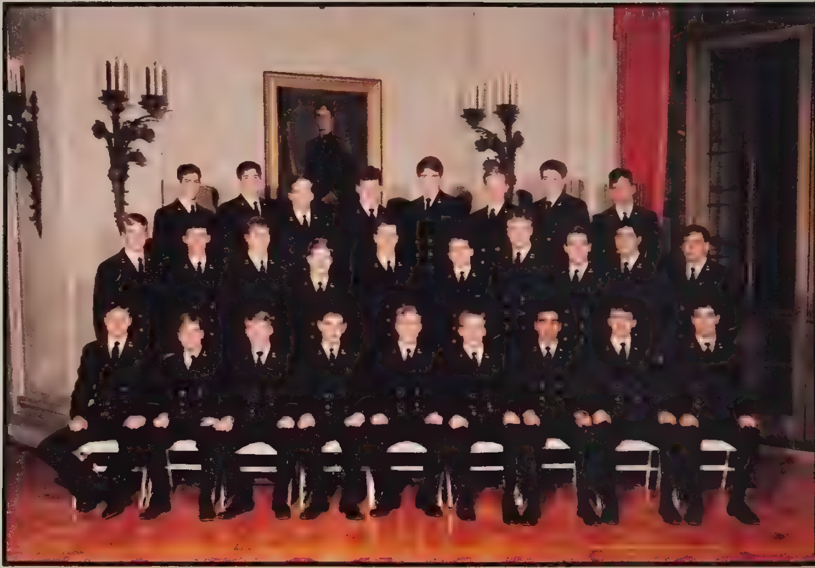


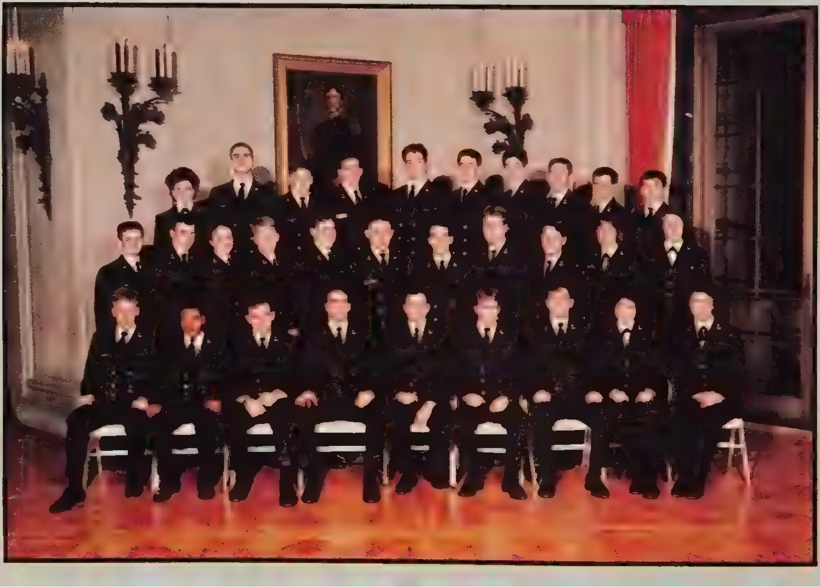
## 1986

**Row 1:** Brian P. Edmonds, Mark D. Larabee, Leslie A. Kovanic, Marie M. Schanz, Debra Livingood, Kathleen R. Boska, Scott A. Segesdy. **Row 2:** Michael Pietkiewicz, Edward D. Hassi, John L. Swanson, Mark J. DeClue, Robert Rodriguez, Thomas P. Fortin, James M. Blastos, Kenneth A. Bogdan, Bruce F. Loveless, Henry M. Rainone, Gregg P. Malley, Jeffrey D. Dibble, Carlos Guevarra, James W. Kilby, Marc A. Thibodeau. **Row 3:** Anthony Califano, John T. Young, Richard Killian, Brian M. Moore, Paul A. Gardner, Paul R. Demers, Mark T. Sakaguchi, Michael Cadwell, Joel S. Keels. **Not Pictured:** Karen Fallon, Roger J. Morin, Daniel Williams.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Charles K. Kirby, Andrew Ricciuti, Thomas M. Mattson, David T. Anderson, Michael Rovenstine, James G. Springer, Richard Galvan, Ramon J. Cancio, Daniel G. Shaffer. **Row 2:** David A. Beemer, Wesley J. Mumm, Scott Seeberger, Daryl S. Wagoner, Christopher Melling, Bruce Shuttleworth, Logen S. Jones, Philip D. Brandt, Robert M. Adler, Michael Weigert. **Row 3:** John D. O'Boyle, Roger Hilarides, Arthur Clark, Byron B. Evans, Jeffrey P. Kane, John W. Gordon, John M. Raymond, Michael R. Watt. **Not Pictured:** Guy M. Braden, Andrew Dabney, Mark H. Fox, Joseph C. Steffan, Richard Stollmeyer





## 1988

**Row 1:** Rudolph Janiczek, Darryl L. Smith, Eric H. Bowen, Jeffrey E. Forte, Nilo E. Michelin, Jack C. Likens, William Daisley, Patricia Lipoma, Barbara Graham. **Row 2:** Michael C. Jones, Rasheed El-Moslimany, Maria L. Pechacek, Stephen Sobieski, Mark A. Levett, Jon A. Wills, George Palmer, Randall H. Martin, William G. Plott, Gretchen C. Stage, Karen L. Todt. **Row 3:** Kathleen Toomey, David U. Simon, David H. Newton, Christopher Phillips, James F. Traa, Henry H. Wingate, Andrew G. Howell, William Seaman, Christopher Hodsden, Robert W. Strong. **Not Pictured:** Richard T. Romo, William Schmitt.

NARRATOR
SLUG

## Best Wishes . .

Congratulations to the Class of 85 from the Clody family. We are very proud of you Jim. We love you.

Congratulations, you did it Class of '85. Knew you could, knew you would. Love & best wishes to John, Ed. Reg, Dave, Dan & our son, Mike of 35th Co. You have made us proud. Wisdom, & God's love guide you always. Eloise & Charlie Morris

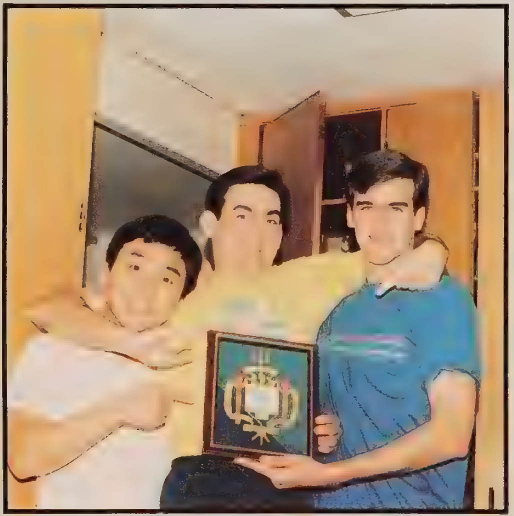
Yokwe Yuk Eric! congratulations on a job well done, Ensign Bowman. We're proud of You!!
Love, Mom, Dad, Jud, and Jon.

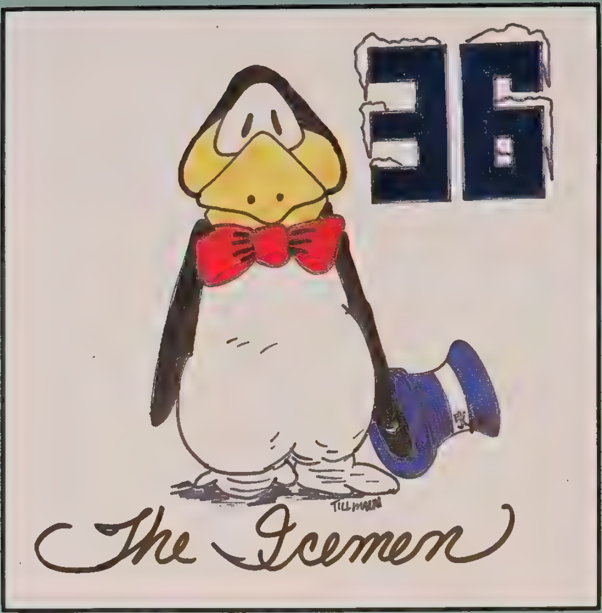
To Mark, Congratulations and here's to a great new beginning. Love!! Ruth and Dad.

Congratulations Andy William Thompson, Second Lieutenant United States Marine Corps Johnson Central's First. We are so proud of you. Knew you could! Love you, Mom, Dad, and David. God bless and keep you always.

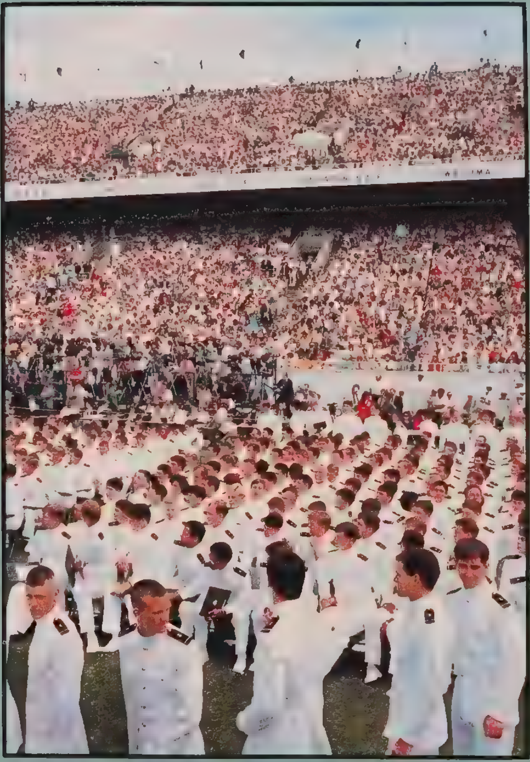
Reg, you have always been a source of so much pride and joy for us. Our love and good wishes will be with you forever. Mom, Dad, Billy, Jandrette, Chantaine, Cueto, Taryn

Good luck to our submariner, Jim Miceli, 35 Co., Class of 85. From his family: Mom, Dad, Tina, Hope, Andy, Jo, Grandma. We are proud!

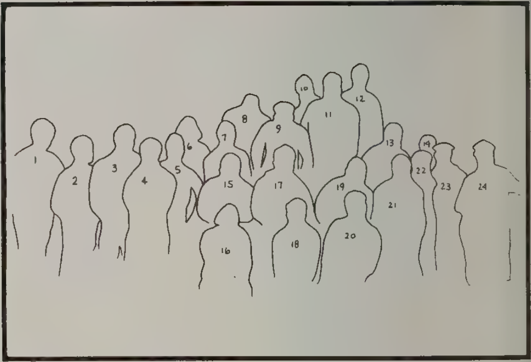



36
TILLMAN
The Icemen

# THIRTY-SIXTH COMPANY



LT Robert M. Dawson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1. Jay Linder
2. Tim Morgan
3. Bob Barwis
4. Chuck Watson
5. Don Bedell
6. Nancy Heckman
7. Jeff Swartz
8. Bruce Davis
9. Tom Schwartz
10. Kevin Worsh
11. Norman Fitzpatrick
12. Marty Medve
13. Tom Mikkelson
14. Danny Newman
15. Bruce Hacker
16. Lynn Casity
17. Eddie Pierson
18. Christy Sahler
19. Greg Sweeney
20. George Bereska
21. Mike Coury
22. Bill Gigliotti
23. Bern Altman
24. Bob Armstrong

Fall Staff:
Commander: M/LT Bruce Hacker
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Gregory Sweeney
Administration: M/ENS Martin Medve

Spring Staff:
Commander: M/LT Thomas Mikkelson
Sub Commander: M/LTJG Christy Sahler
Administration: M/ENS Bruce Davis

## 1986

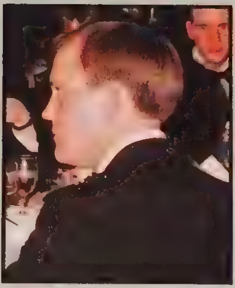
**Row 1:** Michael S. Wells, Gregory M. Hale, Scott J. Sepanski, Matthew J. Hickey, Andrew M. Lynch, Kent A. Paro, James D. Barnes, Joel B. Hilke, David J. Sheridan. **Row 2:** David S. Young, Thomas E. Osborn, Karl T. Beckett, Mark S. Tuneff, Kerry S. Krause, Stephen O'Rourke, Bruce R. Hudson, Donald B. Grennon, William Kiestler. **Row 3:** John F. Avery, George P. Kobler, Scott C. Rumph, James S. Mayberry, Warren Stewart, Leonard Aguilar. **Not Pictured:** Michael J. Finley, John W. Gilman, Harry D. Lowe, Michael G. Mishik, Scott M. Quinlan, Nicholas Zaffiris.

## 1987

**Row 1:** Matthew Midea, Richard MacMurchy, Arthur Cimiluca, Robert Shepherd, John E. Meissel, Anthony Gonzales, Gregory Thompson, John P. Mellor, John T. Hall. **Row 2:** Kirk F. Baldin, Owen E. Duke, Paul A. Saksvig, Cary M. Schabert, Jackson McGrady, Ronald A. Smith, Andrew Vuillemot, Mark G. Winkler, Robert Burns. **Not Pictured:** Daniel T. Bates, Andrew P. Coffey, David A. Robinson, Joseph A. Simei, James L. Swanson, John C. Weaver, Douglas G. Wilson, John C. Wilson, Eric M. Woolfolk, John R. Young.

## 1988

**Row 1:** Gretchen Quasebarth, Margaret Brounk, Loren Wisniewski, Michael Coleman, Sameul A. Smalley, Scot A. Furman, Scott A. Minium, Kevin R. Umbaugh, Robert C. Jackson. **Row 2:** James Cubbage, Clifford Burgess, Andrew L. Shaw, Charles Bingham, Alan Czeszynski, Scott H. Evans, William P. Conley, David A. Hitt, Eric M. Veit, Christine Valenti, Robert M. Jones, Paul H. Chrisman, Qwen M. Travis, Earl F. Jones, George D. Meehan. **Row 3:** Robert Joralemon, Robert W. Kellogg, Kenneth Spurlock, William Wheller, Andrew S. Johnson, Craig R. Dudley, Braddock Treadway, Corey E. Keehan, Eric Ruttenberg, Keith E. Miller, Courtenay Allen. **Not Pictured:** Brandee L. Polowy, Kevin J. Ross.



# Best Wishes . . .

Best Wishes from the Barwis Family to Bob, the 36th Company, and the entire class of 1985

Congratulations to the class of 1985, 36th Co., Lynn and friends. May God keep you under the shelter of his wings as you fly Navy. From Steve, Kathy, Brian, Mom and Dad.

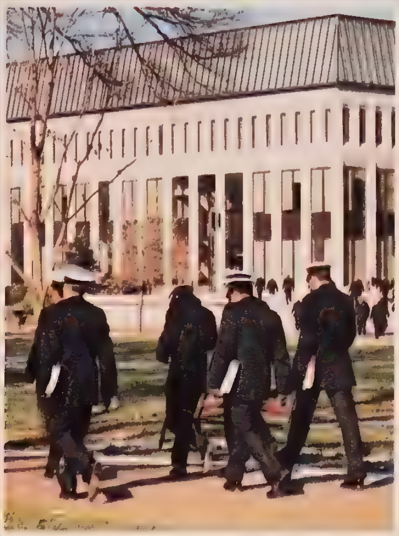
Congratulations and Best Wishes to the class of 1985 from the family of George Bereska, 36th Co. We love you George. From Mom and Dad.

Congratulations, Michael J. Coury, the 36th Co. and the class of 1985. You made it come true. You fill us with pride and the joy of your accomplishments. Fair Winds, forever. Love, Mom, Dad, Christine, Eddie and Sharon.

Places to go! Things to do! People to meet! Go for it '85! Family of Tom Schwarz, 36th Co. Anchors Aweigh.

To Jeff Swartz, your accomplishment is a tribute to hard work and dedication. The joy and pride we share with you are as boundless as the seas you will sail. Much love, Mom, Dad, Jack, Jim, and Jennifer.

Great Job Kevin, we love you! Congrats to the class of 1985. We wish all of you the very best in the coming years. The Worsh Family



# Now College Men

# From Sea To Sea

# CLOSING

May Sing Of Colors True,

# But Who Has Better
# Right Than We,

UNITED STATES

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**MEN**
**IN**
**BATTLE**
**FAIR,**

SINCE
FIGHTING
DAYS
OF OLD,

# HAVE PROVED THE SAILOR'S RIGHT TO WEAR,

1
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U.S. NAVY
U.S. NAVY
U.S. NAVY
U.S. NAVY
U.S. NAVY

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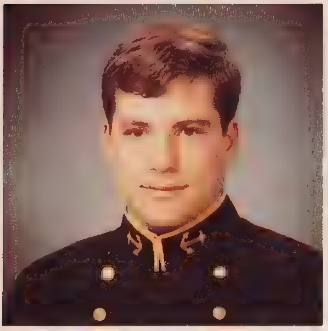
The Year



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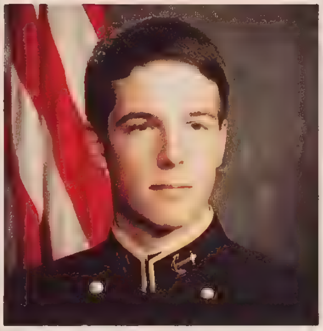
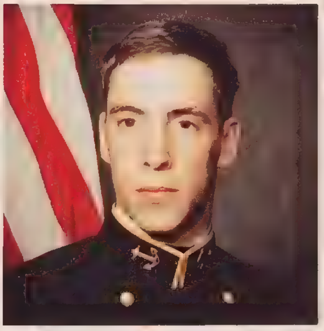
Assistant Business Manager



David M. Quint
Assistant Photography Editor



Russell E. Smith
Assistant Business Manager

Ashley P. Yetman
Assistant Layout Editor

Gerry Stachelski
Assistant Layout Editor

Diane M. Koczela
Assistant Layout Editor

# In Closing . . .

*As this book winds down to a close both in pages and production, I would like to thank the people who made it possible.*

*First, foremost, and always I would like to thank my parents. It was your love, support, faith and understanding that got me where I am today. Mom and Dad, you were always right there when I needed you to see me through those tough times and I hope I will always do you proud. I would also like to thank my adopted parents, The Vitales. You truely made me feel welcome in your home and were always there with love, support, and advice. Thank you also to my grandparents for both the aviator and sailor blood in the family and for their interest and support.*

*To Rich Longshore, thank you from both my father and I. Next I would like to thank LCDR Darling for showing me how to be both a female and an officer. I hope I can be half the officer you are. To CDR McCracken, LCDR Kleiser, Professor Carson, Professor Rogers, Professor Saarlas and Major Campbell, thank you for the knowledge, support, and having faith in me. Thank you also to Lt. Gates, Lt. Black, Lt. Estrada, LCDR Salmni and Lt. Kellett, you are amoung the best naval officers I met while at the Academy.*

*Lt. Olsen, thank you for setting me straight whenever I went wrong and to Joan for your patience and help. Sherri and Kathy, I will always consider you both amoung my close friends and thanks for the fun and help. Other special friends who I would like to thank are Andrea Webb and Roger Phelps, Susan Weaver and Charlotte Monk and Angie Bartosik and Marybeth Smith, Ellen Coyne and Paul Williams, and Mike Cadwell, Kathy Knox, Debbie Cole and Kim Marcyes.*

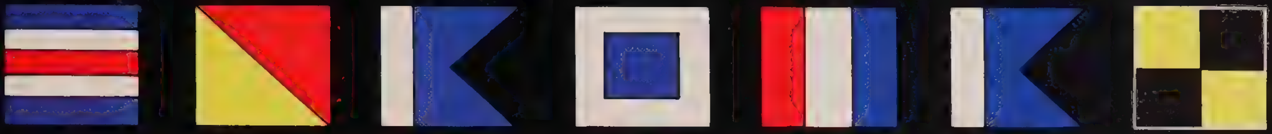
*To George Headley and the people I met from THE BOMB staff, you've given me some memories I'll always cherish and I wish you all the best.*

*I have a heartfelt thanks for those who worked on the book. Allison for your dedication and help, Lisa for your dedication and fantastic patience with club presidents. John Beach for your advice and phenominal efforts, Jim Logue for your adsolutely fantastic work, George Rosa and the rest of Yearbook Associates for pulling out all the stops to get us what we needed and Linda Nolf and Jostens for your patience and stupendous work. This book is much better because of the time and effort put in by the rest of the staff; Robert Filmer, Karl Buss, Tom Plofchan, Jane Collins, Ted Anderson, Matt Sorenson, David Lesser and everyone else who helped.*

*Also deserving a special thanks are Coach Deladrier, Coach Frank Paul, LCDR Stanfield, Mr. LaRochelle, my roommate, Christy Sohler, my partner-in-crime, Peggy Menzies, and Gram and Grandpa Kemp and Scott Young.*

*Last but definately not least I would like to thank Congressman Carlos Moorhead for nominating me and the Superintendent for your faith in me.*

Nancy L Heckman



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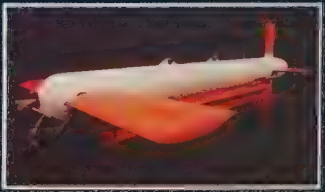

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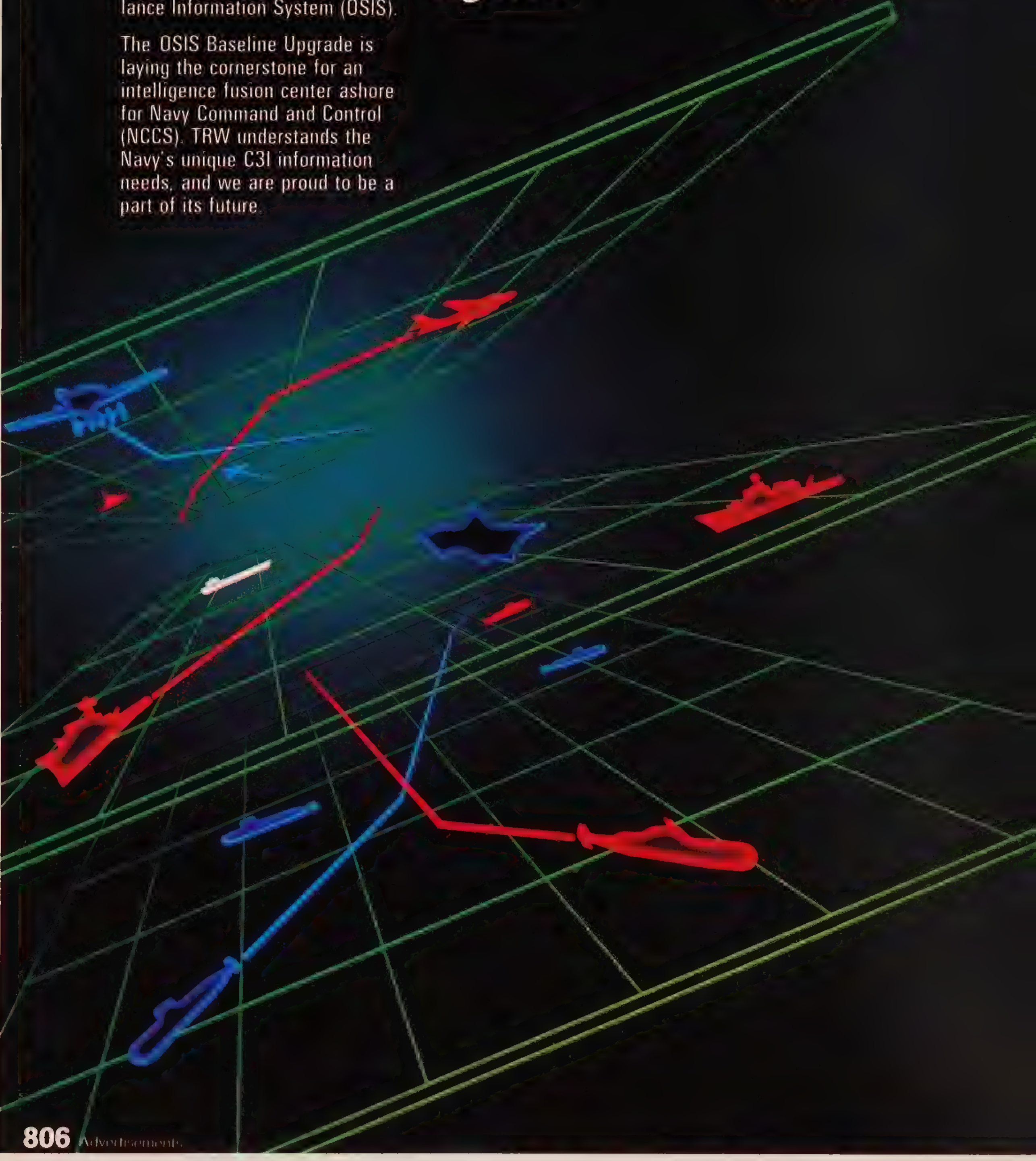

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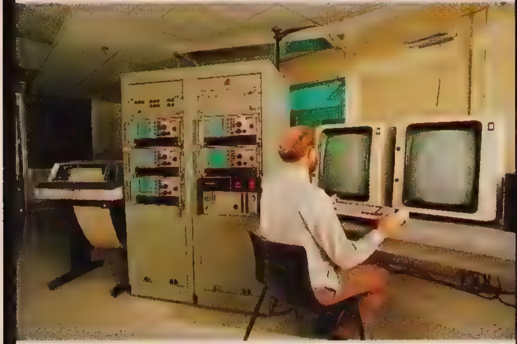
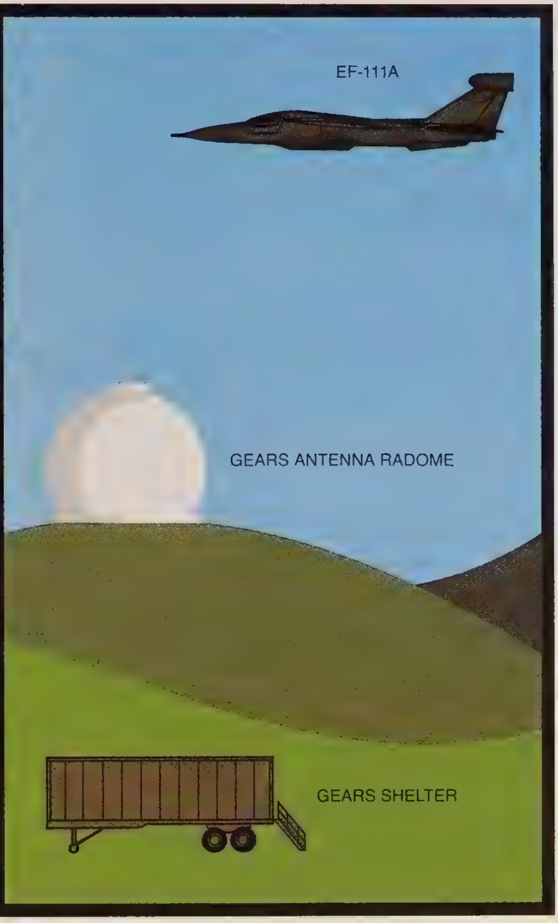


Operator generates the tactical scenario, controls the mission in real time and space, monitors crew performance, and can modify mission parameters. Time of event recording provides complete crew debriefing.



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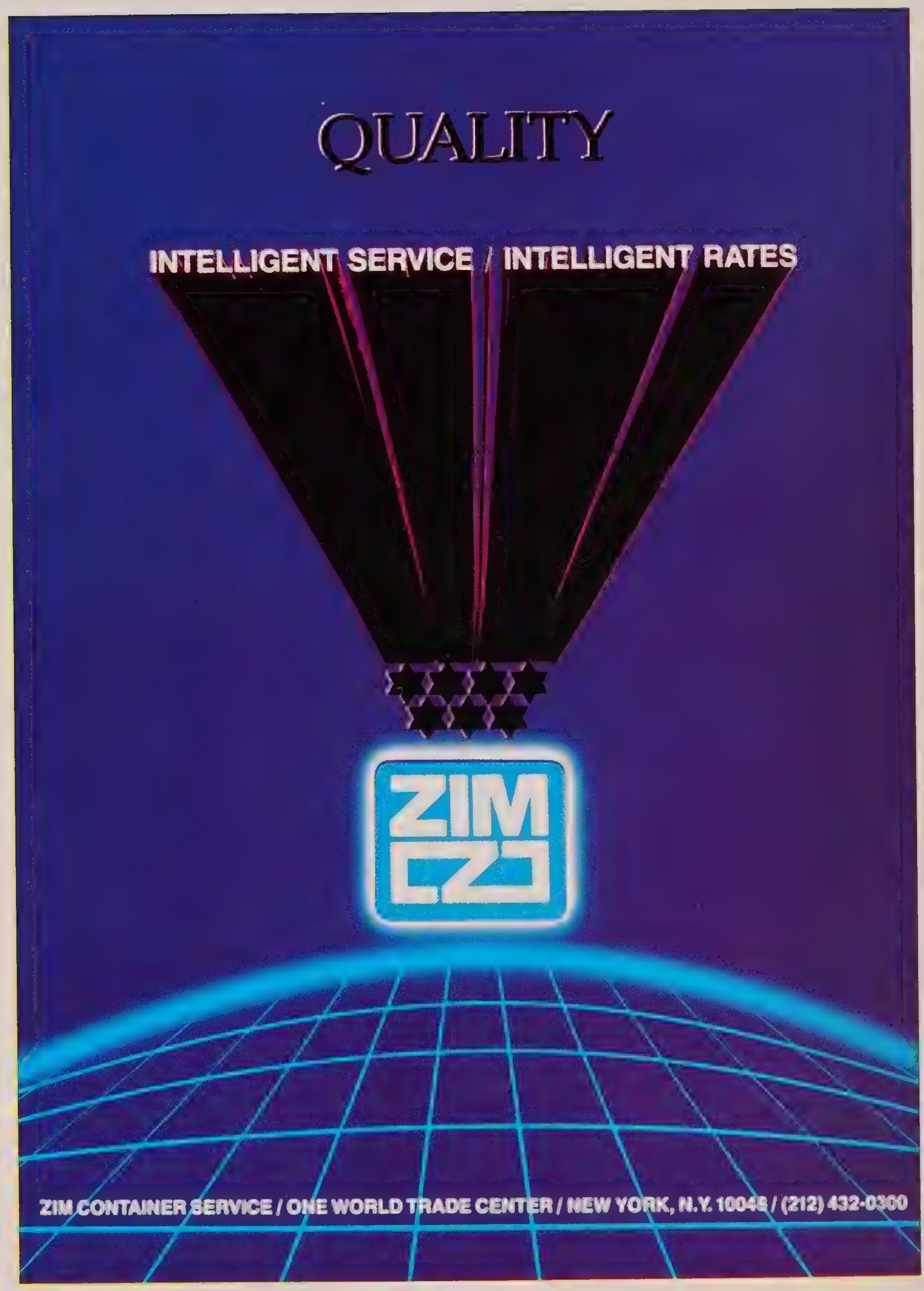
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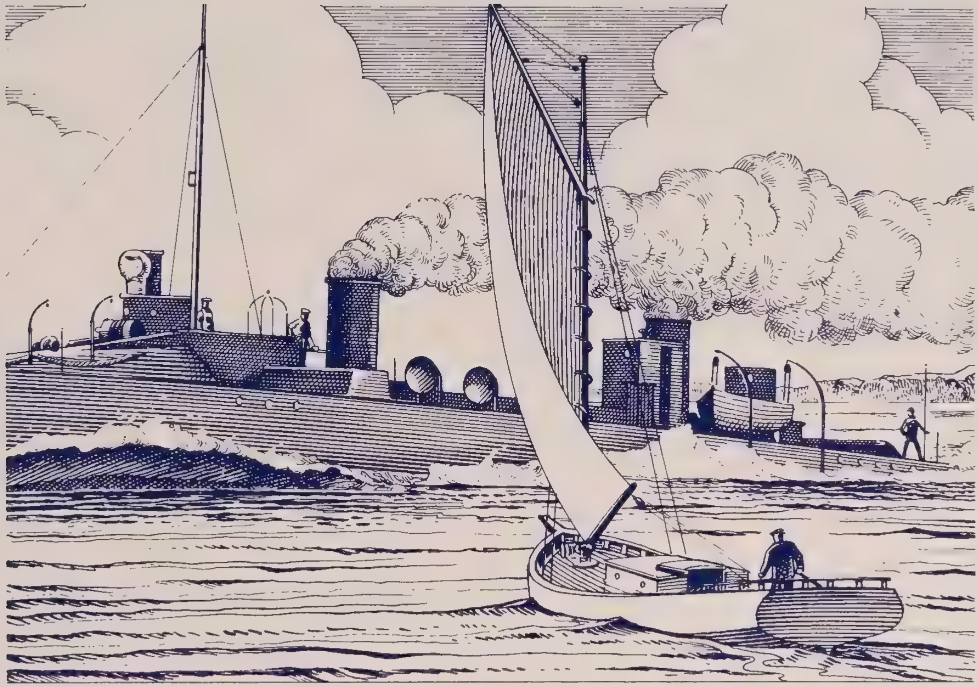

# Maine launched the Modern Navy in 1899.

In that year, Bath Iron Works pioneered the U.S. Navy's destroyer class, helping to design, and then building, the nation's first torpedo boat. It was christened the USS *Dahlgren* and it became the forerunner of today's modern destroyers and frigates.

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**Savings on groundcrew.**

It is exceptionally reliable, the Red Arrows aerobatic team's Hawks flew 397 hours and 17 nine-ship displays without missing a single slot on their 1983 U.S. tour.

200,000 flying hours in intensive Royal Air Force service have proven that Hawk is also an easy aircraft to maintain.

Combined, these factors will reduce present maintenance man hours per flying hour by approximately 30%.

Freeing scarce skilled hands for assignment to fleet squadrons.

**Savings on instructors.**

The use of computer-based academics and advanced Sperry simulators condenses the T45 flight syllabus by 25%.

Fewer flight hours means fewer instructors.

Releasing experienced naval aviators for fleet assignment.

**Savings on fuel.**

Economies with the T45 Hawk don't stop at manpower.

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Each year it will save 60% of the fuel consumed by current gas-guzzling trainers.

That's enough to fly 200 front-line jets every year.

**Proven team, dependable cost.**

On the Navy's Strike Training System, McDonnell Douglas is team leader and will build the T45 in Long Beach, California.

British Aerospace is principal sub-contractor. Sperry is developing the flight simulators. Rolls-Royce is producing the Adour engine.

McDonnell Douglas and British Aerospace are extending a working relationship which began with F-4 Phantoms and continues with the AV-8A and AV-8B Harrier.

Only such years of teamwork can assure an aircraft delivered on time and within budget.

**Right for the Navy and America.**

The thrust in defense policy now is to make sure the public gets a dollar's worth of defense for every dollar spent.

The T45 Hawk will help achieve that objective because it is a modern aircraft which can almost halve the cost of turning students into top-rate pilots for the 1990s.

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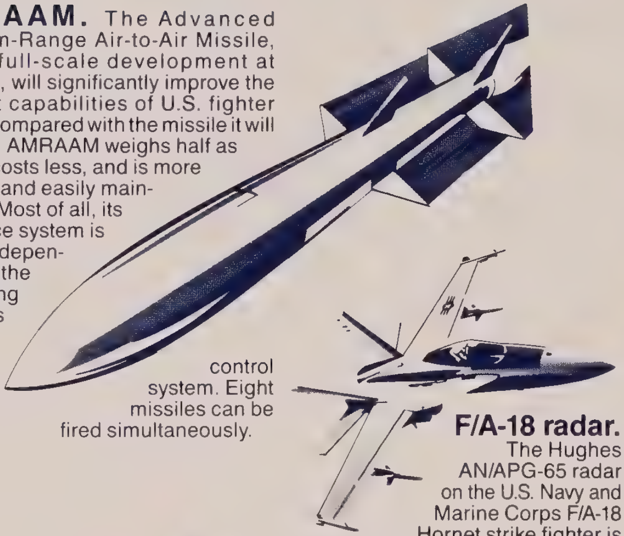
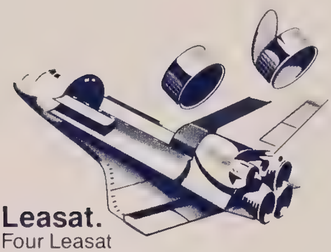
# 5 OF 1500 WAYS HUGHES AIRCRAFT HELPS AMERICA'S DEFENSE.



**AMRAAM.** The Advanced Medium-Range Air-to-Air Missile, under full-scale development at Hughes, will significantly improve the combat capabilities of U.S. fighter pilots. Compared with the missile it will replace, AMRAAM weighs half as much, costs less, and is more reliable and easily maintained. Most of all, its guidance system is far less dependent on the launching aircraft's fire control system. Eight missiles can be fired simultaneously.

**F/A-18 radar.** The Hughes AN/APG-65 radar on the U.S. Navy and Marine Corps F/A-18 Hornet strike fighter is designed for both air-to-air combat and air-to-surface weapon delivery. It tracks as many as 10 targets simultaneously and creates ground maps with incredibly small detail. The heart of the system is a programmable signal processor—a high-speed, special-purpose digital computer.

**JSS.** North America's new air defense system, the Joint Surveillance System, links U.S. Air Force radars, air traffic control radars, and Canadian radars into a shared system. It consists of seven regional control centers throughout the continent and an eighth center in Hawaii. The Hughes JSS will cut operating and maintenance costs by about $100 million a year because it replaces old semi-automatic equipment with fully automated hardware.



**Leasat.** Four Leasat spacecraft will provide worldwide telecommunications for U.S. armed forces. Leasat is the first communications satellite designed specifically for launch from NASA's space shuttle, thus taking full advantage of the shuttle's considerable launch cost savings. It is ejected from the shuttle in much the same way one throws a flying disc. An on-board rocket motor kicks the satellite into synchronous orbit 22,300 miles high.

**Electro-Optics.** The U.S. Army's M1 main battle tank carries two advanced Hughes electro-optical systems. The thermal imaging sight senses heat radiated by objects and creates a TV-like picture so the crew can see through darkness, smoke, or haze. The laser rangefinder determines the distance to a target based on the time it takes a laser burst to reflect back. Such information helps the gunner fire with pinpoint accuracy.

**And more.**
Hughes expertise in electronics spans airborne radar, defense systems, electro-optics, missiles, and spacecraft—at last count 1500 programs.

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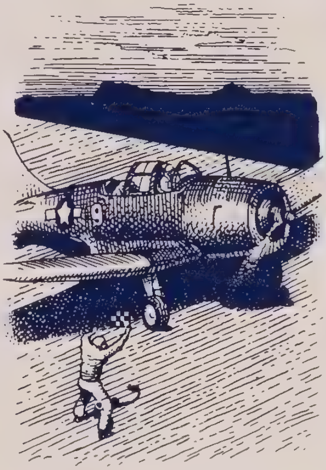
# “Scratch One Flattop!”

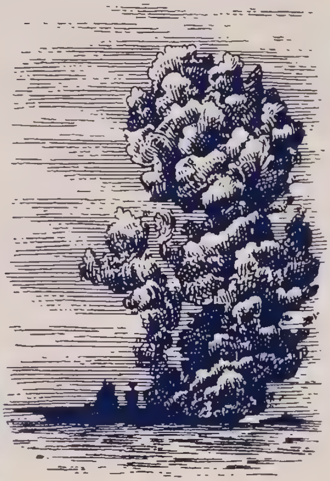
*—Lt. Cdr. R.E. Dixon, U.S.S. Lexington, May 7th, 1942*

Naval airmen aboard the “Lexington” and “Yorktown” were spoiling for a fight on May 7th, 1942, as Task Force 17 plowed through the Coral Sea on a collision course with the Japanese invasion fleet heading for Port Moresby. Well trained but inexperienced, the Americans were out to avenge Pearl Harbor and end the Japanese advance that had brought them only one step from Australian shores.



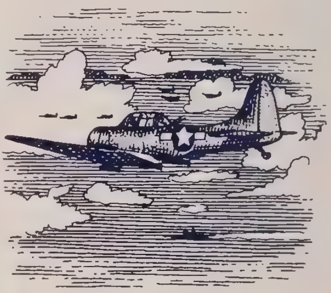
At mid-morning the airmen found their dream target: a Japanese “flattop,” the carrier “Shoho.” Diving through the carrier's combat air patrols and anti-aircraft fire, they struck again and again with bombs and torpedos. In less than an hour, blazing from end to end, the “Shoho” sank with most of her crew.

As the airmen returned, the words of Lt. Cdr. Bob Dixon came through the Lexington's radio loudspeakers, words that became a rallying cry for Americans everywhere, disheartened by many months of defeat: “Dixon to carrier. Scratch one flattop!”



The Lexington was lost in fighting the next day, but overall the Battle of the Coral Sea was a strategic victory. The Americans had proved they could fight so well, they stopped Japan's southward advance forever. And for the first time Naval aircraft, not big guns, carried the attack to the enemy.

Since 1922, USAA has been privileged to serve the insurance needs of Naval officers all over the world. Today, 9 out of 10 officers look to USAA for a world of personal insurance. You are eligible for USAA's world of personal insurance if you are an active duty, reserve, National Guard, retired (whether receiving retirement pay or not), candidate for a commission, or former/discharged officer. For more information, call toll-free 1-800-531-8941 (in Texas call 1-800-292-8324). Or write USAA, USAA Building, San Antonio, TX 78288. We'll be proud to serve you.



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# TI's HARM missile keeps Navy pilots out of harm's way.

When you catapult off that carrier deck it's nice to know that HARM missiles under your wing can truly make you the hunter rather than the hunted.

With HARM's long range, high speed, broad frequency coverage, and onboard software adaptability against existing and future radar threats, the tactical potential of the missile is limited only by imagination.

Whether you operate HARM in the target of opportunity, prebriefed, or self-protect mode, the range of the missile and the sensitivity of the seeker make it an excellent hunter killer asset to keep you out of harm's way.

TI, as Weapon Systems Integrator, is in full-scale production and is delivering missiles to squadrons in the fleet where HARM has proven extraordinarily reliable. As a recent message from the fleet stated, "we have not lost a single mission due to failure of the missile or the missile system".

Texas Instruments is proud of its long association with Naval Aviation and proud to be able to bring this highly reliable defense suppression weapon to the fleet.

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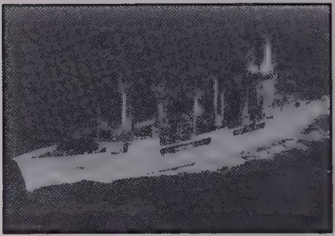
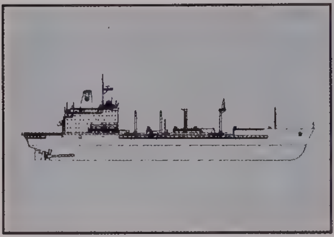
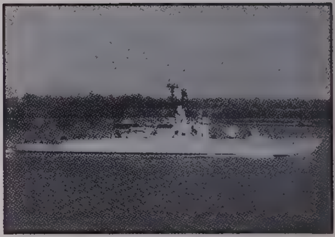


AO-177 CLASS – 5 Constructed

LCU 1466 CLASS
63 Constructed



T-AO 187 – T-AO 190



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Since 1960, Gould's towed array sonar systems have left the competition trailing behind.

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With our sixth sense for fiber optics, we're developing new designs which reduce both weight and price while increasing performance and reliability.

Keeping our oceans safe through sound depends on successfully navigating a sea of technology.

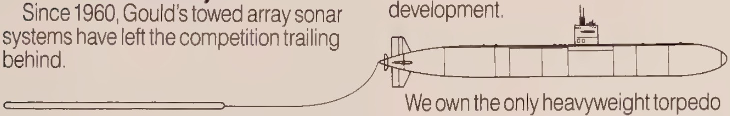
At Gould we know exactly where we're going, and exactly how to get there.

**Gould Torpedo Technology: Our aim is high.**

We have to aim high.

Hostile submarines are running faster and quieter than ever before.

Fortunately, America's torpedo capabilities are also moving ahead. And Gould is helping with totally integrated weaponry development.



We own the only heavyweight torpedo factory in the United States.

We're also the only manufacturer to take a heavyweight torpedo all the way from design to deployment. And every torpedo we build has 45 years of experience behind it.

Meanwhile, we continue to set our sights on the future by developing new technologies designed to keep the next generation of heavyweight torpedoes right on target.

**No one is making a deeper commitment to defense than Gould.**

At Gould, we're committed to defense from the bottom up.

In addition to sonar and torpedoes, we keep navigational technology pointed in the right direction.

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We're the movers and shakers behind the Seismic Station Processor. A device which helps the Air Force monitor nuclear testing.

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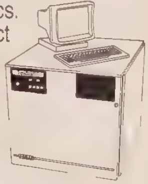
The side of quality and reliability.

**High technology above and beyond the call of duty.**

Gould's defense capability draws a great deal of its power from our vast expertise in high-tech electronics.



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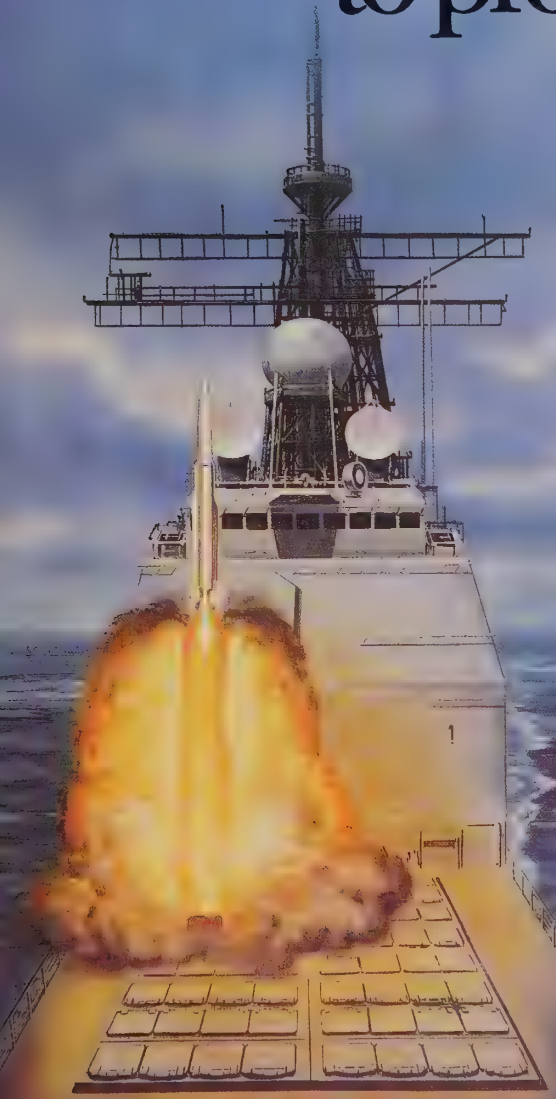

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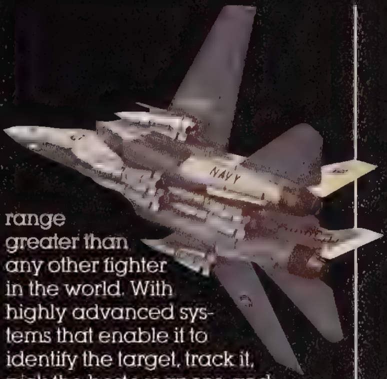

# We're more than plane folks.

To most of the world, Boeing is known only for building the best commercial jetliners.

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We build command, control and communication systems, like the E-3 AWACS, E-4 Command Post and E-6 Trident submarine command link. We've built and are continually upgrading the B-52 bomber and have major roles in the B-1B and future aircraft. Our hydrofoil missileships, Chinook and Sea Knight helicopters and cruise and intercontinental missiles are part of the U.S. defense muscle.

We supply computer systems and software, and electronics ranging from large power supplies to microcircuits.

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Our involvement with the military is based on a shared principle: The nation's defense deserves the very best at the lowest possible cost.

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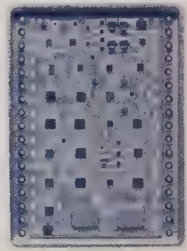

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## 15 Navy Carrier Battle Groups will be equipped with ITT Gilfillan 3-D radar surveillance systems for superior defense.

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More than thirty of the Navy's guided missile cruisers and destroyers are being modernized to provide superior defense. And the AN/SPS-48E radar system from ITT Gilfillan, which automatically detects air targets and supports firing and guidance of defensive missiles, is a vital part of this New Threat Upgrade.

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—President Reagan
National Maritime Day
May 22, 1985

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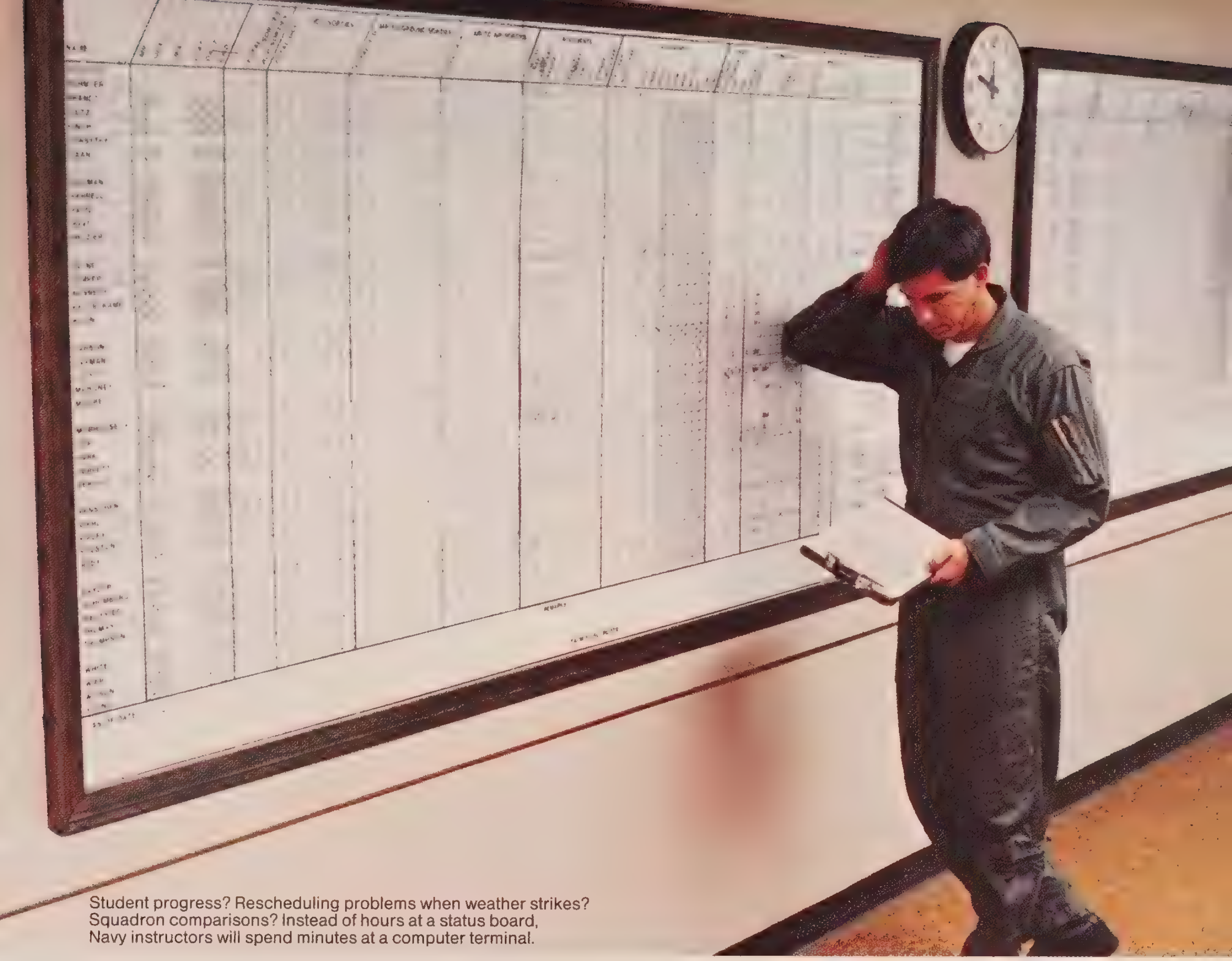

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Along with better pilots.

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TRAINING
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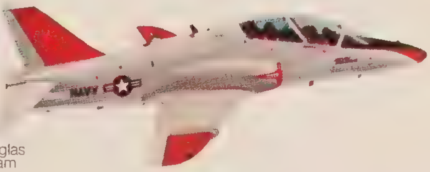

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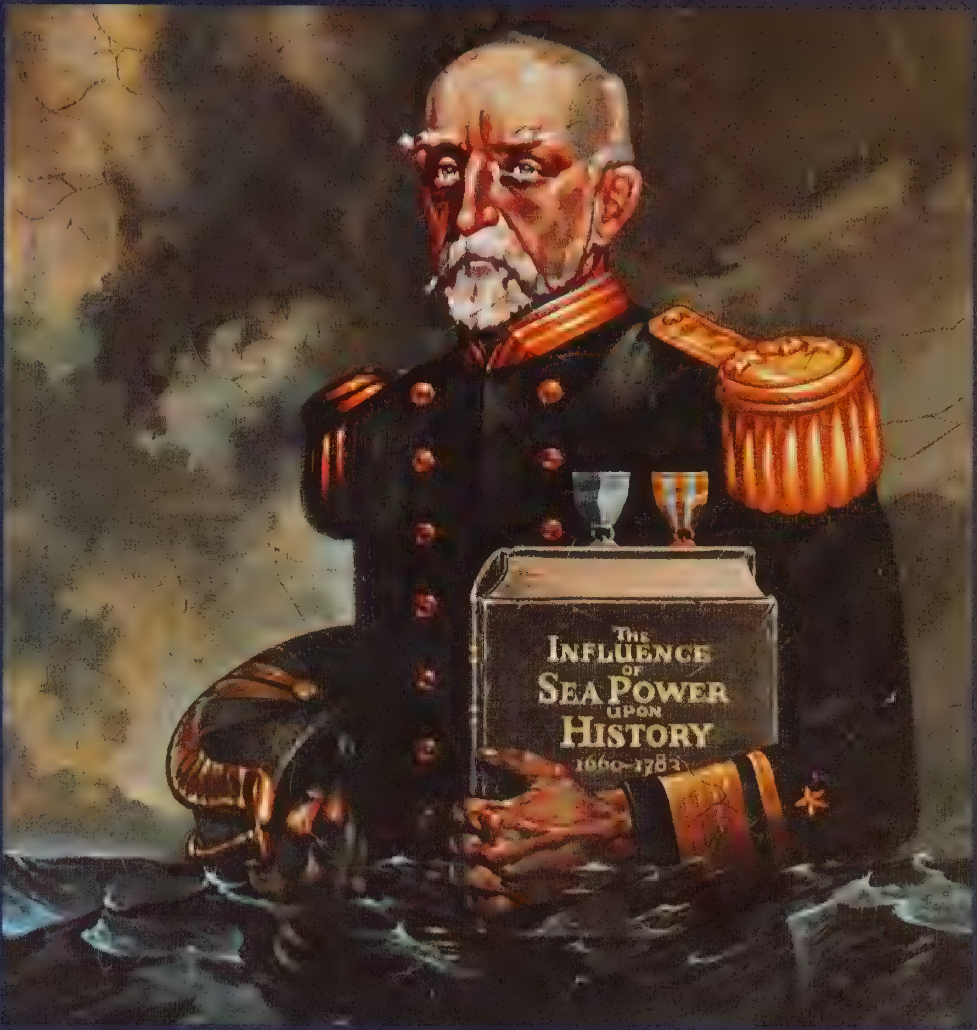

*First came the influence of sea power upon history. Now comes the influence of technology upon sea power.*

*Admiral Alfred Thayer Mahan (1840-1914). A brilliant strategist, whose writings first defined the importance of sea power in the modern world.*

*It is a tribute to Mahan that his ideas still live, not only in navy tradition and history, but also in the minds of those who will help build tomorrow's navies.*

*At Autonetics Marine Systems Division, we appreciate the importance of sea power. That's why we're so proud of the technologies we're developing for the U.S. Navy. Our precision navigation and control systems. Our cost-effective shipboard information management. And our innovative undersea warfare programs.*

*We'd like to tell you more about our commitment to sea power. Write or call Autonetics Marine Systems Division, 3370 Miraloma Avenue, Anaheim, CA 92803, (714) 632-3327. And be sure to ask for a copy of this specially commissioned portrait of Admiral Mahan.*

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# We're proud of our productivity on the Navy's Mk 46 Torpedo. We're just as proud to accept their outstanding achievement award.

In fact, Honeywell is the first contractor to receive the Navy's Outstanding Value Engineering Achievement Award. We received it for contributing cost-reduction techniques to the Mk 46 torpedo program which saved more than $20 million over the last three years. We also increased the torpedo's producibility, quality and reliability. So much so that the final acceptance rate became the highest in history.

Honeywell is now the prime contractor for the development of the Mk 50, the next generation lightweight torpedo. And the Navy/Honeywell team will continue to do with the Mk 50 what we did with the Mk 46: produce the highest quality torpedo in the most efficient, cost-effective way possible. At Honeywell, we wouldn't settle for anything less. And neither would our customers.

Honeywell
100
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## Honeywell Productivity

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**Together, we can find the answers.**

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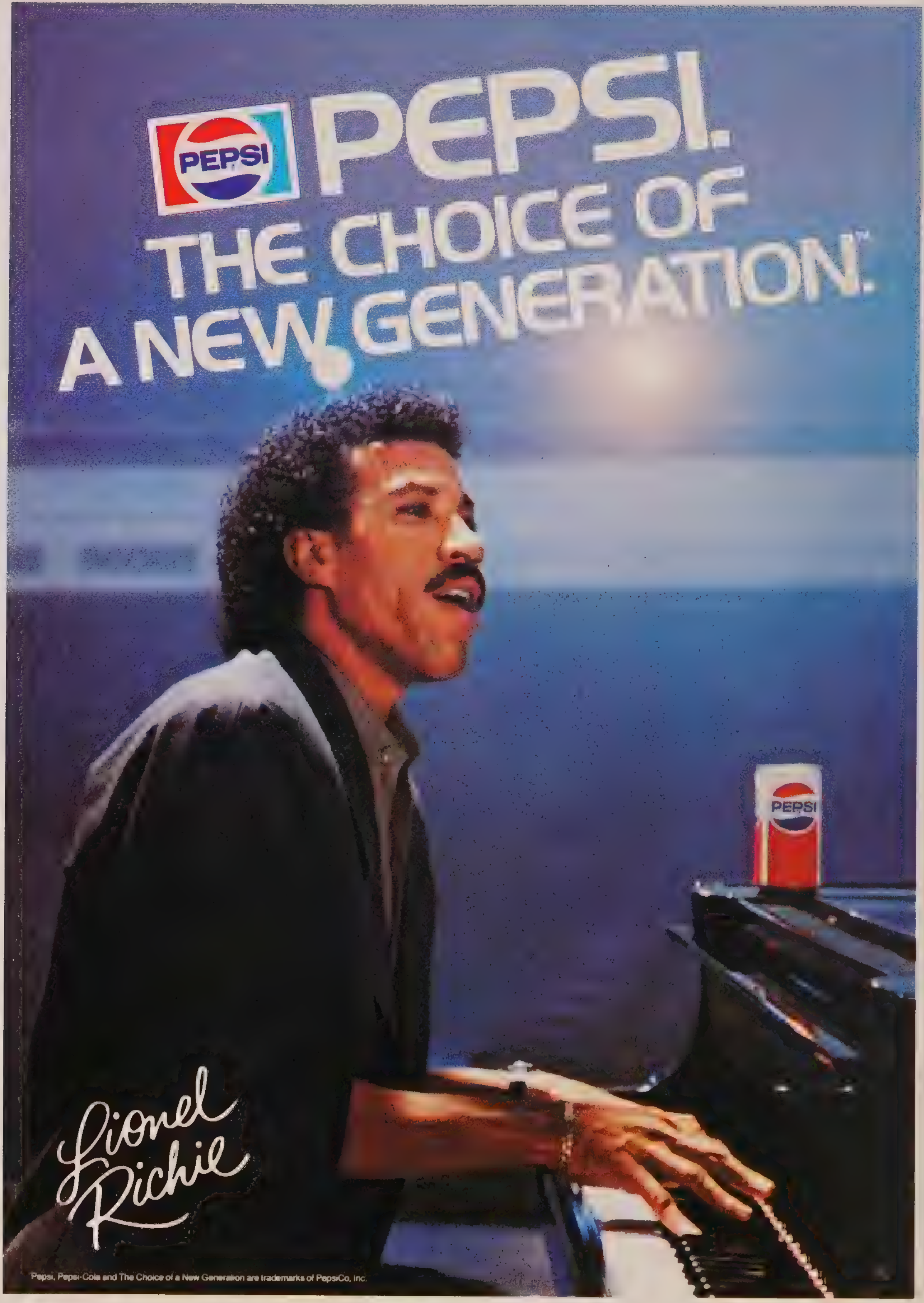
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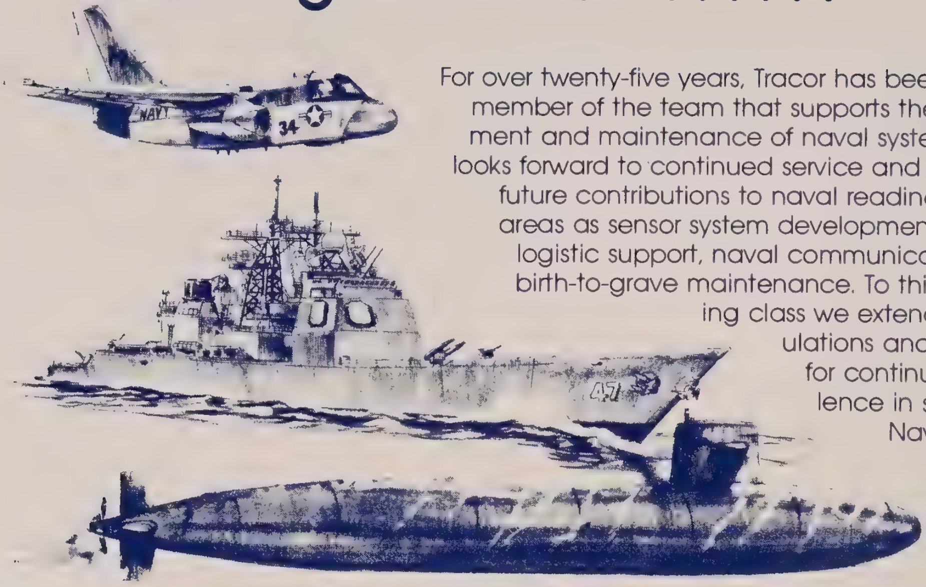

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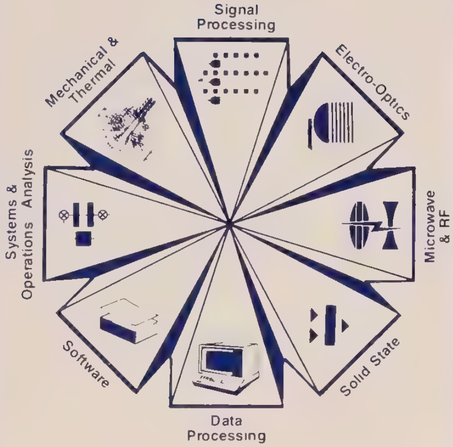
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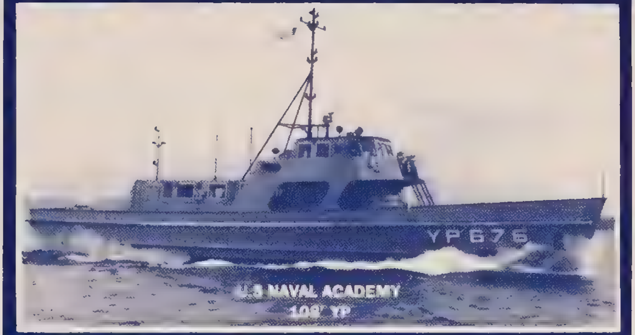
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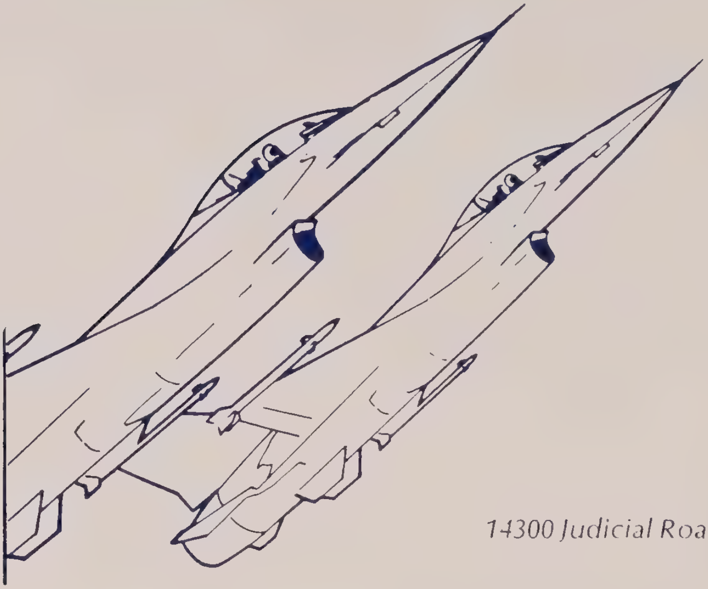

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| Ward, James I. | 25 | 552 |
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| Webster, Richard E. | 31 | 599 |
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| Williams, Christopher A. | 29 | 582 |
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| Williams, James M. | 12 | 450 |
| Williams, John B. | 03 | 384 |
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| Williamson, Thomas J. | 29 | 583 |
| Wilson, Chet B. | 20 | 515 |
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